



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

13465.36

A

To Harvard College with best
wishes from an admiring
author - best wishes

William Shakespear

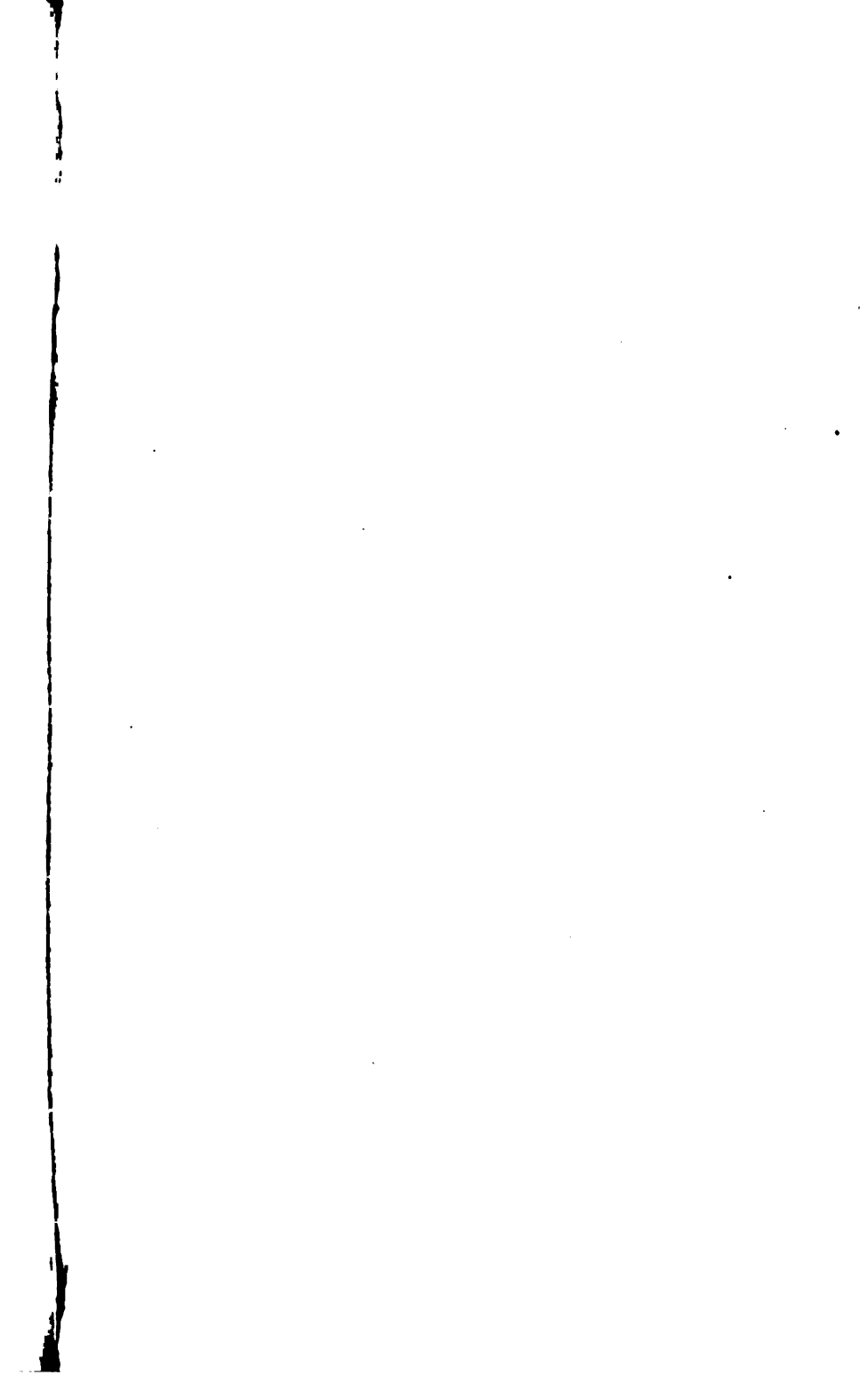
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

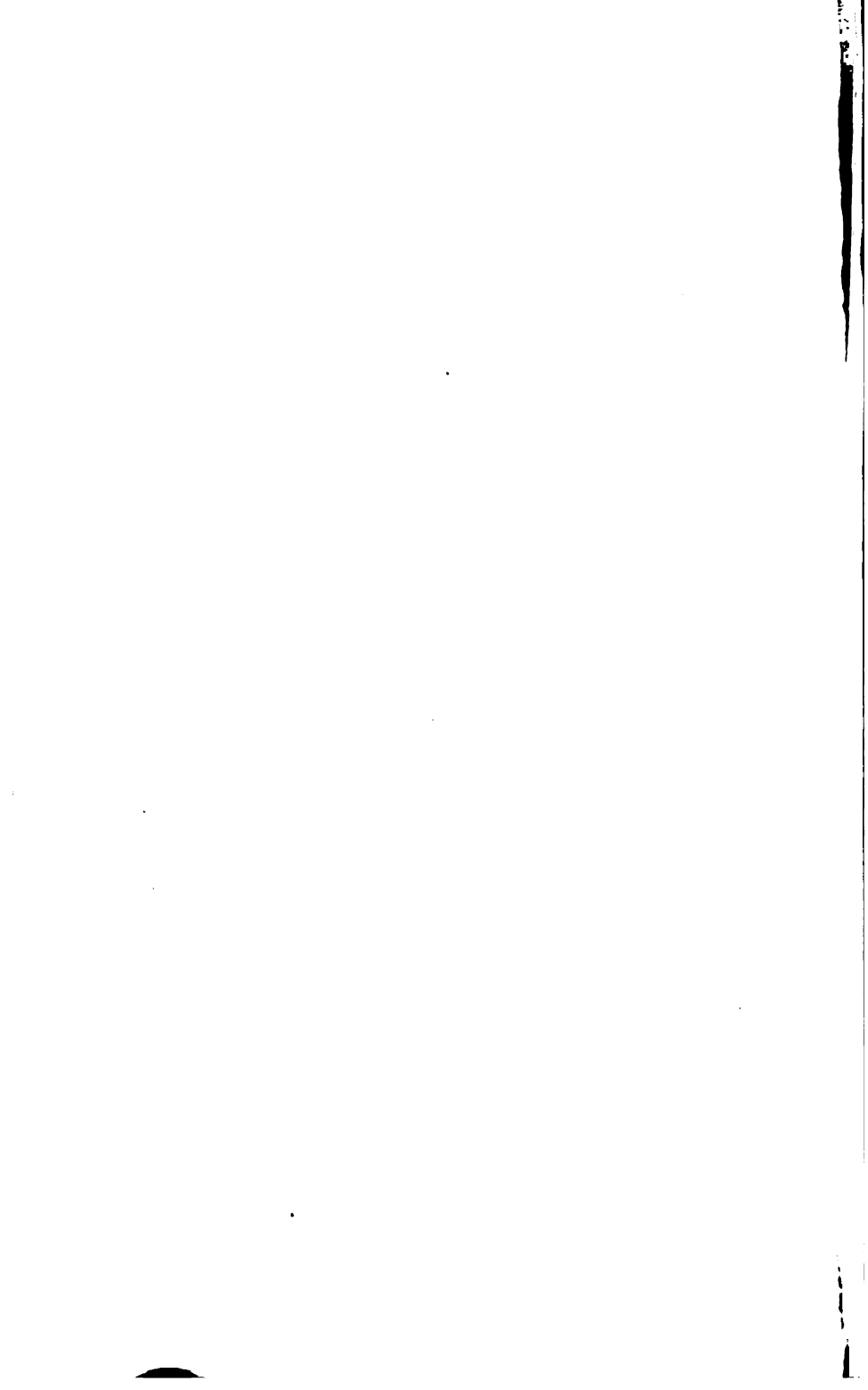
From the Library of

EDWARD KENNARD RAND

Class of 1894

Pope Professor of Latin, 1931-1945





The Cambridge Edition of the Poets

EDITED BY

BLISS PERRY

SHAKESPEARE

BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON





William Shakespeare

*From the "Droeshout" original portrait of Shakespeare.
 Presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Picture Gallery
 Stratford-on-Avon, by Mrs C. C. Evans.
 Reproduced by permission of the Memorial Association.*



The Complete Works of William Shakespeare

Edited by James F. Johnson



The Church at Stratford

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY



THE COMPLETE
DRAMATIC AND POETIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED
FROM THE TEXT OF THE EARLY
QUARTOS AND THE
FIRST FOLIO

BY
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1906

13 465. 30
-A



COPYRIGHT 1906 BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text of the present volume is the result of an independent examination of the early Quarto and the First Folio editions of Shakespeare's works. The version used as a basis has been chosen after a separate investigation of the state of the case for each play; and the grounds for the choice have been indicated in the special introductions. In the consideration of the emendations of previous editors, much use has been made of the collations in the monumental works of Messrs. Clark and Wright and of Dr. H. H. Furness, as well as of more recent editions of single plays and of the poems. The text will be found to be, in its adherence to the readings of the early editions, slightly more conservative than those in current use. This is especially the case in the matter of stage directions, entrances, exits, and the like; in the treatment of which it has been rendered possible, for the first time in an edition for general reading, to make the important distinction between directions that are contemporary and those that are due to modern editors. In cases where the directions are modern they are enclosed in [brackets]; where they are substantially those of editions not later than 1623 they are unbracketed, or are set aside by a single bracket only, or, when occurring within a line, are enclosed in (parentheses). Further, in the dialogue itself, when the text of a play is based on, say, that of the First Folio, and passages absent from the Folio are supplied from a Quarto, such passages are also bracketed. This is intended to meet the objection justly made to most current texts that, in the case of such a play as *Hamlet*, it is usually printed in a composite form, longer than it was in any of the versions in which it was played or published in Shakespeare's own time, and containing, along with all additions, passages meant to be dropped when the others were added.

The punctuation of the early editions is so hopelessly erratic as to be often useless for any but antiquarian purposes; and the current punctuation is modified from the quite unauthoritative practice of the editors of the eighteenth century. I have ventured to re-punctuate frankly throughout according to modern usage, gaining, it is hoped, a considerable advantage in clearness without any additional sacrifice of authority. The use of the apostrophe has raised some difficult and interesting points, the consideration of which has resulted in a decision of some importance in the matter of metre. In spite of the comparative carelessness of the printing of the First Folio, it has been found that there is clearly discernible a somewhat remarkable consistency in the insertion or omission of the *e* of *ed* endings. To the practice of the early editions in this regard, therefore, the same respect has been shown as in the case of the text in general; i. e., the original has been departed from only when it seemed fair to believe that there was a mistake of the copyist or printer. The result is that the *ed* is printed, and was apparently sounded, much more frequently than we are accustomed to see and hear it. In many cases where no new syllable is added to the line, this preservation of the full ending points to a different elision from that usually made, *threat'ned*, for example, instead of *threaten'd*. This often leads to a distinct gain in sonority, and sometimes to a marked change in rhythm. The practice of the early editions is exceptional in the case of monosyllables in *ied*, being on the whole against the use of the apostrophe; so in such cases I have preserved the *e*

even when not syllabic, representing, for example, the Folio *dyde* by *died* rather than by the somewhat misleading *dī'd*. The method employed in modern editions in this whole matter neither preserves the clues afforded by the originals, nor clearly indicates the pronunciation intended by the editors.

In order to make easy the use of the present volume in connection with such standard works of reference as Bartlett's *Concordance*, the line-numbering of the *Globe* edition has been adhered to, with these differences, that the lines are numbered in fives instead of in tens, and the numbering is carried through the prose as well as the verse.

The special introductions are intended to summarize the ascertained facts on such questions as date, authenticity, and sources ; and to indicate in connection with the last of these the main features of Shakespeare's treatment of his material in each play.

Scholarly opinion on the dates of the dramas has now reached such a degree of harmony as to suggest the arranging of the plays in chronological order, according to the approximate date of composition. The Folio division into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies has, however, been preserved ; the chronological order being adopted in the case of the Comedies and Tragedies, while for obvious reasons the Histories have been retained in their historical sequence.

The mass of detail to be dealt with in such an undertaking as the constituting of an independent text of Shakespeare is so great that many slips, inconsistencies, and faults of judgement are bound to have occurred. To any one who may draw my attention to these I shall be grateful. Meantime, I wish to express my warmest thanks for assistance and advice received from many friends, and more especially from my colleagues on the faculties of Harvard and Columbia Universities.

W. A. N.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1906.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

I

THE name of Shakespeare was of wide and frequent occurrence in the midlands of England in the sixteenth and preceding centuries; and this fact, along with the scarcity of exact documentary evidence, makes even the immediate ancestry of the dramatist a matter of less than absolute certainty. But it is much more than probable that he was the son of one John Shakespeare, a dealer in agricultural produce, who at the time of William's birth was a person of increasing importance in the town of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. John Shakespeare's wife was Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, a substantial farmer and landowner of Wilmcote, near Stratford. Their first son and third child, William, was baptized on April 26, 1564, the exact date of his birth being unrecorded. The history of his childhood is purely a matter of inference. He would naturally enter, as Rowe says he did, the grammar school of his native town, since he was entitled to free education there; and from what is known of the usual curricula of such schools at that period it is to be supposed that his studies were chiefly in Latin grammar and literature. Four years after the poet's birth, John Shakespeare had reached the most honorable municipal office, that of High Bailiff; but after 1572 there are signs that his fortunes had begun to decline. He absented himself from the meetings of the town council, and was deprived of office; and the nature of his financial transactions indicates that he was sinking deeply into debt. He may have withdrawn his son from school to aid him in business; for Aubrey, who died in 1697, says of the poet, "I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade," which, according to this antiquary, was that of a butcher. Aubrey adds the two often-quoted statements: "When he kill'd a calf, he would doe it in a high style and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne, that was held not at all inferior to him for a naturall witt, his acquaintance, and coetanean, but dyed young."

The only additional information we have regarding Shakespeare's early years in Stratford pertains to his marriage, which took place when he was in his nineteenth year. No record of the actual ceremony has been found, but the date is approximately fixed by a document in the registry of the diocese of Worcester, dated November 28, 1582, in which two Stratford farmers gave bonds to free the bishop of responsibility in case of the subsequent discovery of any impediment rendering invalid the prospective marriage of William Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway. This Anne Hathaway is usually identified with Agnes, daughter of Richard Hathaway, a farmer of Shottery, in the parish of Stratford; and from the inscription on her tombstone it appears that she was eight years older than her husband. On May 26, 1583, the Stratford Registers record the baptism of "Susanna, daughter to William Shakspeare;" and in February, 1584, the baptisms of "Hamnet and Judeth sonne and daughter to William Shakspeare." These few facts comprise all that is certainly known about Shakespeare's life before his removal to London; but mention must be made of one famous tradition. It is thus recorded by Rowe in 1709: "He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill

company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his business and family in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*." This exploit is recorded also by Archdeacon Davies of Saper-ton in Gloucestershire in the latter part of the seventeenth century; and corroboration of a different kind is found in the supposed allusion to Lucy and his coat of arms in the "dozen white luces" on Shallow's "old coat" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. i. 1-23. The date of the poaching affair is unknown, but is generally conjectured to have been 1585, and his departure is placed by many biographers in that year or the next. Belief in a germ of truth in the legend, however, does not carry with it the necessity of supposing that Shakespeare's migration to London was due to Lucy's persecution. Interest in the stage, with which he seems to have become connected soon after his arrival in the metropolis, may have begun before he left home. While he was still a small boy, the actors of the Queen's Company and of the Earl of Worcester's Company were officially received in Stratford by his father as High Bailiff; and four companies visited the town in 1587. Those who place his removal as late as 1587, do so chiefly in order to find in the visit of the theatrical companies in that year a possible motive and occasion for the change.

The circumstances and occupation of Shakespeare on his first arrival in London are as uncertain as the date and cause of his leaving Stratford. Various late traditions unite in assigning to him some humble office in connection with the theatre, that of his holding horses outside the door being first printed in 1753. It is known, however, that by 1592 he had achieved considerable reputation as an actor and had begun to write. The company of which he was early a member, and to which he belonged during the greater part, if not the whole, of his career, was that known successively as the Earl of Leicester's (-1588), Lord Strange's (1588-92), Lord Derby's (1592-94), the Lord Chamberlain's (1594-July, 1596), Lord Hunsdon's (July, 1596-March, 1597), the Lord Chamberlain's (1597-1603), and finally, His Majesty's (1603-). Of the two playhouses in London at the beginning of his career, The Theatre is the one in which his later associations make it probable that he first acted. Others in which this company performed were The Rose, Newington Butts, The Curtain, and, after 1599, The Globe. It is doubtful whether Shakespeare was often on the stage after his company began to occupy The Blackfriars about Christmas, 1609. To these must be added the scenes of the performances given in many provincial towns while the company was touring, from Dover to Bristol and from Richmond to Coventry. There is no satisfactory evidence that Shakespeare ever accompanied any of the English actors who performed in Scotland or on the Continent, or, indeed, that he was ever out of England at all. As to his skill as an actor, Chettle stated in 1592 that he was "exelent in the qualitie he professes," and a later report, recorded by Aubrey, says that he acted "exceedingly well." His name ranks high in the actors' lists of his time; he played in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Sejanus*; and tradition associates his name with the parts of the Ghost in *Hamlet* and of Adam in *As You Like It*, neither character, it must be allowed, being one likely to be assigned to the leading performer. That he had thought deeply and wisely on the purpose and methods of theatrical art is proved by the speech of Hamlet to the players.

As early as 1592, Shakespeare's success in theatrical matters was sufficiently marked to call forth an envious attack from Robert Greene, who died in September of that year. Addressing his fellow playwrights, Greene speaks of the actors as "those puppets . . . that speaks from our mouths; those anticke garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al have beene beholding, is it not like that you to whome they all have beene beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both at once of them forsaken? Yea, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrie. . . . Let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions; . . . for it is pittie men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes." The words italicized are a parody on the line, "O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide" which occurs in both *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* and *3 Henry VI*, i. iv. 137; and the word-play in "Shake-scene" confirms the interpretation which finds in the passage a denunciation of Shakespeare for his work in revising plays such as *Henry VI*, of the earlier forms of which Greene and his friends had presumably been the authors. *A Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which the passage occurs, was published after Greene's death by Henry Chettle, who in December of the same year issued an apology in the prefatory address to his own *Kind-Harts Dreame*. "I am as sory," he says, and he is understood to be speaking of Shakespeare, "as if the originall fault had been my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; — besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooves his art."

We thus find Shakespeare at the age of twenty-eight a person of some importance in theatrical circles, and recognized as a man to be reckoned with both as actor and as writer. In the two following years his versatility showed itself still farther in the publication of the highly popular *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*; and the suggestion of good relations with men of rank contained in Chettle's phrase, "divers of worship," is made more definite by the terms of the dedications of these poems to the Earl of Southampton. The history of his next few years is mainly contained in the list of the dramas he produced; but there are other evidences of steady progress in fortune and repute. Already in 1594 he had been summoned to play before the Queen along with the most distinguished actors of the day; and from 1595 till long after his death, appeared a series of publications, poems as well as plays, with which he had nothing to do, but to which unscrupulous publishers attached his name or initials, thus testifying to the market-value of his reputation.

Meantime, in Stratford, his father's affairs were going from bad to worse, until in 1596 the stopping of all actions for debt suggests that the dramatist had returned and restored the family fortunes. In August of that year his only son Hamnet died. In that year, too, an attempt to increase the family prestige was made in the name of John Shakespeare, though probably on the initiative of the poet, by applying to the College of Heralds for the grant of a coat of arms. Two drafts of such a grant are extant dated 1596, assigning to John Shakespeare a shield described thus: "Gould on a bend sable a speare of the first, steeled, argent; and for his creast or cognizance a faulcon, his winges displayed argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare gould steeled as aforesaid, sett upon a healmett with mantelles and tasselles as hath been accustomed." The grant

does not seem to have been issued at this time; but three years later an application was made for an "exemplification" of the coat, the previous right to wear it being taken for granted. This application was successful, and the Shakespeares were henceforth regarded as entitled to the style of "gentlemen." A more substantial evidence of the improved status of the family was afforded in 1597, when the dramatist bought and repaired New Place, then the largest house in Stratford. He did not, however, take up his permanent residence there till several years later. Various other legal and financial transactions indicate that he had come to be regarded as a man of substance; and his profession was sufficiently remunerative easily to account for this. It has been reckoned that his income as an actor must have averaged before the end of the century about £130 a year, and to this must be added about £20 annually from his plays. After The Globe was built in 1599 he became a shareholder, and the profits from this source are likely to have more than doubled his income. Gifts from patrons were not uncommon, and there may be some ground for the tradition handed down by Rowe from D'Avenant, that Shakespeare received from Southampton the gift of £1000. Money is usually reckoned to have had at that period from five to eight times its present purchasing power; but the difficulty of determining this with certainty, and the fragmentary and inconclusive nature of the bases of our information as to the financial side of the Elizabethan theatre, make it necessary to receive with caution the results of the calculations that have been made of Shakespeare's gains. There is no doubt, however, that he was an extremely successful man, that his affairs were conducted with much practical sense and shrewdness, and that he died rich. In his will he left £350 in money, with a considerable amount of real estate and other property. There is in his life, certainly, no evidence that he shared the alleged incapacity of men of imaginative genius for practical affairs.

Along with this material prosperity, Shakespeare gained steadily in literary reputation. As early as 1598, Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia or Wit's Treasury*, wrote "A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets;" and here he awards the highest praise to Shakespeare as both poet and playwright. "As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras*, so the sweetes wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued *Shakespeare*; witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, etc. As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labors Lost*, his *Love Labours Wonne*, his *Midsummer Night Dreame*, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his *Richard the 2.*, *Richard the 3.*, *Henry the 4.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

"As *Epius Stolo* said that the Muses would speake with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeares* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."

References by his literary contemporaries are fairly numerous, and are in general in this enthusiastic vein. Allusions to his personality reflect a kindly feeling in the speakers, and indicate a genial disposition in the poet, with a love of wit and good fellowship. Legendary gossip suggesting occasional extreme conviviality need not be taken too seriously, and probably implies nothing more than a fondness for making merry with his friends.

The documentary records of the later years of Shakespeare's life are concerned chiefly with law-suits and the investment of money. They are of interest chiefly as showing in Shakespeare some of his father's tendency to litigiousness, and that carefulness of his pe-

cuniary interests already referred to. His father died in 1601; his mother in 1608. He was not a shareholder in any of the London theatres at his death, and it is not known when he sold out; but it is conjectured that about 1611 he disposed of these interests and retired to Stratford to enjoy his means in leisure. On April 23, 1616, he died, and two days later was buried beneath the chancel of Stratford Church according to a right acquired as part-owner of the tithes. Within seven years of his death an elaborate monument to his memory was placed in the wall of the church, and in it a portrait bust. But the so-called restoration of this piece of sculpture in the middle of the eighteenth century appears to have been in fact a substitution, so that the present effigy is of no value as a likeness. The extant pictures of its original state are sufficient to invalidate the restoration, but do not themselves enable us to form a satisfactory picture of the man. The only well-authenticated portrait is the engraving by Martin Droeshout prefixed to the Folio editions of the plays, and this is far from lifelike. It is supposed that Droeshout worked from a painting, but there is yet no general agreement as to which, if any, of the existing claimants was his original. Two seem to have stronger support than the others, that sometimes known as the "Flower Portrait," now hanging in the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford; and the "Ely Palace Portrait," now in the possession of the Birthplace Trustees. The former of these is reproduced as the frontispiece to the present volume. Pretended portraits have been fabricated without number, and even those to which no suspicion of fraud attaches, with the one exception of the Droeshout engraving, lack a sufficient pedigree.

Of Shakespeare's immediate family there survived him his wife, his two daughters, and one brother. Mrs. Shakespeare lived till August 6, 1623, dying three months before the publication of the great collected edition of her husband's works known as the First Folio. The elder daughter, Susanna, married Dr. John Hall, and died in 1649, leaving one child, Elizabeth. This Elizabeth Hall, later Mrs. Thomas Nash, and still later Lady Barnard, died in 1670 without issue. The younger daughter, who married Thomas Quincy of Stratford, died in 1662, having outlived her three sons. Lady Barnard was thus the last surviving descendant of the poet.

II

The chronology of the works of Shakespeare is, except in the case of the two long poems and a few plays, the result of inferences of varying degrees of certitude. Four main divisions are generally recognized, and each of them has a fairly distinctive content. The first stretches from the undated beginnings of his work as a dramatist till about 1594, and it contains probably a greater variety of kinds of production than any other. It is no mere guesswork to call this a period of experiment. Besides the poems, we find in it representatives of all three kinds of drama then in vogue, Comedy, History, and Tragedy. In the last of these kinds he created no entirely original work, but in *Titus Andronicus* and the first draft of *Romeo and Juliet* he apparently made over plays which had already been performed. From whatever reason, he seems after these experiments to have laid aside Tragedy for a time, to take it up again after he had mastered the more technical elements of his art, and had a larger experience of life on which to draw.

In History also he began with the revision of the work of others in the three parts of *Henry VI*; and when he constructed plays for himself he was clearly under the influence of Marlowe. In *Richard III*, conception of theme and manipulation of character are alike Marlowesque; and both in that play and in *King John* the echo of the "mighty line" of

Marlowe is clearly discernible in the versification. *Richard II*, in spite of its parallelism in theme to Marlowe's *Edward II*, shows, both in the treatment of the futile king and in his highly poetic utterances, abundant indications of Shakespeare's own characteristic manner.

In Comedy the lines of experiment are drawn with singular clearness. *Love's Labour's Lost* is a playful burlesque upon current fashions, and it derives its interest mainly from its clever and amusing dialogue, characterization and plot being alike slight. In *The Comedy of Errors* the interest of the experiment changes from diction to the manipulation of plot and situation; for Shakespeare here found his model in the Latin Comedy, and contented himself, as Plautus did, with a treatment of character typical rather than individual. In the light of his later achievement *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is more significant than the two other comedies of this first period, for here he is clearly interested in character, and it was in this respect that he later achieved his preëminence in Comedy. Of the ten or eleven plays, collaborated, revised, or original, with which Shakespeare had to do in the early nineties of the sixteenth century, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* most clearly lays down the lines on which he was first to create masterpieces.

The period from 1594 to 1601 is mainly occupied with Comedy, and the Histories written in this period are more than leavened with Comedy. *Henry IV*, though its serious plot is filled with war and rebellion, owed its popularity to the comic elements centring in Falstaff, and constituting about half of the scenes. *Henry V* is free from any note of tragedy. From *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* to *Twelfth Night* we have a succession of plays of unexampled brilliance, surpassing in structure and dialogue anything that had hitherto been produced on the English stage, and in the creation of character still unrivalled. Touches of seriousness undoubtedly occur in these plays. Again and again, in the midst of the love-in-idleness with which they are chiefly occupied, we are reminded of the real business of life presently to be taken up; not infrequently the humor is mingled with pathos or grave reflection; sometimes the folly of Claudio or the fate of Shylock brings us perilously near the brink of tragedy. Yet all this does not invalidate the statement that the temper of the plays written in the last six years of the century is pre-vaillingly that of Comedy.

Equally undeniable are the change of temper and change of theme after 1601. The intrusion of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Measure for Measure*, and *All's Well that Ends Well* among the great Tragedies cannot be regarded as an objection to the calling of this the tragic period, since their presence serves in no degree to lighten the gloom. It is clear that for eight or nine years Shakespeare's dominant artistic interest was tragic; that is, he was immersed in the problem of presenting dramatically the results of certain elements of weakness and vice in human character.

About 1610 the tone changes once more. In the so-called Dramatic Romances we continue to see pictured the suffering brought about by sin and weakness; but the colors used are less sombre, and in the end the evil men turn from their ways and live.

All this has often been summed up before; and it is done here once more partly to gather and make more significant the chronological details scattered through the special introductions, partly to make intelligible the standing discussion as to whether from this arrangement of Shakespeare's literary activity there can be drawn evidence as to his emotional and spiritual history. The meaning of the experimental period will hardly be disputed. The collaborated and revised plays show that Shakespeare at the beginning of his career was glad to take what work was given him to do; and the original plays show him trying his hand upon all the chief dramatic types in vogue. His *Venus and Adonis*

and *Lucrece* are only further instances of this versatility and curiosity. Prevailing emotional mood of any distinctive kind in this first period there is none.

With the three later divisions the case is very different. Here the temptation is obvious to interpret them respectively as periods of sunshine, gloom, and placidity in the dramatist's life. Up to a certain point this interpretation need not be quarrelled with. There is an appropriateness to the prime of life in the creation of the buoyant personalities of the Comedies and in the triumphant extrication of them from all the tangle of opposing forces invented only to be foiled. The profundity of reflection and the brooding on the mystery of life, of which the Tragedies give abundant evidence, were only possible, in the degree in which we find them, to a man who had already lived and seen much. It is hardly possible to refrain from associating the victories of good over evil in the Dramatic Romances with a mood natural to a sane spirit contemplating near the close of his career a world which had brought to him in large measure the things for which he had mainly striven. But it is easy to press this method too far. The succession of the various kinds of drama in Shakespeare's production bears a suggestive relation to what appears to have been the popular demand of the time; and if Tragedy was in vogue at a period when Shakespeare was ripe for writing it, then the world was fortunate in the coincidence. Yet the fact of this and similar coincidences should serve to guard us against supposing that the tone of the Tragedies is necessarily a reflection of gloom or pessimism in Shakespeare's soul. Great imaginative creation is, indeed, but rarely the outcome of experience immediately contemporary. Wordsworth's description of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity," though not a universal formula, is most frequently a true account, and ought in itself to caution us against the dogmatism that is based on the assumption that in drama and sonnet alike "Shakespeare unlocked his heart" and left the door ajar for all the world to see. If we are to find in the poet's work a record, not perhaps of his experience, but of his attitude toward human life and human nature, it must be by methods more subtle and cautious than are implied in the kind of inference we are discussing.

III

The height of Shakespeare's preëminence has frequently led to a manner of speaking which sets him apart from his kind as something abnormal and unaccountable. Without entering into a discussion of the natural history of genius, it is desirable to recount those factors in his age and environment which explain many of his characteristics, even if they do not account for the magnitude of his achievement. For that achievement is of a range and quality so stupendous that it required for its accomplishment the highest degree of coincidence between the hour and the man.

The hour was, indeed, the most propitious that had occurred in the history of England. After the long controversies of the Reformation the country was for the time enjoying a comparative truce among warring sects. This truce was partly induced by the necessity of the nation's presenting a united front against the hostility of Spain; and the period of peril had been succeeded by a mood of exhilaration that resulted naturally from the escape from a formidable danger, and the opening up of a national future of untold possibilities of expansion and conquest. The compiling of chronicles and of endless narratives of travel and exploration in the Western Ocean expressed and symbolized the rising pride in England's past and England's future; and it supplied the basis for the most distinctively national part of the drama, that flourishing of Chronicle History which found its culmination in the martial rhetoric of *Henry V.*

From abroad there reached England at last the full impulse of the Renaissance. The more purely intellectual side of this movement had been delayed by the religious turmoil; but now that this was for the time assuaged, the stimulus to intellectual curiosity and the desire for imaginative entertainment had full scope. Men and books representing all the arts of the Continent poured into England, and hundreds of translations opened to those who could read no language but English the intellectual treasures of antiquity and of modern Italy, France, and Spain. A still less literate public were enabled to share the narrative element in this stream by the presentation of stories on the stage; and the plays based on Plutarch's *Lives* and French and Italian *novelle* represent respectively the classical and the contemporary elements in this contribution.

The drama in England had always largely represented what would have been the common reading matter of the people if the people had been able to read. Miracle plays, Moralities, and Interludes were each merely the translation into action and dialogue of the stories from Scripture and the Saints' Lives, of the characteristic medieval mode of allegory, of the bourgeois humorous and satirical anecdote, which the illiterate populace could receive only by the ear. With the Revival of Learning came a vast expansion in the amount and variety of reading matter, especially on the side of secular literature and, more specifically, of the literature of entertainment; and in the reign of Elizabeth the drama showed a responsive development. In the work of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, Lyly, Marlowe, Peele, Greene, and Kyd, the three forms of Comedy, History, and Tragedy had, partly under the influence of foreign and classical models, taken fairly definite shape. But they were still primarily dramatic arrangements of narrative rather than drama; and to Shakespeare was offered the opportunity, of which he availed himself magnificently yet gradually, of framing and applying the conception of pure drama as a distinct form of art.

In considering his equipment for this momentous task two elements must be constantly kept in mind: that which he received as an actor and manager, and that which he had as a man well-read in the literature of his time. To the former must be credited a large part of his skill as a practical playwright, a factor that has not yet received its due in the interpretation of his dramas, but which accounts for this among other facts, that so large a number of his plays are still capable of effective presentation upon the modern stage. As a student of literature, Shakespeare's range was large, but not extraordinary. Latin he had presumably learned at school, and with the works of some half-dozen Latin writers he had begun an acquaintance while a boy. But, in addition to the learned Jonson's ascription to him of "small Latin and less Greek," we have the evidence of the plays themselves that he used translations when he could get them. French he seems to have known fairly well; Italian he may have mastered to the extent of being able to extract the plot of a novel, but this is less certain. There is no evidence that he knew Spanish or Greek. The wide and detailed knowledge of history and fiction and of many arts and trades, the evidences of which lie open on every page, is no greater and no more accurate than would be expected of a mind of the quality of his, of an observation so keen, of sympathies so catholic and so intense.

Of an importance only less than the intellectual temper of the time and the moment in the development of the drama was the state of the language and of versification. Along with the enthusiasm for the classics and the cultivation of pure Latinity which characterized the Renaissance there appeared a patriotic desire to refine and dignify the vernaculars of the various countries and, among them, of England. The pedantry of the group of men of letters known as the Areopagus, the Enphuism of Lyly, and the Arca-

dianism of Sidney were only exaggerated instances of the wide-spread interest in what could be done with the native speech; and, in spite of grotesque eccentricities, these fashions had served to expand the resources and supple the sinews of English. Traces of this interest in feats in the manipulation of words are apparent in Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* and elsewhere; but the more important consideration is that when he came to write his plays he had at hand a linguistic medium whose capacities both in vocabulary and structure had not yet become hardened under the dogmatism of the schools, and whose plasticity proved of inestimable value when wielded by a master. A century earlier the language was too poor in resources for such supreme literary achievement; a century later, the settling down of convention had made such daring as Shakespeare showed in subduing it to his use all but impossible. Equal good fortune appears in the matter of prosody. Before Shakespeare began to write, drama in England had thrown off the shackles of stanza and rime which had hampered it for centuries, and had found in blank verse its appointed metre. With unerring instinct Shakespeare seized on this and played on it a variety of melodies such as had not hitherto been dreamed of.

A complete enumeration of the favorable elements in the civilization of Elizabethan England is here impossible, but enough has probably been said to indicate the extraordinary nature of the opportunity.

IV

In attempting to see what are some of the more important qualities that made it possible for Shakespeare to rise to this opportunity, it will be well to note first some of the negative elements in the case. It was not for sheer invention that Shakespeare was unique or even preëminent in his profession. Every form of drama that he touched he carried to a lofty pitch of perfection, but none of them did he create. In two or three cases he seems to have constructed the plot of a play, but such plots are slight and not distinguished by any striking originality. Whenever possible, he borrowed his stories; and the transformation he worked on them is due to a kind of imagination quite other, if much rarer, than is implied in inventive contrivance. Further, in the mechanics of his plays, he repeated himself freely. When a device, a situation, a contrast of character, proved successful on the stage, he did not scruple to use it again and again, displaying in the variations he worked on it abundant cleverness, but at the same time a poverty, or, better, an economy, of invention, in striking contrast to his lavish prodigality in thought and imagery.

The element in his plays which, one is apt to think, must have struck the more thoughtful among his contemporaries as giving them marked distinction among the works of his predecessors and rivals, is his creation of character. In range, in individuality, above all in the illusion of life, there had been nothing in dramatic literature comparable to this endless procession of actual human beings. Here were no puppets labelled with a quality or a title, no mere walking gentlemen capable of being arranged in amusing situations. The persons of the Shakespearean drama, whenever drawn in detail and set in the foreground, are marked by idiosyncrasy that stops short of caricature, are humorous, pathetic, tender, cruel, profound, shallow, or any mixture of these, just as are the people one knows. In no respect does his genius more closely approach the supernatural than in this of the creation of men and women of a truly human complexity. Other qualities already referred to must also have appealed to the contemporary

audience: the brilliance of phrase and sparkle of repartee; the consummate mastery of verse — now sweet and lyrical, now throbbing with passion, now echoing the tread of armies, now heavy with thought; — the ingenuity of the stage-craft; the variety of scene and atmosphere. But to the modern student there are deeper things to be found, which may or may not have been evident to his contemporaries, of some of which the poet himself may not have been explicitly conscious.

It has been frequently charged against Shakespeare that in contrast with poets like Dante and Goethe his work embodies no religion, no philosophy. Whatever of truth there may be in this, it is surely inaccurately phrased. Certain it is he was no fanatic, the propagandist of no sect; what philosophy he had is presented in no systematic scheme. If he had been or done these things, he could not have been the supreme dramatist. But the profoundest thought is not necessarily framed into a scheme; the most philosophical artist need not speak through allegory or abstractions. Philosophical ideas find abundant expression in both the dramas and the sonnets of Shakespeare; *obiter dicta* occur of immense suggestiveness and power; and it is hardly possible to read the plays as a whole without becoming conscious of a characteristic attitude toward human nature and the problems of human life. The expression of this attitude naturally varies with the period and the theme. In the Histories the dominant idea is that which one finds elsewhere in the early narratives of these sad stories of the death of kings. Among the strange paradoxes of the Middle Ages none is more remarkable than the persistence, among the Christian conceptions of the Catholic Church, of the pagan goddess of Fortune. So continually is she referred to as the determining force in the destinies of the great, so awed and reverential is the tone in which her caprices are alluded to, that one is forced to the conclusion that she was to the men of that age no mere figure of speech, but a deity who was always feared and often worshipped. The narratives on which Shakespeare based his Histories were pervaded by this conception, and it survives with impressive effect in the speeches of his characters. How far he personally shared it, it is hard to say; but he availed himself of it in a hundred instances of dramatic irony, and it underlies his melancholy insistence on the merely human limitations that assert themselves in the career of every king. With no lack of appreciation of the pomp of monarchy, he yet asserts in play after play that, whether coupled with the futile piety of Henry VI, the unscrupulous tenacity of Richard III, the policy of Henry IV, or the triumphant effectiveness of Henry V,

'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,

that can separate the king from the pathos of common humanity.

In the Comedies there is no such unity of idea; but generalized reflection is abundantly evident in the dwelling in successive plays on certain tendencies of human nature and their results in action and character; such tendencies as sentimentalism, cynicism, selfishness, and self-deception. The philosophical significance of these plays stops short, as a rule, of the fifth act. The marrying off, at the close, of all eligible youths and maidens is more a concession to the convention of the happy ending demanded by the particular type of drama than the logical outcome of the characters or their deeds. One is not convinced that Shakespeare believed that this was the way things happened in life; but a comedy

must end so, and he provided accordingly a conventional dénouement, too often showing traces of the perfunctoriness of his interest in such an artificial adjustment.

Very different is his treatment of the conclusion of Tragedy. Here the crime or weakness which marks the tragic hero is shown bearing its inevitable fruit in suffering and disaster; and the great Tragedies form the crown of his achievement not only because they deal with the more serious problems of life, but because here are found all the elements of poetry, characterization, and construction, in each of which he had attained mastery in earlier plays, but which now are brought to their loftiest pitch and combined. Nowhere else are the two great dramatic elements of character and plot found in such perfect balance, in such complete interaction; nowhere else are they clothed in language so weighty with thought or so glorified by imagination. But it is in the determination of the catastrophes that the philosophical supremacy of the Tragedies most appears, as it is from these that critics who find evidence of pessimism in Shakespeare produce their proof. "Here," they say, pointing to the fifth act of *King Lear*, "here, at least, Shakespeare loses faith; here good and bad go down together in indiscriminate disaster." But so to observe is, surely, to lose sight of the most profound distinction running through these plays, the distinction between the spiritual and the physical. From *Romeo and Juliet* to *Coriolanus* it is clear that Shakespeare hands over to natural and social law the bodies and temporal fortunes of good and bad alike, and such law is permitted its unrelenting sway. But it is equally clear that he regards the spiritual life of his creations as by no means involved in this welter of suffering and death. Occasionally, as in *Macbeth*, the hero's spiritual career runs at the end parallel to his worldly fortune; more often, as in *Othello* or *Lear*, the moment of physical disaster witnesses a moral purgation, a spiritual triumph; always it is possible to discern two lines of interest, two kinds of value, two clearly distinguished spheres of existence.

For the lack of correspondence between these two lines of action, the absence in Tragedy of any control of worldly happiness in the interest of the good, he attempts no explanation. For he is not concerned to construct a philosophical system, to preach a gospel. Even the all-pervading distinction just set forth is not preached or argued. It is merely implied because no treatment of the greater issues of human life could be at once true and profound without this implication. Thus this limitation, as it has been regarded by those who would have the poet an explicit philosopher, is no limitation at all, but the mark of his allegiance to the true artistic ideal, the proof that he played his own game according to its own rules, and devoted himself with unparalleled disinterestedness, unparalleled range and profundity of insight, to the picturing of things as they are.

W. A. N.

COMEDIES

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

THE problem of dating exactly Shakespeare's earliest plays is beset with peculiar difficulties. During the first few years of his dramatic activity, he made experiments in all the three main divisions of the drama of his time, comedy, tragedy, and history; and within these divisions his versatility showed itself still farther. Thus, in the field of comedy, he seems to have laid especial stress on diction in *Love's Labour's Lost*, on character in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, on situation and plot in *The Comedy of Errors*. This variety of aim makes it hard to arrange these plays in order of production on mere internal evidence, as might have been possible had they been successive attempts along precisely the same lines; and external evidence is very scanty and inconclusive. The order adopted here is as probable as any; but the three comedies placed first should be regarded as essentially contemporaneous.

The first extant edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* was published as a quarto in 1598. The title-page of this edition states that it is printed "as it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." If this volume was issued before March 25, 1598 (O. S.), "last Christmas" would mean Christmas of 1598; if after March 25, it would mean Christmas of 1597. References to the play in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and in Tofte's *Alba or Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover* (1598), do not help to determine this point. The indication of an earlier form of the play given in the words "corrected and augmented" is corroborated by certain peculiarities in the text. The speech of Biron in iv. iii. 289-365, and the conversation between him and Rosaline in v. ii. 827-832, 847-881, show undoubted traces of revision, the earlier form of some of the lines having been retained in the later text by the mistake of the printer. We have no means of defining closely the augmentations, but from the disproportion in the length of the acts, and from the style of the speeches, it is fairly clear that they must have been chiefly in the fourth and fifth acts, and in the speeches of Biron and Rosaline. The date of this earlier version is to be conjectured from internal evidence only. The very great frequency of riming lines, the occurrence of speeches rimed alternately and in sonnet form, the slightness of the characterization, the obvious symmetry in the arrangement of the persons, the nature of the topical allusions, — all these, combined with the impression of immaturity produced by the play, have led to a fairly general agreement that it is one of Shakespeare's first independent attempts, and is to be placed not later than 1591.

The Quarto of 1598 is the direct source of the next printed text, that of the First Folio. This edition of the play, though somewhat more carefully printed than the Quarto, has no independent authority, and adds nothing save the last line and the division into acts. The present text is, accordingly, based on that of the Quarto.

No source of the plot as a whole has yet been discovered, and it is quite possible that the story was invented by Shakespeare himself. Hints may have been derived from French history. Monstrelet relates that, in the first quarter of the fifteenth century, a king of Navarre renounced his claims to certain French lordships on condition of receiving the Duchy of Nemours and 200,000 crowns. Again, in 1586, Catherine de' Medici, accompanied by a bevy of ladies, visited the court of Henry of Navarre, and attempted to settle the disputes between that prince and her son, Henry III. The charms of the ladies in her retinue were expected to aid in the accomplishment of her diplomatic purposes. The names of Biron and Longville are those of two well-known adherents of Henry of Navarre in the civil wars which were raging when the play was written; and the name of Dumain is an anglicized form of that of the Duc de Mayenne who figured on the other side in the same conflict. Further, in 1582, a Russian ambassador arrived in England to arrange a treaty, and to take home with him a wife for the Czar from among the kinswomen of Eliza-

both. A lady was selected, and was presented to the ambassador in a pavilion in the gardens of York House with a ceremony which may have given a hint for the masque of the Muscovites in v. ii. 158 ff., especially as the episode was long remembered as a joke.

In the characters of Armado and Holofernes traces have been found of the stock types of the braggart soldier and the pedant of Latin and Italian comedy. In the stage directions of the early copies, Armado is often called "Braggart," and Holofernes "Pedant." Some of the former's characteristics may have been suggested by an eccentric Italian who haunted the court of Elizabeth, and was known as the "fantastical monarcho." Boyet calls Armado "a phantasime, a Monarcho" (iv. i. 101), and Holofernes refers to him as a "fanatical phantasime" (v. i. 19). The name of Holofernes may be due to its occurrence in Rabelais as that of the tutor of Gargantua. The rustic pedant had been recently exploited by Sir Philip Sidney in the character of Rumbus in *The Lady of the May*. The scraps of Latin put into the mouth of Holofernes and of Nathaniel are taken from sixteenth-century school-books, a fact which may partly account for the attempts to find in the Pedant a portrait of Shakespeare's own schoolmaster. Endeavors to identify him with John Florio, and to point out in other characters in the play allusions to men concerned in current controversies, are not convincing.

The main point of *Love's Labour's Lost* for Shakespeare's contemporaries must have been in its pervading burlesque of current fads and affectations. The wit-combats of the lords and ladies, the affected diction of the sunsteering courtiers, the preposterous bombast of Armado, the latinized English and pedantic alliteration of Holofernes, and the quips of Moth, are all parodies of the absurdities into which the prevailing interest in linguistic feats had led almost all classes of Elizabethan society. Euphuism is to-day the most familiar of these fashions, but Euphuism itself, in the strict sense, is not specifically attacked. There are, however, other indications of the influence of Lyly, at this date by far the greatest master of English comedy. The farcical scenes with Moth, Armado, and the clowns, the repartee between the ladies and the courtiers, the scenes in which the lovers betray their broken vows, and the general method of representing courtly intercourse, are all foreshadowed in the work of Lyly. Nor need it be supposed that all the verbal affectation and quaintness in the play are due to a burlesque intention. Shakespeare himself, as all his early work goes to show, was fascinated by the word-play in which his contemporaries indulged, and the eloquence of the finer speeches of Biron is probably the outcome of a genuine delight in the discovery of his own power to manipulate words as skilfully as his fellows.

The general drift of the play is evident alike in the plot and in the verbal parodies, namely, the exposure of the absurdity of departing from common sense, and the ability of Nature to assert herself in the discomfiture of those who foolishly attempt to organize society on artificial lines that run counter to the fundamental laws of our constitution.

"Biron," or "Berowne" as it appears in the early copies, is accented on the second syllable, and rhimes with "mower." "Biron" rhimes with "debt;" "Moth" was pronounced "mote;" and "Kneading" rhimes with "stone."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,
BOTET,
MERCADE, } lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.

THE PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE, } ladies attending on the Princess.
MARIA,
KATHERINE,
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: Navarre, the King's palace, and the country near it.]

ACT I

[SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*]

Enter FERDINAND, king of Navarre, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant, devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, — for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires, — 10
(Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, 15
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein. 21
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 't is but a three years' 24
fast.

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die, 31
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation over.
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years. 25
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside, 30
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day, —
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day, —
Which I hope well is not enrolled there. 35
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace 31
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? Let me know. 35

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Bir. Come on, then; I will swear to study 30,
To know the thing I am forbid to know; 30

As thus, — to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath, 35
Study to break it and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed

And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you (to study now it is too late,)

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out. Go home, Biron,

adieu.

Bir. No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay

with you;

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel, knowledge, you can say,

Yet, confident, I'll keep what I have sworn.

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Bir. [Reads.] "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court" — Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] "On pain of losing her tongue." Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

[*Bir.*] A dangerous law against gentility! [Reads.] "Item, If any man be seen to talk

with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak —

A maid of grace and complete majesty —
About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father;
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might mast'ed, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on "mere necessity."

So to the laws at large I write my name;

[*Subscribes.*]
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ; 175
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport ; 180

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter a Constable [DULL] with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person ?

Bir. This, fellow. What wouldst ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough ; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood. 185

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad. This letter will tell you more. 190

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado. *Bir.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words. 195

Long. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience !

Bir. To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both. 200

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. 205

Bir. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is in manner and form following. 210
Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman ; for the form,—in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right ! 215

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken on after the flesh. 220

King. [Reads.] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron."

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads.] "So it is." — 225

Cost. It may be so ; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace !

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight ! 230

King. No words !

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [Reads.] "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome

physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am [235 a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper ; so much for the time when. Now for [240 the ground which ; which, I mean, I walk'd upon : it is cyeleped thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony- [245 coloured ink which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest ; but to the place where : it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, [250 that base minnow of thy mirth," —

Cost. Me ?

King. [Reads.] "That unlettered small-knowing soul," —

Cost. Me ?

King. [Reads.] "That shallow vassal," —

Cost. Still me ?

King. [Reads.] "Which, as I remember, hight Costard," —

Cost. O, me ! 255

King. [Reads.] "Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith," —

Cost. With a wench. 260

King. [Reads.] "With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull ; a man of [270 good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Anthony Dull.

King. [Reads.] "For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehend- [275 ed with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, 280

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench. 285

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench. 290

Cost. I was taken with none, sir ; I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel. 295

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir ; s' was a virgin. 300

King. It is so varied too ; for it was claimed virgin. 305

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity ; I taken with a maid. 310

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir. ²⁹⁰

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge. ³⁰⁵

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er; And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, ³¹⁰
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day ³¹⁵
smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad. ⁵

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. ¹⁰

Arm. Why tough senior? Why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender. ¹⁵

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and ²⁰
my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick. ²⁵

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick. ³⁰

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers; how heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him. ³⁵

Arm. I have promised to study three years the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible. ⁴⁰

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir? ⁴⁵

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two. ⁵⁰

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put "years" to the word "three," and study three years in two ⁵⁵
words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; ⁶⁰
and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd courtesy. I ⁶⁵
think scorn to sigh; methinks I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my ⁷⁰
child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter; and he was ⁷⁵
in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth? ⁸⁰

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion. ⁸⁵

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; ⁹⁰
but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red. ⁹⁵

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's ¹⁰⁰
tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathological!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known, 105
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown.
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same 110
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason
of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King
and the Beggar? 115

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a
ballad some three ages since, but I think now
'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would
neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ
o'er, that I may example my digression by [120
some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that
country girl that I took in the park with the ra-
tional hind Costard. She deserves well.

Moth. [Aside.] To be whipp'd; and yet a [125
better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
wench.

Arm. I say, sing. 130

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter Clown [COSTARD], Constable [DULL],
and Wench [JAQUENETTA].*

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you
keep Costard safe; and you must suffer him to
take no delight nor no penance, but 'a must fast
three days a week. For this damsel, I must [135
keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-
woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.
Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge. 140

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face? 145

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

[*Dull.*] Come, Jaquenetta, away! 150
[*Exeunt [Dull and Jaquenetta].*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences
ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do
it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished. 155

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fel-
lows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir! I will
fast, being loose. 160

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose.
Thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of
dissolution that I have seen, some shall see. 165

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what
they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too
silent in their words; and therefore I will say
nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as
another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [170
[*Exeunt [Moth and Costard].*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is
base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by
her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be
forsworn, which is a great argument of false-
hood, if I love. And how can that be true [175
love which is falsely attempted? Love is a fa-
miliar; Love is a devil; there is no evil angel
but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and
he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon
so seduced, and he had a very good wit. [180
Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules'
club; and therefore too much odds for a Span-
iard's rapier. The first and second cause will
not serve my turn; the passado he respects not,
the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to [185
be called boy; but his glory is to subdue man.
Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for
your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist
me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am
sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit! write, [190
pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II

[SCENE I. The same.]

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, with three at-
tending LADIES, and three LORDS.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dear-
est spirits;

Consider who the King your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear, 10
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though
but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, 15
Not unt'red by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vo-
Till painful study shall outwear three years 20
No woman may approach his silent court;
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, with
Bold of your worthiness, we single you 25
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of Fr

On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

[*1.*] *Lord.* [Lord] Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

[*Mar.*] I know him, madam; at a marriage-feast.

Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous heir

Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized

In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd,

Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms;

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,

If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

[*Mar.*] They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

[*Kath.*] The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

[*Ros.*] Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,

For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,

Delivers in such apt and gracious words

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! Are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

[*1.*] *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Yvet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And his competitors in oath

Will address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON
[and Attendants].*

Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*]

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, and sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[*Hands a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away; For you'll prove perjurd if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Kath. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Bir. I know you did.

Kath. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Kath. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

Kath. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o' day?

Kath. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask!

Kath. Fair fall the face it covers!

Bir. And send you many lovers!

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the
which 155

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 160
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, 165
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.
Dear Princess, were not his request so far 170
From reason's yielding, your fair self should
make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
And go well satisfi'd to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much
wrong.

And wrong the reputation of your name, 175
Is so unseemly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet. you can produce acquittances 181
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
come

Where that and other specialties are bound. 185
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may 170
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd fair harbour in my house. 175

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and fare-
well.

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort
your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
place! [Exit.]

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to mine own
heart. 180

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I
would be glad to see it.

Bir. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Bir. Sick at the heart. 185

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says "ay."

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife. 190

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is
that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, [Katherine] her
name. 195

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you
well. [Exit.]

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in
the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her
in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire
her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to de-
sire that were a shame. 200

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge. 205

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Long.]

Re-enter BIRON.

Bir. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. [Rosaline,] by good hap. 210

Bir. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, sir; adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to
you. [Exit Biron.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap
lord. 215

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at
his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was
to board.

Kath. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not sheeps?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your
lips. 220

Kath. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that
finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

Kath. Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Kath. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gen-
tles, agree. 225

This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is
abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom
lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with
eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire; ²³⁵

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed; His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be; All senses to that sense did make their repair, ²⁴⁰

To feel only looking on fairest of fair;

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy,

Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd, ²⁴⁴

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd;

His face's own margent did quote such amazes

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed. ²⁵⁰

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him. ²⁵⁵

Kath. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Ros. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Mar. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.
 [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. *The same.*]

Enter Braggart [ARMADO] and his Boy [MOTH].

Song.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel.

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years, take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither. I must employ [s] him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? Brawling in French? ¹⁰

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the [s]

nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the [s] old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note — do you note? — [s] men that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O, but O, —

Moth. "The hobby-horse is forgot." ²⁰

Arm. Callest thou my love "hobby-horse"?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had. ²⁵

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove? ³⁰

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her. ³⁵

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter. ⁴⁰

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. ⁴⁵ But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? ⁵⁰

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so. Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he; ⁵⁵

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then and I flee. [Exit.]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd. ⁶⁰

Re-enter Page [MOTH] with Clown [COSTARD].

Moth. A wonder, master! Here's a costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy l'envoy; begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! No l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pannyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me, how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth. I will speak that l'envoy:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances! I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person. Thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [giving a letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—“What's the price of this inkle?”—“One penny.”—“No, I'll give you a remuneration:” why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Bir. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship; God be wi' you!

Bir. Stay, slave; I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Bir. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Bir. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady.

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her,

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better; most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!

Bir. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 180
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents, 185
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator and great general
 Of trotting 'paritors; — O my little heart! —
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! 190
 What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right! 195
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her! 200
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might. 205
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
 [Exit.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *The same.*]

*Enter the PRINCESS, a FORESTER, her LADIES,
 and her LORDS.*

Prin. Was that the King, that spurr'd his
 horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

For. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd a mount-
 ing mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch; 5
 On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder cop-
 pice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that
 shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, and
 again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? Alack for
 woe! 15

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

[Gives money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you in-
 herit. 20

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by
 merit!

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
 praise.

But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well is then accounted ill. 25

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to
 kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes, 30
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
 part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no
 ill. 35

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sov-
 ereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may
 afford

To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Enter Clown [COSTARD].

Boyet. Here comes a member of the com-
 monwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which
 is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the
 rest that have no heads. 45

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! It is so;
 truth is true.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
 wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist
 should be fit. 50

Are not you the chief woman? You are the
 thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
 will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to
 one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! He's a
 good friend of mine.

Stand aside good bearer. Boyet, you can
 carve; 55

Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here.
 It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give
 ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] "By heaven, that thou art
 fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art 60
 beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely.
 More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous,
 truer than truth itself, have commiseration on
 thy herical vassal! The magnanimous and
 most illustre king Cophetua set eye upon 65
 the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelo-
 phon; and he it was that might rightly say,

Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; [⁷⁰ *sw. two*; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? The king's. [⁷⁵ The captive is enriched; on whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? The king's; no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so wit- [⁸⁰ *seemeth thy lowliness*. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy [⁸⁵ foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar ⁹⁰
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den. ⁹⁵
Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? What weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; ¹⁰⁰

A phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the Prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady? ¹⁰⁵

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine.

To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.

[*Exeunt [Princess and train].*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know? ¹¹⁰

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on! ¹¹⁵

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself; come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now? ¹²⁰

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of [¹²⁵ Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

[*Erit [Ros.]*]

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. ¹³⁰

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant. How both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark!
A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out. ¹³⁵

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl. ¹⁴⁰

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit. ¹⁴⁵

Armado o' the one side, — O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit! ¹⁵⁰
Sola, sola!

[*Erit [Costard]. Shoot within.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter DULL, HOLOFERNES the Pedant, and NATHANIEL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like [s a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to assert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be.

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he. For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside that, 't was a pricket that the Princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the Princess killed a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate [s scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

"The preylful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore make fifty sores one sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L."

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb [s of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are [s well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, [s they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but *rir sapit qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and the Clown [COSTARD].

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi pers-on*. An if [s one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine; 't is pretty; [s it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando perus omne sub umbra ruminat*, — and so forth. Ah, [s

good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede non ti pretia. 100

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.* Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses? 105

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. [*Reads.*]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?"

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! 110

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice; 115

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire. 120

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong, That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the [125] elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *care!* Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his [130] rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: "To [135] the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the vota- [140] ries with the King; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the [145] King; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty. Adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life! 120

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* *Cost.* and *Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the [155] verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a [160] grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your so- [165] ciety.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull.*] Sir, I do invite you [170] too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter BIRON, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Bir. The King he is hunting the deer, I am coursing myself; they have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles;—defile! a foul word. Well, "set thee down, sorrow!" for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the [5] Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax. It kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for [10] her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' [15] my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him [20] grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the KING [*with a paper*].

King. Ay me!

Bir. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets! [25]

King. [*Reads.*]

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have
smote

The dew of night that on my cheeks down
flows;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 30

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. 35
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show.

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel 40
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell."

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE [with a paper].

What, Longaville! and reading! Listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! 45

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name. 50

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Bir. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know.

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear those stubborn lines lack power to move. 55

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long.

This same shall go.

[He reads the sonnet.]

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 60
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for these broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee. 65

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is. 70

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Bir. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity, 75

A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! We are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN [with a paper].

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [Steps aside.]

Bir. "All hid, all hid;" an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky. 80

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Bir. By earth, she is not, corporal; there you lie. 85

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day. 90

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word? 95

Dum. I would forget her; but, a fever, she Reigns in my blood and will rememb'ed be.

Bir. A fever in your blood! why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. 100

Dum. [Reads.]

"On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air.

Through the velvet leaves the wind, 105

All unseen, can passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so! 110

But, alack, my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet.

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!

Do not call it sin in me, 115

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiope were;

And deny himself for Jove.

Turning mortal for thy love." 120

This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note;
For none offend where all alike do dote. 130

Long. [Advancing.] Dumain, thy love is far
from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society.
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'heard and taken napping so. 130

King. [Advancing.] Come, sir, you blush;
as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart 135
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both; and for you both did
blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your
fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your pas-
sion. 140

"Ay me!" says one; "O Jove!" the other
cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[To *Long.*] You would for paradise break faith
and troth;

[To *Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would in-
fringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear? 145
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me. 150
Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Advancing.]
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to re-
prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain Princess that appears; 155
You'll not be perjurd, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But you are not asham'd? Nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? 160
You found his mote; the King your mote did
see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat, 165
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! 170
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? All about the breast!
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view? 175

Bir. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you,
I that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd by keeping company

With men like you, men of inconstancy. 180
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme,
Or groan for love, or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, 185
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Bir. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and Clown [COSTARD].

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here? 190

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be
read.

Our parson misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. 195

[He reads the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[Biron tears the letter.]

King. How now! what is in you? Why dost
thou tear it? 200

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your Grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and there-
fore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his
name. [Gathering up the pieces.]

Bir. [To *Costard.*] Ah, you whoreson logger-
head! you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess. 205

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess.

He, he, and you, — and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you
more. 210

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the
traitors stay.

[Exeunt *Costard* and *Jaquenetta.*]

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us em-
brace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be. 215
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face,
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some
love of thine? 220

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; 230
 She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek, 235

Where several worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
 Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, 240
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy. 245

O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine, —
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Bir. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
 A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? Where is a book 250
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look?
 No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits

of light. 257
 O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect; 260

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow. 265
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted
 bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark
 is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in
 rain, 270

For fear their colours should be washed
 away.

King. 'T were good, yours did; for sir, to tell
 you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
 here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much
 as she. 275

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so
 dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and
 her face see.

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine
 eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such
 tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward
 lies 280

The street should see as she walk'd over-
 head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Bir. Nothing so sure; and thereby all for-
 sworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
 now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not
 torn. 285

Dum. Ay, marry there; some flattery for this
 evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
 Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the

devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. 'T is more than need.
 Have at you, then, affection's men at arms. 290

Consider what you first did swear unto,
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too

young;
 And abstinence engenders maladies. 295

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
 In that each of you have forsworn his book,

Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
 [For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence
 Without the beauty of a woman's face? 300

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
 They are the ground, the books, the academes

From whence doth spring the true Promethean
 fire.]

Why, universal plodding poisons up 305
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long-during action tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes 310

And study too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any author in the world

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are our learning likewise is, 315
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,

And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you, 320

In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes

Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil; 325

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power, 330

And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound, 325
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
 taste.

For valour, is not Love a Hercules, 340
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony. 345
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temp'ed with Love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: 350
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to for-
 swear, 355

Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men, 360
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,
 And who can sever love from charity? 365

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to
 the field!

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon
 them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these glozes
 by. 370

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us
 devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct
 them thither;

Then homeward every man attach the hand 375
 Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours

Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with
 flowers. 380

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no
 corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure.
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men for-
 sworn; 385

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT [V]

[SCENE I. *The same.*]

*Enter the Pedant [HOLIOFERNES], the Curate
 [SIR NATHANIEL], and DULL.*

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. [5] I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the King's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*; his humor [10] is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. 15

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*]
 Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions; such [20] rackers of orthography, as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *doubt*; *dei*, when he should pronounce *debt*, — *d*, *e*, *b*, *t*, not *d*, *e*, *t*: he clepeth a calf, *cauf*; half, *hauf*; neighbour *vocatur nebour*; neigh abbreviated *ne*. This is [25] abominable, — which he would call abominable; it insinuateth me of insanie; *ne intelligis, domine*? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.* 30

Hol. Bone? bone for bene, Priscian a little scratched, 't will serve.

Enter Braggart [ARMADO], Boy [MOTH, and COSTARD].

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. [*To Moth.*] Chirrah! 35

Hol. *Quare chirrah, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard.*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [40]

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten these for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus. Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 45

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not let-
 t'red?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is *a*, *b*, spelt backward, with the horn on his head? 50

Hol. *Ba*, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. *Ba*, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant? 55

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, — a, a, i, —

Moth. The sheep. The other two concludes it, — a, a.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! — snip, snap, quick and home! It rejoiceth my intellect. True wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputes like an infant; go, whip thy pig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *uam cito*, — a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. *Hol.* there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad *dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; *dunghill* for *negrum*.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, same question.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, engruent, and measurable for the afternoon. The word in well called, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass; — I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; — and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, — but let that pass. For I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all in, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy. — Is that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet on earth, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your wives and are gaud at such eruptions and in sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have

acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir [Nathanial], as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistants, at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess, I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass [as] Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules, —

Arm. Pardon, sir; error. He is not quantity enough for that Worth's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority; his enter and exit [as] shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience him, you may cry, "Well done, [as] Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" That is the way to make an offense gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? —

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Alas! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play.

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. The same.]

Enter the PRINCESS, and LADIES.

Pris. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart.

If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Pris. Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Wit o' both sides the leaf, margin and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax.

For he hath been five thousand year a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; 'a kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died. Had she been light, like you, ¹⁵

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. ²⁰
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench. ²⁵

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for "past cure is still past care."

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well played.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too. ³⁰
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
As if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron;
The numbers true, and, were the numbering too, ³⁵

I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. ⁴⁰

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor.

My red dominical, my golden letter;
O that your face were not so full of O's! ⁴⁵

Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrews.

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, ⁵⁰

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville.

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart ⁵⁵

The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers ⁶⁰

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go. ⁶⁵

O that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn and beg and seek,

And wait the season and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my heats, ⁷⁰

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So pedant-like would I o'eraway his state

That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd. ⁷⁵

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note ⁸⁰

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter!
Where's her Grace? ⁸⁵

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are

Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd.

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; ⁹⁰

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they

That charge their breath against us? Say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest, ⁹⁵

Toward that shade I might behold address'd

The King and his companions. Warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear, ¹⁰⁰

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.

Action and accent did they teach him there;

"Thus must thou speak," and "thus thy body

bear;" ¹⁰⁵

And ever and anon they made a doubt

Presence majestic would put him out;

"For," quoth the King, "an angel shalt thou

see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."

The boy replied, "An angel is not evil; ¹¹⁰

I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."

With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the

shoulder

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore

A better speech was never spoke before ; 110

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do't, come what will come ;"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well ;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground, 115

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus 120

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.

Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance ;

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress, which they'll know

By favours several which they did bestow. 125

Prin. And will they so ? The gallants shall be task'd,

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130

And then the King will court thee for his dear.

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too ; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. 135

Ros. Come on, then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.

They do it but in mocking merriment,

And mock for mock is only my intent. 140

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ? 145

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot ;

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,

But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport as sport by sport o'er-thrown,

To make theirs ours and ours none but our own ;

So shall we stay, mocking intended game, 155

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpet sounds [within].*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*]

Enter Blackamoors with music, the Boy [MOTH] with a speech, and the rest of the LORDS disguised.

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !" —

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffets.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views !"

Bir. [*Aside to Moth.*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views ! —

Out" —

Boyet. True ; out indeed. 165

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold" —

Bir. [*Aside to Moth.*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

— with your sun-beamed eyes" — 170

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ;

You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness ? Be gone, you rogue ! [*Exit Moth.*]

Ros. What would these strangers ? Know their minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 't is our will 175

That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess ?

Bir. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ? 180

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass. 185

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told. 190

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,

And many miles, the Princess bids you tell

How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, 195

Are numb'ed in the travel of one mile ?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you ;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt. 200

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds
do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine, 206

Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe
one change. 206

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do
it soon. [Music plays.]

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the
moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you
thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now
she's changed. 214

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here
by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands. We will not
dance. 219

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends.

Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not
nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Price you yourselves; what buys your
company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so,
adieu; 226

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more
chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[They converse apart.]

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee. 230

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is
three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so
nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu. 234

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change
a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady —

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord, —
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. 241

[They converse apart.]

Kath. What, was your vizard made without
a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I
long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your
mask, 245

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. "Veal," quoth the Dutchman. Is not
veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half.

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do
grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I
die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears
you cry. [They converse apart.]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are
as keen 256

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have
wings 260

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break
off, break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure
scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have
simple wits.

[Exeunt [King, Lords, and Blackamoors].

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

Are these the breed of wits so wond'ered at? 266

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet
breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross;
fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-
night? 270

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all
suit. 275

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his
sword.

"No point," quoth I; my servant straight
was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his
heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
 But will you hear? The King is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
 Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes; for it can never be They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
 Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
 Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
 Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
 If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd.
 Let us complain to them what fools were here, Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
 And wonder what they were, and to what end Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
 [Exeunt [Princess and Ladies].
Re-enter the KING, and the rest [in their proper habits].
King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
 Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
Bir. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
 And utters it again when God doth please.
 He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
 At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve; he
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 'A can carve too, and lisp; why, this is he
 That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly; and in ushering
 Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part!
Re-enter the [PRINCESS, attended by BOYET and her] LADIES.
Bir. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
 Till this man show'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
 Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke,
 For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
 Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
 As the unsullied lily, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yield to be your house's guest;
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
 We have had pastimes here and pleasant game.
 A mass of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
 Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord.
 My lady, to the manner of the days,
 In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
 We four indeed confronted were with four
 In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
 And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
 They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have
drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me. [Fair] gentle
sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish. When we
greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, 278
By light we lose light; your capacity
is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
eye —

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 280

Ros. But that you take what doth to you be-
long.

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you
were? 285

Bir. Where? When? What vizard? Why
demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superflu-
ous case

That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

King. [Aside.] We were desecr'd; they'll
mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest. 290

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your
highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!
Why look you pale?

See-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for per-
jury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out? 295

Here stand I; lady, dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my igno-
rance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance, 300

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's
song! 305

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest, 310

By this white glove, — how white the hand,
God knows! —

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes;

And, to begin, wench, — so God help me,
ha! —

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw. 315

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage. Bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see: —
Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those
three.

They are infected; in their hearts it lies; 320
They have the plague, and caught it of your
eyes.

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these
tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo
us. 325

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Bir. Peace! for I will not have to do with
you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an
end. 330

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear? 335

King. That more than all the world I did
respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you
will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear.

Your oath once broke, you force not to for-
swear. 340

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it. Rosa-
line,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me
dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me 345

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! The noble
lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? By my life,
my troth, 350

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it
plain,

You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the Princess I did
give.

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. 355

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she
wear;

And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.

What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't; here was a consent, 360

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick ⁴⁶⁵

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, ⁴⁷⁰
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is; and might not you

[To Boyet.]

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye? ⁴⁷⁵
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye ⁴⁸⁰
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Clown [COSTARD].

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know ⁴⁸⁵
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is *vara fine*,

For every one pursuents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir;
we know what we know. ⁴⁹⁰

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —
Bir. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-
until it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes ⁴⁹⁵
for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get
your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves,
the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth ⁵⁰⁰
amount. For mine own part, I am, as they say,
but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pom-
pion the Great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies? ⁵⁰⁵

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of
Pompey the Great; for mine own part, I know
not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand
for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare. ⁵¹⁰

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will
take some care. [Exit.]

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them
not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is
some policy

To have one show worse than the King's and
his company.

King. I say they shall not come. ⁵¹⁵

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you
now;

That sport best pleases that doth least know
how;

Where zeal strives to content, and the con-
tents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.

Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth, ⁵²⁰

When great things labouring perish in their
birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my
lord.

Enter Braggart [ARMADO].

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense
of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace
of words. ⁵²⁵

[Converses apart with the King, and
delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. 'A speaks not like a man of God's mak-
ing.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey ⁵³⁰
monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is ex-
ceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain;
but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la*
guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most
royal complement! [Exit.] ⁵³⁵

King. Here is like to be a good presence of
Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the
swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate,
Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the ped-
ant, Judas Maccabæus; ⁵⁴⁰

And if these four Worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the
other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-⁵⁴⁵
priest, the fool, and the boy:

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world
again

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his
vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she
comes again. ⁵⁵⁰

Enter [COSTARD, for] Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Bir. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Bir. Well said, old mocker. I must needs
be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the
Big," —

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is "Great," sir: —

"Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did
make my foe to sweat; ⁵⁵⁵

And travelling along this coast, I here am come
by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet
lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey. 550

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in "Great."

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Curate [SIR NATHANIEL], for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; 555

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might.

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Bir. Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander. 570

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander." —

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Bir. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away 575
Alisander.

Cost. [To *Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax; he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! Run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, 585 and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, — alas, you see how 'tis, — a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. [*Exit Curate.* 590

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Pedant [HOLOFERNES], for Judas, and the Boy [MOTH], for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus. 595

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology.

[*Aside.*] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. 600

[Moth retires.]

"Judas I am," —

Dum. A Judas! 605

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

"Judas I am, yelped Maccabæus."

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am," — 605

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder. 610

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin. 615

Bir. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Bir. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch. 620

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False; we have given thee faces. 625

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name. 630

Bir. For the ass to the Jude; give it him.

Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*]

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Braggart [ARMADO, for Hector].

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes 635
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this. 640

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain. 645

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, 650

Gave Hector a gift," —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven. 655

Arm. Peace! —

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Iliou;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight,
yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion. 600
I am that flower," —

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound. 605

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [To the Princess.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 610

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard. 615

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal," —

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou? 620

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away. She's quick; the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamozize me among potentates? Thou shalt die. 625

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey! 630

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on! 635

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt. 705

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't? 715

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interruptest our merriment. 725

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King, your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud. 730

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies. 735

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, 740

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath. Your gentleness 745

Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms 750

All causes to the purpose of his speed,

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love 755

The holy suit which fain it would convince,

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends

lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 760

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the King.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time, 765

Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty,

ladies,

Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents;

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —

As love is full of unbefitting strains, 770

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain.

Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the

eye,

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance ; 775
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, 780
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you ;
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, 785
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love ;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, 790
As bombast and as lining to the time ;
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest. 795

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.

No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this : 800

If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :

Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage, 805

Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insocial life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood ; 810
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;

Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these

deserts. 815

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and till that instant shut

My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death. 820

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye ! 825
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are racked,

You are attaint with faults and perjury :
Therefore if you my favour mean to get, 830

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

A wife ?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ? 835

Kath. Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my lady come ;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then. 840

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long. 845

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my lady ? Mistress, look on me ;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer there.
Impose some service on me for thy love. 850

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,

Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute 855

That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful

brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to

day 860

Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ? 865

It cannot be ; it is impossible ;
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 870
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it ; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear

groans,
Will hear your idle scoorns, continue then, 875

And I will have you and that fault withal ;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth ! Well, befall what will befall, 880

I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

Prin. [To the King.] Ay, sweet my lord ;
and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 't will end.

Bir. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Braggart [ARMADO].

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, —

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy. 890

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three year. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach. 900

Enter all.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white 905
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree

Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

"Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo," — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! 910

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws, 915
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

"Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo," — O word of fear, 920
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail, 925
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" —

A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 930

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw, 935
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" —

A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh
after the songs of Apollo. You that way: 940
we this way. [Exeunt.]

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THERE has been very general agreement in regarding *The Comedy of Errors* as one of the earliest of Shakespeare's productions. A play called *A Comedy of Errors* ("like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*") was acted by players at Gray's Inn on December 28, 1594, and there seems no reason to doubt that this was the present play. Of internal evidences, the most pointed is the reference in *iii. ii.* 125-127 to France as "making war against her heir," which is taken as an allusion to the contest between Henry of Navarre and the League (1589-94). But Henry of Navarre was heir to the French throne before the death of Henry III in 1589, and had been at war with France as early as 1585. Thus there is nothing in the passage to prevent this comedy from having come at the very beginning of Shakespeare's career. The large amount of verbal quibbling in the style of the play; the versification, which is marked by much rime both in couplets and alternates, by a considerable amount of doggerel, and by the absence of weak and light endings; and the comparative rarity of prose, all point to an early date. The year 1591 has been most frequently conjectured, and the play may well enough have been written still earlier. It was first published in the First Folio of 1623, and on this the present text is based.

The main plot is derived from the *Menechmi* of Plautus, which Shakespeare may have read a either in the original or in the translation by W. W. (? William Warner). Though this translation was not published till 1595, it is stated in the printer's note to the readers that the work had been done by the translator "for the use and delight of his private friends," so that Shakespeare may have had opportunity of access to it some time previously.

The characters common to Plautus and Shakespeare are the two Antipholuses (*Menechmi*), Dromio of Syracuse (*Messenio*), Adriana (*Mulier*), the Courtezan (*Erotium*), and Pinch (*Medicus*). Shakespeare preserves in the Dromio of Syracuse, whom he borrows, and bestows upon the Dromio of Ephesus, whom he invents, the stock characteristics of the witty slave of Plautus. In Pinch's attempt to diagnose the madness of Antipholus, there is a strong reminiscence of the *Medicus* of Plautus. *Mulier* in the *Menechmi* is more of the conventional shrew than Adriana. (c) The Parasite who plays a large part in the Latin comedy, the cook and maid-servant of the Courtezan, and Senex, the father of *Mulier*, are all discarded by Shakespeare. On the other hand, the enveloping plot of the parents of the twins, with the characters of *Ægeon*, *Æmilia*, *Solinus*, *Luciana*, the Merchants, and *Luce*, are all due to Shakespeare's invention. Little of the detail is drawn from Plautus, the most notable borrowings being the humorous treatment of the conjurer, the frequent thrashings of Dromio, and the reproof administered by the Abbess to Adriana, which resembles the remarks addressed to *Mulier* by Senex.

From the *Amphitruo* of Plautus are derived the scene (*iii. i.*) in which Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio are shut out of their own home, and the notion of "doubling" the slaves as well as the masters. This play had formed the basis of an early farce, *Jack Juggler* (1562-63), but no trace is discernible of Shakespeare's having used this intermediary. The riming fourteen-syllabled lines in which the Dromios often speak belong to the tradition of the early drama, and have also suggested an English intermediary; a supposition which receives a slight support from the unexplained presence of the names Sereptus and Erotis added to Antipholus of Ephesus and Antipholus of Syracuse respectively in the stage directions of the Folio. Some have thought that Shakespeare may have founded his play on a "Historie of Error shoven at Hampton Court on Newyeres daie at night enacted by the Children of Powles" (1574); but, though possible, this is far from certain. The word "Error" was at that time the common term for mistaken identity, and this was so common a device in the drama that no argument can be based on its mere occurrence in a title not otherwise identical.

Though *The Comedy of Errors* is notable among Shakespeare's plays for the slightness of the characterization, yet a comparison with Plautus shows, especially in the case of Adriana, a substantial superiority in elaboration and vitality on the part of Shakespeare's creations.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
 ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
 ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to
 ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Emilia.
 DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on
 DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholuses.
 BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
 ANGELO, a goldsmith.
 First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
 PINCH, a schoolmaster.

EMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
 ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
 LUCIANA, her sister.
 LUCK, servant to Adriana.
 A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Ephesus.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*A hall in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, GAOLER, [Officers,] and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;
 I am not partial to infringe our laws.
 The enmity and discord which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your
 duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
 Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their
 bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 10
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns. 15
 Nay, more :

If any born at Ephesus be seen
 At any Syracusan marts and fairs ;
 Again, if any Syracusan born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ; 25
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort : when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been
 impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ;

Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, 35
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd 40
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnus, till my factor's death
 And the great care of goods at random left
 Drew me from kind embracements of my
 spouse ;

From whom my absence was not six months
 old 45

Before herself, almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ; 50
 And, which was strange, the one so like the
 other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A meaner woman was delivered 55
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such
 boys, 60

Made daily motions for our home return.
 Unwilling I agreed. Alas ! too soon
 We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm ; 65
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which though myself would gladly have em-
 brac'd, 70

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me. 73
 And this it was, for other means was none:
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
 My wife, more careful for the latter born,
 Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast, 80
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms.
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, 85
 Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us; 90
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
 But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before. 95

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
 leagues,

We were encount'ed by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitt'd in the midst;
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us, 105
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up 111
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd
 guests; 115

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their
 course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd 120
 To tell and stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
 care, 125

At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me
 That his attendant — so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name —
 Might bear him company in the quest of him;
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 131
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus; 135
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee. 145
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet I will favour thee in what I can. 150

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy life by beneficial help.

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody. 155

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon
 wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The mart.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of
 Syracuse, and FIRST MERCHANT.

1. *Mer.* Therefore give out you are of Epi-
 damnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day a Syracusan merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here;

And, not being able to buy out his life 5

According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
 host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10

Within this hour it will be dinner-time;

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,

Pernse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And then return and sleep within mine inn,

For with long travel I am stiff and weary. 15

Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
 word,

And go, indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20

Lighens my humour with his merry jests.

What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn and dine with me?

1. *Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain mer-
 chants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit; 25

I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,

Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart

And afterward consort you till bed-time.

My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

1. Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;

My mistress made it one upon my cheek,
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this,
I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O, — sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. 'Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'errang'd of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty.

Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe. 15

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound; in earth, in sea, in sky,
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls;
Man, more divine, the master of all these, 20
Lord of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preëminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords. 25

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some away.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where? 30

Luc. Till he came home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause.

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry; 35

But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness. 45

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.

Behrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning? 50

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? [55
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;

But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 60
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.

"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he.

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he.

"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he,

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?" 65

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold!" quoth he.

"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!"

I know not thy mistress. Out on thy mistress!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress." 70

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home. 75

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Dro. E. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.] 85

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it. 90

Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault; he's master of my state.

What ruins are in me that can be found 95

By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground

Of my defeasures. My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,

Or else what lets it but he would be here? 105

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see the jewel best enamell'd

Will lose his beauty; and tho' gold bides still

That others touch, yet often touching will 110

Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy?
[Exit Luc.]

[SCENE II. A public place.]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wand'ring forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I
 such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an
 hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me
 hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave
 me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
 receipt

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
 vein.
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell
 me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in
 the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that,
 and that.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your
 jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make
 sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect
 And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your scone.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? So you would
 leave battering, I had rather have it a head.
 An you use these blows long, I must get a
 scone for my head and insconce it too, or else
 I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I
 pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say
 every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first, — for flouting me; and
 then, wherefore, —

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten
 out of season,
 When in the why and the wherefore is neither
 rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! For what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that
 you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give
 you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it
 dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir. I think the meat wants that
 I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of
 it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric and pur-
 chase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good
 time. There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you
 were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as
 the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to re-
 cover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and re-
 covery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and
 recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair,
 being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he
 bestows on beasts; and what he hath scantied
 men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath
 more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the
 wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men
 plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost;
 yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he
 spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner, they
 should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd
 there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
 to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover. 106

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion. — But, soft! who wafts us yonder? 111

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown,

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow 115

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. 120

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part. 125
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing, 130
As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate! 135
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? 140
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For if we two be one and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh, 145
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true
bed;

I live disdain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus? 155
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him.

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows 160
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words 165

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 170

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine. 175

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 180

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now and think I hear all this? 185

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. 190

This is the fairy land. O spite of spites!

We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites.

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass. 201

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep, 205

Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks. 210

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? Mad or well-advis'd? ²¹⁵
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. A. y; and let none enter, lest I break
your pate. ²²⁰

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too
late. [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
Ephesus, ANGELO, the goldsmith, and BAL-
THAZAR, the merchant.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must
excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home. ^s
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this? ¹⁰

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know.
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand
to show.

If the skin were parchment and the blows you
gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I
think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear. ¹⁵
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
pass,

You would keep from my heels and beware of
an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar; pray
God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good wel-
come here. ²⁰

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh
or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for
that's nothing but words. ²⁵

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes
a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more
sparing guest;
But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart.

But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let
us in. ³⁰

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gil-
lian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon,
coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the
hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such store

When one is one too many? Go get thee from
the door. ³⁵

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [Within.] Let him walk from whence
he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? Ho, open
the door!

Dro. S. [Within.] Right, sir; I'll tell you
when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? For my dinner. I have
not din'd to-day. ⁴⁰

Dro. S. [Within.] Nor to-day here you must
not, come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out
from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [Within.] The porter for this time,
sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
blame. ⁴⁵

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my
place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE [within].

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there, Dromio?
Who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [Within.] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb — Shall I set in my
staff? ⁵⁰

Luce. [Within.] Have at you with another;
that's — When? Can you tell?

Dro. S. [Within.] If thy name be called
Luce, — Luce, thou hast answer'd him
well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll
let us in, I hope?

Luce. [Within.] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [Within.] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there
was blow for blow. ⁵⁵

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [Within.] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [Within.] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down.

Luce. [Within.] What needs all that, and a
pair of stocks in the town? ⁶⁰

Enter ADRIANA [within].

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [Within.] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

Adr. [Within.] Your wife, sir knave! Go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [Within.] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [Within.] It seems thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [Within.] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so! Herein you war against your reputation

And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner; And about evening come yourself alone

To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it,

And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation That may with foul intrusion enter in And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; For slander lives upon succession,

For ever hous'd where 't gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild, and yet, too, gentle. There will we dine. This woman that I mean,

My wife—but, I protest, without desert—Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.

To her will we to dinner. *[To Ang.]* Get you home

And fetch the chain; by this I know 't is made.

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine; For there's the house. That chain will I bestow—

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste. Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot? Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then for her wealth's sake use her with more

kindness; Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

Let not my sister read it in your eye; Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become dialoyalty; Apparell vice like virtue's harbinger;

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint; Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attain? 'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed

And let her read it in thy looks at board. Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word. Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us; Though others have the arm, show us the

sleeve; We in your motion turn and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again; Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.

'T is holy sport to be a little vain, When the sweet breath of flattery conquers

strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, — what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine, —
Less in your knowledge and your grace you
show not 31

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth
divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
speak ;

Lay open to my earthy, gross conceit,
Smoth' red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, 35

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? Would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll
yield. 40

But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.
Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears. 45

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote ;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,

And in that glorious supposition think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die.

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason
so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your
eye. 55

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will
clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? Call my sister
so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No ;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part, 61

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am
thee. 65

Thee will I love and with thee lead my life ;
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir ! hold you still. 70
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ! Where
runn'st thou so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? Am I Dromio ? Am I your man ? Am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
thou art thyself. 75

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man,
and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man, and how besides
thyself ? 80

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due
to a woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts
me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would
lay to your horse ; and she would have me as 85
a beast : not that, I being a beast, she would
have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature,
lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ? 90

Dro. S. A very reverend body ; ay, such a
one as a man may not speak of without he say
" Sir-reverence." I have but lean luck in the
match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench
and all grease ; and I know not what use to 95
put her to but to make a lamp of her and run
from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags
and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter.
If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a
week longer than the whole world. 100

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face
nothing like so clean kept : for why, she
sweats ; a man may go over shoes in the 105
grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain ; Noah's flood
could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name ? 110

Dro. S. Nell, sir ; but her name and three
quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will
not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than 115
from hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe ;
I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands
Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks ; I found
it out by the bogs. 121

Ant. S. Where Scotland ?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness ; hard
in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France ? 125

Dro. S. In her forehead ; armed and re-
verted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England ?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I
could find no whiteness in them ; but I guess it
stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that 131
ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain ?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot
in her breath. 135

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies ?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er em-
bellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, de-
clining their rich aspect to the hot breath of
Spain ; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to
be ballast at her nose. 141

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had ¹⁴⁴ about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, ¹⁵⁰ She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
As if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, ¹⁵⁵ Where I will walk till thou return to me. If every one knows us and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, ¹⁶⁰

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, ¹⁶⁵ Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself. But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir; lo, here is the chain. ¹⁷¹

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine; The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you. ¹⁷⁵

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you

And then receive my money for the chain. ¹⁸⁰

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;

But this I think, there's no man is so vain ¹⁸⁵ That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay. ¹⁹⁰

If my ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A public place.]

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

2. *Mer.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you; Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia and want guilders for my voyage. Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you Is growing to me by Antipholus, And in the instant that I met with you He had of me a chain. At five o'clock ¹⁰ I shall receive the money for the same. Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus from the courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou ¹⁵

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For looking me out of my doors by day.

But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone,

Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. ²⁰

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I

buy a rope! [*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to

you.

I promised your presence and the chain,

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

Belike you thought our love would last too

long, ²⁵

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came

not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the

note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost

carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman. ³¹

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present

money;

Besides, I have some business in the town. ³⁵

Good signior, take the stranger to my house;

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.

Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her

yourself? ⁴⁰

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not

time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain

about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you

have,

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain. ⁴⁵

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it. ⁵⁰
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

2. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; — the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. ⁵⁵

Either send the chain or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

2. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no; If not, I'll leave him to the officer. ⁶¹

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since. ⁶⁵

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it. Consider how it stands upon my credit.

2. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me. ⁷⁰

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st. ⁷⁵

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. ⁸⁰

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum ⁸⁵

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,

our
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind ⁹⁰

Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep.

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage. ⁹⁵

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure. ¹⁰⁰

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it. ¹⁰⁵
Tell her I am arrested in the street

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone!

On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt [2. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.].*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! That is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass. ¹¹¹

Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest? Yea or no?
Look'd he red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case? ⁵
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. ¹⁰

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind, 31
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say, 25

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse!
Sweet, now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well? 31

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; 35

A wolf, may, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A bound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that before the judgement carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell. 45

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, 50

[Exit Luciana.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band but on a stronger thing, 55

A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 't is time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! That did I never hear. 60

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if 'Time were in debt! How fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 65

If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit —

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. 65

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *A public place.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me; some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses; 75

Some offer me commodities to buy.

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me

And therewithal took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 80

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old

Adam new-apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean? 85

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he

that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an

evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty. 90

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? Why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the

man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob and 'rests them; he, sir, that

takes pity on decayed men and gives them 95

suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks 100

his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says, God give you good rest!

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we

be gone? 105

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth

to-night; and then were you hind'ed by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here 110

are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions.

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now. "Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?"

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and therefore comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that's as much to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorcerer.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt [Ant. S. and Dro. S.].*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain.

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to his home to his house,

And tell his wife that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. A street.]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the OFFICER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away.

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money, To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, And will not lightly trust the messenger.

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus.

I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee his thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him

from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service

but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep;

's rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my

shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg

with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN, and a Schoolmaster call'd PINCH.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,

"beware the rope's-end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*]

Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ; 80
Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel
your pulse. 85

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your
ear. [Striking him.]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within
this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers

And to thy state of darkness his thee straight.

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven ! 90

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am
not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed
soul !

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your cus-
tomers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day, 95

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut

And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd
at home ;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame !

Ant. E. Din'd at home ! Thou villain, what
sayest thou ? 71

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at
home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I
shut out ?

Dro. E. *Perdie*, your doors were lock'd and
you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me
there ? 75

Dro. E. *Sans* fable, she herself revil'd you
there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,
and scorn me ?

Dro. E. Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal
scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
thence ?

Dro. E. In verity you did ; my bones bear
witness, 80

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these con-
traries ?

Pinch. It is no shame. The fellow finds his
vein.

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith
to arrest me. 85

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem
you,

By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ! Heart and good-will
you might,

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse
of ducats ? 90

Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she
did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me
witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is pos-
sess'd ; 95

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound and laid in some dark
room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me
forth to-day ?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee
forth. 100

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no
gold ;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false
in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in
all

And art confederate with a damned pack 105

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me ;

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false
eyes

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He
strives.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him ! Let him not
come near me.

Pinch. More company ! The fiend is strong
within him. 110

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he
looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou
gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go. 115

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic
too.

[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish offi-
cer ?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go, 120

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee e'er I go from thee.

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd 125

Home to my house. O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here ent'red in bond
for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost
thou mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? Be
mad, good master ; cry "The devil !" 131

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they
talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with
me.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana,
Officer, and Courtesan.*]

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him? ¹³⁵

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day ¹⁴⁰

Came to my house and took away my ring —

The ring I saw upon his finger now —

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is. I long to know the truth hereof at large. ¹⁴⁵

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt all (but Ant. S. and Dro. S.) as fast as may be, frightened.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords. ¹⁵¹

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm. You saw they ¹⁵⁵ speak us fair, give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch. ¹⁶⁰

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [A street before a Priory.]

Enter SECOND MERCHANT and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hind'ed you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

2. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, ⁵ Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city. His word might bear my wealth at any time.

2. Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck ¹⁰

Which he forswore most monstrously to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And, not without some scandal to yourself, ¹⁵

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain which now you wear so openly.

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who, but for staying on our controversy, ²⁰

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

2. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it? ²⁵

2. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'Tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty ³⁰

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

2. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw.]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake!

He is mad.

Some get within him; take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house! ³⁵

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the LADY ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast ⁴⁰

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

2. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad, ⁴⁵

And much different from the man he was;

But till this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye ⁵⁰

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men.

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home. 80

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it ;

At board he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ; 85

In company I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 90

It seems his sleeps were hind'ed by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy up-

braidings ;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ; 95

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hind'ed by thy

brawls :

Sweet recreation harr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 100

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits 105

Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and

wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 110

Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither. He took this place for sanctuary.

And it shall privilege him from your hands 115

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself ; 120

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy pray-

ers.

To make of him a formal man again. 125

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband

here ;

And ill it doth beseeem your holiness 110

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart ; thou shalt not

have him. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indig-

nity.

Adr. Come, go. I will fall prostrate at his

feet

And never rise until my tears and prayers 115

Have won his grace to come in person hither

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

2. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five.

Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120

The place of death and sorry execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

2. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan mer-

chant,

Who put unluckily into this bay 125

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come ; we will behold

his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the

abbey.

Enter DUKE [attended], and ÆGEON bare-

headed, with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die ; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the

abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong. 135

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus,

my husband,

Who I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters, — this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;

That desperately he hurried through the

street, — 140

With him his bondman, all as mad as he, —

Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence

Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went 145

That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

He broke from those that had the guard of him ;

And with his mad attendant and himself, 150

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again and, madly bent on us,

Chas'd us away, till, raising of more aid,

We came again to bind them. Then they fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them ; 155

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy com-

mand

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for

help. 160

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in

my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate 105
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save
yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands
of fire; 171

And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him and the
while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool, 175
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man
are here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it. 181
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

[Cry within.]
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress. Fly, be
gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing.
Guard with halberds! 185

Adr. Ayme, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human
reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O,
grant me justice! 190

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote, 195

I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonoured me
Even in the strength and height of injury! 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on
me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me
just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house. 205

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst
thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my
sister

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night, 210

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both for-
sworn.

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advis'd what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, 215
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner.
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with
her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him. In the street I met him 225

And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me
down

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230

I did obey, and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats; he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer

To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met 235

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more

Of vile confederates. Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd

villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch, 240

A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,

Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together 245

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound to-
gether;

Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250

Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him, 255

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in
here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

2. *Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears
of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him 260

After you first forswore it on the mart;

And thereupon I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls. 305

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 310
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpoentine. 315

Cow. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cow. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbeas hither. 320

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbeas.]

Ege. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.

Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt. 325

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir.

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. 330

Ege. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? You know me well. 335

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ege. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face. 340

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him. 345

Ege. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? 350

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, 355
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
All these old witnesses — I cannot err —
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life. 359
Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city

Can witness with me that it is not so.

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life. 365

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse
and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [All gather to see them.] 370

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away. 375

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! Who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds

And gain a husband by his liberty. 380

Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Emilia

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Egeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Emilia! 385

Ege. If I dream not, thou art Emilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up; 390

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnus.
What then became of them I cannot tell;

I to this fortune that you see me in. 395

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance, —

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, —
These are the parents to these children, 400

Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord, —
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
 Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
 Did call me brother. [To *Luc.*] What I told you then,
 I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
 If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
 By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you
 And Dromio my man did bring them me.
 I see we still did meet each other's man,
 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
 And thereupon these errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
 To go with us into the abbey here
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;

And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.
 Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
 My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
 After so long grief, such nativity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
 [Exeunt all but *Ant. S.*, *Ant. E.*,
Dro. S., and *Dro. E.*]
Dro. S. Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.
 Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
 Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
 [Exeunt [*Ant. S.* and *Ant. E.*].]
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.
 I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior; till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
 We came into the world like brother and brother;
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
 [Exeunt.]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

No text of this play exists earlier than that in the First Folio, and on it the present edition is based. The title is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and the internal evidence points to a still earlier date. Estimates have varied from 1591 to 1595. The metrical evidence is ambiguous. Rimes are not so frequent as in *Love's Labour's Lost* and some other early plays; while, on the other hand, the occurrence of doggerel lines, of verses rimed alternately, and of sonnets, points to the earliest group. To these should be added the unakilfulness of the dénouement, and the presence of what appear to be first sketches of characters and devices which are elaborated in later plays. Such are the contrast of the two heroines; the clowns; and the scene in which Julia discusses her suitors with her maid. None of the supposed references to current events or publications is of weight as evidence; and the theory that the play was written at two different times has received little support.

The most important source so far found for the plot is in the story of the shepherdess Felismena in *Diana Enamorada*, a collection of romances in Spanish by Jorge de Montemayor, published in 1542. No printed English version of *Diana* appeared before that of Bartholomew Yonge in 1598, but this had existed in manuscript since about 1582. Other manuscript versions were in existence, so there is no great difficulty in supposing that Shakespeare knew the story from this source. Further, it is possible, but by no means certain, that the lost play called *Felix and Philomena*, which was acted at Greenwich in 1584, may have dealt with the same theme.

Felismena in Montemayor's romance corresponds to Shakespeare's Julia, and Felix to Proteus; and it is Julia's part of the plot that is found in the Spanish tale. The courtship of Felismena by Felix is much more minutely described in the novel, but its general character is retained by the dramatist. The scene in which Lucetta offers Proteus's letter to Julia follows closely the action of the corresponding scene in the original. The sending of Proteus to court, Julia's following him in disguise as a man, the scene in which she overhears the serenade to her rival, her taking service with Proteus as a page and being sent to Silvia as a messenger, her expressions of sympathy with her own case in her conversation with Proteus, her discussion of the awkwardness of her position when she is sent to plead with Silvia against her own interest, her report of her own beauty to her rival, and Silvia's distrust of Proteus because of his unfaithfulness to his first love, are the main features in which the play follows the romance. On the other hand, the character of Valentine is completely absent in Montemayor, so that Proteus's treachery in friendship is no part of his character in the novel. Moreover, Celia, who corresponds to Shakespeare's Silvia, falls in love with the disguised Felismena (as Olivia does with Viola in *Twelfth Night*), and finding her love unreciprocated, voluntarily ends her life. The events by which Felix and Felismena are finally brought together bear no resemblance to the closing scenes of *The Two Gentlemen*.

A volume of *Englische Comedien und Tragedien* published in Germany in 1620 contains a play with a strong resemblance to the Silvia plot of the present comedy. It is a crude German reproduction of an English tragedy now lost, which had been performed by English actors in Germany. In it Julius corresponds to Proteus, Romulus to Valentine, and Hippolyta to Silvia. The play ends with the killing of Julius by Romulus, and the suicides of Romulus and Hippolyta. It is quite possible that the original was the *Phillipo and Hewpolyto* mentioned in Henslowe's diary, and that it formed the source of that part of Shakespeare's plot which deals with the relations of Proteus and Silvia to Valentine.

The alleged reminiscences of Sidney's *Arcadia* and Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* are unimportant.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

DUKE [OF MILAN], father to Silvia.
 VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
 PROTEUS, }
 ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
 THURLO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
 EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.
 HOST, where Julia lodges.
 OUTLAWE, with Valentine.

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
 LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
 PANTHERO, servant to Antonio.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
 SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
 LUCETTA, waiting woman to Julia.

[Servants, Musicians.]

[SCENE: Verona; Milan; and in a forest on the frontiers of Mantua.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Verona. An open place.]

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
 Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive
 therein,

Even as I would when I to love begin.
 Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness
 When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy
 danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my suc-
 cess?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for
 thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep
 love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in
 love,

And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? Nay, give me not the
 boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought
 with groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading
 moment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me
 fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll
 prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.
 Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward
 bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! My father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valen-
 tine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
 leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in
 Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so fare-
 well. [Exit.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love.
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
 I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at
nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

[Enter SPEED.]

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my
master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark
for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd
already,

And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
As if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a
shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns,
whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circum-
stance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by
another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and
not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my
master, and my master seeks not me: therefore
I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shep-
herd; the shepherd for food follows not the
sheep: thou for wages followest thy master;
thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore
thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry
"ha."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my
letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your
letter to her, a lac'd mutton, and she, a lac'd
mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my
labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such
store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you
were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 't were
best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve
me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, — a
pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? Fold it over
and over.

'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to
your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [Nodding.] Ay.

Pro. Nod-ay; — why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir. I say, she did nod;
and you ask me if she did nod, and I say, [nods]
"Ay."

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set
it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing
the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to
bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly;
having nothing but the word "noddy" for my
pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick
wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow
purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief.
What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and
the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What
said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win
her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much
from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all
from her, no, not so much as a ducat for [145]
delivering your letter; and being so hard to me
that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as
hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no
token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? Nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as "Take this for
thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank
you, you have testern'd me; in requital where-
of, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and
so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
wreck.

Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

[Exit Speed.]

I must go send some better messenger.
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. [The same. Garden of Julia's house.]

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not un-
heedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show
my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Egle-
mour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and
fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so
so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:

It were a shame to call her back again And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What 'fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "no" to that Which they would have the profferer construe

"ay."

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly I would have had her here! How angrily I taught my brow to frown, When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile! My penance is to call Lucetta back And ask remission for my folly past. What ho! Lucetta!

[*Re-enter LUCETTA.*]

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were. That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.

Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.

And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant. There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!

[*Tears the letter.*]

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie.

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so ang'red with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so ang'red with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd; 115

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written
down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
bear 120

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away; 125
And yet I will not, with so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another.
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

[Re-enter LUCETTA.]

Luc. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-
tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them
up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them
down; 135

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights
you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? 140
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The same. Antonio's house.]

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was
that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your
son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wond'ring that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home, &

While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out,

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some to discover islands far away;

Some to the studious universities. 10

For any or for all these exercises

He said that Proteus your son was meet,

And did request me to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his
age. 15

In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to
that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time

And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20

Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant 25

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship
sent him thither.

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, 30

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,

And be in eye of every exercise

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou
advise'd;

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like
it 35

The execution of it shall make known.

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
Alphonso

With other gentlemen of good esteem 40

Are journeying to salute the Emperor,

And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Prote-
us go,

And — In good time! Now will we break with
him.

[Enter PROTEUS.]

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! 45

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

O heavenly Julia! 50

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading
there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word
or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,

Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter. Let me see what
news. 55

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he
writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd

And daily graced by the Emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will

And not depending on his friendly wish. 60

Ant. My will is something sorted with his
wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,

For what I will, I will, and there an end. 65

I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the Emperor's court.

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go. 70

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided. Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee.

No more of stay! To-morrow thou must go. 75
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear
of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am
drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day, 85
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

[*Re-enter PANTHINO.*]

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is; my heart accords
thereto, 90

And yet a thousand times it answers "no."
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for
this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it's
mine.

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia, Silvia! 5

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward. 11

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being
too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam
Silvia? 15

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first,
you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe
your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-
song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone,
like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a
school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep,
like a young wench that had buried her grand-
dam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch,
like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, 25
like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont,

when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when
you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions;
when you fasted, it was presently after dinner;
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of [20]
money; and now you are metamorphos'd with
a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can
hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye. 30

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? Nay, that's certain,
for, without you were so simple, none else would;
but you are so without these follies, that these
follies are within you and shine through you
like the water in an urinal, that not an eye [40]
that sees you but is a physician to comment on
your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia? 45

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at
supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? Even she, I
mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 50

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on
her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 55

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well
favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but
her favour infinite. 60

Speed. That's because the one is painted and
the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her
fair, that no man counts of her beauty. 65

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of
her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was de-
form'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd? 70

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why? 75

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you
had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights
they were wont to have when you chid at Sir
Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then? 80

Speed. Your own present folly and her pass-
ing deformity; for he, being in love, could not
see to garter his hose, and you, being in love,
cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for [85]
last morning you could not see to wipe my
shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed.
I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which
makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. 90

Speed. I would you were set, so your affec-
tion would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you? 80

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O excellent motion! O [100] exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

[*Enter SILVIA.*]

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O, 'give ye good even! here 's a million of manners. 105

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter 110

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'T is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; 115

For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much; 120

And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;

And yet take this again; and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more. 125

Speed. [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another "yet."

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;

But since unwillingly, take them again. 130

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them; they are for you.

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another. 135

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.* 140

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, 145

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? What are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason. 150

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure. 155

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 160

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter. 165

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well: 170

"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 'T is dinner time. 175

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be [180] moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Verona. Julia's house.*]

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. 5
[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange. Here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy; And when that hour o'erlips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !
My father stays my coming ; answer not ;
The tide is now : — nay, not thy tide of tears ;
That tide will stay me longer than I should. 15
Julia, farewell ! [Exit Julia.]

What, gone without a word ?
Ay, so true love should do ; it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds than words to
grace it.

[Enter PANTHINO.]

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go ; I come, I come. 20

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The same. A street.]

Enter LAUNCE [leading a dog].

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have
done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have
this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion,
like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir
Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab [5
my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives.
My mother weeping, my father wailing, my
sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wring-
ing her hands, and all our house in a great
perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur
shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble [10
stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog.
A Jew would have wept to have seen our part-
ing ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look
you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay,
I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is [15
my father ; no, this left shoe is my father ; no,
no, this left shoe is my mother ; nay, that can-
not be so neither ; yes, it is so, it is so, it hath
the worse sole. This shoe, with the hole in it,
is my mother, and this my father ; a ven- [20
geance on't ! there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is
my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily
and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our
maid. I am the dog ; — no, the dog is himself,
and I am the dog, — O ! the dog is me, and I
am myself ; ay, so, so. Now come I to my [25
father : " Father, your blessing." Now should
not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now
should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on.
Now come I to my mother. Oh, that she could
speak now like a wood woman ! Well, I kiss [30
her ; why, there 'tis ; here's my mother's
breath up and down. Now come I to my sister ;
mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all
this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word ;
but see how I lay the dust with my tears. [35]

[Enter PANTHINO.]

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard ! Thy
master is shipp'd and thou art to post after with
oars. What's the matter ? Why weep'st thou,
man ? Away, ass ! you'll lose the tide, if you
tarry any longer. 40

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost ;
for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man
tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide ?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my
dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood,
and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in
losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing
thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy
service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth ? 45

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy
tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail ! 50

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and
the master, and the service, and the tied ! Why,
man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it
with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could
drive the boat with my sighs. 55

Pan. Come, come away, man ; I was sent to
call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go ?

Launce. Well, I will go. [Exeunt. 60]

SCENE IV. [Milan. The Duke's palace.]

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and
SPEED.

Sil. Servant !

Val. Mistress ?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him. [Exit.]

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not ? 10

Val. Happily I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not ?

Val. Wise. 15

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly ?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. 20

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio ! Do you change
colour ?

Val. Give him leave, madam ; he is a kind
of chameleon. 25

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your
blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30

Val. I know it well, sir ; you always end ere
you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and
quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the
giver. 35

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the
fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from you

ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. 40

Tha. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words. 45

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

[Enter DUKE.]

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health. 50

What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman 55

To be of worth and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves 60

The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself, for from our infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours together;

And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time 65

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection.

Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days;

His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmelior'd, but his judgement ripe;

And, in a word, for far behind his worth 70

Comes all the praises that I now bestow,

He is complete in feature and in mind

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beahrew me, sir, but if he make this good, 75

He is as worthy for an empress' love

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me

With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time awhile. 80

I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio;

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it. 85

I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit.]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship

Had come along with me, but that his mistresses

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them 90

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes. 95

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself. Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman. [Exit Thurio.]

[Enter PROTEUS.]

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you, 100

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship. 105

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

[Re-enter THURIO.]

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you. 115

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs; When you have done, we look to hear from you. 120

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship. [Exit Silvia and Thurio.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love? 125

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.

I have done penance for contemning Love, Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me 130

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
 For in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled
 eyes

And made them watchers of mine own heart's
 sorrow. 125

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
 And hath so humbled me as I confess
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
 Now no discourse, except it be of love; 140
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your
 eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly
 saint? 145

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in
 praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter
 pills,

And I must minister the like to you. 150

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not di-
 vine,

Yet let her be a principality,
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
 Except thou wilt except against my love. 155

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too.
 She shall be dignified with this high honour—
 To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
 And, of so great a favour growing proud, 161
 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
 And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is
 this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can is no-
 thing. 165

To her, whose worth makes other worthies
 nothing.

She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is
 mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, 170
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
 Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
 Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
 My foolish rival, that her father likes
 Only for his possessions are so huge, 175
 Is gone with her along, and I must after,
 For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more,
 our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight, 180
 Determin'd of; how I must climb her win-
 dow,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means
 Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
 Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
 In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel. 185

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
 I must unto the road, to disembark
 Some necessaries that I needs must use,
 And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? [Exit. 190]

Pro. I will.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten. 195

Is it mine [eye], or Valentines' praise,
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression.
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
 She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd; 200

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
 And that I love him not as I was wont.

O, but I love his lady too too much! 205

And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I dote on her with more advice,

That thus without advice begin to love her!
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled my reason's light; 210

But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

SCENE V. [The same. A street.]

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE [severally].

Speed. Launce! By mine honesty, welcome
 to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth,
 for I am not welcome. I reckon this always,
 that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, [1]
 nor never welcome to a place till some certain
 shot be paid and the hostess say, "Welcome!"

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-
 house with you presently; where, for one shot
 of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand [2]
 welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part
 with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest
 they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as
 fish. 1

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter
 with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well
 with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand [3]
 thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou
 canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too. Look thee, [so]
I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand
is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match? ²⁵

Launce. Ask my dog. If he say ay, it will;
if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and
say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret [so]
from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce,
how say'st thou, that my master is become a
notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise. ³⁰

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest
him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mis-
tak'st me. ³⁵

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I
meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot
lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though [so]
he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me
to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a
Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much [so]
charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Chris-
tian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. [The same. The Duke's palace.]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my
oath

Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear and Love bids me for-
swear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. ¹⁰
Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd. ¹⁵
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose.

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself. ²⁰
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia — witness Heaven, that made her
fair! — ²⁵

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.

I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. ³⁰

I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor. ³⁵

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight,
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine.
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross ⁴⁰
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceed-
ing.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[Exit.]

SCENE VII. [Verona. Julia's house.]

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean ⁵
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; ¹⁰
Much less shall afe that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my
soul's food? ¹⁵

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. ²⁰

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of rea-
son.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more
it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides, ²⁵
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd
stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage; ³⁰
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step. ³⁵
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may besem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as, "Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why even what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Milan. The Duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;

We have some secrets to confer about. [Exit Thu.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter.
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down.
Being unprevailed, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep.

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court;

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—

A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly

That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.]

[Enter VALENTINE.]

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import? 55

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me
awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. 60

'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities 65
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,
froward.

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child 70

Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty, 75

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in.

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do
in this? 80

Duke. There is a lady of Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy

And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—

For long ago I have forgot to court; 85
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—

How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not
words.

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I
sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best
contents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more. 95

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100
For "get you gone," she doth not mean

"away!"

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels'

faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. 105

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her
friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by
night. 110

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys
kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her
window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the
ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb
it. 115

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of
cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell
me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a
child,

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder. 125

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the
turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak.
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my
lord. 135

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a
cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? "To
Silvia"!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.]
"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia
nightly, 140

And slaves they are to me that send them
flying;

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are
lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest
them,

While I, their king, that hither them impor-
tune, 145

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
bles'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune.

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord
would be."

What's here? 150

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon, — for thou art Merops' son, —
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world? 155
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on
thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence. 160
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court, 165
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the
love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from
hence. [Exit.]

Val. And why not death rather than living
torment? 170

To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself. Banish'd from her
Is self from self, a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? 175
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom. 185
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

[Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.]

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou? 190

Launce. Him we go to find. There's not a
hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? His spirit? 195

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I
strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike? 200

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray
you, —

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valen-
tine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear
good news, 205
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine. 210

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
me.

What is your news? 215

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you
are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished — O, that's the
news! —

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy
friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 220
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the
doom —

Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self, 225
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held
up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding
tears, 230

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her, 235

With many bitter threats of bidding thee.

Val. No more; unless the next word that
thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life;

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. 245

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250

The time now serves not to expostulate.

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself 255

Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou sees
my boy,

Bid him make haste and meet me at the North
gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! [*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*] 290

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is [295] I love; and yet 't is a woman; but what woman I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities [300] than a water-spaniel, — which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her condition. "*Imprimis*: She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; [305] therefore is she better than a jade. "*Item*: She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

[*Enter SPEED.*]

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? 310

Launce. With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou [315] heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! Thou canst not read. 321

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. [325]

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy [330] speed!

Speed. [*Reads.*] "*Imprimis*: She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "*Item*: She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: [335] "Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

Speed. "*Item*: She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, "Can she [340] sew?"

Speed. "*Item*: She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "*Item*: She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd. 345

Speed. "*Item*: She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "*Item*: She hath many nameless virtues." 350

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues. 355

Speed. "*Item*: She is not to be [kiss'd] fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "*Item*: She hath a sweet mouth." [360]

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "*Item*: She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk. 365

Speed. "*Item*: She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue. 370

Speed. "*Item*: She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "*Item*: She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts. 375

Speed. "*Item*: She is curst."

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "*Item*: She will often praise her [380] liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "*Item*: She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed. 385

Speed. "*Item*: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her. She was mine and not mine twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more. 390

Speed. "*Item*: She hath more hair than wit."

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the [395] hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs."

Launce. That's monstrous. O, that that were out! 395

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then? 400

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! Ay, who art thou? He hath stay'd for a better man than thee. 205

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love-letters! [Exit.] 201

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter;—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.] 205

SCENE II. [*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her. 5

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

[*Enter PROTEUS.*]

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief. 15

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee— For thou hast shown some sign of good desert— Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace Let me not live to look upon your Grace. 21

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant 25

How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so. What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent, Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it; 35 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do. 'T is an ill office for a gentleman. 40

Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend. 45

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine. 55

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already Love's firm votary

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access 60

Where you with Silvia may confer at large,—

For she is lumpsish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you,—

Where you may temper her by your persuasion

To hate young Valentine and love my friend. 65

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough.

You must lay lime to tangle her desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes

Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

Duke. Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears 75

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line

That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews.

Whose golden touch could soften steel and

stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans 80

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet consort; to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump. The night's dead

silence 85

Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in

practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90

Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen! 95

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper.
 And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A forest on the frontiers of Mantua.]

Enter certain OUTLAWS.

1. *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

[Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.]

3. *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye.

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3. *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man. 10

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose.

A man I am cross'd with adversity;
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me, 14
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there? 20

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd.

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence? 25

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. 30

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2. *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy.

Or else I often had been miserable. 35

3. *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1. *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery. 40

Val. Peace, villain!

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth 45

Thrust from the company of awful men.

Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, 50

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose, — for we cite our faults,
 That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And partly, seeing you are beautified 55

With goodly shape, and by your own report

A linguist and a man of such perfection

As we do in our quality much want, —

2. *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. 60

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3. *Out.* What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all. 65

We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer and will live with you, 70

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women or poor passengers.

3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got; 75

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's window.]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commanding him,

I have access my own love to prefer.

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think how I have been forsworn 80

In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved;

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope.

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still. 85

But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

[Enter THURIO and Musicians.]

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

[Enter, at a distance, HOST, and JULIA in boy's clothes.]

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly. I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [Music plays.]

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? The music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? Out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you. I will so plead That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.]

[Enter SILVIA above.]

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish. My will is even this,

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside.] 'T were false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness.

I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave

Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence ;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate, 120

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ;
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ; 125

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir ;
But since your falsehood shall become you well 130

To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it ;
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*]

Jul. Host, will you go ? 135

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night 140

That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The same.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.

Madam, madam !

[*Enter SILVIA above.*]

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command. 5

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, —
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not, —
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine, 15

Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose. 25
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match, 30
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me ;
If not, to hide what I have said to thee, 35
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me 40
As much I wish all good befotune you.

When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good 45
morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt [severally].*]

SCENE IV. [*The same.*]

Enter LAUNCE [with his Dog].

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the
cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that
I brought up of a puppy ; one that I sav'd from
drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers
and sisters went to it. I have taught him,
even as one would say precisely, " Thus I 5
would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him
as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master ;
and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber
but he steps me to her trencher and steals her
capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing 10
when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies !
I would have, as one should say, one that
takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it
were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more
wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did,
I think verily he had been 15
hang'd for 't ; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for
't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into
the company of three or four gentleman-like
dogs, under the Duke's table. He had not been
there — bless the mark ! — a piss- 20
ing while, but all the chamber smelt him. " Out
with the dog ! " says one. " What cur is that ? " says
another. " Whip him out ! " says the third. " Hang
him up ! " says the Duke. I, having been acquainted
with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes
me to the 25 fellow that whips the dogs. " Friend," quoth I,
" you mean to whip the dog ? " " Ay, marry, do I,"
quoth he. " You do him the more wrong," quoth I ;
" 't was I did the thing you wot of." He makes
me no more ado, but 30 whips me out of the chamber.
How many masters would do this for his servant ?
Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings

he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath [as] kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a [as] gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

[Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.]

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please. I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To Launce.] How now, you whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the [as] market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

[Exit Launce.]

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a youth

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout,

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which, if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her

token.

She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry "alas"?

Jul. I cannot choose

But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as

well

As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry "alas!"

Pro. Well, give her that ring and there-
withal

This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, his home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[Exit.]

Jul. How many women would do such a mes-
sage?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from
me,

To bind him to remember my good will;

And now am I, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that which I would not obtain,

To carry that which I would have refus'd,

To praise his faith which I would have dis-
prais'd.

I am my master's true-confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him
speed.

[Enter SILVIA, attended.]

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my
mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be
she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go give your master this. Tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not.

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!

I will not look upon your master's lines.

I know they are stuff'd with protestations

And full of new-found oaths, which he will
break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends
it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times

His Julia gave it him at his departure.

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much. 145

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times. 150

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsok her?

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well, 155

She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And throw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part, 165
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judge-
ments,

As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood, 170
For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, 175
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou
lov'st her.

Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! 185

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture; let me see. I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine 190
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love, 195

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as
high.

What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself, 200
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and
ador'd!

And, were there sense in his idolatry, 205
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! 210
[*Exit.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Milan. An abbey.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet
me.

She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

[*Enter SILVIA.*]

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear I am attended by some spies. 10

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues
off.

If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my
suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

[*Jul. Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to
what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is
black. 10

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying
is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
[*Jul. Aside.*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put
out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse? 15

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and
peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you
hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 30

Jul. [Aside.] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [Aside.] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions? 35

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [Aside.] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke. 30

[Enter DUKE.]

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! How now, Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither. 35

Duke. Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine, And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both, As he in penance wander'd through the forest. Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it. 40 Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence. Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently and meet with me 45 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. 50 [Exit.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl, That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50

I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. 55 [Exit.]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. 60 [Exit.]

[Exit.]

SCENE III. [The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.]

Enter OUTLAWS with SILVIA.

1. Out. Come, come, Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2. Out. Come, bring her away. 5

1. Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3. Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood; There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled. 10

The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1. Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! 15 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [Another part of the forest.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man! This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns. Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes 5 Tune my mistresses and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast, Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall And leave no memory of what it was! 10

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia! Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What halloing and what stir is this to-day? These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase. 15 They love me well; yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages. Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [Steps aside.]

[Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.]

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,

Though you respect not aught your servant doth. 20

To hazard life and rescue you from him That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look; A smaller boon than this I cannot beg

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. 25

Val. [Aside.] How like a dream is this! I see and hear.

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came; But by my coming I have made you happy. 30

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [Aside.] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion, I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. 35

O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine, Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!

And full as much, for more there cannot be, I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.

Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look !
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're be-
lov'd !

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
faith

Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst
two,

And that's far worse than none. Better have
none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving
words

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,

And love you 'gainst the nature of love, — force
ye.

Sil. O heaven !
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Pro. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, so
Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !
Val. Thou common friend, that's without
faith or love,

For such is a friend now ! Treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ! Nought but mine
eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove
me.

Who should be trusted [now], when one's right
hand

Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
The private wound is deepest. O time most
accurst,

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the
worst !

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine ; if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence, 75
I tender 't here ; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid ;
And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are
pleas'd.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd ;
And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy ! [Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now !
What's the matter ? Look up ; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to de-
liver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my
neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?
Jul. Here 't is ; this is it.

Pro. How ? let me see !
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring ? At
my depart

I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ! Julia !
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy
oaths,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root !

O Proteus let this habit make thee blush !
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their
minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ! 't is true. O
heaven ! were man

But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through
all the sins.

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ? 115
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close ;
'T were pity two such friends should be long
foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish
for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

[Enter OUTLAWS, with DUKE and THURIO.]

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize !
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say ! It is my lord
the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !
Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death ;

Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands :
Take but possession of her with a touch, —

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love. 130
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.

I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine. 135
Duke. The more degenerate and base art
thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

140

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
 Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine, 145
 Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd
 her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made
 me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. 150

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it
 be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept
 withal

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities.
 Forgive them what they have committed here
 And let them be recall'd from their exile. 155
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them
 and thee;

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
 Come, let us go; we will include all jars 160
 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
 With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
 What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
 blushes. 165

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace
 than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass
 along

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.

Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
 The story of your loves discovered; 170

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

In 1600 two quarto editions of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* appeared. The earlier, printed for Thomas Fisher, seems to have been taken from an authentic manuscript, and on it the present text is based. The later, printed by James Roberts, follows the earlier with few changes beyond the addition of some stage directions. The text of the play in the First Folio appears to have been printed from a prompter's copy of Roberts's Quarto. The chief differences are in the division into acts, not hitherto marked, and in the presence of yet more detailed stage directions.

The only piece of external evidence of the existence of the play before 1600 is the mention of it by Meres in 1598. Attempts to date it more exactly are based chiefly on very slight probabilities. The supposed borrowing of *ii. i. 2, 3* from the sixth book of *The Faerie Queene*, and the possible allusion in *v. i. 52* to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses* are of no real assistance. Slightly more plausible is the theory that Titania's description of the inverted seasons in *ii. i. 88-114* derived point from the violent storms which afflicted England in 1594, and was perhaps suggested by them. It is hard to believe that the fear of the clowns lest the lion should frighten the ladies needed the hint of an actual incident occurring at a spectacle at the Scottish court in 1594, when a Moor was substituted for a lion lest the spectators should be disturbed. So far as these very slight indications go, they point to 1594-95. The impression one receives of the stage of maturity implied in the style, characterization, and construction of the play, and the evidence from the meter fit this date; and most modern scholars incline to accept it.

Certain marked peculiarities of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* indicate that it was not written primarily for the public stage. The prominence of the marriage of Theseus in the setting, the general masque-like character of the whole, with its abundance of lyric, dance, and spectacle, and the virtual epithalamium with which it closes, all suggest that it was originally devised for some nobleman's wedding. The open flattery of Elizabeth in *ii. i. 157-164*, and the praise of chastity in *i. i. 74, 75*, point further to the actual presence of the Queen. The most suitable occasion so far suggested is the marriage of the Earl of Derby to Elizabeth Vere, which took place at the Court at Greenwich in 1594.

No original for the main plot has been found. The most obvious sources whence Shakespeare may have derived information about Theseus are Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* and North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Theseus*. From the former he might have got the idea of the marriage festivities of Theseus, the May-Day observances, the hunting scene, the name of Philostrate, and some minor details. From the latter he might have taken a few proper names, and allusions to the previous adventures of Theseus in love and war.

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was accessible to him in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in Golding's translation of the same, in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, and in various later forms. A love-potion with an effect somewhat similar to that of the love-juice of Oberon plays a part in the *Diana Enamorada* of Montemayor, from which the dramatist had taken part of the plot of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

The fairy-love is based mainly on popular tradition. Titania is one of Ovid's names for Diana. Oberon had appeared in medieval romances such as *Huon of Bordeaux*, in Greene's *James IV*, in *The Faerie Queene*, and elsewhere. Robin Goodfellow was a familiar figure in folk-lore, and had already made his way into books. But Shakespeare worked on these figures, and on the fairy-world in general, a transformation into something all his own; and in so doing permanently modified this whole field of popular fancy. There is perhaps no one achievement of his genius which has had so pervasive an effect as his treatment of fairies in the present play and in Mercutio's speech on Queen Mab, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
 KREUS, father to Hermia.
 LYSANDER, betrothed to Hermia.
 DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
 PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter,
 BOTTOM, a weaver,
 FLUTE, a bellows-blower,
 SNOUT, a tinker,
 SNUG, a joiner,
 STARVELING, a tailor,

} presenting

PROLOGUE.
 PYRAMUS.
 THESEUS.
 WALL.
 LION.
 MOONSHINE.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, betrothed to Lysander.
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.
 TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
 ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a Puck.
 FRASERLOSSOM,
 COBWEB,
 MOTR,
 MUSTARDEED, } fairies.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

ACT I

[SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, [PHILOSTRATE,]
 with others.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
 Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame or a dowager
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
 in night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEOUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news
 with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
 Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious Duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my
 child.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
 rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child.
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
 With faining voice verses of faining love,
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, con-
 ceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, — mes-
 sengers

Of strong prevailment in unhard'ned youth.
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
 heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harahness; and, my gracious
 Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
 Which shall be either to this gentleman
 Or to her death, according to our law
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd,
 fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god,
 One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
 But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me. I know not by what power I am made bold, Nor how it may concern my modesty, In such a presence here to plead my thoughts; But I beseech your Grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires, Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun, For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd, To live a barren sister all your life, Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd, Than that which withering on the virgin thorn Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, Ere I will yield my virgin patent up Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me, For everlasting bond of fellowship— Upon that day either prepare to die For disobedience to your father's will, Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would, Or on Diana's altar to protest For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius, Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love.

And what is mine my love shall render him. And she is mine, and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, As well possess'd; my love is more than his; My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd, If not with vantage, as Demetrius'; And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head, Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs, My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;

And come, Egeus; you shall go with me, I have some private schooling for you both.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself To fit your fancies to your father's will;

Or else the law of Athens yields you up— Which by no means we may extenuate— To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love? Demetrius and Egeus, go along.

I must employ you in some business Against our nuptial, and confer with you Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast? *Her.* Belike for want of rain, which I could well

Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,

Could ever hear by tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth;

But, either it was different in blood,— *Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,— *Her.* O spite! too odd to be engag'd to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

Making it momentary as a sound, Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied night, That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!" The jaws of darkness do devour it up;

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny. Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross, As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager Of great revenue, and she hath no child.

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues; And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee; And to that place the sharp Athenian law Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night; And in the wood, a league without the town, Where I did meet thee once with Helena

To do observance to a morn of May, There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander! I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke, 175
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither
away? 180

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again
unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair, O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear. 185

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being
bated, 190

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that my frowns would teach my
smiles such skill! 195

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows
me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault
were mine! 201

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see
my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me; 205
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, 215
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow! Pray thou for us;

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 211
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*]

Helena, adieu: 215

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 220
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind.
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. 225
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguill'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves for-
swear, 230

So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did
melt. 235

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 240
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. Athens. Quince's house.]

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them-generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's
name, which is thought fit, through all Athens,
to play in our interlude before the Duke and the
Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on, then read the names of the
actors, and so grow to a point. 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, *The most lamentable
comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and
Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince,
call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, 15
spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom,
the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and
proceed. 20

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lant for love. 25

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play [30] *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisme! Thisme! Ah *Pyramus*, my lover dear! thy *Thisby* dear, and lady [35] dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*; and, Flute, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisby's* mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father. Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's [40] part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is [45] nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you [50] as 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper

man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your [55] straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefac'd. [60] But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, [65] and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

[SCENE I. A wood near Athens.]

Enter a FAIRY at one door and ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW at another.

Robin. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire, [5] I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be; [10] In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. [15] Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.

Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Robin. The King doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, [20] Because that she as her attendant hath A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king. She never had so sweet a changeling; And jealous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild; [25] But she perforce withholds the loved boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;

And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do square, that all their elves for
fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn,

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet
Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good
luck.

Are not you he?

Robin. Thou speakest aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
laugh,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he
were gone!

*Enter the King of Fairies [OBERON] at one
door with his train; and the Queen [TITANIA]
at another with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip
hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy
lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer-
ing night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Adriane*, and *Antiope*?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every petty river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in
vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green
corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fattened with the murrain flock.
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.

The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old *Hiems'* thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is
which.

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a votaress of my order,
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, her womb then rich with my young
squire,

Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding
day.

If you will patiently dance in our round 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obc. Give me that boy, and I will go with
thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies,
away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. 145
[Exit [Titania with her train].

Obc. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from
this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remem-
b'rest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 150

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music?

Robin. I remember.

Obc. That very time I saw, but thou couldst
not, 155

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd. A certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft 161

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery
moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell. 165
It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee
once.

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Robin. I'll put a girdle round about the
earth 175

In forty minutes.

Obc. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.

The next thing then she waking looks upon,

Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,

She shall pursue it with the soul of love;

And ere I take this charm from off her sight,

As I can take it with another herb,

I'll make her render up her page to me. 185

But who comes here? I am invisible;

And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me
not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me. 190

Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this
wood;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted ada-
mant; 195

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200

Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the
more.

I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike
me, 205

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,

Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,—

And yet a place of high respect with me,—

Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too
much,

To leave the city and commit yourself 215

Into the hands of one that loves you not;

To trust the opportunity of night

And the ill counsel of a desert place

With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For
that 220

It is not night when I do see your face,

Therefore I think I am not in the night;

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you in my respect are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone, 225

When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the
brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; 231

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me
go; 235

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe

But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex. 240

We cannot fight for love, as men may do.

We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
[Exit Dem.]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit.]

Obc. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave
this grove, 245

Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter [ROBIN GOODFELLOW].

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Robin. Ay, there it is.

Obe.

I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove.

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock
crow.

Robin. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with ere-mice for their leathern
wings.
To make my small elves coats, and some keep
back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and won-
ders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

THE FAIRIES sing.

[1. *Fairy.*] "You spotted snakes with double
tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen."

[*Cho.*] "Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby. 15
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So, good night, with lullaby."

1. *Fairy.* "Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence! 21
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence."

[*Cho.*] "Philomel, with melody," etc.

2. *Fairy.* Hence, away! now all is well. 25
One aloof stand sentinel.
[Exeunt Fairies.] Titania sleeps.

*Enter OBEERON [and squeezes the flower on Ti-
tania's eyelids].*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.
[Exit.]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in
the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a
bed;

For I upon this bank will rest my head. 35

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,

Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence! 40

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth. 45
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride.
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied. 50
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet
friend. 55

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I:
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd! *[They sleep.]* 60

Enter [ROBIN GOODFELLOW].

Robin. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence — Who is here? 65
Weeds of Athens he doth wear!
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground. 70

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid;
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [Exit.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking.] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord,
what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love.

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will

And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might

To honour Helen and to be her knight. [Exit.]

Her. [Awaking.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[Exit.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. The wood. Titania lying asleep.]

Enter the Clowns [QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING].

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. [10] First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them [20] that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with [as] yourselves. To bring in — God shield us! — a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," or "I [as] would request you," or "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there indeed let him [as] name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac! Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a [as] bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; [as] or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you [as] have spoken your speech, enter into that brake. And so every one according to his cue.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW [behind].

Robin. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet," —

Quin. Odorous, odorous.

Bot. "—" "odours savours sweet;
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [Exit.

Robin. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [Exit.]

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to [as] Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter. Your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Flu. O, — "As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

[Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.]

Bot. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help! [Exit (Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling).]

Robin. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit Snout.]

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [Exit.]

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

"The ouzel cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill," —

Tita. [Awaking.] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings.*]

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay ; " — 138

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo " never so ?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ; 141

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;

And thy fair virtues, force perforce, doth move me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have [142

little reason for that ; and yet, to say the truth,

reason and love keep little company together

now-a-days ; the more the pity that some honest

neighbours will not make them friends. Nay,

I can gleek upon occasion. 150

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither ; but if I had wit enough

to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve

mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go ; 155

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate ;

The summer still doth tend upon my state ;

And I do love thee ; therefore, go with me. 160

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost

sleep.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-

seed ! 165

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and

MUSTARDSEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go ?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentle-

man.

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes ;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulber-

ries ; 170

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise ;

And pluck the wings from painted butter-

flies 175

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal !

Cob. Hail !

Moth. Hail ! 180

Mus. Hail !

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily. I

beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I [185 shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman ?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress [190 Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

Mus. Mustardseed. 195

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard- [200 seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye.

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity. 205

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Ezeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd ;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit !
What night-rule now about this haunted
grove ? 5

Robin. My mistress with a monster is in
love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10

Were met together to rehearse a play

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.

The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented in their sport,

Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake. 15

When I did him at this advantage take,

An ass's noli I fixed on his head.

Anon his Thisby must be answered,

And forth my mimic comes. When they him

spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly ;

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one

falls ;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. 25

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears

thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;

Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Robin. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd too, —

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Robin. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse.

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon

May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look, and so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Ont, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never numb'red among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood.

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;

Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down [and sleeps].*]

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Robin. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Robin. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*]

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Robin. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee,

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make

Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Robin. Then will two at once woo one;

That must needs be sport alone.

And those things do best please me

That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's ; will you give her
o'er ? 120

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh.

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er. 125

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting
grow ! 130

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment. 135

If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too ? 140

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena. 145

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision ! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort 150

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;

For you love Hermia ; this you know I know.
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ; 155
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle
breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will
none.

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. 170
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. 175
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy
dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense. 180
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side ? 185

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena, who more engirds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me ? Could not this make
thee know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?
Her. You speak not as you think. It cannot
be. 191

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid ! 195

Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
triv'd

To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have
spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us, — O, is all forgot ?

All school-days' friendship, childhood inno-
cence ?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, 205
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition ; 210

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.

And will you rend our ancient love asunder, 215
To join with men in scorn your poor friend ?

It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,

Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.

I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me. 221

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face ?

And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,

To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare, 225
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this

To her he hates ? And wherefore doth Lysan-
der

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230

But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?

This you should pity rather than despise. 235
Her. I understand not what you mean by
this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,

Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up ;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well ; 't is partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse,
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena ! 245

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she
entreat.

Thy threats have no more strength than her
weak prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do !

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it
too. 255

Dem. Quick, come !

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no ; he 'll [but]

Seem to break loose. Take on as you would
follow,

But yet come not. You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ! Vile
thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent !

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? What
change is this ?

Sweet love, —

Lys. Thy love ! Out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! O hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, sooth ; and so do you. 265

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with
thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you. I 'll not trust your
word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her,
kill her dead ?

Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than
hate ?

Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my
love !

Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me ; yet since night you
left me : 275

Why, then you left me — O, the gods forbid ! —
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt ;

Be certain, nothing truer ; 't is no jest 280

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blos-

som !

You thief of love ! What, have you come by
night

And stolen my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i' faith !

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 285
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

Her. Puppet ? Why so ? Ay, that way goes
the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures ; she hath urg'd her
height ;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with
him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low ? 295

How low am I, thou painted maypole ? Speak.

How low am I ? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gen-
tlemen,

Let her not hurt me. I was never curst ; 300

I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;

I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower ! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with
me. 305

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd
you ;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310

He followed you ; for love I followed him ;

But he hath chid me hence and threat'ned me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back. 315

And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone ; who is 't that hin-
ders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid ; she shall not harm thee. 320

Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take
her part.

Hel. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and
shrewd !

She was a vixen when she went to school ;

And though she be but little, she is fierce. 325

Her. Little again ! Nothing but low and
little !

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf.

You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made ;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part ; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not. 335

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek
by jowl.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of
you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 240
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to
say. [*Exit.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou mis-
tak'st, 245

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Robin. Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-
took.

Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 250

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

And so far am I glad it so did sort,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to
fight;

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night. 255

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

And lead these teety rivals so astray

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; 261

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye; 266

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 270

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

With league whose date till death shall never

end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; 275

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be

peace.

Robin. My fairy lord, this must be done with

haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full

fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger, 280

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and

there,

Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all,

That in crossways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone.

For fear lest day should look their shames

upon, 285

They wilfully themselves exile from light

And must for aye consort with black-brow'd

night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.

I with the morning's love have oft made sport,

And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 288

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay.

We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit.*] 295

Robin. Up and down, up and down,

I will lead them up and down.

I am fear'd in field and town.

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. 290

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

Speak thou now.

Robin. Here, villain; drawn and ready.

Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Robin. Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*]

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander, speak again!

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? 305

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide

thy head?

Robin. Thou coward, art thou bragging to

the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,

thou child,

I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd 310

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem.

Yea, art thou there?

Robin. Follow my voice. We'll try no man-
hood here. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter LYSANDER.*]

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me

on.

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I; 315

I followed fast, but faster he did fly,

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,

I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. 320

[*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW and DEMETRIUS.

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st

thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I

wot

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Robin. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou

shalt buy this dear. 325

If ever I thy face by daylight see.

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 430
[Lies down and sleeps.]

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, 435
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Robin. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440

Re-enter HERMIA.

Thus to make poor females mad.
Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day. 445
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Robin. On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight 455
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown. 460
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all
shall be well. [Exit.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. The same.]

[LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA, lying asleep.]

Enter TITANIA and Clown [BOTTOM; PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTHE, MUSTARDEED, and other] Fairies [attending]; OBERON behind [unseen].

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom? 5

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.
Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones. 5

[Music. Tongs. Rural music.]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow. 5

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be always away.

[Exit fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwine; the female ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! 5

[They sleep.]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Obe. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Robin.

See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds 5

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes;
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

[*Touching her eyes.*]

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this
head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth
sleep!

[*Music, still.*]

Robin. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine
own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take
hands with me.

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly

And bless it to all fair prosperity.

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Robin. Fairy king, attend, and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad

Trip we after the night's shade.

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight

Tell me how it came this night

That I sleeping here was found

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt. Horns winded [within].*]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGREUS, and all
his train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,

For now our observation is perform'd,

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian

bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs

are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
asleep,

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.

I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe

The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,

Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem.,*

Hel., and Her. wake and start up.

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies;

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here.

But, as I think, — for truly would I speak,

And now I do bethink me, so it is, —

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

Without the peril of the Athenian law —

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough.

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

They would have stolen away; they would,

Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,

You of your wife, and me of my consent,

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither followed them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power, —

But by some power it is, — my love to Hermia,

Melted as [is] the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gaud

Which in my childhood I did dote upon;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw *Hermia*;
But like a sickness did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it. 100

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit. 105
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, *Hippolyta*. 100

[Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a jewel, 105
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure that we're awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolyta*. 100

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[Exeunt lovers.]

Bot. *(Awaking.)* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, "Most fair *Pyramus*." Heigh-ho! *Peter Quince*! 105
Flute, the bellows-mender! *Snout*, the tinker! *Starveling*! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he 110
go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, — and methought I had, — but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not 115
heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called *Bottom's* 120
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE II. Athens. Quince's house.]

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottom's* house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Snout. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say "paragon"; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from 125
the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully *Bottom*! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottom*! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your 130
apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let *Thisby* have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, 135
for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away! 140

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

[SCENE I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords (and Attendants).]

Hip. 'T is strange, my *Theseus*, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true; I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is, the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. 11

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven ;

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen 12
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy no-
thing

A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images, 25
And grows to something of great constancy ;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter lovers, LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA,
and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Joy, gentle friends ! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masques, what dances
shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time ?

Where is our usual manager of mirth ? 35
What revels are in hand ? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for
this evening ?

What masque ? what music ? How shall we be-
guile 40

The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are
ripe.

Make choice of which your Highness will see
first. [Giving a paper.]

The. [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung 45

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

We'll none of that : that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

That is an old device ; and it was play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony. 55

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical ! Tedious and brief !
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this dis-
cord ? 60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted. 65

And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

The. What are they that do play it ?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories

With this same play, against your nuptial. 75

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord ;
It is not for you. I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents, 80

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play ;
For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ; and take your places, ladies. [Exit Philostrate.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charged, 85

And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake ; 90
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences, 95

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ; 100

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-ti'd simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity. 105

[Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.]

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is
address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter [QUINCE for] the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to

offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end. 111

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here repent you, 115

The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 121

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; 125
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter with a trumpet before them, PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder. 135

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, 141
Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, 145

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, 149

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain

At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may,
when many asses do. 155

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink, 160

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so;

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper. 165

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord. 169

Enter PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, 175

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]
Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,

should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 185
"Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall.

You shall see it will fall pat as I told you.
Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, 190

For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. 195
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill. 200

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. 205
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

The. Now is the moon used between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning. 211

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am a lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;

For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon. Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. (Roaring.) Oh — [Thisbe runs off.]

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well mous'd, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright; For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear; Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop. [Stabs himself.]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky.

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy flight. [Exit Moonshine.]

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Re-enter THISBE.

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a

man, God warrant us; she for a woman, [325]
God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those
sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet: — 330

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb 335

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone! 340

Lovers, make moan.

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk; 345

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word!

Come, trusty sword; 350

Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

[*Stabs herself.*]

And, farewell, friends;

Thus, Thisby ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*] 355

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury 355
the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

[*Bot. Starting up.*] No, I assure you; the
wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it
please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Ber-
gomask dance between two of our company? 360

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the
players are all dead, there need none to be
blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played
Pyramus and hang'd himself in Thisbe's gar- 365
ter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so
it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But,
come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time. 370

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity 375

In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Robin. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf beholds the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 380

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching
loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe

In remembrance of a shroud. 385

Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house. 390
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light

By the dead and drowsy fire,

Every elf and fairy sprite 395

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,

To each word a warbling note.

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song [and dance].*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be;

And the blots of Nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigious, such as are 400

Despised in nativity.

Shall upon their children be.

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait,

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweet peace;

And the owner of it blest 405

Ever shall in safety rest.

Trip away; make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt [Oberon, Titania, and train].*]

Robin. If we shadows have offended, 410

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slum'ned here

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend. 415

If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, 420

We will make amends ere long;

Else the Puck a liar call.

So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

On July 22, 1598, James Roberts entered *The Marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce* in the Stationers' Register, and in the same year the play was named in Meres's list. These two references fix a later limit for the date of the play; but no evidence equally strong has been found for an earlier. An entry in Henslowe's Diary notes the first production of "the Venesyon comodey" on August 25, 1594, in the theatre in which Shakespeare's company was then acting; and this has been interpreted as referring to *The Merchant of Venice*. But the frequency of plots from Italian sources makes the identification precarious. In 1594 Dr. Roderigo Lopez, a prominent Jewish physician, was hanged in London on a charge of treason and conspiracy to murder Queen Elizabeth and the Portuguese pretender, Antonio Perez. It has been supposed that the present play was produced about this time in order to take advantage of the popular excitement stirred up by the enemies of Lopez against Jews; and a slight corroboration of this theory has been found in the occurrence of the name Antonio as that of the intended victim in both the history and the drama. But the maturity exhibited in the workmanship of the play has made scholars reluctant to accept so early a date, and it is probably not earlier than 1596.

Though registered in 1598, the comedy did not appear till 1600, when two quartos were published, one by James Roberts, the other by Thomas Heyes, both, apparently, printed by Roberts. The text of the First Folio is taken from Heyes's edition. Opinion is divided as to the comparative merits of Roberts's and Heyes's quartos. Though differing but slightly, they seem to be printed from independent transcripts of the same copy of the original manuscript, so that neither can claim a superior authority throughout. The present text is the result of an attempt to reach as nearly as possible their original from a comparison of the readings in each case of variation.

It seems likely that Shakespeare's immediate source was a lost play of whose existence we are aware from a passage in Gosson's *School of Abuse* (1579), in which he speaks of the prose play of the *Jew* shown at the Bull, "representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers." This is plausibly interpreted as indicating a play combining the story of the caskets with that of the pound of flesh. The connection of a ballad of uncertain date on the cruelty of "Gerautus the Jew" with Shakespeare's play is slight and doubtful in the extreme. Our author or his immediate predecessor, however, in all probability did have access to the first novel of the fourth day in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone* (1378), which combines the stories of the bond and the rings, and names Belmont as the lady's residence. In the fourteenth tale of Masuccio di Salerno (*fl.* ca. 1470) a young man elopes with a miser's daughter who carries off her father's jewels; but the resemblance to the story of Jessica and Lorenzo is not strong enough to prove a connection. The only other document of importance as a possible immediate source is a declamation in *The Orator* by Alexander Silvayn, translated into English, and printed in 1596. After a summary of the story of the bond, Silvayn gives speeches by the Jew and the merchant, and the former of these may well have supplied hints for some of Shylock's lines. Besides the story of the caskets, however, both the underplots of Jessica and of Nerissa are absent from all of these extant versions of the story of the bond. Yet, so long as the play mentioned by Gosson remains undiscovered, it is impossible to say how much of the elaborate construction of *The Merchant of Venice* is due to Shakespeare, and how much to his unknown predecessor.

The constituent elements of the plot, when taken apart, are found to belong to several very old and widespread traditions. The story of the pound of flesh occurs in Oriental legend, in the *Apophthas*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Cursor Mundi*, and elsewhere. The story of the caskets appears in the romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincent of Beauvais, and in the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine; while somewhat similar tales on the deceptiveness of appearances are still more widespread.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
 THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to Portia.
 THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
 ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.
 BASSANIO, his friend, suitor to Portia.
 SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
 SALARINO, }
 GRATIANO, }
 SALERIO, }
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
 SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.
 OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
 LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
 BALTHAZAR, } servants to Portia.
 STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
 NERISSA, her waiting-gentlewoman.
 JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia.*]

ACT I

[SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*]

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANTO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
 It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn;
 And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salar. Believe me, sir, had I such venture 15
 forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the
 wind,
 Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
 And every object that might make me fear 20
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth
 Would blow me to an ague when I thought
 What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
 But I should think of shallows and of flats, 25
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,

And, in a word, but even now worth this, 35
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
 thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
 sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for
 it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year: 45
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say
 you are sad,

Because you are not merry; and 't were as
 easy

For you to laugh and leap and say you are
 merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus, 50

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;
 Some that will evermore peep through their
 eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
 And other of such vinegar aspect

That they'll not show their teeth in way of
 smile, 55

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had mad'
 you merry, 60

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard

I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords. 68

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leasures to attend on
yours. *[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]*

Le. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, 70

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world.

They lose it that do buy it with much care. 75
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano,

A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool!

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine 81

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Set like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaun-
dice 85

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!" 95
O my Antonio, I do know of those

That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those
ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time; 100
But fish not with this melancholy bait

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Le. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
time. 105

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more.

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell! I'll grow a talker for this
gear. 110

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only
commendable

Is a neat's tongue dri'd and a maid not
vendible.

[Exeunt [Gratiano and Lorenzo].]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of

nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His
reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in 115
two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day
ere you find them, and when you have them,
they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now what lady is the
same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate

By something showing a more swelling port 125
Than my faint means would grant continuance.

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care

Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal

Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most, in money and in love,

And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
it; 135

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft, 140

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch

To find the other forth, and by adventuring
both

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence. 145

I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please

To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both 150
Or bring your latter hazard back again

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend
but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong

In making question of my uttermost 155
Than if you had made waste of all I have.

Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may be me done,

And I am prest unto it; therefore, speak. 160

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,

Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.

Her name is Portia, nothing undervalu'd 165
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

Nor is the wider world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast

Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, 170

Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means

To hold a rival place with one of them,

I have a mind pressages me such thrift, 178
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are
at sea;

Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do. 180
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. 188

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

Enter PORTIA with her waiting-woman, NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
sweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your
good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they
are as sick that surfeit with too much as they
that starve with nothing. It is no mean hap-
piness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.
Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer. 190

Por. Good sentences and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a
good divine that follows his own instructions; 195
I can easier teach twenty what were good to be
done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine
own teaching. The brain may devise laws for
the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold
decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to 200
skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.
But this reasoning is not in the fashion to
choose me a husband. O me, the word choose!
I may neither choose who I would nor refuse
who I dislike; so is the will of a living 205
daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father.
Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose
one nor refuse none? 209

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and
holy men at their death have good inspirations;
therefore the lottery that he hath devised in
these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,
whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,
will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly 215
but one who you shall rightly love. But what
warmth is there in your affection towards any
of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as
thou namest them, I will describe them; and, 220
according to my description, level at my affec-
tion.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth
nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it
a great appropriation to his own good parts, 225
that he can shoe him himself. I am much
afraid my lady his mother played false with
a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who 230
should say, "If you will not have me, choose."
He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he
will prove the weeping philosopher when he
grows old, being so full of unmannedly sadness
in his youth. I had rather be married to a 235
death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to
either of these. God defend me from these
two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Mon-
sieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him
pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to
be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse
better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit
of frowning than the Count Palatine. He is
every man in no man. If a throstle sing, he
falls straight a capering. He will fence with 240
his own shadow. If I should marry him, I
should marry twenty husbands. If he would
despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love
me to madness, I shall never requite him. 245

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge,
the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for
he understands not me, nor I him. He hath
neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will
come into the court and swear that I have a 250
poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper
man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with
a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I
think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round
hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and 255
his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,
his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in 260
him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the
Englishman and swore he would pay him again
when he was able. I think the Frenchman be-
came his surety and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the
Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is
sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when
he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little
worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is
little better than a beast. An the worst fall 265
that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go
without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose
the right casket, you should refuse to perform
your father's will, if you should refuse to 270
accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the
contrary casket, for if the devil be within and
that temptation without, I know he will 275
choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll
be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having
any of these lords. They have acquainted me
with their determinations; which is, in- 280
deed, to return to their home and to trouble
you with no more suit, unless you may be won
by some other sort than your father's imposi-
tion depending on the caskets. 285

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, — as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a SERVING-MAN.

How now! what news?

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. If he had the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

While we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Venice. A public place.]

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squand'ring abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see; — but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep —

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third —

Ant. And what of him? Did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,

Directly interest. Mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In the end of autumn turned to the rams,
And, when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands :—
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast.
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ; 't is a good round sum.

Three months from twelve ; then, let me see ;
the rate —

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then ! You come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys ;" you say
so —

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?" Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this :

"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys" ?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me
with,

Supply your present wants, and take no dobt
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear
me.

This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for
me ;

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit
it.

Within these two months, that's a month be-
fore

This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians
are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship.
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the no-
tary's ;

Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight.
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit [Shylock].*]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's
mind.

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dis-
may ;

My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

*Enter [the PRINCE OF] MOROCCO, a tawny Moor,
all in white, and three or four followers accord-
ingly, with PORTIA, NERISSA, and their train.
Flourish of cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, 4
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant. By my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny 15
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told
you,

Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet 21
For my affection.

Mar. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince 25
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-
bear.

Yes, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page; 35
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose
wrong 40

Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mar. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple. After
dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mar. Good fortune then! 45
To make me blest or curs'd 'at among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Venice. A street.]

Enter the Clown [LAUNCELOT] alone.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is
at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me,
"Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,"
or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo,"
use your legs, take the start, run away." My 5
conscience says, "No; take heed, honest
Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as
sore said, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not
run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the
most courageous fiend bids me pack. "Via!" 10

says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for
the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the
fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hang-
ing about the neck of my heart, says very wisely
to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being [5
an honest man's son," or rather an honest
woman's son; for, indeed, my father did some-
thing smack, something grow to, he had a kind
of taste, — well, my conscience says, "Launce-
lot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend, [10
"Budge not," says my conscience. "Con-
science," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend,"
say I, "you counsel well." To be rul'd by my
conscience, I should stay with the Jew my
master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of
devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I [15
should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your
reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the
Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my
conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard
conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with
the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly [20
counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your
commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's? 25

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true-
begotten father, who, being more than sand-
blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. I will
try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's? 30

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the
next turning, but at the next turning of all, on
your left; marry at the very next turning, turn
of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the
Jew's house. 35

Gob. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way
to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launce-
lot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launce-
lot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise [40
the waters. Talk you of young Master Launce-
lot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son.
His father, though I say 't, is an honest exceed-
ing poor man and, God be thanked, well to
live. 45

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will,
we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot,
sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo,
I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launce-
lot. 50

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your master-
ship.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of
Master Launcelot, father; for the young gen-
tleman, according to Fates and Destinies and
such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such [55
branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as
you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! The boy was the
very staff of my age, my very prop. 70

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing. I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter. I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man. To him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with [LEONARDO and other] followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit one of his men.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify —

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify —

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. Give him a livery More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. [*Looks on his palm.*] Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives! Alas, fifteen wives is nothing! Eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then to escape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot [and old Gobbo].*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best esteem'd acquaintance. Hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano ;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice ; Parts that become thee happily enough ¹⁵¹
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ; But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty ¹⁵²
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me : If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect and swear but now and then, ¹⁵³

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen, Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent ¹⁵⁴

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity. I would entreat you rather to put on ¹⁵⁵

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well ! I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ; ¹⁵⁶

But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE III. The same. A room in Shylock's house.*]

Enter JESSICA and the Clown [LAUNCELOT].

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father ¹⁵⁷

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee ; And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou ¹⁵⁸

See me in talk with thee.

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest. Give him this letter ; do it secretly ; And so farewell. I would not have my father ¹⁵⁹

See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew ! if a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much ¹⁶⁰

deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit. Adieu ! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. Alack, what heinous sin is it in me ¹⁶¹

To be asham'd to be my father's child ! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, ¹⁶² Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

[*SCENE IV. The same. A street.*]

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, Disguise us at my lodging and return, All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours

To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. ¹⁶³

Lor. I know the hand ; in faith, 't is a fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir. ¹⁶⁴

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this. Tell gentle Jessica ¹⁶⁵

I will not fail her ; speak it privately ; go.

[*Exit Launcelot.*]

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight. ¹⁶⁶

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so.

[*Exeunt [Salar. and Salan.].*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed ¹⁶⁷

How I shall take her from her father's house, What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ; ¹⁶⁸

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. ¹⁶⁹ [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE V. The same. Before Shylock's house.*]

Enter the Jew [SHYLOCK] and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio. — What, Jessica ! — Thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me, — What, Jessica! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out; —
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica. There are my keys. But wherefore should I go? I am not bid for love; they flatter me; But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, Look to my house. I am right loath to go. There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock; the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica.

Look up my doors; and when you hear the drum

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces, But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements.

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear I have no mind of feasting forth to-night; But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah; Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at a window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. *[Exit.]*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were "Farewell, mistress!" nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild-cat. Drones hive not with me;

Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in. Perhaps I will return immediately. Do as I bid you, shut doors after you; Fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *[Exit.]*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE VI. *The same.*]

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new-made than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again?

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo; more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach; Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above [in boy's clothes].

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed, For who love I so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesses that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange.

But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shame?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscure'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. 45
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself 45

With some moe ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. Beahrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself, 55
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA [below].

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit [with Jessica and Salarino].*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? 60
Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'T is nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard. 65

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't. I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE VII. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

[*Flourish of cornets.*] *Enter PORTIA with [the PRINCE OF] MOROCCO, and their trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 70
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;

I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket? 75

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give: for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages;
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross. 80
I'll then not give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand. 85
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself. 90

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here? 95
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds 100
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar 105
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come
As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation

To think so base a thought. It were too gross
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tri'd gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in 110
England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key.

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 115
Por. There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*]
O hell! what have we here?

A carrion Death within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] "All that glisters is not gold; 120
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold, 125
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost! 75
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

[*Exit. Flourish of cornets.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains,
go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.]

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail.
With him is Gratiano gone along,
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd
the Duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail;

But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
15

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
jewels!

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones, 20

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his
day, 25

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well rememb'ed.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught. 30

I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth. 35

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time; 40
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there." 45
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for
him.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embrac'd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's
house.]

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the
curtain straight.

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRA-
GON, PORTIA, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
Prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
things:

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice, 50
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth
swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune
now

To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base
lead. 55

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath."

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire."

What many men desire! That many may be
meant 60

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach;

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty. 65

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear: 70

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves;"

And well said too; for who shall go about
To ozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
sume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand
bare!

How many be commanded that command! 45
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves."

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this, 41
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
there.

Ar. What's here? The portrait of a blinking
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it. 45
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he
deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better? 46

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here? What is here?
[Reads.] "The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss. 48

Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed, 70
I will ever be your head.
So be gone; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here.

With one fool's head I came to woo, 75

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon and train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! When they do
choose, 80

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord? 85

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
To wit, besides commendations and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen 81
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-sprucer comes before his lord. 85

Por. No more, I pray thee. I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
him.

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!
[Exeunt.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. Venice. A street.]

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salan. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd
on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think
they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and
fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie
buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an
honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in
that as ever knapp'd ginger or made her 10
neighbours believe she wept for the death of
a third husband. But it is true, without any
slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway
of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest An-
tonio. — O that I had a title good enough to
keep his name company! — 15

Salan. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the
end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salan. I would it might prove the end of his
losses. 21

Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the
devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the
likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the
merchants? 25

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Salan. That's certain. I, for my part,
knew the tailor that made the wings she flew
withal. 30

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew
the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the com-
plexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salan. That's certain, if the devil may be
her judge. 35

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! Rebels it
at these years? 40

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and
blood.

Salan. There is more difference between thy

flesh and hers than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shy. There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart ; let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend ⁵⁰ money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for ?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath ⁵⁵ disgrac'd me, and hind'ed me half a million ; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? ⁶⁰ Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and ⁶⁵ summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we not die ? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you ⁷⁰ in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. ⁷⁵

Enter a [SERVANT].

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe ; a ⁸⁰ third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt [Salan., Salar., and Servant].

Shy. How now, Tubal ! what news from Genoa ? Hast thou found my daughter ?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there ! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now. I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, ⁹⁰ precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! Would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? Why so ? And I know not what's spent in the ⁹⁵ search. Why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the

thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor so ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sighs but of my breathing, no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what ? Ill luck, ill luck ?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true ?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal ; good news, good news ! Ha, ha ! Here in Genoa !

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall ¹⁰⁵ never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! Fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him ; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, ¹¹⁵ Tubal. It was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. ¹²⁰ Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE II. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, [NERISSA,] and all their train.

Por. I pray you, tarry. Pause a day or two Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company ; therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you ; and you know yourself : Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well, — And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, — I would detain you here some month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you ¹³⁰ How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ; So will I never be ; so may you miss me ; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Bestrew your eyes. They have o'erlook'd me and divided me ; ¹³⁵ One half of me is yours, the other half yours, Mine ours, I would say ; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O, these naughty times Puts bars between the owners and their rights ! And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. ¹⁴⁰

I speak too long ; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose ;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio ! Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the
truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. "Confess and love"
Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then ! I am lock'd in one of
them ;

If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch ; such it is

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more
love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice ;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !

Live thou, I live. With much, much more
dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

*A song, the whilst BASSANIO comments on the
caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?

How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.

It is engend'ed in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;

I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least
themselves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk ;

And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubt ! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man ; but thou, thou meagre
lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise
aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence ;
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Por. [Aside.] How all the other passions
fleet to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd de-
spair,

And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy !
O love,

Be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;
In measure rein thy joy ; scant this excess !
I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here ?
[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar

Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them ? Having made
one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how
far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll, 150

The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new. 155
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; 160
I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 165
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, 170

Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand 175
times

More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me 180
Is sum of — something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit 185
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, 190
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself

Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love 195
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke 200
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd and not express'd. But when this 205
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady! 210

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you, 215
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid; 220
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For, wooing here until I sweat again, 225
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? 230

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage. 235

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport and stake down. 240

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave, 245

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here; 250
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter, 255
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,

Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there
Will show you his estate.

[*Bass. opens the letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
welcome.

Your hand, *Salerio*. What's the news from
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that
he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,

That steals the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek.
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the
world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!

With leave, *Bassanio*; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins; I was a gentleman.

And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart. When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told

you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

The paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salerio*?

Hath all his ventures fail'd? What? not one

hit?

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,

From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*?

And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had

The present money to discharge the Jew,

He would not take it. Never did I know

A creature, that did bear the shape of man,

So keen and greedy to confound a man.

He plies the Duke at morning and at night,

And doth impeach the freedom of the state,

If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,

The Duke himself, and the magnificoes

Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;

But none can drive him from the envious plea

Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him

swear

To *Tubal* and to *Chus*, his countrymen,

That he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum

That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,

If law, authority, and power deny not,

It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man,

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit

In doing courtesies, and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears

Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through *Bassanio's* fault.

First go with me to church and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over.

When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid *Nerissa* and myself meantime

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry

cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you

dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

[*Bass. Reads.*] "Sweet *Bassanio*, my ships

have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel,

my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is

forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impos-

sible I should live, all debts are cleared be-

tween you and I, if I might but see you at my

death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if

your love do not persuade you to come, let not

my letter."

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be

gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go

away,

I will make haste; but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay.

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Venice. A street.]

Enter the Jew [*SHYLOCK*], *SALARINO*, *ANTONIO*,
and *Gaoler*.

Shy. *Gaoler*, look to him; tell not me of
mercy.

This is the fool that lent out money gratis!

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against
my bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my

bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a

cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

The Duke shall grant me justice. I do won-

der,

Thou naughty *gaoler*, that thou art so fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak.

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of
law;

For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go.
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and [BALTHASAR,] a man of Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this hon-
our,

How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore no more of it. Hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,

I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt [Jessica and Lorenzo].*

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to [Padua]. See thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
words,

But get thee gone. I shall be there before
thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our hus-
bands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager.
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies.
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not do withal. Then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them;

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*]

Enter Clown [LAUNCELOT] and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband. He hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs. If we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say. Here he comes.

Laun. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are a good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Laun. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly. The Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Jes. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Laun. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Jes. That is done, sir; they have all somachs.

Laun. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

Laun. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Laun. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

Laun. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude
world

Hath not her fellow.

Laun. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Laun. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Laun. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*]

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO [SALERIO, and others].

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdu-
rate

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord. 15

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange 20

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with humane gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal; 25
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose; 35

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You 'll ask me why I rather choose to have 40

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive

Three thousand ducats. I 'll not answer that;

But say it is my humour. Is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats 45

To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection, 50

Master of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be rend' red

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force 55

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus 61

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines 25
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—

His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means, 30
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, 35

I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave, 40
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

"Let them be free! Marry them to your heirs!"

Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds

Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands"? You will answer,

"The slaves are ours." So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,

Is dearly bought; 't is mine and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice. 50

I stand for judgement! Answer: shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 55

Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stands without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,

New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death. The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. ¹¹⁵
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA [dressed like a lawyer's clerk].

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. ^[Presenting a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? ¹²¹

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness ¹²⁵

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith ¹³⁰

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy curriish spirit

Governs'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human

slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, ¹³⁵

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed

dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are volkish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my

bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall ¹⁴¹

To careless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth com-

mend

A young and learned doctor to our court.

Ner. He attendeth here hard by, ¹⁴⁵

To know your answer, whether you'll admit

him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or

four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's let- ¹⁴⁹

ter.

[Clerk. Reads.] "Your Grace shall under-

stand that at the receipt of your letter I am

very sick; but in the instant that your mes-

senger came, in loving visitation was with me a

young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthazar.

I acquainted him with the cause in controversy

between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. ¹⁵⁵

We turned o'er many books together. He is

furnished with my opinion; which, bett'rd

with his own learning, the greatness whereof I

cannot enough commend, comes with him, at

my importunity, to fill up your Grace's re- ¹⁶⁰

quest in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack

of years be no impediment to let him lack a

reverend estimation; for I never knew so young
a body with so old a head. I leave him to your
gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better ¹⁶⁵
publish his commendation."

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what
he writes;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand. Come you from old Bel- ¹⁷¹

lario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference ¹⁷⁵

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the ¹⁷⁸

Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand

forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you

follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? ¹⁸⁰

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me

that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven ¹⁸⁵

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty, ¹⁹¹

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above the sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;

It is an attribute to God himself; ¹⁹⁵

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy, ²⁰⁰

And that same prayer doth teach us all to ren-

der

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Ven- ²⁰⁵

ice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant

there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the

law.

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the

court;

Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice, ²¹⁰

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority ; 215
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established.
'T will be recorded for a precedent, 220
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement ! yea, a
Daniel !

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here
it is. 225

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money of-
f'red thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven !

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim 231
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the ten-
our. 235

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the
law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement. By my soul I swear 240
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife,— 245
Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young
man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true. O wise and upright
judge ! 250

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;
So says the bond ; doth it not, noble judge ?
"Nearest his heart ;" those are the very
words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to
weigh 255
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on
your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of
that ? 260

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 't is not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to
say ?

Ant. But little ; I am arm'd and well pre-
par'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ; 265
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270
An age of poverty ; from which lingering pen-
ance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife.
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ; 275
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death,
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 280
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life. 285
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, who, I protest, I love ;
I would she were in heaven, so she could 290
Entreat some power to change this currish
Jew.

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back.
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I
have a daughter ; 295

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian !
[*Aside.*]

We trifle time. I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
is thine.

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge ! 300

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off
his breast.

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge ! A sentence !
Come, prepare !

Por. Tarry a little ; there is something
else. 305

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh."

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of
flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate 310
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge ! Mark, Jew : O learned
judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act ;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd 315
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft! 320

The Jew shall have all justice. Soft! no haste. He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh. 324

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more Or less than a just pound, be it but so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance Or the division of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair, 321

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel! A Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture. 325

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court. 330

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it! 345

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts 350

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy 355

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life 360

Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down therefore and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord; 365

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; 370

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that. 374

You take my house when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court 380

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter: 385

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 390

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence. 395

I am not well. Send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 400

[Exit *Shylock*.]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon.

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. 405

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt *Duke* and his train.]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof 410

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied; 415

And I, delivering you, am satisfied

And therein do account myself well paid.

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet again.

I wish you well, and so I take my leave. ⁴³⁰

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield. ⁴³⁵

[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle! I will not shame myself to give you this. ⁴⁴¹

Por. I will have nothing else but only this; And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, ⁴⁴⁵
And find it out by proclamation;

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers. You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd. ⁴⁴⁹

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman, ⁴⁵⁵
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
Forgiving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt [Portia and Nerissa].*]

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring. Let his deservings and my love withal ⁴⁶⁰
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him; Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste. ⁴⁶⁵
[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. ⁴⁷⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A street.*]

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed

And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home. This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en. ⁴⁷⁵
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore, "I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house."

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.

We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

[*Aloud.*] Away! make haste. Thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? ⁴⁸⁰ [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

[SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.*]

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand "Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage."

Jes. In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æon.

Lor. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrifty love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body

come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mess. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? Your name, I pray you, friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name; and I bring word

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. 35

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Clown [LAUNCELOT].

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls? 40

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here. 45

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from
my master, with his horn full of good news.
My master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

And yet no matter; why should we go in? 50
Mess. Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit Mess.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music 55
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

There's not the smallest orb which thou be- 60
hold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay 65
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

[*Enter Musicians.*]

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd, 70
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, 75
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and 80
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. 85
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by; and then his state 95
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by
day. 100

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it,
madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark

When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought 105
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. 110

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home!
Por. We have been praying for our hus- 115
bands' welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his
trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the day-
light sick;
It looks a little paler. 'T is a day, 125
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Anti-
podes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me. 151
But God sort all! You're welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 152

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

It must appear in other ways than words, 160
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To *Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart. 161

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value? 162

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,

And that it should lie with you in your grave.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, 163

You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee.

I could not for my heart deny it him. 166

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear 170

Never to part with it; and here he stands.

I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it

Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief.

An't were to me, I should be mad at it. 170

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 168
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk.

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;

And neither man nor master would take aught But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord? Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me. 169

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault, I would deny it; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 170
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours

Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring, 171

And would conceive for what I gave the ring.

And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When nought would be accepted but the ring.

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 172

Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony? 173

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul.

No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 174

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;

Even he that did uphold the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady? 175

I was enforc'd to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmeer it. Pardon me, good lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night, 176

Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you. 177

I'll not deny him any thing I have,

No, not my body nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argus. 178

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let not me take him then; 235

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong; 240

And in the hearing of these many friends

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes, Wherein I see myself —

Por. Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,
In each eye, one. Swear by your double self, 245
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear

I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's 250
ring,

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord

Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this

And bid him keep it better than the other. 255

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio; For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; 260

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk, In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough.

What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it? 265

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd.

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure.

It comes from Padua, from Bellario.

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,

Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here 270

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you

And even but now return'd; I have not yet

Ent'red my house. Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon; 275

There you shall find three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not? 280

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow.

When I am absent, then lie with my wife. 285

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships

Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290

There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning, 295

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory 300

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing 305

So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The Taming of the Shrew was first printed, so far as is known, in the First Folio. On this all subsequent texts have been based.

Evidence for the date of composition is purely internal; and this is exceptionally weak on account of the doubt as to the extent of Shakespeare's part in the authorship. Metrical tests are inconclusive. Similarities to other plays, such as *The Comedy of Errors* in the treatment of the servants, and to *Hamlet* in the prince's reception of the players, suggest any date from 1590 to 1602. The wit-contest between Katherine and Petruchio in II. i. associates it with plays like *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*; while the occurrence of lines in the dancing measure of the speeches of the Dromios would lead us to place it before these plays. Perhaps 1596-97 is a fair guess.

The immediate source was an earlier play of unknown authorship called *The Taming of A Shrew*, published in 1594. The story of the taming of a wife is found in German, Spanish, Italian, and, in a version considerably closer to that in the play, in Danish. In English it appears in the old verse tale of *A Shrewd and Curs'd Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin*. But no direct connection can be shown between any of these and the play. In the transforming of the earlier into the present play, phrases and occasionally whole lines are retained, and the incidents in the Katherine-Petruchio plot are essentially the same; but the dialogue is greatly polished and invigorated, and the details of the stage-craft bettered throughout. Greater changes are made in the Bianca plot. The older play gives Katherine two sisters, each of whom has a lover; and their wooing, hindered only by the necessity of getting Katherine married first, and lacking the interest of rival suitors, is flat and stupid. The device of inducing a casual stranger to personate a suitor's father had been borrowed by the author of *A Shrew* from George Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. This source was used in the revision also for most of the incident in the Bianca plot. In *Supposes* we have no shrew, but a plot turning on the wooing of a lady by two lovers; and from it were taken direct the aged suitor and the device by which Lucentio and his servant exchange characters. Hortensio and his widow occur in neither of the earlier plays. The trick of the feigned instructors is elaborated from a scene in *A Shrew* in which Tranio's prototype attempts to give Kate a music lesson in order to afford his master and his friend an opportunity to court her sisters. The Latin lesson may have been suggested by a somewhat similar scene in Robert Wilson's *Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, printed in 1590.

The Induction is taken from *A Shrew*. A story similar to that of the tinker is found in *The Arabian Nights*, and the trick played on him by the lord is said by Hentzerus (*De Rebus Burgundicis*, ca. 1580) to have been actually perpetrated by Philip the Good about 1440. But none of the several English versions of the narrative of Hentzerus appeared before 1598. Warton mentions a similar tale as told by Richard Edwardes in 1570, and some have thought that this version has survived in *The Waking Man's Dream*, an undated fragment of a lost book. A ballad in Percy's *Reliques* is based on a version later than the play.

In *A Shrew* the characters of the Induction appear from time to time throughout the play, and at the close Sly again falls asleep and is restored to his former state. A reason for dropping the Induction at the end of I. i. of the Shakespearean play may perhaps be found in the necessity of clearing the gallery, from which Sly is viewing the play, for the appearance of the Pedant from a window in V. i.

It is generally agreed that in the working over of *A Shrew* into the present play another hand than Shakespeare's is evident. The revised Induction and the scenes between Kate and Petruchio are usually assigned to Shakespeare, while the lines in the Bianca plot are thought not to show his style. This points either to an intermediate play, or to revision in collaboration. It has been tacitly assumed that the part of each author was confined to the scenes in which his style appears in the verse and diction. But it is clearly possible that a joint author might have a large share in planning the action of scenes which his partner wrote, and vice versa. Thus no one knows, or is ever likely to know, that Shakespeare is not entitled to credit for the remarkable ingenuity exhibited in the remodelling of the minor plot.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts-
men, and Servants. } Persons in the Induc-
tion.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCEPIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.
GRUMIO,
HORTHEDDO, } suitors to Bianca.

TRANIO,
BIONDELLA, } servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO,
CURTIS, } servants to Petruchio.
A Pedant.

KATHERINA, the shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA,
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE : Padua, and Petruchio's country house.]

[INDUCTION

SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.]

Enter HOSTESS, and beggar, CHRISTOPHERO SLY.

Sly. I'll pheesee you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide; sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy! Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my bounds,

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd; And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1. Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well and look unto them all; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1. Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1. Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest. Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight And with a low submissive reverence

Say, "What is it your honour will command?" Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say, "Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?"

Some one be ready with a costly suit

And ask him what apparel he will wear.
 Another tell him of his hounds arse,
 And that his lady mourns at his pastime;
 Persuade him that he hath been idle;
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams;
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord;
 This do and do it kindly, gentle as a lamb.
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1. *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part

As he shall think by our true diligence
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly.*] *Sound trumpet.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds.

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter SERVINGMAN.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players
 That offer service to your lordship.

Enter PLAYERS.

Lord. Bid them come near. Now, fellows,
 you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept
 our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.
 'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
 Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that your
 honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true; thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,
 The rather for I have some sport in hand

Wherein your coming can assist me much;
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,
 Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour, —

For yet his honour never heard a play, —
 You break into some merry passion

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord; we can contain
 ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 And give them friendly welcome every one.

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady.

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
 chamber;

And call him madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished;
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say, "What is't your honour will command,"

Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her love?"

And then with kind embracements, tempting
 kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which in a napkin being close convey'd
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou
 canst;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit a Servingman.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from

laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen

Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*]

Enter aloft the drunkard [SLY, richly dressed.]
 with ATTENDANTS; some with apparel, basin
 and ewer, and other appurtenances; and LORD
 [like a servant].

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1. *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a
 cup of sack?

2. *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of
 these conserves?

3. *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear
 to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me [a
 honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my
 life; and if you give me any conserves, give me
 conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment
 I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than
 backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more
 shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet [a
 than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
 through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in
 your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,

Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am

not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton
heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a [20]
card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and
now by present profession a tinker? Ask
Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Winoot, if
she know me not. If she say I am not fourteen
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up
for the lying'st knave in Christendom. [25]
What! I am not bestraght. Here's—

3. *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady
mourn!

2. *Serv.* O, this is it that makes your ser-
vants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
shuns your house, [30]

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
ment

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee, [35]
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

(*Music.*)
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a
couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed [40]
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the
ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be
trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and
pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks
will soar [45]

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy grey-
hounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe. [50]
2. *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will
fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath [55]

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a
thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
bleeds, [60]

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a
lord.

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age. [65]

1. *Serv.* And till the tears that she hath
shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none. [60]

Sly. Am I a lord? And have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak,
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly. [75]

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2. *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to
wash your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you
are! [80]

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1. *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle
words. [85]

For though you lay here in this goodly cham-
ber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of
door,

And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts. [90]

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3. *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house nor
no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell, [95]
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good
amends!

All. Amen. [100]

Enter [the PAGE as a] lady, with attendants.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer
enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will
with her? [105]

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me
husband?

My men should call me "lord"; I am your
goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam. [110]

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords
call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more. [115]

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 130

To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed. 135
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood. 130

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. 135
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold, or a tum- 140 bling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history. 144

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip. We shall ne'er be younger.

[*They all sit.*] *Flourish.*

[ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.]

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd 5
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincutio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincutio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd, 15
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy

Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pina left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonato*, gentle master mine, 20
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your comical talk. 25
Music and poesy use to quicken you.
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 30

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness.
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget. 35
But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINA, BIANCA, GERMIO, a pantaloon, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther.
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside.*] To cart her rather; she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that?

No mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 40

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.

I-wis it is not half way to her heart;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool

And paint your face and use you like a fool. 45

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward.

That wench is stark mad or wonderful forward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 50

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said, Bianca, get you in; ¹⁵
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe. ²¹

My books and instruments shall be my company.

On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? ²⁵

Sorry am I that our good will effects Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Bianca; [*Exit Bianca.*] ³¹

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, ³⁵
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell. Katherine, you may stay; ¹⁰⁰

For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[*Exit.*]

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ¹⁰⁵

Ha!

[*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.

Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly

set. Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell; yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bi- ¹¹⁰

anca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will

visit him to her father. ¹¹⁴

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel

yet never brook'd perle, know now, upon device, it toucheth us both, that we may yet

gain have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and

meet one thing specially. ¹²¹

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil. ¹²⁵

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is

so very a fool to be married to hell? ¹³⁰

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. ¹³⁴

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth [¹⁴⁰ friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio? ¹⁴⁴

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.* ¹⁵⁰

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; ¹⁵⁵

But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness; ¹⁶⁰

And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear

As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, ¹⁶⁴

If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt. ¹⁶⁸

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart. ¹⁷²

If love have touch'd you, naught remains but ¹⁷⁶

¹⁸⁰ "Redime te captum quam queas minimo."

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents. ¹⁸⁴

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound. ¹⁸⁸

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, ¹⁹²

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. ¹⁹⁶

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had, ²⁰⁰

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, ²⁰⁴

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand. ²⁰⁸

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister ²¹²

Began to scold and raise up such a storm That mortal ears might hardly endure the din? ²¹⁶

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move And with her breath she did perfume the air. ²²⁰

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. ²²⁴

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance. ²²⁸

I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus ²³²

it stands: Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd ²³⁶

That till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; ²⁴⁰

And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is
plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is; may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your
part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his
friends,

Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith thy your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient, —
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense, —
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now!
where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio
stolen your clothes? or you stolen his? or both?
Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to
jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my
life.

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so
too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go. One thing more
rests, that thyself execute, to make one among
these wooers. If thou ask me why, sufficeth
my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

The presenters above speak.

1. *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good mas-
ter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work.
madam lady; would 't were done!

[*They sit and mark.*]

[SCENE II. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.]

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave.
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? Is
there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I
should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah
villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!
How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part
the fray?

Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto hono-
rato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this
quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir. He bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, [so was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst. 35

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I had the rascal knock upon your gate And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and [so knock me soundly"? And come you now with, "knocking at the gate"?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. 40

Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world 45

To seek their fortunes farther than at home

Where small experience grows. But in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze, 50

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.

Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?

Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich

And very rich. But thou 'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we 55

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

(One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70

As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in me, were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas,

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

75 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or as old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two [so and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife 85

With wealth enough and young and beauteous,

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure 90

That, were my state far worse than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.

Tell me her father's name and 't is enough; 95

For I will board her, though she chide as loud

As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,

An affable and courteous gentleman.

Her name is Katherine Minola,

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know nother;

And he knew my deceased father well.

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

And therefore let me be thus bold with you

To give you over at this first encounter, 105

Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the

humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him

as well as I do, she would think scolding

would do little good upon him. She may per-

haps call him half a score knaves or so, why, [110

that's nothing. An he begin once, he'll rail

in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an

she stand him but a little, he will throw a

figure in her face and so disfigure her with it

that she shall have no more eyes to see [115

withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.

He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, 120

And her withholds from me and other more,

Suitors to her and rivals in my love,

Supposing it a thing impossible,

For those defects I have before rehears'd,

That ever Katherine will be woo'd. 125

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca

Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,

And offer me disguis'd in sober robes

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;

That so I may, by this device, at least 135

Have leave and leisure to make love to her

And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! 140

Master, master, look about you! Who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripping and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound;

All books of love, see that at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her.

You understand me? Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largesse. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd,

For she is sweeter than perfume itself

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as yourself were still in place;

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man, for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistresses;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold.

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say't me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange!

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet.

Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru.

For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors

And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre.

And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO brave, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters?

Is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand.

I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you be gentle men,

Do me this right: hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have; 245
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Lac. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words? 250

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue As is the other for beauteous modesty. 255

Pa. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pa. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth: The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for, 260

Her father keeps from all access of suitors, And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed.

The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man 265

Must stand us all, and me amongst the rest,

And if you break the ice and do this feat,

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign where- 275

of,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon

And quaff carouses to our mistresses' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, 280

let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II]

SCENE I. *Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.

That I disdain; but for these other gawds,

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat; 285

Or what you will command me will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, 290

Whom thou lov'st best; see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10

I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him. 15

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more.

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while. 20

I prithe, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. 25

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did me'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. 30

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay,

now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband.

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep. 35

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO with [HORTENSIO as a musician; and] TRANIO, with his boy [BIONDELLO] bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista. 40

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God

save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly. 45

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the wit- 55

ness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine. 60

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company. 65

Bap. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir ? What may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruccio is my name ; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well ; you are welcome for his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruccio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

Bap. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing. 75

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in 80 Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. 85
Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio.*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request, 95
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest ;
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ; of whence, I pray ?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report 105
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books. You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within !

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters ; and tell them both, 110
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio. Biondello following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, 115

And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,

And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, 125
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us.
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love ; for that is all in all. 130

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their
fury.

Though little fire grows great with little wind.
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ; 135
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend ! why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ? 145

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these ?" quoth she ; "I'll fume with them ;"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ; 155

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;

While she did call me rascal fiddler

And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so. 160

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discom-
fited.

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good
turns. 100

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petru-
chio.*] I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she
comes. 170

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
Say she be mute and will not speak a word, 175
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns and when be mar-
ried.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I
hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing.

They call me Katherine that do talk of me. 185

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd
plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the
curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; 191
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. 195

Kath. Mov'd! in good time. Let him that
mov'd you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are
you. 200

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are
you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden
thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light —
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
catch; 205

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should — buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard
take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are
too angry. 210

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it
lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear
his sting?

In his tail. 215

Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales: and so
farewell.

Pet. Well, with my tongue in your tail?
Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman —
Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike
again. 221

Kath. So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy
books! 225

Kath. What is your crest? A coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a
craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not
look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore
look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face? 235

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young
for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240

Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing
gentle.

'T was told me you were rough and coy and
sullen, 245

And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth
limp? 254

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove 290
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit. 295
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed;

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 297
Thus in plain terms. Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 298
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates. 300

Here comes your father. Never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? How but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss. 305

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katherine!
In your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? Now I promise you

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 306

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus. Yourself and all the

world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.

If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; 307
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 308

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you? 309
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 291
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'T is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest 292
shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands. 293

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'T is a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings and things and fine array; 294
And kiss me, Kate, "we will be married o' Sunday."

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you. 295

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

Now is the day we long have looked for. 296
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back! 'T is age that nourisheth. 297

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife.

'T is deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love. 298

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; 299
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work, 300
Pewter and brass and all things that belongs
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 300
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me. 305

I am my father's heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 310
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

(My land amounts not to so much in all,) 315
[Aside.]

That she shall have; besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies, besides two galleasses 320

And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou off'rest next.

Gre. Nay, I have off'red all, I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have.

If you like me, she shall have me and mine. 325

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me, 330

If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Tra. That's but a cavil. He is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married. 335

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not. 340

Sirrah young gamester; your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. 345
[Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'T is in my head to do my master good.

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd "suppos'd Vincentio"; 410

And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of woo-

ing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. Padua. Baptista's house.]

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony.

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in music we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10

Was it not to refresh the mind of man

After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine. 15

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools.

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down;

Take you your instrument, play you the while;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument. 25

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

"Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis."

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. "Hic ibat," as I told you before,

"Simois." I am Lucentio, "hic est," son unto

Vincentio of Pisa, "Sigeia tellus," disguised

thus to get your love; "Hic steterat," and

that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, "Priami"

is my man Tranio, "regia," bearing my port, 35

"celsa senis," that we might beguile the old

pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: 41

"Hic ibat Simois," I know you not, "hic est

Sigeia tellus," I trust you not; "Hic steterat

Priami," take heed he hear us not, "regia,"

presume not, "celsa senis," despair not. 45

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.

[*Aside.*] How fiery and forward our pedant is! Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you.

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while.

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait.

[*Aside.*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*Reads.*]

"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion.

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection.

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I.

E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not

nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Messenger.*]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks he looks as though he were in love;

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, [LUCENTIO,] and others, attendants.

Bap. [*To Tranio.*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day,

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be. To want the bridegroom when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart

Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen,

Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns,

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine.

And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife.

If it would please him come and marry her!"

Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word.

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katherine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping [followed by Bianca and others].*]

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, [old news] and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another [

lae'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, besides, possess'd with the glanders [so and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, [so sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's [so crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him? 65

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'ed with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster [so in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd. 75
Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? That Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came. 80

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny, 85

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pa. Come, where be these gallants? Who 's at home? 90

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pa. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd 95

As I wish you were.

Pa. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown; 100

And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. 105

Fit, doff this habit, shame to your estate, As eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself? 108

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.

The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine. 115

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'T were well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,

When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss! 125

[*Exeunt (Petruchio and Grumio).*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt (Baptista, Gremio, and attendants).*]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add 130

Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,

It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn, —

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa; 135

And make assurance here in Padua

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 140

'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business. 145

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Licio,

All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'T is a groom indeed, 155

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? Why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him! I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest¹⁰⁰ Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife, "Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff¹⁰⁵

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.¹¹⁰

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadell,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,¹¹⁵

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungrily,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drink-

ing.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous

smack¹²⁰

That at the parting all the church did echo.

And I seeing this, came thence for very

shame,

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.¹²⁵

[*Music plays.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO [GRUMIO, and Train].

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,¹³⁰

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all¹³⁵

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.

Dine with my father, drink a health to me,

For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after din-

ner.¹⁴⁰

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.¹⁴⁵

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;¹⁵⁰

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are

green.

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

'T is like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,¹⁵⁵

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not

angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to

do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal

dinner.¹⁶⁰

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy

command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her.¹⁶⁵

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor

fret;¹⁷⁰

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he¹⁷⁵

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with

thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch

thee, Kate;¹⁸⁰

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherine [and Grumio].*]

Bap. Nay, let me go, a couple of quiet

ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die

with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the

like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your

sister?¹⁸⁵

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly

mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride

and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's

place;¹⁹⁰

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. *[Exeunt.]*

[ACT IV]

SCENE I. *Petruchio's country house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gr. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. [us] A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, [so] fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I come [so] plain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire. Do thy duty and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gr. Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gr. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fashion, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair [so]

within, the gills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gr. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gr. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There. *[Strikes him.]*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore 't is call'd a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, —

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou [so] shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how [so] she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gr. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, [so] Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest; let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair [so] of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gr. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gr. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gr. Thon, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five SERVINGMEN.

Gr. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio.

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is [114] all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! You whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Singing.*] "Where is the life that late I led!"

Where are those?—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter SERVANTS, with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains, when?

[*Sings.*] "It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:"—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-eard knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?

What's this? Mutton?

1. Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

Peter.

'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it, not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we 'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SERVANTS severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS, a servant.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign.
And 't is my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd.

For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come and know her keeper's call.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; ²⁰⁰
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend ²⁰⁵
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night;
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness, ²¹⁰
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show. ^[Exit.]

[SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tr. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress
Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
[*Hor.*] Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA [and LUCENTIO].

[*Luc.*] Now, mistress, profit you in what you
read?
Bian. What, master, read you? First resolve
me that.
[*Luc.*] I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of
your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress
of my heart! ¹⁰

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell
me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tr. O despiteful love! Unconstant woman-
kind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. ¹⁵
Hor. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion. ²⁰

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tr. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
[Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
ness,

I will with you, if you be so contented, ²⁵
Forwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours ³⁰
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tr. And here I take the like unfeigned
oath,

Never to marry with her though she would
entreat.

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court
him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn! ³⁵

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd
me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. ⁴⁰

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. ^[Exit.]

Tr. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case! ⁴⁵

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you both
forsworn me?

Tr. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tr. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow
now, ⁵⁰

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!

Tr. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tr. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-
school.

Bian. The taming-school! What, is there
such a place? ⁵⁵

Tr. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the
master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long.
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so
long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied ⁶⁰
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tr. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a *mercantante*, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father. ⁶⁵
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tr. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. ⁷⁰

Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a PEDANT.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tr. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome; ⁷⁵

And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tr. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! How, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the Duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir? So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE [III. A room in Petruchio's house].

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never need'd that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweetening, all amorst!

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 80

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?
[Hab.] Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish. Fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy.
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell, 85
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 90

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. [Aside.] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind, 95
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 100

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. 105

[Exit Haberdasher.]

Pet. Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see 't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve? 'T is like a demi-cannon.

What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and alish and alash, 110

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [Aside.] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time. 115

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir. 120

I'll none of it. Hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her. 125

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread? 131

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made 136

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 140

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have. 145

Gru. Face not me; thou hast brav'd many men,
brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest. 150

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [Reads.] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown" — 155

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [Reads.] "With a small compass'd cape" — 160

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [Reads.] "With a trunk sleeve" —

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads.] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there 's the villainy. 165

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 171

Gru. I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds. 175

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. —

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic. We will hence forth-

with,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.

There will we mount, and thither walk on

foot.

Let's see; I think 't is now some seven

o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;

And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone,

I will not go to-day, and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. [*Aside.*] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter TRANIO, and the PEDANT dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'T were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him, Sirrah Biondello.

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.

Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO: PEDANT booted and bare-headed.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave. Having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself;

And, for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter

And she to him, to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and if you please to

like

No worse than I, upon some agreement

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestowed;

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.

Your plainness and your shortness please me

well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done.

Your son shall have my daughter with con-

sent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en

As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you

know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,

And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you. ⁵⁵
There doth my father lie; and there, this
night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warn-
ing, ⁶⁰
You are like to have a thin and slender pit-
tance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you
home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua, ⁶⁵
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart! ^[Exit.]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer; ⁷⁰
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. ^[Exeunt omnes.]

Re-enter LUCENTIO and BIONDELLO.

Bion. Cambio!
Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you? ⁷⁵

Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of
his signs and tokens. ⁸⁰

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you
to the supper. ⁸⁵

Luc. And then?
Bion. The old priest of Saint Luke's church
is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? ⁹⁰
Bion. I cannot tell. Expect they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance
of her, "*cum privilegio ad imprimendum
rebus.*" To the church! Take the priest, clerk,
and some sufficient honest witnesses. ⁹⁵

If this be not that you look for, I have no more
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench mar-
ried in an afternoon as she went to the gar-
den for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may ¹⁰⁰
you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath
appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the
priest be ready to come against you come with
your appendix. ^[Exit.] ¹⁰⁵

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I
doubt?

Hap. What hap may, I'll roundly go about
her;
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. ^[Exit.]

[SCENE V. A public road.]

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO
[and Servants].*

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more
toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun. It is not moon-
light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so
bright. ⁵

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but
cross'd! ¹⁰

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come
so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. ¹⁵

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind. ²⁰

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is
won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias. ²⁵

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress;
where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentler woman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks! ³⁰

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's
sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him. ³⁵

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh
and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child!

Happier the man, whom favourable stars ⁴⁰

Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art
not mad.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking
eyes, ⁴⁵

That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal
make known

Which way thou travellest. If along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
me,

My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father.

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseeem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt (all but Hortensio).*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be unto-
ward. [Exit.]

[ACT V]

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's house.*

Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.
GREMIO is out before.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest
is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance
to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

[*Exeunt (Lucentio and Bianca).*]

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'
your back; and then come back to my mas-
ter's as soon as I can. [Exit.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, VINCENTIO,
GRUMIO, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house.

My father's bears more toward the market-
place;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go.

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within; you were best
knock louder.

PEDANT looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would
beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself;
he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well be-
loved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave
frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior
Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and
is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest. His father is come from
Padua and is here looking out at the win-
dow.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio.] Why, how now, gentle-
man! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon
you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my
countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-
gether; God send 'em good shipping! But who
is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we
are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing Biondello.] Come hither, crack-
hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have
you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? No, sir; I could not for-
get you, for I never saw you before in all my
life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master?
Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the
window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman
will murder me. [Exit.]

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit from above.]

Pet. Prithes, Kate, let's stand aside and
see the end of this controversy. [They retire.]

Re-enter PEDANT (below), TRANIO, BAPTISTA,
and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my
servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! Nay, what are you,

sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatrain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, [70] my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tran. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tran. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tran. Call forth an officer.

[Enter one with an officer.]

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father [80] Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! To the gaol with him!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Bian. O! we are spoil'd and — yonder he is. Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.]

Luc. (Kneeling.) Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine.

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[Exit (Lucentio and Bianca).]

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest.

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

[Exit.]

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirtah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exit.]

SCENE [II. Padua. Lucentio's house].

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA [PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO], and WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina, And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit
down;

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and
eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Pe-
truchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his
widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss
my sense.

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world
turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio
that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her
tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that,
good widow.

Kath. "He that is giddy thinks the world
turns round:"

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a
shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting
you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put
her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer. Ha' to thee, lad!
[Drinks to Hortensio.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted
folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together
well.

Bian. Head, and butt! An hasty-witted
body

Would say your head and butt were head and
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened
you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore
I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have
begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my
bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca [Katherina, and
Widow].

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his
greyhound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something
currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for
yourself;

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for as-
surance

Let's each one send unto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all
myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my
wife

To come to me forthwith. [Exit Bion.]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in
hand.

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[Exit Grumio.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither. If they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katherina.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruccio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHERINA, with BLANCA and WIDOW.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

[Kate throws down her cap.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these

headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will

have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall; and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair

buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for

thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am asham'd that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason haply more,

To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws,

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed least

are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,

And place your hands below your husband's foot;

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and

kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou

shalt ha't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing when children are

toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are

froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

[To Luc.] 'T was I won the wager, though you

hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exeunt Petruccio and Katherine.]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a

curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will

be tam'd so.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

THE earliest known mention of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for January 18, 160 $\frac{1}{2}$. Later in the same year appeared a much garbled and abbreviated edition, now known as the First Quarto, and this was reprinted with a new title-page in 1619. The version in the First Folio is much longer and immeasurably more accurate, and forms the basis of all modern texts.

The relation of these two versions is still a matter of debate. The theory, however, that the First Quarto represents an earlier sketch is being abandoned by an increasing number of modern critics in favor of the belief that it is derived from the same version of the play as we have in the First Folio, but shortened for acting purposes, and corrupted by the short-hand writer who reported it for a piratical publisher. But the uninterrupted bungling of the lines leaves room for all the possible methods of debasing a text, and it may be suggested that the report was made from a performance in which the actors had a very imperfect knowledge of their parts. The Folio text itself shows signs of having been tampered with, notably in the omission of the working out of the plot of Caius and Evans against the Host (a device whose culmination may be preserved in the episode of the loss of the horses), and in the loss of a few passages which can be restored with a fair amount of certainty from the Quarto. It has been suggested that some of the flaws may be accounted for by supposing that passages omitted for acting purposes have been unskilfully restored.

A tradition, first recorded by John Dennis in 1702, says that the comedy was written in a fortnight to the order of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. There is nothing improbable in this, and the suggestion of haste receives corroboration from the fact that so much of the dialogue is in prose. It implies, moreover, what would be inferred on other grounds, that *Henry IV* had already been performed, and so fixes 1598 as the earliest possible date. The only objection to this as an earlier limit has arisen from the desire of some older editors to bring it nearer to 1592, the date of the visit of Count Mömpelgard, alluded to in iv. v.; but these allusions would still have point six or seven years later. The question as to whether it preceded or followed *Henry V* is more difficult. That Falstaff dies in that play does not, of course, affect the question, since it is plainly indicated that the future Henry V is still "the mad Prince of Wales" (Quarto, Sc. 18), so that the period in which the plot is laid cannot come after *2 Henry IV*, in the fifth act of which the Prince becomes King. If Nym be regarded, like the rest of Falstaff's followers, as a revival, the play must be later than *Henry V*, the only other play in which he appears. But the evidence is not conclusive, and the variation in date between the two theories is merely from 1598 to the latter part of 1599.

The main plot of the *Merry Wives* is thought to have been suggested by *The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa* in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie* (1590). This is an adaptation of the story of Nerisio of Portugal from Straparola's *Tredici Piacevoli Notte* (1569). The resemblance is only general, and the few similarities of phrase that have been pointed out are insignificant. In the Italian story, which is of a common type, a lover is repeatedly surprised in the house of his lady by her husband, of whom he has unwittingly made a confidant; and on one occasion he is hidden in a vat of feathers, on another carried out in a chest of papers. In the play, the initial betrayal of Falstaff by Pistol and Nym, the disguise as Mother Prat, the pinching by the fairies, the underplot of the triple wooing of Anne Page, and all the characters save the commonplace of the jealous husband, seem to be original. A story similar to Straparola's is found in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone*, second tale, first day, but this was not translated till after Shakespeare's death. The fourth tale of the second night of Straparola tells of the concerted vengeance of three ladies on a would-be lover who made advances to all of them on the same evening. But the resemblance goes no farther. *The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford in Westward for Smelts* was suggested by Malone as a source, but has no claim to be so considered.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF,
FENTON, a gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
ABRAHAM SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
FORD, } gentlemen of Windsor.
PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLFE, }
PISTOL, } followers of Falstaff.
Nym, }
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
PETER SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
JOHN RUSTY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, her daughter.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE: Windsor, and the neighbourhood.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Windsor. Before Page's house.]

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slén. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and "Coram."

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and "Custalorum."

Slén. Ay, and "Rato-lorum" too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself "Armigero," in any bill, warrant, quitance, or obligation, "Armigero."

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slén. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may. They may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant. It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slén. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady. If he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot. Take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! O' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my brain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slén. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within.] Who's there?

[Enter PAGE.]

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you. Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slender. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slender. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'T is your fault, 't is your fault; 't is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed. Is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath. Believe me, Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

[Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.]

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! This shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this.

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel. You 'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slender. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.]

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca. Slice! that's my humour.

Slender. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Evans. The devil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slender. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo. Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou liest!

Slender. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours. I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me. That is the very note of it.

Slender. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses. Fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too. But 't is no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deni'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

[Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following.]

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.] 198

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met. By your leave, good mistress. 200

[Kisses her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner. Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here. 205

[Enter SIMPLE.]

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you? 210

Sim. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lead it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me? 215

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable. If it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir. 220

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here. 225

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid? 235

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her? 240

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! You must speak ppositable, if you can carry her your desires towards her. 245

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good derry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason. 250

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet

coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content. But if you say, "Marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 255

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer, save the fall is in the ort "dissolutely." The ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely." His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well. 265

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

[Re-enter ANNE PAGE.]

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table. My father desires your worships' company. 271

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir? 276

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry; I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead. But what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born. 285

Anne. I may not go in without your worship. They will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing. I thank you as much as though I did. 291

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruise'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of. 301

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir. 305

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cri'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd. But women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

[Re-enter PAGE.]

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [The same.]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, peggone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and page [ROBIN].

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier. Let them wag. Trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap. Said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [To Bard.] Let me see thee froth and lime. I am at a word; follow.

[Exit.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade. An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd. I will thrive.

[Exit Bardolph.]

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink. Is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-

box; his thefts were too open. His filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pistol. "Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! A fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sir, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her. She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her will out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep. Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse. He hath a legion of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain; and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good. Humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious ceillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her. She bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me. They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? Then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour. Here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the humour of reputation.

Fal. [To Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt ! Vanish like hailstones,
go !

Trudge ! Plod away o' the hoof ! Seek shelter !
Pack !

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues ; myself and skirted
page. *[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.]*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts ! for gourd
and fullam holds,

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor. ²⁸
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt
lack,

Base Phrygian Turk !

Nym. I have operations which be humours
of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ? ¹⁰⁰

Nym. By welkin and her star !

Pist. With wit or steel ?

Nym. With both the humours, I.

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold ¹⁰⁵

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool. I will in-
cessate Page to deal with poison ; I will possess ¹¹⁰
him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is
dangerous. That is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents. I
second thee ; troop on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *[A room in Doctor Caius's house.]*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and JOHN
RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby ! I pray thee, go
to the casement, and see if you can see my
master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he
do, i' faith, and find any body in the house,
here will be an old abusing of God's patience
and the King's English. ⁵

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go ; and we'll have a posset for 't
soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a
sea-coal fire. *[Exit Rugby.]* An honest, willing,
kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in ¹⁰
house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale
nor no breed-bate. His worst fault is, that he
is given to prayer. He is something peevish
that way ; but nobody but has his fault. But
let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name
is ? ¹⁵

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,
like a Glover's paring-knife ? ²¹

Sim. No, forsooth ; he hath but a little wee
face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd
beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not ? ²⁵

Sim. Ay, forsooth ; but he is as tall a man
of his hands as any is between this and his
head. He hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you ? O, I should remember
him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were,
and strut in his gait ? ³¹

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no
worse fortune ! Tell Master Parson Evans I
will do what I can for your master. Anne is a
good girl, and I wish — ³⁵

[Re-enter RUGBY.]

Rug. Out, alas ! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here,
good young man ; go into this closet. He will
not stay long. *[Shuts Simple in the closet.]*
What, John Rugby ! John ! what, John, I ⁴⁰
say ! Go, John, go inquire for my master ; I
doubt he be not well, that he comes not
home.

[Singing.] And down, down, adown-a, etc.

[Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.]

Caius. Vat is you sing ? I do not like dese ⁴⁵
toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet
une boîte en verde, a box, a green-a box. Do in-
tend vat I speak ? A green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; I'll fetch it you.
[Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself ; if
he had found the young man, he would have ⁵⁰
been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe ! *ma foi, il fait fort
chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour, — la grande
affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir ?

Caius. *Oui ; mette le au mon pocket ; dépêche,*
quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby ?

Quick. What, John Rugby ! John !

Rug. Here, sir ! ⁵⁵

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are
Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and
come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's
me ! *Qu'ai-je oublié ?* Dere is some simples in
my closet, dat I will not for the world I shall ⁶⁰
leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man
there, and be mad ! ⁶⁵

Caius. *O diable, diable !* vat is in my closet ?
Villainy ! Laron ! *[Pulling Simple out.]* Rugby,
my rapier !

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a ?

Quick. The young man is an honest man. ⁷⁰

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my
closet ? Dere is no honest man dat shall come
in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.
Hear the truth of it : he came of an errand to
me from Parson Hugh. ⁷⁵

Caius. Vell ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth ; to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your
tale. ⁸⁰

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman,
your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress
Anne Page for my master in the way of mar-
riage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la f but I 'll ne'er
put my finger in the fire, and need not. ⁸⁵

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baillez me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

[Writes.]

Quick. [Aside to Simple.] I am glad he is so quiet. If he had been thoroughly moved, you ¹⁰⁸ should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, ¹⁰⁹ bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself, —

Sim. [Aside to Quickly.] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand. ¹⁰⁸

Quick. [Aside to Simple.] Are you avis'd o' that? You shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, — to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it, — my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding ¹¹⁰ that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is a challenge. I will cut his throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or ¹¹¹ make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend. ¹¹⁰

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat. Do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host de de Jartere to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page. ¹¹⁰

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. ¹¹² By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have An — fool'a-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that. Never a woman in Windsor knows more of ¹¹³ Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her. I thank Heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you. ¹¹¹

[Enter FENTON.]

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask. ¹¹⁴

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it. ¹¹⁵

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above. But notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detect an honest maid as ever broke bread. We ¹¹⁶ had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you — well, go to. ¹¹⁶

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before me, commend me — ¹¹⁷

Quick. Will I? I' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other woovers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. ¹¹⁷

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [Exit Fenton.] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [Exit. ¹¹⁸

ACT II

SCENE I. [Before Page's house.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE [with a letter].

Mrs. Page. What, have I scap'd love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [Reads.]

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits ¹¹⁹ him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it ¹²⁰ suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might

For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd — with the devil's name! — out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not ¹²¹ been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I ¹²² will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

[Enter MISTRESS FORD.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house. ²⁴

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind. ²⁶

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour! ²⁸

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? Dispense with trifles. What is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. ³⁰

Mrs. Page. What? Thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight. Here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as ³² I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would ³⁴ have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ³⁶ ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever bear the like? ³⁸

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. ⁴⁰ I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank space for different names, —sure, more,—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a ⁴² giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very head, the very words. What doth he think of us? ⁴⁴

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not ⁴⁶ myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. "Boarding," call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck. ⁴⁸

Mrs. Page. So will I. If he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him. Let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter. ¹⁰⁰

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy. ¹⁰⁵

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman. ¹¹⁰

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

[They retire.]

[Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.]

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs. Sir John affects thy wife. ¹¹⁵

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, Ford. He loves the gallimaufry. Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife! ¹²⁰

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell. ¹²⁵

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit.]

Ford. [Aside.] I will be patient; I will find out this. ¹³¹

Nym. [To Page.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours. I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He ¹³⁵ loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese [and there's the humour of it]. Adieu. [Exit.] ¹⁴¹

Page. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue. ¹⁴⁶

Ford. If I do find it! Well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. ¹⁵⁰

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow. Well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*]

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! Why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Look who comes yonder. She shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page.*] Trust me, I thought on her. She'll fit it.

[*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see. We have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Enter Host.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

[*Enter SHALLOW.*]

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? We have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*]

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[*They draw aside.*]

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro?

[*Ford.*] None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, Mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shal. and Page.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn. I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st

thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Picket-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! You stand upon your [20 honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. Ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, [25 will ensconce your raga, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! I will not do it! You!

Pist. I do relent. What would thou more of man?

[Enter ROBIN.]

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife. 25

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me? 40

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing. 44

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways;—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on. Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true. I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways. 50

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford; what of her? 55

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such [50 a canaries as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, [55 each after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rubbing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would [60 have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as

they say, but in the way of honesty; and, I [75 warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot [80 of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him. He's a very jealousy man. She leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. 85

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell [100 you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whose'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never [105 knew a woman so dote upon a man. Surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee. Setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms. 111

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me? 115

Quick. That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace, I hope. That were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves. Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an hon- [120 est man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind [125 woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may [130 know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world. 135

Fal. Fare thee well. Commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [Exeunt MIS-

tress Quickly and Robin.] This news distracts me! ¹⁴⁰

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;

Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all! *[Exit.]*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways. I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter. ¹⁴⁶

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir. ¹⁵⁵

Fal. Call him in. *[Exit Bardolph.]* Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? Go to; via!

Re-enter [BARDOLPH, with] FORD disguised like Brooks.

Ford. Bless you, sir! ¹⁶⁰

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. *[Exit Bardolph.]* ¹⁶⁵

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much. My name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you. ¹⁷⁰

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; — not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open. ¹⁷⁵

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. ¹⁸¹

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant. ¹⁸⁵

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them

unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender. ¹⁸⁶

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir. ¹⁹⁰

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

"Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never. ²⁰¹

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it. ²⁰⁵

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir! ²¹⁰

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any. ²¹⁴

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously. ²¹⁸

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself. She is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and ²²²

argument to commend themselves. I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor. They say the jealous wittoly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him; the hour is fix'd; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! Names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' adjectives, the names of fiends; but Cuckold! Witoll!—Cuckold! The devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass. He will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminate, then she devises; and what they think

in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III. [A field near Windsor.]

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is the clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villain, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. God bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. God save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good Master Doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? Ha! is he dead, bully stale? Is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor. He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies. If you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace. You have [as show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater. 50

Caius. Mock-water! Vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-water as de Englishman. Sourry jack-dog priest! By gar, me vill cut his ears. 55

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends. 70

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat. 75

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he? 70

Host. He is there. See what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good Master Doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.] 85

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die; [but first] sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler, go about the fields with me through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page 90 is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat. By gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de 95 gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said. 100

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [A field near Frogmore.]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the [s park-ward, every way; Old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [Exit.] 110

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollor I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork. Pless my soul! [Sings.] 115

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow"—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [Sings.]

"Melodious birds sing madrigals"—

"When as I sat in Pabylon"—

"And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow," etc.

[Re-enter SIMPLE.]

Sim. Yonder he is coming; this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome. [Sings.]

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls"—
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. [Aside.] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 120

Page. God save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. God pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! Do you study them both, Master Parson?

Page. And youthful still! In your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

Evans. Fery well; what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion! Of my heart, I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hib-
crates and Galen — and he is a knave besides;

a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [Aside.] O sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, Caius [and Rugby].

Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question. Let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let a me speak a word with your ear. Wherefore will you not meet-a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius.] Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [Aside to Caius.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours. I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [Aloud.] I will knock your urinal about your knave's cog- [so comb] for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, — mine host de Jartere, — have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? No; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verba. [Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.] Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, [110] your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [Aside.] O sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shal., Slen., and Page.]

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his rioting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, be deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [A street.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy. Now I see you'll be a courtier.

[Enter FORD.]

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Besure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock heard.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search. There I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd, for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

[Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.]

Shal., Page, etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir. We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me. My nurah-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May. He will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having. He kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply. The wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner. Besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well. We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Ford's house.*]

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

[*Enter Servants with a basket.*]

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders. That done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over;

they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

[*Enter ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy. This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then. We'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pum-pion. We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. "Have I caught" thee, "my heavenly jewel?" Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough. This is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! Alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond. Thou hast the right arch-beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John. My brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. [*By the Lord,*] thou art a tyrant to say so. Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple

time; I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deserv'st it. 81

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln. 82

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind. 81

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently. 83

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

[Falstaff stands behind the arras.]

[Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.]

What's the matter? How now! 100

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page? 105

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! How am I mistook in you! 111

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take [113] an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here, but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half [120] Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, [122] defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather [125] than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather." Your husband's here at hand. Bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him. [128] O, how have you deceiv'd me! Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or — it is whitting-time — send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward.] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in. 146

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never — 150

[Gets into the basket; they put clothes over him.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! 154
[Exit Robin.]

[Re-enter SERVANTS.]

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? Look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come. 158

[Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.]

Ford. Pray you, come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this? 162

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing. 165

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. *[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]* Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys. Ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkenne! the fox. Let me stop this way first. *[Locking the door.]* So, now uncape. 178

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented. You wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen. *[Exit.]* 180

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is not the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. 186

[Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John. 190

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit. 195

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I

would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy [200 till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine. 204

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish car- rion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him an- other hope, to betray him to another punish- ment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it. Let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends. 210

[*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*]

Ford. I cannot find him. May be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you? 216

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen! 220

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement! 227

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your [230 distemper in this kind for the wealth of Wind- sor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page. I suffer for it. 234

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience. Your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me. I will hereafter make known to you [240 why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow [245 morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together. I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. 251

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.* 255

SCENE IV. [*A room in Page's house.*]

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love, Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my ex- pense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 't is a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property. 260

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne; Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value 265 Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir. If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then, — hark you hither! [*They converse apart.*]

[*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly. My kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing. 270

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me. I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year! 275

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good un- cle. 280

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentle- woman. 285

Slen. Ay, that I will, come out and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender, —

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven. I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you wish?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions. If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

[Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.]

Page. Now, Master Slender. Love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! What does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [Exit Page, Shal., and Slen.]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth

And bow'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy. My daughter will I question how she loves you.

And as I find her, so am I affected. Till then farewell, sir; she must needs go in. Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan. [Exit Mrs. Page and Anne.]

Quick. This is my doing, now. "Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton." This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit Fenton.] A kind heart he hath. A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it!

[Exit.]

SCENE V. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack. Put a toast in 't. [Exit Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slid me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. If the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

[Re-enter BARDOLPH, with sack.]

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself. I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph.] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough. I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! Good heart, that was not her fault. She does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding. She desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly. She'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is. Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone. I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. *[Exit.]*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favourably, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. [By the Lord,] a buck-basket! Ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, or daining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook. I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that, — that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw, — it was a miracle to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot. — think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have received from her another embassy of meeting. 'Twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook. Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake. Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! This 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should. He cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn mad.

[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A street.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently. But, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school.

[Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.]

Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. [Is I pray you, ask him some questions in his accident.]

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah, hold up your head. Answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "'Od's nouns."

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is "fair," William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! There are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman. I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is "a stone," William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis*. I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hec, hoc*.

Evans. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark; *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child. *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

Quick. "Hang-hog" is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the fociative case, William?

Will. O, — *vocativo, O*.

Evans. Remember, William; fociative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive, *horum, harum, horum*.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! Fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call "horum," — fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatic? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *qui, quæ, quod*: if you forget your *quies*, your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be preaches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exit.]

SCENE II. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What, ho, gossip Ford! What, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

[Enter MISTRESS PAGE.]

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her.] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines again. He so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer

out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him? 30

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here. Now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end. He will be here anon. 41

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! Better shame than murder. 46

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*]

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come? 51

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here? 56

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it? 60

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house. 65

Fal. I'll go out then.

[*Mrs. Page.*] If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him? 70

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something. Any extremity rather than a mischief. 76

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him. She's as big as he is; and there's her thrumm'd hat and her muffler too. Run up, [to Sir John.] 80

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight. Put on the gown the while. 85

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet

him in this shape. He cannot abide the old woman of Brainford. He swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threat'ned to beat her. 90

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 95

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently. Let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford. 100

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! We cannot misuse him enough. 105

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too. We do not act that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old, but true, Still swine eats all the draft. [Exit.]

[*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two SERVANTS.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders. Your master is hard at the door. If he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch. [Exit.]

1. *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again. 110

1. *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW [CAIUS], and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then, to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching! 115

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford. You are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! This is mad as a mad dog! 120

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

[*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.*]

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I? 125

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 130

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.
Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? Let the clothes alone. 145

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why? 150

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is. My intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen. 155

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart. This is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for. 165

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me forever be your table-sport. Let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber. 170

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?
Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford. 175

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such daubery as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say! 185

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman. 190

Re-enter FALSTAFF disguised like an old woman, and MISTRESS PAGE with him.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you mayne! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll 195

fortune-tell you!

[*Ford beats him, and he runs away.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a ready credit for you. 200

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a 'oman has a great peard. I spy a great peard under his muffler. 205

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen. 211

[*Exeunt [Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans].*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar. It hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 222

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him. If the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again. 227

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him? 230

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers. 234

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it. I would not have things cool. 240

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the German desires to have three of your horses. The Duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him. 4

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen. They speak English? 5

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them. They have had my houses a week at command. I have turn'd away my other guests. They must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. 6

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter Page, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.

But let our plot go forward. Let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? To send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old woman. Methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd; he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed eld

Receiv'd and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.

But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us
[Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head].

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come;

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song. Upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly.

Then let them all encircle him about
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

[*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known.
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit.
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside.*] And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook.

He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties

And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,

Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects.

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court. He, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? What, thick-skin? Speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis

painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee. Knock, I say. 11

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber. I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down. I come to speak with her, indeed. 15

Host. Ha! a fat woman? The knight may be robb'd. I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls. 20

Fal. [Above.] How now, mine host? 20

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone. 25

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell. What would you with her? 30

Sim. My master, sir, my Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguill'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it. 35

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguill'd Master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it. 40

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir. 45

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 't is his fortune. 50

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold? 55

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee? 60

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? Speak well of them, varletto. 65

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire;

and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 71

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say they be fled. Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host? 75

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments. There is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell [so] you for good will, look you. You are wise and full of gibes and vinting-stocks, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jartee? 85

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke that de court is know to come. I tell you for good will; adieu. [Exit.] 91

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! 94

[Exeunt Host [and Bard.]]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transfiguration hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I [100] warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dri'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my mind were but long enough [to say my prayers,] I would repent. 105

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear. [110]

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them. Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 115

Fal. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford. But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counter- [120] feiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch. 124

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber. You shall hear how things go, and,

I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*Another room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy. I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,

That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff Hath a great scene. The image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender and with him at Eton Immediately to marry. She hath consented.

Now, sir, Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it

rears: Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me.

And here it rests, that you 'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring up the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears. Hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

[*Enter FORD.*]

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you. He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me. I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me. I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Windsor Park.*]

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch it the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum"; she cries "budget"; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget"? The

white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt. 10]

SCENE III. [A street leading to the Park.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green. When you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know wat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter. But 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and [10] our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt. 10]

SCENE IV. [Windsor Park.]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS [disguised], and [others as] Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you. Follow me into the pit, and when I give the ball for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. [10] You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault drew first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beauty fault! And then another fault in the [10]

SCENE V. [Another part of the Park.]

Enter FALSTAFF with a buck's head upon him.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. [10] You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault drew first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beauty fault! And then another fault in the [10]

semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can [15] blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? My doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the [20] sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves," hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation. I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch. I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a [30] woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away! [They run off.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr, and boys dressed like Fairies (PISTOL, as Hobgoblin); MISTRESS QUICKLY, like the Queen of Fairies; they sing a song about him and afterward speak.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names. Silence, you airy toys!

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap, Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry; Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

Evans. Where's Bead? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Rein up the organs of her fantasy;

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy. But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about; Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out. Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome as in state 't is fit,
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour^{as}
 With juice of balm and every precious flower.
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.⁷⁰
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" write
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
 white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,⁷⁵
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.
 Fairies use flowers for their character.
 Away; disperse! but till 't is one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.⁸⁰

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; your-
 selves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh^{as}
 fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even
 in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start,⁸⁰
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?
 [They put the tapers to his fingers,
 and he starts.

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
 About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; ⁸⁵
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

THE SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,¹⁰⁰
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually!
 Pinch him for his villainy!

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him
 about,¹⁰⁵
 Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

Here they pinch FALSTAFF and sing about him.

DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away
 a boy in green; SLENDER another way, and
 takes a boy in white; and FENTON comes, and
 steals ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made
 within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF
 pulls off his buck's head, and rises up.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS
 FORD, and SHALLOW.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have
 watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the
 jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
 wives?

See you these, husband? Do not these fairy
 oaks

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? *Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook; and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook. His horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.*

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; ¹⁵
 we could never meet. I will never take you for
 my love again; but I will always count you my
 deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
 an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs
 are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three
 or four times in the thought they were not fair-
 ies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
 sudden surprise of my powers, drove the ¹⁵
 grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief.
 In despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,
 that they were fairies. See now how wit may
 be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill em-
 ployment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and
 leave your desires, and fairies will not please
 you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too. I
 pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again
 till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and
 dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so
 gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with
 a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb ¹⁵
 of frieze? 'Tis time I were chok'd with a
 piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your
 belly is all putter.

Fal. "Seese" and "putter"! Have I liv'd
 to stand at the taunt of one that makes fri-
 ters of English? This is enough to be the
 decay of lust and late-walking through the
 realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think,
 though we would have thrust virtue out of
 our hearts by the head and shoulders, and ¹⁵
 have given ourselves without scruple to hell,
 that ever the devil could have made you our
 delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of
 flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intoler-
 able entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pibles and prabbles? ¹⁰⁰

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me. I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me. Use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pan- ^[170] der. Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight. Thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that ^[180] now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. *[Aside.]* Doctors doubt that. If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife. ¹⁸⁶

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd? ¹⁹⁰

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't. Would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I ^[195] would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. ²⁰¹

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him. ²⁰⁵

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cri'd "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not ^[210] Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry. I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married. ²¹⁵

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened. I ha' married oon garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page. By gar, I am cozened. ²²⁰

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green? *Caius.* Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy. By gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit.]*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne? ²²⁵

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender? ²³¹

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. ²³⁵ The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title, ²⁴⁰ Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy. In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; ²⁴⁵

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! ²⁵⁰

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, ²⁵⁵ And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word, For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. *[Exeunt.]*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Much Adu About Nothing was entered in the Stationers' Register on August 4 and again on August 24, 1600, and the quarto edition of the play appeared in the same year. Unless this comedy be regarded as the *Love's Labour's Won* of *Palladis Tamia*, it is not mentioned in Meres's list, and so probably did not exist in 1598. The title-page of the Quarto states that it had been already "sundry times publicly acted," so that 1599, the date most generally assigned, is not likely to be more than a year wrong either way.

The text of the First Folio was taken from a copy of the Quarto, which, judging from some changes in the stage directions, seems to have been used as a prompter's copy. The present text is based on the Quarto, with some few readings from the Folio and later editions.

The story of Hero and Claudio is derived from the twentieth Novel of Bandello, though it is by no means clear that Shakespeare had direct access to this, especially since there is no trace of an English translation. In Bandello the scene is laid in Messina at the close of a successful war; Don Pedro of Arragon appears as King Piero d' Aragona, and Leonato as Lionato de' Lionasi; and the thread of the story is the same as in Shakespeare with these main exceptions: the villain is a disappointed lover of Hero's; there is no Margaret, the deceiving of the bridegroom. Timbreo, being accomplished merely by his being led to see a man enter a window in the heroine's home; the scene in the church, where Claudio casts off Hero, is lacking, the Italian lover sending a friend to the father to announce the breaking off of the match; Timbreo repents of his own accord of his hasty inference; and the dénouement is brought about by the remorse of the villain. Thus in Shakespeare's main plot the character and motive of Don John are quite different, the deceiving of Claudio is made more plausible, and the humors of Dogberry and Verges are introduced to undo the tangle. The French version of Bandello by Belleforest supplies nothing that is found in the English but lacking in the Italian, and there is no evidence of Shakespeare's having used the translation any more than the original. But a probable source for the scene at Hero's window has been found in the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, translated into English in 1591 by Sir John Harington, who tells us that the incident had been stated to be historical. Further, Spenser narrated it in *The Faerie Queene* (book II, canto iv, stanza 17), omitting, however, the window as the scene of the deception; two other English renderings of the episode are recorded; and, finally, a play on the subject was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1583. There is, therefore, no difficulty in supposing Shakespeare to have borrowed this detail.

Bandello's story forms the basis of several German and Dutch plays also, only one of which, Jacob Ayren's *Die Schoene Phaenicia*, need be mentioned here. This version has come through Belleforest and probably other intermediaries, and varies from both Bandello and Shakespeare in that the deception of the hero is accomplished by a man dressed to personate the heroine. It has been attempted, but without complete success, to show that both Ayren's play and *Much Adu* come from a lost English play. The presence of a humorous underplot in both, upon which stress has been laid, is deprived of significance by the marked dissimilarity of these plots and their characters.

The plot in which Beatrice and Benedick are the chief actors has not so far been found elsewhere. The similarity of their mutual relation to that of Rosaline and Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* shows that Shakespeare had long had their particular kind of comedy in mind, and he may have invented the underplot to give them scope and to lighten the somewhat sombre story of Hero. On the other hand, it is quite possible that their prototypes may have already appeared in some play now lost, which Shakespeare recast in the present comedy. Traces of such a play have been evident to some scholars in the presence of Hero's mother, Innogen, in two stage directions, and in hints of a previous love affair between Beatrice and Benedick. Moreover, a play called "*Benedicke and Betteris*" is recorded as having been acted at the Princess Elizabeth's wedding in 1613, though *Much Adu* also occurs in the list, and no other play was given twice on that occasion. But these indications afford at most no more than a presumption in favor of the theory of an older play.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
 DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
 CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
 BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
 LEONATO, governor of Messina.
 ANTONIO, his brother.
 BALTHAZAR, esquire to Don Pedro.
 CONRADE,
 BORACIO, } followers of Don John.
 PHILIP FRANCIS.

— DOGBERRY, a constable.
 VERGES, a headborough.
 A Sexton.
 A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
 BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
 MARGARET,
 URSULA, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: Messina.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Before Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a MESSENGER.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this. He was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part and equally rememb'rd by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion. He hath indeed better bett'rd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady. There was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it. He is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man. But for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my

study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease. He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere 'a be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, and JOHN the Bastard.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick. We may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick. Nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.
Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. *[To Don John.]* Let me bid you welcome, my lord. Being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you. I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. *[Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.]*

Claudio. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claudio. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claudio. Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claudio. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claudio. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter. There 's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claudio. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor

of threescore again? Go to, i' faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 205

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance. 210
Bene. You hear, Count Claudio. I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? Now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter. 215

Claud. If this were so, so were it utt' red.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "It is not so, nor 't was not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so." 220

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord. 225

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel. 230

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me. I will die in it at the stake. 235

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will. 240

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the 245

right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a 255

balld-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and called Adam. 260

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try.

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the

sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's 265 horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man." 270

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then. 275

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick. 285

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither. Ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit. 290

Claud. My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good. 295

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love.

But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires, 305 All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, 310 And I will break with her and with her father And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! 315

But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity. Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou 320

lovest,

And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night.

I will assume thy part in some disguise And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart ²⁹⁵
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
 Then after to her father will I break;
 And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
 In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.* ³⁰⁰

[SCENE II. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, *meeting.*

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were ¹⁰ thus much overheard by a man of mine. The Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it. ¹⁵

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him; and question him yourself. ²⁰

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross* ²⁵ *the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter JOHN the Bastard and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. ¹⁰

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait ¹⁵ for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour. ²⁰

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his

grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame ²⁵ the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a ³⁰ carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed ³⁵ not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, one Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o' my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. *A hall in Leonato's house.*]

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and a kinsman.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition. *Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick. The one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face, —

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I [so] could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am [so] not for him; therefore I will even take sirpence in earnest of the bear-ard, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids;" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens. He shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To *Hero*.] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say, "Father, as it please you." But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll [so] none. Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you. If the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, *Hero*: wooing, wedding, and [75] repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes re- [80] pentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room. [All put on their masks.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN [BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked], with a drum.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [Drawing her aside.]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; [105] for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down. You are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not

know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he. Graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 121

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales":—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so. 122

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 123

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and [124] angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 125

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not mark'd or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [126] *[Music.]* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 127

[Dance. [Then] exeunt [all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio].

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio. I know him by his bearing. 128

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love. He is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is [129] no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection. 129

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick. But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 130

'Tis certain so; the Prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love;

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself 131

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof.
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore.
Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man. 'T was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The Prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong. I am not so reputed. It's the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so [132] gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him? 133

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I off'ed him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or [134] to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipp'd.

D. Pedro. To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it. 135

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the [136] rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 137

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you. The gentleman that danc'd with her told her she is much wrong'd by you. 138

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block! An oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her. My very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller [350 than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd. She would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in [355 a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HEBO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. 370

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bringing you the length of Prester John's foot, [375 fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 380

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick. 385

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. 391

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek. 397

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord. 399

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion. 405

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so,

his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! 412

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes. His Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it. 415

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange. 420

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart. 425

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin. 429

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry "Heigh-ho for a husband!"

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a [435 brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have [440 another for working-days. Your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter. 444

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out o' question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy! 450

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [Exit.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. 455

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and wak'd herself with laughing. 461

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit. 465

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 471

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind. 178

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; [280] which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction. 280

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 291

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she [298] shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer. [300] His glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter [DON] JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in dis- [5] pleasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember. 15

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero. 25

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and [5] Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe [10] this without trial. Offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before [15] the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance and all the preparation overthrown. 20

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. 25

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *Leonato's orchard.*]

Enter BENEDICK alone.

Bene. Boy!

[Enter BOY.]

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir. [Exit.]

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow [10] follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have [15] walk'd ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd [20] orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll [25] take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, [30] one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich

she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtues, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.
Music [within].

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord. The music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,

Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes; There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [Air.]

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

[Balth.] Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, etc.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

[Exit Balthasar.]

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. [Aside.] O, ay, stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. — I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection. It is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, — you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection. Hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will. That's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says. "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encount' red him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I

remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That. 148

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should." 151

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!" 154

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. 161

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous. 168

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood come- [170] bating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian. 174

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what 'a will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you? 179

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness. 184

D. Pedro. She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness. 191

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant. 198

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

Leon. If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man

doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, [205] I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord. Let her wear it out with good counsel. 209

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would [214] modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 220

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely [225] a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Exeunt [Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato].

Bene. [Coming forward.] This can be no trick; the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections [230] have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be required. I hear how I am censur'd. They say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. [235] I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 't is so, I cannot re- [240] prove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; [245] but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must [250] be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her. 254

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come. 258

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? Fare you well. *[Exit.]* 225

Beat. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;" there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;" that's as much as to say, "Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks." 230 If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

ACT III

[SCENE I. *Leonato's garden.*]

Enter HERO and two Gentlewomen, MARGARET and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour.

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole dis-
course 5

Is all of her. Say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their
pride 10

Against that power that bred it. There will
she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office;

Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently. *[Exit.]*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth
come, 15

As we do trace this alley up and down,

Our talk must only be of Benedick.

When I do name him, let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit.

My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20
is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this mat-
ter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing,
runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference. 25

Enter BEATRICE [behind].

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the
fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

So angle we for Beatrice, who even now

Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[Approaching the bower.]
So, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful.

I know her spirits are as coy and wild 35
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince and my new-
trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her
of it; 40

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentle-
man

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon? 45

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice. 50

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit

Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection, 55
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;

And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet
saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely
featur'd, 60

But she would spell him backward. If fair-
fac'd,

She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut; 65
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,

And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not com-
mendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all
fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She would mock me into air; O, she would
laugh me 75

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
It were a better death than die with mocks,

Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will
say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion;

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know 85

How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgement —

Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have — as to refuse 50

So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me,
madam,

Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick, 55
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good
name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had
it.

When are you married, madam? 100

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come,
go in;

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy coun-
sel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*Aside.*] She's lim'd, I warrant you.
We have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it proves so, then loving
goes by haps. 105

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* [*Hero and Ursula*].]

Beat. [*Coming forward.*] What fire is in mine
ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such. 110

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite
thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I 115

Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

[*SCENE II. A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage
be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if
you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil [5
in the new gloses of your marriage as to show
a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it.
I will only be bold with Benedick for his com-
pany; for, from the crown of his head to the
sole of his foot, he is all mirth. He hath twice
or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little [11
hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a
heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the
clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue
speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been. 15

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, traitor! There's no
true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd
with love. If he be sad, he wants money. 20

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it
afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but
he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy
in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to
strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-
day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape
of two countries at once, as a German from the
waist downward, all slopes, and a Spaniard [5
from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he
have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he
hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have
it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs. 'A brushes his
hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the
barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been [15
seen with him, and the old ornament of his
cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did,
by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet.
Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet
youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his mel-
ancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his
face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? For the
which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is
now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd
by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for
him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too. I war-
rant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in
despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her fac-
upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-
ache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have
studied eight or nine wise words to speak to
you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [15
[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him
about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret
have by this played their parts with Beatrice;
and then the two bears will not bite one another
when they meet. 20

Enter JOHN the Bastard.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you. 85

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter? 90

D. John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know. 95

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. John. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, [100] circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant. Go but with me to-night; you shall see her chamber-window ent'red, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? 120

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly. 125

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 130

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting! 135

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Ereunt.*]

[SCENE III. A street.]

Enter DOGBERRY and his compartner [VERGES] with the WATCH.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yes, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

1. *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath bless'd you with a good name. To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. 15

2. *Watch.* Both which, master constable—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom [20] men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 25

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. You shall also [25] make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

[2.] *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch. 30

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. 35

[2.] *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober. If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 40

[2.] *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty. 45

[2.] *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd. The most peaceable way for you, if you do [50] take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner. 55

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my

will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

[2.] *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baaes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person. If you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing; [5] for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha! Well, masters, good night. An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

[2.] *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu! Be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt [Dogberry and Verges].

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [Aside.] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this [10] pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [Aside.] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven years. 'A goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and [15] five-and-thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where [20] his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero. She leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids [25] me a thousand times good night, — I tell this tale vilely: — I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, [30] which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio errag'd; swore he would meet her, as he was [35] appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1. *Watch.* We charge you, in the Prince's name, stand!

2. *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1. *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them. I know him; 'a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters, —

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters, —

[1. *Watch.*] Never speak. We charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. *Hero's apartment.*]*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.*Urs.* I will, lady.*Hero.* And bid her come hither.*Urs.* Well.[*Exit.*]*Urs.* Troth, I think your other rabato were better.*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.*Marg.* By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.*Hero.* My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.*Marg.* By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and akirts, round under-borne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.*Marg.* 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?*Marg.* Of what, lady? Of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saying your reverence, a husband." An bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband"? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else: here she comes.*Enter* BEATRICE.*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.*Hero.* Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick time?*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.*Marg.* Clap 's into "Light o' love"; that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.*Beat.* Ye light o' love with your heels! Then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.*Beat.* 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.*Marg.* Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, 's no more sailing by the star.*Hero.* What means the fool, trow?*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.*Marg.* A maid, and stuff'd! There 's goodly catching of cold.*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! How long have you profess'd apprehension?*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart. It is the only thing for a qualm.*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.*Marg.* Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedictus was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?*Marg.* Not a false gallop.*Re-enter* URSULA.*Urs.* Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.[*Exeunt.*][SCENE V. *Another room in Leonato's house.*]*Enter* LEONATO, with the Constable [DOGBERRY] and the Headborough [VERGES].*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?*Dog.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.*Dog.* Marry, this it is, sir.*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wife are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.*Verg.* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous. Palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! It is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges. Well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol. We are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you. Here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. A church.]

Enter DON PEDRO, [JOHN the] Bastard, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE [and attendants].

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her. Friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined. I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave.

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again.

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid.

By these exterior shows? But she is none.

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married.

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own

proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth.

And made defeat of her virginity, —

Claud. I know what you would say. If I

have known her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Baseful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venns, or those pamp'rd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What name was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named,

my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language

Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty

lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou

been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Fare-

well,

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty unto thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes;

For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said "No part of it is mine.

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her, — why, she, O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

And salt too little which may season give

To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last

night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last

night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is

stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul-

ness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! Let

her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady. I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent
shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you accuse'd
of ?

Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I know
none.

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy ! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any crea-
ture,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death !

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour ;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the Bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
of her,

These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of
mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this ? What will
this do ?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her
behalf

Change slander to remorse ; that is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer ; for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Cla-
udio.

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
mourn,

If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accus'd her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her.
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let this friar advise
you ;

And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'T is well consented ; presently away.
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.

Come, lady, die to live. This wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd ; have patience and
endure.

[*Exeunt [all but Benedick and Be-
atrice].*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair countenance
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such
friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you. Is not that strange ?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin. 275

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word? 280

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you. 285

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee. 290

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go. 295

Bene. Beatrice, —

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. 300

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is 'a not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take [305 hands; and then, with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice, — 310

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice, —

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone. 315

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfekt; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted [320 into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with [325 grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. 330

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul. 334

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [Exeunt.] 340

[SCENE II. A prison.]

Enter the Constables [DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON] in gowns [and the WATCH, with CONRADE] and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Ser. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the [5 exhibition to examine.

Ser. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.

What is your name, friend? 11

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade. 15

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. { Yea, sir, we hope.

Bora. {

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend [20 but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 25

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves. 30

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none? 34

Ser. Master constable, you go not the way to examine. You must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the fittest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men. 40

1. *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable, — 45

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace. I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Ser. What heard you him say else?

2. *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Ser. What else, fellow?

1. *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did [as mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Ser. What else? 60

1. *Watch.* This is all.

Ser. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master con- 65 stable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's. I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit.]

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in the hands — 70

[Con.] Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? Let him write down the Prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an 75 ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, [so as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; [as and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [Exeunt. 80

ACT V

[SCENE I. Before Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel; 85 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; 90 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form; If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, 95 Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem!" when he should groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters, bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man; for, brother, men 100 Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, 105 Charm ache with air and agony with words. No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man's virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral when he shall endure 110 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel; My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher 115 That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 120

Leon. There thou speak'st reason. Nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied; And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily. 125

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords, —

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord.

Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 130

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

Claudio. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dis- 135 sembler, thou, —

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;

I fear thee not.

Claudio. Marry, beshrew my hand, 140 If it should give you age such cause of fear.

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never flier and jest 145 at me.

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,

As under privilege of age to brag

What I have done being young, or what would 150 do

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me

That I am for'd to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days, as
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child!
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice, 75
His May of youth and bloom of lusthood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with
you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast
kill'd my child.

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.

But that's no matter; let him kill one first. 80

Win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, fol-
low me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 85

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man indeed

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 90

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know

them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost

scruple.—

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,

That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slan- 95

der,

Go antiety and show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they

durst;

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter.

Do not you meddle; let me deal in this. 100

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake

your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charg'd with

nothing

But what was true and very full of proof. 105

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother, away! I will be

heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for

it. [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we

went to seek. 110

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior. You are almost
come to part almost a fray. 115

Claud. We had like to have had our two
nooses snapp'd off with two old men without
teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we
should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true val-
our. I came to seek you both. 120

Claud. We have been up and down to seek
thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and
would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use
thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw
it? 125

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy
side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many
have been beside their wit. I will bid thee
draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure
us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks
pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 130

Claud. What, courage, man! What though
care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in
thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the ca-
reer, an you charge it against me. I pray you
choose another subject. 135

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff.
This last was broke across.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more
and more. I think he be angry indeed. 140

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge! 145

Bene. [Aside to Claudio.] You are a vil-
lain! I jest not. I will make it good how
you dare, with what you dare, and when you
dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cow-
ardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her
death shall had heavy on you. Let me hear
from you. 150

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have
good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast? 155

Claud. I faith, I thank him. He hath bid
me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if
I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's
naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes
easily. 160

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice
prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou
hadst a fine wit. "True," said she, "a fine
little one." "No," said I, "a great wit."
"Right," says she, "a great groos one."
"Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said
she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the [165]
gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a
wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath
the tongues." "That I believe," said she, "for
he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. ²¹

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noise; therefore I will depart unkind'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I ²² must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? ²³

Beat. For them all together, which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me? ²⁴

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. ²⁵

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession. There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. ²⁶

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. ²⁷

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question. Why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum; therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his ²⁸ conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin? ²⁹

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste. ³⁰

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yourer's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently? ³¹

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. ³² *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE III. A church.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. *[Reading out of a scroll.]*

EPITAPH.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies.
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame."

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

"Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily."

[Claud.] Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters. Each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's

Than this for whom we rend'ed up this woe. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. A room in Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO, old man [ANTONIO], BENE DICK, [BEATRICE] MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent? ³³
Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother.
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three other.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio;

We're here to determine you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claudio. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopian.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*]
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claudio. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold.

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow.

And got a calf in that same noble feat
Such like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the LADIES [masked].

Claudio. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claudio. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand.

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claudio. Give me your hand. Before this holy friar

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife;

[*Unmasking.*]
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claudio. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defil'd, but I do live;

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [*Unmasking.*] I answer to that name.
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the Prince and Claudio

Have been deceived. They swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claudio. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

[*Bene.*] Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? ¹⁰⁰

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, ¹⁰⁵ I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have ¹¹⁰ beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make ¹¹⁵ thee a double-dealer; which, out of question,

thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels. ¹²⁰

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife. get thee a wife. There is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn. ¹²⁵

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. ¹³⁰
[Dance. [Exeunt.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

THE earliest reference to the comedy of *As You Like It* is found in an entry in the Stationers' Register, under the date of August 4, 1600. How much earlier the play was composed is uncertain, but no modern critic of authority places it earlier than 1598. The reference in III. v. 81, 82 to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (pub. 1598) has been taken as fixing the earlier limit, but the possibility of Shakespeare's having known the "dead shepherd's" poem in manuscript somewhat weakens the argument from this passage. The same limit, however, is suggested by the absence of the title from the list in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*. The evidence from metre, too, indicates 1599-1600 as a probable date, and, with slight variations, there is a general agreement in this.

Although the play was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1600, it does not seem to have been actually published before it appeared in the First Folio. From this edition the present text is taken, with a few modifications drawn chiefly from the later Folios and the emendations of modern editors.

"Stories which relate the fate of a younger brother who is deprived of his inheritance by the jealousy of a senior brother, and who nevertheless achieves great prosperity, are as old as the time of Joseph." (Skeat.) To this class belongs an anonymous Middle English poem, found in several MSS. of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, into which it has been inserted with the title, *The Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*. The poem is not by Chaucer, nor has it any relation to his fragmentary *Cook's Tale*, save in name. On the basis of this poem, Thomas Lodge composed a novel called *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie* (1590), adding the female characters, and the love stories of Orlando and Silvius. Whether these are due to his own invention, or are drawn from some other source, is unknown. This novel Shakespeare in turn dramatized in *As You Like It*. It does not appear that Shakespeare knew the *Tale of Gamelyn*.

Lodge's romance is a euphuistic pastoral, and, in turning it into a play, Shakespeare dropped the euphuism, but retained many of the pastoral characteristics. In retaining these, he was following not only his source, but the example of other dramatists who had recently scored successes with pastorals on the stage. The more conventional pastoral features to be detected in *As You Like It* are these: the shepherds and foresters, both those who are actual rustics and those who are courtiers living in retirement; the love-sick shepherd and obdurate shepherdess; the girl in the dress of a boy; the hanging or carving of verses on trees; the hunting scene and song; the figure of Hymen; and the suggested landscape of woodland, sheep-cote, and pasture. The forest life of the banished Duke, also, and his attitude towards adversity have been thought to show the influence of contemporary plays on Robin Hood.

The length of time covered by the action is much shorter in the play than in the novel. Shakespeare summarizes the whole first section of *Rosalynde* in Orlando's opening speech, and, greatly to the advantage of the hero's refinement, cuts out a number of rowdy incidents between his wrestling and his setting out. The wrestling, indeed, is a survival of the merely muscular hero of the *Tale of Gamelyn*. Oliver's change of heart, which is used by Shakespeare to reflect credit on Orlando, is in Lodge due to the elder brother's meditations in prison. In *Rosalynde*, the restoration of the Duke is brought about by the overthrow and death of the usurper in battle, in contrast with the dramatist's milder device of conversion, which, however unpalatable, suits better the mood of the play. The chief characters are all raised to a much higher spiritual level by Shakespeare, finer motives are introduced, Rosalind is given a sense of humor, and Phebe and Silvius are made much less the conventional figures of the artificial pastoral. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Dennis, Le Beau, Amiens, the First Lord, and Sir Oliver Martext are all added, and with them the distinctive atmosphere of the play, its philosophy, its humor, its lyric beauty, and its landscape.

AS YOU LIKE IT

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.
 FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
 ANIENS, } lords attending on the banished Duke.
 JACQUES, }
 LE BRAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
 CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
 OLIVER, } sons of Sir Roland de Boys.
 JACQUES, }
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
 DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
 SIR OLIVER MARTREY, a vicar.
 CORIN, } shepherds.
 SILVIUS, }
 WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
 A person representing Hymen.
 ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
 CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
 PHOEBE, a shepherdess.
 AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Orchard of Oliver's house.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? [10] His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on [15] his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a [20] brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 27

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir? 34

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. 35

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? 40

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before know me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, [45] were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! 45

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys. He was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast rail'd on thyself. 50

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please. You shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give [55] me good education. You have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the [60]

poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

Ol. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Ol. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog," my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Ol. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Ol. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Ol. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Ol. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Ol. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Ol. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Ol. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in, dares'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to fall him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I

came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

Ol. Farewell, good Charles.

Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE II. [*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but

I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE].

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I

were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him. You'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur the Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end. For the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. 147

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 148

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 149

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 150

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 150

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him. 151

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. 151

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler? 152

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt. 153

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 154

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shame'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 155

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well! Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you! 156

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 157

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 158

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle. 159]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye I can tell who should down. 160

[Shout. [Charles is thrown.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well breath'd. 161

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys. 162

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, 163

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke [Fred., train, and Le Beau].

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son, His youngest son, — and would not change that calling, 164

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind.

Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd. 165

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him.

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd.

If you do keep your promises in love 166

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt (Rosalind and Celia).*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir; I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love,

Yet such is now the Duke's condition, That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The Duke is humorous: — what he is, indeed, More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter. The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you that of late this Duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother, From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.

But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. [A room in the palace.]

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up,

when the one should be lam'd with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of bribes is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors.

If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself.

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.

Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter: there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.

So was I when your Highness banish'd him.

Treason was not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me ? My father was no traitor. ⁶⁵
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along. ⁷⁰

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.

I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,

Why so am I. We still have slept together, ⁷⁵
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience ⁸⁰
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more

virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.

Firm and irrevocable is my doom ⁸⁵
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me,
my liege ;

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, ⁹⁰
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?

Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
Prithce, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the

Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.

Shall we be sund' red ? Shall we part, sweet girl ? ¹⁰⁰

No ; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ; ¹⁰⁵

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, ¹¹⁰
Maid as we are, to travel forth so far !

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you. So shall we pass along ¹¹⁵

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man ?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, ¹²⁰
A boar-spear in my hand ; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there

will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ? ¹²⁵

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :

No longer Celia, but Aliena. ¹³⁰

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, ¹³⁵
And get our jewels and our wealth together,

Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. *[Exeunt.]* ¹⁴⁰

ACT II

SCENE I. *[The Forest of Arden.]*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these

woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery : these are counsellors" ¹⁰

That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt, ¹⁵

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. ²⁰

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches go'd'd.

1. Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequest' red stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa-
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being
there alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
'T is just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

2. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [A room in the palace.]

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be. Some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mis-
trees.

2. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother. Fetch that
gallant hither.

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Before Oliver's house.]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! Why, what make you
here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love
you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and val-
iant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle mas-
ter,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors! Within this
roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou
have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 20

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can. 25

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse. 30

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold. 35
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 40

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities. 45

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion, 50
And having that do choke their service up

Even with the having. It is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. 55

But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
From seventeen years till now almost four-

score
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 75
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The Forest of Arden.*]

Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena, and Clown, alias TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I

must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet [s
and hose ought to show itself courageous to
petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go
so further. 10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with
you than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross
if I did bear you, for I think you have no
money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden. 15

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden, the more
fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better
place; but travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look
you, who comes here; a young man and an old
in solemn talk. 20

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you
still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do
love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere
now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
guess. 25

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.

But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so—

How many actions most ridiculous 30
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into, 35
Thou hast not lov'd;

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd;

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own. 45

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I
was in love I broke my sword upon a stone,

and bid him take that for coming a-night to
Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her

batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt
hands had milk'd; and I remember the woo- 50

ing of a peasecod instead of her; from whom I
took two cods and, giving her them again, said

with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake."
We that are true lovers run into strange capers;

but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature
in love mortal in folly. 55

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art
ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine
own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something
stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond
man

If he for gold will give us any food. 60
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he 's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed

And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

My master is of churlish disposition,

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here
but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like
this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.

Go with me. If you like upon report

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*The forest.*]

Enter AMIENS, JACQUES, and others.

SONG.

[*Ami.*] Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I
can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel
sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot
please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do
desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza.
Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jacques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they
owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please
myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man,
I'll thank you; but that they call compliment
is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when
a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have
given him a penny and he renders me the beg-
garly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will
not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the
while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid
him. He is too disputable for my company. I
think of as many matters as he; but I give
heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SONG.

[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun,

And loves to live 'i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that
I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease

A stubborn will to please,

Duodame, duodame, duodame!

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "duodame"?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools
into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot,

I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his ban-
quet is prepared.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*The forest.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O,
I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure
out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer
thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any
thing savage, I will either be food for it or
bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer
death than thy powers. For my sake be com-
fortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end.
I will here be with thee presently; and if I

bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. [*Is* Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. [*The forest.*]

[*A table set out.*] Enter DUKE senior, [*AMIENS*] and LORDS, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1. Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAKES.

1. Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jag. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool. A miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir,"
quoth he,

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock."
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jag. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jag. It is my only suit;—
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them

That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

The "why" is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob; if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jag. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jag. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,

That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me

see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him

right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO [*with his sword drawn*].

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jag. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jag. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show¹⁰⁰
Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible¹¹⁰

Under the shade of melancholy boughs

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,¹¹⁵

If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear

And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,¹²⁰

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red;

And therefore sit you down in gentleness

And take upon command what help we have¹²⁵

That to your wanting may be minist'red.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step¹³⁰

Limp'd in pure love. Till he be first suffic'd,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*]¹³⁵

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world 's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.¹⁴⁰

They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.¹⁴⁵

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the

justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,¹⁵⁰

Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,¹⁵⁵

His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly

voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipe

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,¹⁶⁰

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every

thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,

And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.¹⁷⁰

Duke S. Welcome; fall to. I will not

trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

[*Ami.*] Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind¹⁷⁵

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green¹⁸⁰

holly.

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere

folly.

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is mere folly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh¹⁸⁵

As benefits forgot;

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend rememb'red not.

Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Ro-

land's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke¹⁹⁰

That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. ²⁰⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [A room in the palace.]

Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], OLIVER, and Lords.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it.
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is. ⁵
Seek him with candle! Bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call
thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, ¹⁰
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in
this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him
out of doors; ¹⁵

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.

Do this expediently and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [The forest.]

Enter ORLANDO [with a paper].

Ori. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love;

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth
sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books, ⁵
And in their barks my thoughts I'll char-
acter;

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive *she*. ¹⁰

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and Clown [TOUCHSTONE].

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shep-
herd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is
solitary, I like it very well; but in respect ¹⁵
that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now,

in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well;
but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedi-
ous. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my
humour well; but as there is no more plenty ²⁰
in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast
any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one
sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he
that wants money, means, and content is ²⁵
without three good friends; that the property
of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good
pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause
of the night is lack of the sun; that he that
hath learned no wit by nature nor art may ³⁰
complain of good breeding or comes of a very
dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly. ³⁵

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-
roasted egg all on one side. ⁴⁰

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court,
thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never
saw'st good manners, then thy manners must
be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is
damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shep-
herd. ⁴⁵

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that
are good manners at the court are as ridiculous
in the country as the behaviour of the country
is most mockable at the court. You told me
you salute not at the court but you kiss your
hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if
courtiers were shepherds. ⁵⁰

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes,
and their fells, you know, are greasy. ⁵⁵

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands
sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as
wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow,
shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. ⁶⁰

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner.
Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the
surgery of our sheep; and would you have us
kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd
with civet. ⁶⁵

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-
meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed!
Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a
baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of
a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. ⁷⁰

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll
rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help
thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!
Thou art raw. ⁷⁵

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I
eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy
no man's happiness, glad of other men's good,
content with my harm, and the greatest of my
pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs
suck. ⁸⁰

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND [with a paper, reading].

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Wint' red garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. [Reads.] Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No!

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charge'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarg'd.

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts.

To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cri'd "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! Back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt [Corin and Touchstone.]*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more, too; for some of them had in them more force than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak

space. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cd. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cd. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cd. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

Cd. I faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cd. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cd. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'T is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cd. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cd. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cd. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cd. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cd. I would sing my song without a burden. Thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAGUES.

Cd. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he. Slink by, and note him.

Jag. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jag. God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jag. You have a nimble wit. I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistresses the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook. Look but in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well. What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not such a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untid'd, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no

such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you, and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

SCENE III. [The forest.]

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] and AUDREY; JACQUES [behind].

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jag. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sance to sugar.

Jag. [*Aside.*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jag. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. As horns? — even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the small. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Martext, we are well met. Will you dispatch us here

under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jag. Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-you-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jag. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jag. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jag. Go thou with me, and let me court thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must be bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, —

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

but, —

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jagues, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. [*The forest.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour. Your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! He writes on five verses, speaks brave words, swears brave fells; and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, a wound to the heart of his lover; as a puishy offence that spurs his horse but on one side, sex with his staff like a noble goose. But all's *Orl.* (that youth mounts and folly guides. evils thence here?

Ros. *Enter CORIN.*

all like Mistress and master, you have oft inquired one fav'.

ca. After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *[Another part of the forest.]*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.

Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN [behind].

Phe. I would not be thy executioner. I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down: Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame. Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers! Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe, If ever—as that ever may be near— You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not, As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother, That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed— Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life, I think she means to tangle my eyes too! No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it. 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair, Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream That can entame my spirits to your worship. You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; And out of you she sees herself more proper Than any of her lineaments can show her. But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sance her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me.

For I am false than vows made in wine.
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could see.

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.
[*Exeunt [Rosalind, Celia, and Corin].*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love. Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me, I

will endure, and I'll employ thee too.

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.

But what care I for words? Yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth; not very pretty;

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.

His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him,

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;

And, now I am rememb' red, scorn'd at me.

I marvel why I answer'd not again.

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight.

The matter's in my head and in my heart

I will be bitter with him and passing short

Go with me, Silvius.

ACT IV

SCENE I. [The forest.]

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JACQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the

lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, [15] compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness — 20

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 25

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind! 30

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lip and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for [35] making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 41

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He [45] that will divide a minute into a thousand all [45] [45] and break but a part of the thou- [45] one [45] part of a minute in the affairs of love, [45] [45] be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd [45] [45] the shoulder, but I'll warrant him [45] [45] whole. 49

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Cel. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no [50] in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a [50] [50]

Orl. Of a snail? 53

Cel. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes [55] [55] he carries his house on his head; [55] [55] jointure, I think, than you make a [55] [55] Besides, he brings his destiny with [55] [55]

Orl. What's that? 57

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain [60] [60] be beholding to your wives for. But he [60] [60] armed in his fortune and prevents the [60] [60] slander of his wife. 62

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. 67

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 71

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; [75] and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be deny'd?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter. 80

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 85

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 90

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in [95] his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year though [100] Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found [105] it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 110

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 115

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 120

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all. 125

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister? 135

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando, do," — 140

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us. 145

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife." 128

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day. 145

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry. 148 I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise. 150

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 158

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 171

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again. 185

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and

the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 200

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [Exit (Orlando).]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doubt-let and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 215

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 218

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [The forest.]

Enter JAKUES, LORDS, and FORESTERS.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

[1.] For. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

SONG.

[Music.]

[1.] For. What shall he have that killed the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.

[The rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The forest.]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, (Enter SILVIUS) he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter

And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners. 15
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd,
well,

This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand. I verily did think 25
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.

I say she never did invent this letter.

This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect 35
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She writes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*] 40

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?" 45

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance to me,"

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne 50

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect!

Whiles you chid me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move! 55

He that brings this love to thee

Little knows this love in me;

And by him seal up thy mind,

Whether that thy youth and kind

Will the faithful offer take 60

Of me and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strain upon thee! Not to be endur'd! Well, go your way to her—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake—and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou treat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbourhood bottom.

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description;

Such garments and such years. "The boy is fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself

Like a ripe sister; the woman low,

And browner than her brother." Are not you

The owner of the house I did enquire for?"

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell us

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and pacing through the forest

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself.

Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair

Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats

proach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, 115
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch.

When that the sleeping man should stir; for
'tis

The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man 120
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural. 125

Ros. But, to Orlando. Did he leave him
there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and pur-
pos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 130

Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fall before him; in which hurt-

ling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was 't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him? 135

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not
shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
To sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.

Then from the first to last betwixt us two 140
Tears our recounments had most kindly

bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place, —

A brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love; 145
Who led me instantly unto his cave,

Here stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted

And cri'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150
I, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

Sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse

A broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Red in his blood, unto the shepherd youth 155

As he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
[Rosalind swoons.]

M. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Gany-
mede!

M. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

M. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
M. Look, he recovers. 161

M. I would I were at home.
M. We'll lead you thither.

My you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man!
You lack a man's heart. 165

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeited! I

pray you, tell your brother how well I counter-
feited. Heigh-ho! 170

Oli. This was not counterfeit. There is too
great testimony in your complexion that it was

a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and coun-
terfeit to be a man. 175

Ros. So I do. But, i' faith, I should have
been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler. Pray
you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer
back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. 181

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will

you go? [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. [The forest.]

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
tience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough,
for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey,
a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a

youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no in-

terest in me in the world. Here comes the
man you mean. 10

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown. By my troth, we that have good wits
have much to answer for; we shall be flouting;
we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey. 15

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy
head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd.

Will. How old are you, friend? 20

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Was 't born i' the for-
est here? 25

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God" — a good answer.
Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very ex-
cellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so.

Art thou wise? 30

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now re-
member a saying, "The fool doth think he is
wise, but the wise man knows himself to be
a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he

had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, [as being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, [as clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel. I will bandy [as with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.* ^{as}

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. [*The forest.*]

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor [her] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall [as be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. ¹⁴

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother. ²⁰

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's threnological brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearer though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Ph. Youth, you have done me much gentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despitful and ungentle to you.

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what
'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; so
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; so
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy. 100

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for Phebe. 105

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to
love you? 110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, "Why blame
you me to love you?" 115

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like

the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

[To *Sil.*] I will help you, if I can. [To *Phe.*]

I would love you, if I could. To-morrow 120

meet me all together. [To *Phe.*] I will marry

you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be mar-

ried to-morrow. [To *Orl.*] I will satisfy you,

if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be mar-

ried to-morrow. [To *Sil.*] I will content 125

you, if what pleases you contents you, and you

shall be married to-morrow. [To *Orl.*] As you

love Rosalind, meet. [To *Sil.*] As you love

Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll

meet. So, fare you well. I have left you com-

mands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The forest.*]

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] *and* *AUDREY.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Au-*
dre; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I
hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a
woman of the world. Here come two of the
banish'd Duke's pages. 5

Enter two *PAGES.*

1. Page. Well met, honest gentlemen.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit,
it, and a song. 9

2. Page. We are for you. Sit i' the middle.

1. Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, with-
out hawking or spitting or saying we are
hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad
voice? 14

2. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a
tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; 15

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

These pretty country folks would lie, 20

In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that a life was but a flower

In spring time, &c. 25

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;

For love is crowned with the prime

In spring time, &c. 30

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though
there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the
note was very untuneable.

1. Page. You are deceiv'd, sir. We kept
time, we lost not our time. 35

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but
time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy
you — and God mend your voices! Come, *Au-*
drey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The forest.*]

Enter *DUKE* senior, *AMIENS*, *JAQUES*, *OR-*
LANDO, *OLIVER*, *and* *CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that
the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they
fear.

Enter *ROSALIND*, *SILVIUS*, *and* *PHEBE.*

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our com-
pact is urg'd. 5

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*,

You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to
give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I
bring her.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms
king. 10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be will-
ing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain. 15

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. 25

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest. 34

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward,
and these couples are coming to the ark. Here
comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all
tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all! 35

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This
is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so
often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier,
he swears. 43

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put
me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;
I have flatt'rd a lady; I have been politic
with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I
have undone three tailors; I have had four
quarrels, and like to have fought one. 49

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord,
like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well. 55

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the
like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of
the country copulatives, to swear and to for-
swear, according as marriage binds and blood
breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing,
sir, but mine own. A poor humour of mine, 60
sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich
honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house,
as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and
sententious. 66

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and
each dalcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause, — how did
you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed. —
bear your body more seeming, Audrey. — as
thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain
courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said
his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind
it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. 75
If I sent him word again "it was not well cut,"
he would send me word, he cut it to please him-
self: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again
"it was not well cut," he disabled my judg-
ment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If
again "it was not well cut," he would answer,
I spake not true: this is called the Reproof
Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he
would say, I lie: this is call'd the Counter-
check Quarrelsome: and so to Lie Circumstan-
tial and the Lie Direct. 84

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was
not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie
Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the
Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and
parted. 89

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the de-
grees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the
book, as you have books for good manners. 94
I will name you the degrees. The first, the
Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Mod-
est; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth,
the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Counter-
check Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Cir-
cumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All 99
these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and
you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew
when seven justices could not take up a quar-
rel, but when the parties were met themselves,
one of them thought but of an If, as, "If 104
you said so, then I said so"; and they shook
hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only
peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?
He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool. 109

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking
horse and under the presentation of that he
shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

[*Still Mute.*]

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,

When earthly things made even

Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter.

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with 1
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [*To the Duke.*] To you I give myself
for I am yours.

[*To Or.*] To you I give myself, for I am you
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you
my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are
Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he ;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he ;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 130

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands, 135
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part ;
You and you are heart in heart ;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord ; 140
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning ;
That reason wonder may diminish, 145
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock then be honoured. 150
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art
to me !
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. 154
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art
mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother [JAQUES DE BOYS].

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word
or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every
day 160
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on
foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword ;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, 165
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
both from his enterprise and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again 170
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
You offer 'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
I once his lands withheld ; and to the other
land itself at large, a potent dukedom. 175
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot ;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights
with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music ! And you, brides and bridegrooms
all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall. 185

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and
learn'd. 191

[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I
bequeath ;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :
[*To Or.*] You to a love, that your true faith
doth merit :

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and
great allies : 195

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved
bed :

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your
pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I. What you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin
these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*] *Exeunt.*

[EPILOGUE]

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than
to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that
good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good
play needs no epilogue ; yet to good wine they
do use good bushes, and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues. What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good epi-
logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the be-
half of a good play ! I am not furnish'd like a
beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. 210
My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with
the women. I charge you, O women, for the
love you bear to men, to like as much of this
play as please you ; and I charge you, O men,
for the love you bear to women, — as I per- 215
ceive by your sniggering, none of you hates
them — that between you and the women the
play may please. If I were a woman I would
kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd
me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths 220
that I defid not ; and, I am sure, as many as
have good beards or good faces or sweet
breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make
curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exit.*]

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

UNDER the date of February 2, 160½, the Diary of John Manningham contains an entry recording the performance in the Hall of the Middle Temple, in which he was a student, of a play called *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, which he describes in terms that identify it as Shakespeare's. This fixes a later limit for the date of composition. An earlier limit has not yet been certainly fixed. The title does not occur in Meres's list, so that it is most probably later than 1598. The reference to the "new map with the augmentation of the Indies" (III. ii. 85) is not quite definite enough to enable us to accept with assurance the results of attempts to identify it with a map published in 1599-1600. The evidence from the publication in collections of some of the songs in the play is weakened by the possibility of the songs' having been popularly known before they were printed. But neither in these hints, nor in the metre, is there any hindrance to our regarding the most generally accepted date, 1601, as the true one.

No printed edition seems to have appeared before the First Folio in 1623, and on this the present text is based.

The problem of the exact source of the main plot involves at least five plays and three novels. Of these, two Italian plays with the same name, *Gl' Inganni*, may be set aside at once, since neither contains the central situation of Olivia's love for Cesario. In 1531 there was produced at Siena the comedy of *Gl' Ingannati*, containing the substance of the plot of *Twelfth Night*; and a Latin translation of this was acted at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1590 and 1598, but remained unprinted. The 28th Novella of Bandello (1554), later translated into French by Belleforest, has essentially the same plot. Belleforest's is probably the source of an English version, *Apolonius and Silla*, published in 1581 in *Barnabe Riche his Farewell to Military Profession*. Shakespeare's plot is on the whole closer to this than to any of the others. In 1608, English comedians acted at Graz a play, extant in a German print of 1677, called *Tugend- und Liebestreit*. This comedy is manifestly closely related to Riche's story, and it is plausibly conjectured that it goes back to a lost English play founded on Riche, which may also have been the direct original of *Twelfth Night*. But in any case it is more than likely that Shakespeare knew Riche's book at first hand; for in the story *Of Two Brethren and their Wives*, contained in the same volume, an episode occurs which is the only source so far suggested for the pretended lunacy of Malvolio.

Assuming that Shakespeare's main source was *Apolonius and Silla*, or a play founded on it, we may note that he omits a long introduction telling of Silla's love for the Duke before her arrival at his court and her adventures in search of him; and this omission not only makes the action more compact, but also makes possible a finer conception of the heroine. The relations of Olivia and Sebastian are also much more delicately treated in the play, and the action is again condensed in the final scene. In Riche, the brother leaves the city after having been entertained by Julina (Olivia); gossip about Julina and Silla reaches the Duke, who has Silla thrown into a dungeon; Julina goes to the Duke to plead for Silla, who is sent for, denies any love-compact with Julina, and, under threat of death, reveals her identity. Julina retires in perplexity, and the Duke marries Silla. The rumor of the marriage brings the brother back to the city, where he confesses his former visit, and marries Julina. This scattering conclusion is in strong contrast to the concentration of Shakespeare's dénouement.

Shakespeare's treatment of Olivia's love for Cesario is much fuller than Riche's, and seems to show a reminiscence of a situation in Montemayor's *Diana*, from which he had previously drawn materials for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

In characterization even more is due to the dramatist than in construction. The main persons are entirely re-created, and the sentimentalism of the Duke, as well as the appealing union of pathos and arch humor which makes the charm of Viola, is altogether the conception of Shakespeare. Apart from the hint mentioned above for the madness of Malvolio, the underplot, with the characters of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, Malvolio, Fabian, and Feste, seems to be entirely original.

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORRINO, Duke of Illyria.
 SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
 ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
 A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
 VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
 CURIO, }
 Sir TOST BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
 Sir ANDREW AGONCHEREK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
 — FABIAN,
 FESTE, a clown, } servants to Olivia.
 — OLIVIA, a rich countess.
 VIOLA.
 MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter ORRINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other
 Lords [Musicians attending].

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on !
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again ! It had a dying fall.
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough ! no more !
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price
 Even in a minute ! So full of shapes is fancy
 That it alone is high fantastical. 15

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?
 Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
 When mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 I thought she purg'd the air of pestilence !
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 Ever since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ! what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be ad-
 mitted,
 But from her handmaid do return this an-
 swer : 25

She element itself, till seven years' heat,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
 As like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine : all this to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep
 fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
 frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ; when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all suppli'd, and
 fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king !
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopi'd with
 bowers. [Exeunt. 40

SCENE II. [The sea-coast.]

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you,
 sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
 saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so perchance
 may he be.

Cap. True, madam ; and, to comfort you
 with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you and those poor number saved with
 you 10

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,
 Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
 tice,

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, 15

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke,
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [A room in Olivia's house.]

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come

in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; as they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'twas thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passer in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coxstrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight. "Accost" front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, "thought is free." I pray you, bring your hand to the auttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is "*pourquoi*"? Do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongue as I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does it not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a staff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the Count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, here's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I light in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to [the] church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damn'd colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! Higher! Ha, ha! Excellent! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. [A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love. Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith. It shall become thee well to act my woes.

She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man. Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound ;
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know thy constellation is right apt³⁵
 For this affair. Some four or five attend him,—
 All, if you will ; for I myself am best
 When least in company. Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best⁴⁰
 To woo your lady, — [*aside*] yet, a barful strife !
 Whose'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [A room in Olivia's house.]

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me ! He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary ?¹¹

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent ; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then ?

Clo. Not so, neither ; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith ; very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY OLIVIA [and retinue] with MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man ; for what says Quinapalus ? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." — God bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool, I'll no more of you ; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and

good counsel will amend ; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he's no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd ; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, "*cucullus non facit monachum*" ; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness. I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou ?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? Doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanyes.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leaning for thou speak'st well of fools !

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended. 111

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! [*Exit* 115
Mal.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home, — what you will, to dismiss it. (*Exit Malvolio.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Cla. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose 120
skull Jove cram with brains! for — here he comes —

Enter SIR TOBY.

one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? 125

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Cla. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate. 130

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's 135
one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Cla. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third 140
drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd. Go, look after him.

Cla. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.* 145

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick. He takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He seems to have a fore- 150
knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 155

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you. 160

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no. 165

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before

'tis a peasecod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 171

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. 175

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA [and Attendants].

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will? 180

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me 185
sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir? 190

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian? 194

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my 200
commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't. I forgive you the praise. 205

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to 210
wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. 215

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger. 220

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I

hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*]
Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was — this present. Is 't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruell'st at she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

the nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, [with] fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble; Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth, In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,

And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.

I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him. Let him send no more, — Unless, perchance, you come to me again To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well! I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.

My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art. Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feel this youth's perfections With an invisible and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, The County's man. He left this ring behind him,

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes. I'm not for him.

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;

What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*The sea-coast.*]

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear [5] my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know [15] of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messina, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens [20] had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is [25] drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet [30] so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, But would I very shortly see thee there. But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*A street.*]

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO, at several doors.

Mal. Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and — one thing more — that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's [10] taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in [15] your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much, [20] That [sure] methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none. I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis, [25]

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false [30]

In women's waken hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; [35]

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, — now alas the day! —

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I. [40]

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and "*deliculous surgerie*," thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late. [5]

Sir To. A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements? [10]

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith. [15]

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "we three"?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to ³⁰ sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it? ³⁵

Clo. I did impetuous thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. ⁴¹

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too. If one knight give a — ⁴⁵

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

Clo. [Sings.]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? ⁵⁰

O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting;

Every wise man's son doth know. ⁵⁵

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [Sings.]

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure. ⁶⁰

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight. ⁶⁵

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one ⁷⁰ weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't. I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well. ⁷⁵

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight. ⁸⁰

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. ⁸⁵

[Catch sung.]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. ⁹⁰

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Threemerry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally. Lady! ⁹⁵ [Sings.] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. ¹⁰⁰

Sir To. [Sings.] "O, the twelfth day of December, —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace! ¹⁰⁵

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? ¹¹⁰

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing all'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome ¹¹⁵ to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." ¹²⁰

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die." ¹²⁵

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, you dare not." ¹³⁰

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? ¹³⁵

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than con- ¹⁴⁰ tempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

Mar. Go shake your ears. ¹⁴⁵

[Exit.]

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece. On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me out.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, — good morrow, friends, —

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night. Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio.] Music plays.

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is below'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly. My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves. Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent. For women are as roses, whose fair flower Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are; alas, that they are so!

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun 48
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones

Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [Music. 50]

SONG.

[*Clo.*] Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid. 55

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60

On my black coffin let there be strown.

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where 65

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in sing-
ing, sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,
one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee. 74

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee,
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be everything and their
intent everywhere; for that's it that always
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. 81

[*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands. 85

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon
her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 't is that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir? 90

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.

You tell her so. Must she not then be an-
swer'd? 95

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, 100
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me 105
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man, 110

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in
thought, 115

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat, like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more; but in-
deed

Our shows are more than will, for still we
prove 120

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my
boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
house,

And all the brothers too; — and yet I know
not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say 125

My love can give no place, bide no deny.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of
this sport, let me be boil'd to death with mel-
ancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have
the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some
notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man. You know, he
brought me out o' favour with my lady about
a bear-baiting here. 130

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear
again, and we will fool him black and blue.
Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our
lives. 135

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How
now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, [so for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there *[throws down a letter]*, for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *[Exit.* 30

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune. All is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue! 34

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advance'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio! 40

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. 48

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, — 50

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! 54

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, — 58

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby, — 61

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play (as with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtains there to me, —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace. 71

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow 't the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech," —

Sir To. What, what? 80

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight," — 88

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew," —

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool. 90

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him! 94

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that? 100

Mal. *[Reads.]* "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes": — her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be? 108

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *[Reads.]*

"Jove knows I love;

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know." 110

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers alter'd! "No man must know!" If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brook!

Mal. *[Reads.]*

"I may command where I adore; 118

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. 120

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it! 125

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me. I serve her. She is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity, there is no obstruction in this. And the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that 130 resemble something in me! — Softly! M, O, A, I, —

Sir To. O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox. 136

Mal. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults. 140

Mal. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former. And yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads.*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble along and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read poetic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads.*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-alave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true. Does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter VIOLA and CLOWN [with a tabor].

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be

married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 41

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there. 47

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! 51

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, — [aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? 55

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir. 'Tis well beg'd. 60

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin — I might say "element," but the word is overworn. [Exit. 65

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit. He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, 70 And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As fall of labour as a wise man's art; For folly that he wisely shows is fit; 75 But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 81

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage. 85

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 91

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you! 95

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours;" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 100

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed"; I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola.] Give me your hand, sir. 105

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. 110 You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me! 115

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,

I bade you never speak again of him; But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres. 120

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. 125

Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving 131

Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof, 135

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man. 145

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition

Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay!

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me. ¹⁰⁰

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right. I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? ¹⁰⁵

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid. Love's night ¹¹⁰

is noon.

Cesar, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

I love thee so, that, mangle all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, ¹¹⁵

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is ¹²⁰

better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, ¹²⁵

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; nevermore

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst ¹³⁰

move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [A room in Olivia's house.]

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy ¹³⁵

reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir

Andrew. ¹⁴⁰

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more ¹⁴⁵

favours to the Count's serving-man than ever ¹⁵⁰

she bestow'd upon me. I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? ¹⁵⁵

Tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in ¹⁶⁰

her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the ¹⁶⁵

oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen ¹⁷⁰

since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in ¹⁷⁵

your sight only to exasperate you, to awake ¹⁸⁰

your dormouse valour, to put fire in your ¹⁸⁵

heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should ¹⁹⁰

then have accosted her; and with some excel- ¹⁹⁵

lent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should ²⁰⁰

have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This ²⁰⁵

was look'd for at your hand, and this was ²¹⁰

balk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity ²¹⁵

you let time wash off, and you are now sailed ²²⁰

into the north of my lady's opinion, where you ²²⁵

will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, ²³⁰

unless you do redeem it by some laudable at- ²³⁵

tempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with ²⁴⁰

valour; for policy I hate. I had as lief be a ²⁴⁵

Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes ²⁵⁰

upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the ²⁵⁵

Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in ²⁶⁰

eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; ²⁶⁵

and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in ²⁷⁰

the world can more prevail in man's commenda- ²⁷⁵

tion with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. ²⁸⁰

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a chal- ²⁸⁵

lenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand. Be ²⁹⁰

curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so ²⁹⁵

it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt ³⁰⁰

him with the license of ink. If thou thou'st ³⁰⁵

him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as ³¹⁰

many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, al- ³¹⁵

though the sheet were big enough for the ³²⁰

bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go ³²⁵

about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink. ³³⁰

Though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. ³³⁵

About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you? ³⁴⁰

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go. ³⁴⁵

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir ³⁵⁰

Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some ³⁵⁵

two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him. ³⁶⁰

But you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all ³⁶⁵

means stir on the youth to an answer. I think ³⁷⁰

oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. ³⁷⁵

For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find ³⁸⁰

so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot ³⁸⁵

of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in ³⁹⁰

his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of ³⁹⁵

mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh ⁴⁰⁰

yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull ⁴⁰⁵

Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; ⁴¹⁰

for there is no Christian, that means to be ⁴¹⁵

saved by believing rightly, can ever believe ⁴²⁰

such impossible passages of grossness. He's in ⁴²⁵

yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that ⁴³⁰

keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him ⁴³⁵

like his murderer. He does obey every point of ⁴⁴⁰

the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He ⁴⁴⁵

does smile his face into more lines than is in ⁴⁵⁰

the new map with the augmentation of the ⁴⁵⁵

Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 't is. ⁴⁶⁰

I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. ⁴⁶⁵

I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll ⁴⁷⁰

smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *[Exeunt. 50]*

SCENE III. *[A street.]*

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you. My desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,

And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever *[thanks. Too] oft good turns*

Are shuff'd off with such uncurrent pay; But, were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night. I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'd pardon me. I do not without danger walk these streets. Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys

I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did; only myself stood out, For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, While you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store, as I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *[Olivia's garden.]*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. *[Aside.]* I have sent after him; he says he'll come.

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud. Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes. Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter MALVOLIO.

I am as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! Ay, sweet heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes. Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great," —

Oli. Ha!

Mal. "Some achieve greatness," —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings." —

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd." ⁵⁵

Oli. Cross-garter'd!

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desire'st to be so;" —

Oli. Am I made? ⁶⁰

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure. ⁶⁵

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. ⁷⁰

[*Exeunt [Olivia and Maria].*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be ⁷⁵ opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, ⁸⁰ in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have him'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my de- ⁸⁵ gree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not ⁹⁰ I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him. ⁹⁵

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? How is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off. ¹⁰⁰

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! Does she so? ¹⁰⁵

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is 't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say? ¹¹⁰

Mar. La, you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman. ¹¹⁵

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord! ¹²⁰

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck? ¹²⁵

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, "Biddy, come with me." What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier! ¹³⁰

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness. ¹³⁵

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. ¹⁴⁰

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint. ¹⁴⁵

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our ¹⁵⁰ very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. ¹⁵⁵

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him. Do but read. ¹⁶⁰

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant. ¹⁶⁵

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

Fab. A good note. That keeps you from the blow of the law. ¹⁷⁰

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. [Reads.] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me," —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [Reads.] "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law; good.

Sir To. [Reads.] "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him.

Mr. You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exit Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone.

And laid mine honour too unchary on 't. There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture.

Because it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this, — your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well!

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[Exit.]

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee!

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Viola. You mistake, sir, I am sure. No man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Viola. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? ²⁹⁰

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. ²⁹⁶

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. ^[Exeunt. 300]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the ground they step ^[305] on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. ³¹⁰

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet. ³¹⁵

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. *[Aside.]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. ³¹⁹

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[To Fab.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. ³²⁴

Sir To. *[To Vio.]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you. ³³⁰

Vio. *[Aside.]* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious. ³³⁴

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. ³⁴⁰

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[They draw.]

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. ³⁴⁵

Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. *[They draw. 350]*

Enter OFFICERS.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. ³⁵⁵

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2. *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. ³⁶⁰

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1. *Off.* No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well,

Though now you have nose-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows I know him well. ³⁶⁵

Ant. I must obey. *[To Vio.]* This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you ³⁷⁰

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir? ³⁷⁵

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something. My having is not much.

I'll make division of my present with you. ³⁸⁰

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses ³⁸⁵

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corrup-

tion

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that

you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, ³⁹⁰

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind; ⁴⁰¹

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him!

Come, come, sir. ⁴⁰²

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit [with Officers].*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! ⁴¹⁰

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,

Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother

know

Yes living in my glass; even such and so ⁴¹⁵

In favour was my brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate. O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in

love. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and ⁴²⁰

more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty

appears in leaving his friend here in necessity

and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask

Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it. ⁴²⁵

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and

beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never

draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — ⁴³⁰

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be no-

thing yet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not [*s* know you; nor I am not sent to you by my

lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my

name neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me. ¹¹

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool.

Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now,

argue thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming? ¹⁵

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.

There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, ¹⁰ I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report — after fourteen years' purchase. ²⁵

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. ³¹

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir. Hold!

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. ⁴⁰

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. ⁴⁵

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam — ⁵⁰

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway ⁵⁵ In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there how many fruitless

pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou

mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go. ⁶⁰

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. ⁶⁵

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep. If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Olivia's house.*]

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.
[*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY [and MARIA].

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonas dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is"; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzl'd than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit [with Maria].*]

Clo. [*Singing.*] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin.
Tell me how thy lady does."

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. "She loves another" — Who calls?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, assess, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 120

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true. *Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink. 127

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [Singing.] I am gone, sir, 120

And anon, sir,
 I'll be with you again,
 In a trice,
 Like to the old Vice,
 Your need to sustain; 125

Who, with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil,
 Like a mad lad.
 Pare thy nails, dad. 140

Adieu, Goodman Devil. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *[Olivia's garden.]*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun, This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't; And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant; Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, 5

That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense, 10

That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes And wrangle with my reason that persuades me 15

To any other trust but that I am mad Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so, She could not sway her house, command her followers, 20

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing As I perceive she does. There 's something 's 't 25

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by; there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Fight me the full assurance of your faith, 30

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say? 30

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine! 35 *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V

SCENE I. *[Before Olivia's house.]*

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything. 5

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir! we are some of her trappings. 10

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends. 15

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 20

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There 's gold. 25

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. 30

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer. There 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three. 35

Duke. You can fool no more money out of

me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *[Exit.]*

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well, Yet, when I saw it last, it was beamear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss Cri'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1. Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the *Phoenix* and her freight from Candy,

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg. Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me.

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither. That most ingrateful boy there by your side, So From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.

His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him when he was beset;

Where being apprehended, his false cunning, Not meaning to partake with me in danger,

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty years removed thing

While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy. Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord, —

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel!

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unanspicious altars My soul the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still; But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love More than I love these eyes, more than my life.

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. If I do feign, you witness above

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away! 145

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety. 150

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up.

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou

art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,

Here to unfold, though lately we intended 155

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and

me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, 160

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your

rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward

my grave 165

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! What wilt

thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or wilt not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine over- 170

throw?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much

fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! 175

Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. Has broke my head across and has

given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the

love of God, your help! I had rather than

forty pound I were at home. 181

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one

Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's

the very devil incarnadine. 185

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You

broke my head for nothing; and that that I

did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never

hurt you. 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause;

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by
a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby 195
halting. You shall hear more; but if he had not
been in drink, he would have tickl'd you other-
gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! How is 't with
you? 200

Sir To. That's all one. Has hurt me, and
there's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick sur-
geon, sot?

Clow. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago.

His eyes were set at eight i' the morning. 205

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy
measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this
havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dress'd together. 211

Sir To. Will you help?—an ass-head and
a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a
gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be
look'd to. 215

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby,
and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by
that

I do perceive it hath offended you. 220

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 225

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,

Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of your-
self?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a

brother,

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, 235

Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
vour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? What name? What parent-
age?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too; 240

So went he suited to his watery tomb.

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate. 245
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. 250

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth

Had numb'ed thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years. 255

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola; which to confirm, 260

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle
help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord. 265

Seb. [To *Olivia*.] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. 270

Duke. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his
blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To *Viola*.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thou-
sand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 275

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 280

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on
shore

Hath my maid's garments. He upon some
action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio
hither. 285

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much dis-
tract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

How does he, sirrah? 290

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub
at the stove's end as well as a man in his case may do.

Has here writ a letter to you. I should
have given 't you to-day morning, but as a

madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills
not much when they are deliver'd. 295

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the

fool delivers the madman. [Reads.] "By the
Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madam.
An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be,
you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read 't thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my
princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To *Fabian*.]

Fab. [Reads.] "By the Lord, madam, you
wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though

you have put me into darkness and given your
drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship.

I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on; with the which I

doubt not but to do myself much right, or you
much shame. Think of me as you please. I

leave my duty a little unthought of and speak
out of my injury.

THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him
hither. [Exit *Fabian*.]

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife, 300

One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please
you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace
your offer.

[To *Viola*.] Your master quits you; and for
your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, 305

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding.

And since you call'd me master for so long.

Here is my hand. You shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! You are sh.

Enter MALVOLIO [and FABIAN].

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same. 310

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong.

Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter;

You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 315

Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention.

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then.

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights and
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you, 320

To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 280
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But out of question 't is Maria's hand. 285

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad. Then cam'st in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithce, be content.
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee; 290

But when we know the grounds and authors of
it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour, 295
Which I have wond'ring at. In hope it shall
not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ 300
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd 305
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd
thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this in-
terlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all 310
one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But
do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you
at such a barren rascal? An you smile not,

he's gag'd." And thus the whirligig of time
brings in his revenges. 305

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of
you. *[Exit.]*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a
peace;

He hath not told us of the captain yet. 310
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man; 315
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt [all, except Clown].]

Clo. (Sings.)
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 320
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate, 325
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds, 330
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c. 335
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[Exit.]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

UNDER the date of February 7, 1602, there was entered on the Stationers' Register for James Roberts "The Booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by My Lo. Chamberlins men. When he hath gotten sufficient auctority for yt." Though Roberts seems never to have got authority to issue the play, the entry gives us a later limit for the date of composition. An earlier limit is found in the production, about the middle of 1601, of Jonson's *Poetaster*, the Prologue to which is alluded to in *Troilus and Cressida* (Prol. 23-25). The play, then, was composed in the end of 1601 or during 1602.

The first edition is a quarto published in 1609 in two forms, with differing title-pages but identical text. The earlier title-page states that it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe; the later is followed by a preface claiming that the play was "never stal'd with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar." This statement is either a plain falsehood for advertising purposes, or is a quibble based on some alterations or omissions. The relation of the text of the First Folio to this quarto it is difficult to determine. The verbal differences between them, though often minute, are very numerous, and several passages found in the Folio are missing from the Quarto, some of which are required by the context. On the other hand, at least three passages need to be supplied to the Folio text from the Quarto; and in many of the more minute differences the Quarto has the better reading; in some, apparently the authentic one. It may be conjectured with some plausibility that the copyist or printer of the Quarto did his work carelessly, though working from an authentic manuscript; and that the Folio version was set up with a different set of mistakes from another and later copy, which may have been revised in details by Shakespeare, or another, or both. The present text is based on the Folio readings being inserted from the Quarto and later editions only when there appears to be a corruption due to copyist or printer. Passages not in the Folio are enclosed in square brackets.

From evidence based on style, metre, and comparison with sources, it is practically certain that the Prologue and v. vii.-x. are by another hand, and it is probable that Shakespeare's part in v. iv.-vi. is confined to a few lines and phrases. These inferences are corroborated by the recurrence of the lines v. iii. 113-115 in v. x. 32-34, pointing to the later substitution of the present closing scenes.

On account of the extraordinary vogue of the story of Troy in literature, the versions from which Shakespeare may have drawn hints are innumerable. The main sources, however, have been identified. The Troilus story is adapted from Chaucer's poem of the same name, the character of the heroine having been made somewhat lighter in accordance with the current Elizabethan conception of her as the essential coquette, and in order to make plausible the more rapid degradation necessitated by the limits of dramatic treatment. The camp scenes are based on Caxton's *Recuyell of the histories of Troye*; and from Homer, probably in Chapman's translation, he drew Hector's challenge to a duel, the pride of Achilles, and some minor hints. The unknown collaborator followed Caxton much more slavishly than did Shakespeare. Whether anything was drawn from four or five lost early plays on similar themes cannot be determined. It has been thought that he was influenced by Greene's *Euphues, his Censure to Philautus* in the general tone of his treatment of antiquity. Of the characters, Cressida and Pandarus are from Chaucer, Thersites and Nestor from Homer, and the warriors from Caxton. Troilus is a combination of Chaucer's lover with Caxton's heroic figure. The Shakespearean Ajax alone is undiscoverable in any of the older versions. This fact, along with the nature of the description of him in l. ii. 1-31, and its inconsistency with the Ajax of the camp scenes, has led to the conclusion that this character is in part a satire on Ben Jonson. Other attempts to find personal satire in the play are not convincing.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS, } his sons.

DEIPHOBUS,
HELENA,
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,
ASTYNOCHUS, } Trojan commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

AGAMEMNON, the Greek general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

NESTOR,

ULYSSES,

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THESBITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek.
Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Greek camp before it.*

THE PROLOGUE

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes gluttonous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made

To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.

To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts
Gear up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Runs all on hazard; and hither am I come
To prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
To like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Runs o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those
broils.

Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.

Is it or find fault; do as your pleasures are,
How good or bad; 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Troy. Before Priam's palace.*]

Enter TROILUS [*armed*] and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this.
For my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
He that will have a cake out of the
wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry
the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry
the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet
in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the
making of the cake, the heating of the oven,
and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling
too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she
be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit,
And when fair Cressid comes into my
thoughts, —

So, traitor, then she comes, when she is thence —
Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer
than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee: — when my
heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, as
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-
ness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sad-
ness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's — well, go to! — there were no
more comparison between the women. But,
for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would
not, as they term it, praise her; but I would
somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I
did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's
wit, but —

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie
drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep
Thy lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love; thou answer'st she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, as
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is. If she be fair, 't is the better for her;
an she be not, she has the mends in her own
hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail;
ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you;
gone between and between, but small thanks for
my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus?
What, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore
she's not so fair as Helen. An she were not kin
to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen
is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an
she were a black-amoor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her
to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time

I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make
no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me. I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit Pandarus. Sound alarm.]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus, — O gods, how do you plague
me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo.
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood.
Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarm. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore
not afield?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's an-
swer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed; 't is but a scar to
scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarm.]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town
to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might"
were "may."

But to the sport abroad. Are you bound
thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
[Exit.]

[SCENE II. The same. A street.]

Enter CRESSIDA and her man [ALEXANDER].

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower.

Whose height commands as subject all the vale
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.

He chid Andromache and struck his armour.
And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light.
And to the field goes he, where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this : there is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,¹⁵
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many
beasts of their particular additions : he is as [so
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow
as the elephant ; a man into whom nature hath
so crowded humours that his valour is crush'd
into folly, his folly sauced with discretion.
There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not
a glimpse of, nor any man an attain'd but he [as
carries some stain of it. He is melancholy with-
out cause, and merry against the hair. He hath
the joints of everything, but everything so out
of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands
and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no
sight.²¹

Cres. But how should this man, that makes
me smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say he yesterday cop'd Hector
in the battle and struck him down, the disdain
and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector
fasting and waking.²⁷

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.³⁰

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? What's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What
do you talk of ? Good morrow, Alexander.
How do you, cousin ? When were you at
Ilium ?³⁶

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I
came ? Was Hector arm'd and gone ere ye
came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?⁴⁰

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so. Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his
anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?⁴⁵

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so. I know the cause
too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell
them that ; and there's Troilus will not come
far behind him. Let them take heed of
Troilus, I can tell them that too.⁵¹

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better
man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter ! there's no comparison.⁵⁵

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hec-
tor ? Do you know a man if you see him ?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew
him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.⁷⁰

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure,
he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some
degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is him-
self.⁷⁵

Pan. Himself ! Alas, poor Troilus ! I would
he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to
India.

Cres. He is not Hector.⁸¹

Pan. Himself ! No, he's not himself. Would
'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ;
time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well ;
I would my heart were in her body. No, Hec-
tor is not a better man than Troilus.⁸⁶

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.⁸⁹

Pan. The other's not come to 't. You
shall tell me another tale, when the other's
come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this
year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his
own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.⁹⁵

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him ; his own's
better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece. Helen
herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a
brown favour — for so 't is, I must confess, —
not brown neither, —¹⁰²

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not
brown.¹⁰⁵

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above
Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.¹⁰⁹

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much.
If she prais'd him above, his complexion is
higher than his. He having colour enough, and
the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a
good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden
tongue had commended Troilus for a copper
noose.¹¹⁵

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves
him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.¹²¹

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to
him the other day into the compass'd window,
— and, you know, he has not past three or
four hairs on his chin, —

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may
soon bring his particulars therein to a total.¹²⁴

Pan. Why, he is very young ; and yet will
he, within three pound, lift as much as his
brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a
lifter ?¹²⁹

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves
him : she came and puts me her white hand to
his cloven chin —

Cres. Juno have mercy ! how came it clo-
ven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia. 138

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, — 141

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg. 145

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens! the shall.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess, — 151

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer. 155

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laugh'd that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too? 161

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin. 165

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer? 170

Pan. Quoth she, "Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question. 175

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he, "pluck 't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd. 185

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't. 188

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

[*Sound a retreat.*]

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. 191

Pan. Hark! They are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida. 195

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 198

Æneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? He 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that? 202

Antenor passes.

Pan. That's *Antenor*. He has a shrewd wit. I can tell you, and he 's a man good enough. He 's one o' the soundest judgement in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. Who comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon. If he see me, you shall see him nod at me. 208

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, *Hector*! There's a brave man, niece. O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks! There's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man? 215

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there, there's no jesting; [there's] laying on, take 't off who will, as they say. There be hacks! 220

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes.

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; as the devil come to him, it 's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*. Look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He 's not hurt. Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon. 225

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where Troilus is. That's *Helenus*. I think he went not forth to-day. That's *Helenus*. 230

Cres. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*? no. Yes, he 'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry "*Troilus*!" *Helenus* is a priest. 235

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'T is Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! 240

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pat. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece. Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pat. Ames, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die! the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greeks.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pat. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pat. "Well, well!" Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentle-ness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a mino'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

Pat. You are such another woman! One knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pat. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter [Troilus's] Boy.

Pat. You are such another!

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pat. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.]

Pat. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pat. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pat. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd. [Exit Pandarus.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise;

But more in Troilus thousandfold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this:

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The Greek camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.*]

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, with others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promis'd largeness. Checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,

And think them shame? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove

To find persistive constancy in men;

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin.

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction, with a loud and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk!
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
 tains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy
 boat

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune; for in her ray and bright-
 ness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing
 of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympa-
 thize,

And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
 Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
 Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation

The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for
 thy place and sway,

[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy
 stretch'd-out life,

I give to both your speeches, which were such
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass, and such again
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-
 tree

On which the heavens ride, knit all Greek
 ears

To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please both,
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't
 of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opens his mastick jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
 down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
 master,

But for these instances:

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
 tions.

When that the general is not like the hive
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vi-
 zarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
 centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order;
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spheer'd
 Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check to good and bad. But when the
 planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues and what portents! what m-
 tiny!

What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
 Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes,
 horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! O, when degree

shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 Then enterprise is sick! How could commu-
 nities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,

The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing
 meets

In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shore
 And make a sop of all this solid globe.

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father
 dead.

Force should be right; or rather, right and
 wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides,
 Should lose their names, and so should justice
 too.

Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;

And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon.

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree is it
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next,

That next by him beneath; so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation;

And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-
 cover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick.
Agam. The nature of the sickness found
 Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests,
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on,
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstrung, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 155
 Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
 age, —
 Such-to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a-mending, with ternus un-
 squar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
 dropp'd, 160
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud ap-
 planse;
 Cries, "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon just.
 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy
 beard, 165
 As he being drest to some oration."
 That's done, as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
 Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patro-
 clus, 170
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
 And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet; and at this sport 175
 Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.
 Nest. And in the imitation of these
 twin — 185
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice — many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190
 Makes factionous feasts; rails on our state of
 war,
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure. 195
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
 ardice,

Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand. The still and mental parts, 200
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on, and know by mea-
 sure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight, —
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-
 war; 205
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the en-
 gine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles'
 horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*]
Agam. What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.
Enter ÆNEAS.
Agam. What would you fore our tent? 215
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I
 pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
 arm, 220
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
 voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How
 may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How? 225
Æne. Ay.
 I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as Morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus. 230
 Which is that god in office, guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
 Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-
 arm'd, 235
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have
 galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
 Jove's accord,
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! 240
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise
 forth;
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
 transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
 Æneas? 245
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake, 255
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents,

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260
A prince call'd Hector, — Priam is his father —
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords!

If there be one amongst the fair'st of Greece 265
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril,

That knows his valour, and knows not his
fear,

That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves, 270
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers, — to him this chal-
lenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, 275
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.

If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Æneas.

If none of them have soul in such a kind, 285
We left them all at home. But we are sol-
diers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 290
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a
man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old
now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire 295
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady

Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first. 300
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 't is: 310
Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seed
pride

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant He-
ctor sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up: 320
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough, — will, with great speed of
judgement,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 325
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nest. Yes, 't is most meet. Who may you
else oppose

That can from Hector bring his honour off.
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful com-
bat,

Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate; and trust to me.

Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success, 330
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass 335
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd 340
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

What heart from hence receives the conquering part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?

Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows 345
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech :

Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not, 350
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers. 355

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes. What are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear with him.

But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw 375
The sort to fight with Hector ; among ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man ;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. 380
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices. If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss, 384
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes :
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice ;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon. Go we to him straight. 390
Two curs shall tame each other ; pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II

SCENE I. *A part of the Greek camp.]*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites !

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils—
full, all over, generally ?

Ajax. Thersites ! 4

Ther. And those boils did run ? Say so : did not the general run then ? Were not that a botchy cure ?

Ajax. Dog !

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him. I see none now. 10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord !

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak. I will beat thee into handsomeness. 15

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness ; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks ! 21

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st at me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation ! 25

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not ; my fingers itch. 28

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee. I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece. [When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.]

Ajax. I say, the proclamation ! 34

Ther. Thou grumblest and rail'st every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites !

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 40

Ajax. Cobloaf !

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him.*] You whoreson cur !

Ther. Do, do. 45

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch !

Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows ; an asinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass ! thou art here but to thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold 50 among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou !

Ajax. You dog ! 55

Ther. You scurvy lord !

Ajax. [*Beating him.*] You cur !

Ther. Mars his idiot ! do, rudeness ; do, camel ; do, do. 60

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax ! wherefore do you this ? How now, Thersites ! what's the matter, man ?

Ther. You see him there, do you ?

Achil. Ay ; what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, look upon him. 65

Achil. So I do. What's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well ! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him ; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax. 70

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. 75

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny,

and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax —

[*Ajax offers to beat him.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not, — he there, that he. Look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's? —

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so. A great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains. He were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles, to Ajax, to —

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like eldpoles ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and
Troy

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that
dare

Maintain — I know not what; 't is trash.
Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 't is put to lottery.

Otherwise,

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.

[*Exit.*]

[*SCENE II. Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*]

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks.

"Deliver Helen, and all damage else —

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war —

Shall be struck off." Hector, what say you to 't?

Hec. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as touches my particular,

Yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out, "Who knows what follows?"

Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety.

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours.

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

So great as our dread father in a scale

Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum

The past proportion of his infinite,

And buckle in a waist most fathomless

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reason,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous.

And reason flies the object of all harm.

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels
Or fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, 45
And like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of
reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and
honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason. Reason and respect
Makes livers pale and lustihood deject. 50
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she
doth cost
the holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular
will;

It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself 55
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit. 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid, 65
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by
honour.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder
viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service; he touch'd the ports de-
sir'd, 75

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morn-
ing.

Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our
aunt. 80

Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went —
As you must needs, for you all cried "Go,
go," 85

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize —
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried "Inestimable!" — why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,

And do a deed that fortune never did, 90

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,

That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace, 95
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her
voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter CASSANDRA [raving] with her hair about
her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! Lend me ten thou-
sand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry, 105

Add to my clamour! Let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! Practise your eyes with
tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Iliion stand.

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110

Cry, Trojans, cry! A Helen and a woe!

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
high strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood 115

So madly hot that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it, 120

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad. Her brain-sick

raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part, 125

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings as your counsels; 130

But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms? 135

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,

Were I alone to pass the difficulties

And had as ample power as I have will, 140

Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,

Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights.

You have the honey still, but these the gall;

So to be valiant is no praise at all. 145

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd
queen, 150

Disgrace to your great worths and shame to
me,

Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bo-
soms? 155

There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd
Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her whom, we know
well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said
well,

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much 165
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood
Than to make up a free determination 170
Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and re-
venge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rend'rd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity 175

Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ord'rd nation 180
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud 185
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's opin-
ion*

Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design.

Were it not glory that we more affected 195
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hec-
tor*,

She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes,

And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy
spirits. 210

I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept.
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The Greek camp. Before Achilles's
tent.*]

Enter THERSITES, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! What, lost in
the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant
Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at
him. O, worthy satisfaction! would it were
otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he
rail'd at me. 'S foot, I'll learn to conjure
and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my
spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a
rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till these
two undermine it, the walls will stand till they
fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-
darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove,
the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the se-
pentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not
that little little less than little wit from them
that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance
itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not
in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider,
without drawing their massy irons and cutting
the web! After this, the vengeance on the
whole camp! or rather, the [Neapolitan] boe-
ache! for that, methinks, is the curse de-
pendent on those that war for a placket. I have
said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen.
What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have rememb'rd a gilt
counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of
my contemplation. But it is no matter; thy-
self upon thyself! The common curse of man-
kind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great
revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood
be thy direction till thy death, then if sh-
that lays thee out says thou art a fair case.
I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never
shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's
Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? Wast thou in
prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

[*Patr.* Amen.]

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come!

Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, AJAX, and CALCHAS.

Ther. Make that demand of the Creator; it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. *[Exit.]*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw envious factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! *[Exit.]*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He sent our messengers, and we lay by our appointments, visiting of him.

Let him be told so, lest perchance he think we dare not move the question of our place, or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man, but, by my head, it is pride; but why, why? Let him show us the cause. A word, my lord. *[Takes Agamemnon aside.]*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction. But it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy. His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry If anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him. He hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.

We are too well acquainted with these answers;

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously of his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him We came to speak with him; and you shall not sin

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report:

"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war." A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. *[Exit.]*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. *[Exit Ulysses.]*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 100

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads. 170

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself. Is 't not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none, But carries on the stream of his dispose Without observance or respect of any, 175 In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness, 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd wrath Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages 185 And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say? He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it

Cry "No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent. 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190 At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam 195 And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord 200 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles' is, By going to Achilles.

That were to enlard his fat-already pride 205 And add more coals to Cancer when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid, And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [*Aside to Dio.*] O, this is well. He rubs the vein of him. 210

Dio. [*Aside to Nest.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll please his pride. 215

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable? 220

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind. — 225

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. 230

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm. Force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. 235

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a man — but 't is before his face; 240 I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is a valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan! 245

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now. —

Ulyss. If he were proud, —

Dio. Or covetous of praise, —

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne, —

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected! 250

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure.

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice fam'd, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight, 255

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines 260

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here 's Nestor

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd, 265

You should not have the eminence of him.

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dia. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart

Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 270

To call together all his state of war.

Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast;

And here's a lord, — come knights from east

to west,

And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the

best. 275

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks

draw deep.

[Exeunt.]

[ACT III]

SCENE I. Troy. Priam's palace.]

Music sounds within. Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT.

Pan. Friend, you! pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord. 5

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. 15

Pan. Grace! Not so, friend. Honour and lordship are my titles. What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir. It is music in parts. 20

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend? 25

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play? 31

Serv. That's to't indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul. 35

Pan. Who? My cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes? 38

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes. 43

Serv. Sudden business! There's a stew'd phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN [attended].

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! Fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them, especially to you, fair queen! Fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 48

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music. 53

Par. You have broke it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony. 58

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 60

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll hear you sing, certainly. 65

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus, — 70

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: — commends himself most affectionately to you, — 75

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody. If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen! That's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. 80

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse. 85

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night? 90

Helen. Nay, but, my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,] with my disposer Cressida. 95

Pan. No, no; no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick. 101

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. 105

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him. They two are twain. 111

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now. 115

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love. This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings.]

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow 126

Shoots buck and doe.

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry Oh! ho! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! ho! to ha! ha! he!

So, dying, love lives still.

Oh! ho! a while, but ha! ha! ha! 135

Oh! ho! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love. 144

Pan. Is this the generation of love,—hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day? 147

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse? 156

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. 160

[Exit.] Sound a retreat.

Par. They're come from field. Let us to

Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel 165

Or force of Greekish sinews. You shall do more

Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 170
Yea, overshines ourself.

[Par.] Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit.]

[SCENE II. The same. Pandarus's orchard.]

Enter PANDARUS and Troilus's BOY [meeting.]

Pan. How now! where's thy master? At my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus. I talk about her dose. Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon. And give me swift transportance to those fields Where I may wallow in the lily-beds

Propos'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet That it enchants my sense; what will it be,

When that the watery palates taste indeed Love's thrice repured nectar? Death, I fear me,

Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle, potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers. 175

I fear it much; and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys,

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying. 180

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight. You must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite. I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain; she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse, And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering 185
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now; swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.

[Cressida draws backward.] What, are you

gone again? You must be watch'd ere you [as
be made tame, must you? Come your ways,
come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll
put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to
her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see
your picture. Alas the day, how loath you
are to offend daylight! An't were dark, [so
you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss
the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm!
Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay,
you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you.
The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'
the river. Go to, go to. 50

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.
Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds;
but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she
call your activity in question. What, billing [so
again? Here's "In witness whereof the parties
interchangeably" — Come in, come in. I'll go
get a fire. [Exit.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?
Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me
thus! 60

Cres. Wish'd, my lord! The gods grant, —
O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? What makes
this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg
espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our
love? 71

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears
have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they
never see truly. 75

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads,
finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling
without fear. To fear the worst oft cures the
worse. 79

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear. In
all Cupid's pageant there is presented no mon-
ster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?
Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings, when
we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks,
tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mis-
takes to devise imposition enough than for us [as
to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the
monstrousness in love, lady, that the will is in-
finite and the execution confin'd, that the desire
is boundless and the act a slave to limit. 80

Cres. They say all lovers swear more per-
formance than they are able, and yet reserve
as ability that they never perform, vowing
more than the perfection of ten, and discharg-
ing less than the tenth part of one. They that
have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are
they not monsters? 84

Tro. Are there such? Such are not we.
Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove.
Our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No
perfection in reversion shall have a praise in
present; we will not name desert before his [so
birth, and, being born, his addition shall be
humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall
be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst
shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth
can speak truest not truer than Troilus. 100

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not
done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I
dedicate to you. 111

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a
boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my
lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages: your
uncle's word and my firm faith. 116

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too.
Our kindred, though they be long ere they are
woo'd, they are constant being won. They are
burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they
are thrown. 120

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings
me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to
win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my
lord. 125

With the first glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it. In faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown 130

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, 135
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness
draws 140

My soul of counsel from me! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon
me;

'T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss. 145
I am asham'd. O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! An you take leave till to-mor-
row morning, — 150

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you; 155
But an unkind self, that itself will leave
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft
than love, 160

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods
above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman — 165

As, if it can, I will presume in you —
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays! 170
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love,
How were I then uplifted! But, alas! 175
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most
right!

True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus. When their
rhymes, 181

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, 185
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the
verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, 191
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of
Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated 195
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said as
false

As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-
hood,

"As false as Cressid." 205

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it,
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand,
here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one
to another, since I have taken such pains to
bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between
be called to the world's end after my name;
call them all Pandars. Let all constant men
be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and [210
all brokers-between Pandars! Say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen. 215

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a
chamber, whose bed, because it shall not speak

of your pretty encounters, press it to death.
Away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! 220
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. The Greek camp. Before the tent
of Achilles.]

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES,
NESTOR, [AJAX,] MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.
Flourish.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have
done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your
mind

That, through the sight I bear in things to
love,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature; 230
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit
Out of those many regist'ed in promise, 235
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Troys?

Make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd
Antenor,

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you — often have you thanks there-
fore —

Dear'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deni'd; but this An-
tenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost 240
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great
princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her pre-
sence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall
have

What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready. 245

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a bur-
den

Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes [and Calchas].

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, and stand in
[the door of] their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands in the entrance of his
tent.

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him.
If so, I have derision medicinable

To use between your strangeness and his
pride, 45

Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good; pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put
on 50

A form of strangeness as we pass along.
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the general to speak
with me? 55

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? Would he
aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord. 60

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? How do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus! 65

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles? 70

Pat. They pass by strangely. They were
used to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune, 75

Must fall out with men too. What the de-
clined is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butter-
flies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the sum-
mer,

And not a man, for being simply man, 80
Hath any honour, but honour'd for those hon-
ours

That are without him, as place, riches, and
favour, —

Prizes of accident as oft as merit;

Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-
ers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too, 85
Doth one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends. I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,
find out 90

Something not worth in me such rich behold-
ing

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: "That man, how dearly ever
parted, 95

How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he
hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others 100

Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face

The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself, 105

That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd

Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself,

Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at
all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, —
It is familiar, — but at the author's drift;

Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything, 115

(Though in and of him there is much consist-
ing,)

Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, 120

reverberate
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax. 125

Heavens, what a man is there! A very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow — 130

An act that very chance doth throw upon
him —

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes! 135

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords! — why, even al-
ready

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast 140
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, 145

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord, 150
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the
path; 155

For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an ent'red tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost; 160
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
yours;

For Time is like a fashionable host 165
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; 170

For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world

kin, 175
That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object. 180
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again, 185
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods
themselves 190
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil.

I have strong reasons.

Of this my privacy

Ulyss.

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroic.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil.

Ha! know!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the
gods,

Do thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. 200
There is a mystery — with whom relation
Durst never meddle — in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena.
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home.
When Fame shall in our island sound be
trump, 205

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak.
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break. [Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this.
They think my little stomach to the war 210
And your great love to me restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold.
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil.

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr.

O, then, beware!
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves.

Omission to do what is necessary 215
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus.

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him 220
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here, unarm'd. I have a woman's
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,

Enter THERSITES.

To talk with him and to behold his visage, 225
Even to my full of view. — A labour sav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic endgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, — a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say there were wit in his head, an't would out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me. I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering. Speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus. Tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent, —

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God buy you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other. Howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure,

none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

[ACT IV]

SCENE I. Troy. A street.]

Enter, at one door, ÆNEAS, with a torch; at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES the Grecian [and others], with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. Is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow,

Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, — take his hand —

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce;

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!

But when contention and occasion meets,

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. In humane gentle-

ness,

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But in mine emulous honour let him die,

With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful'st gentle greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 't was to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think —
Or rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge —

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof. I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Ene. That I assure you.
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help.
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Ene. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen
most,

Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek
her,

Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor
more;

But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me,
Paris:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could
speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suff' red death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. The same. Court of Pandarus's
house.]

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine
uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed. Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald
crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no
longer,

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous
wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of
love

With wings more momentary-swift than
thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;

You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off.
And then you would have tarried. Hark!
there's one up.

Pan. (Within.) What's all the doors open
here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking.

I shall have such a life!

Pan. How now, how now! how go maiden-
heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin
Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-
ing uncle!

You bring me to do — and then you flout me
too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? Let her
say what. What have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart!
You'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor
capocchia! hast not slept to-night? Would he
not, a naughty man, let it sleep? A bngbear
take him! [*One knocks.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you? Would he were
knock'd i' the head!

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naugh-
tily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no
such thing. [*Knock.*]

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in.
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

Pan. Who's there? What's the matter?
Will you beat down the door? How now!
what's the matter?

[*Enter AENEAS.*]

Aene. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? My Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not. What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! What should he do here? ⁵⁰

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him.

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'Tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here? ⁵⁵

Æne. Who! — nay, then. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter? ⁶⁰

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you.

My matter is so rash. There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida. ⁶⁵

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.

They are at hand and ready to effect it. ⁷⁰

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them; and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature ⁷⁵

Have not more gift in taciturnity. *[Exeunt [Troilus and Æneas].]*

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Pan. Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Cres. How now! what's the matter? Who was here? ⁸¹

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord? Gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter? ⁸⁵

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter? ⁹⁰

Pan. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter? ⁹⁵

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. T will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it. ¹⁰⁰

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine! ¹⁰⁵

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth, ¹¹⁰

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. *[Exeunt.]* ¹¹⁵

[SCENE III. *The same. Street before Pandarus's house.*]

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour pre-fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,

And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house.

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;

And to his hand when I deliver her,

Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

A priest there offering to it his own heart. *[Exit.]*

Par. I know what 't is to love;

And would, as I shall pity, I could help!

Please you walk in, my lords. *[Exeunt.]* ¹²⁰

[SCENE IV. *The same. Pandarus's house.*]

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And violenteth in a sense as strong

As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? ¹²⁵

If I could temporize with my affection

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

The like allayment could I give my grief.

My love admits no qualifying dross;

Enter TROILUS.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss. ¹³⁰

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! *[Embracing him.]*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is, ¹³⁵

"— O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus, too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly, where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring
breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. (Within.) My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the
Genius so

Cries "come" to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of
heart, —

Cres. I true! How now! what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.

I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers
As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.
Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see
you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens! "be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of
nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and ex-
ercise.

How novelties may move, and parts with person.
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy —

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin —
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly; but be not
tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Æne. (Within.) Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. (Within.) Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither:
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who? I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bar-

*Enter (ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS
and DIOMEDES).*

Fear not my truth. The moral of my wit
Is "plain and true"; there's all the reach of
it.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand.
And by the way possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Di. Fair Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-
pects.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece, ¹²⁵
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and mes-
sage, ¹²⁷

To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth ¹²⁸
She shall be prized; but that you say "Be 't
so,"

I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."
Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee,

Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy
head.

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, ¹⁴⁰
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*] Sound trumpet.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Ene. How have we spent this morning!
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to
field with him. [*Exit.* ¹⁴⁵

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Ene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alac-
rity

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
In his fair worth and single chivalry. ¹⁵⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Greek camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
etc.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,

anticipating time with starting courage.

I've with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Now dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lunge, and split thy brazen pipe.
Now, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Swells the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood;

So blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe. That spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. ¹⁵

[*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.*]

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular. ²⁰
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady.

Achilles bids you welcome. ²⁵

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
[And parted thus you and your argument.]

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns, ³⁰

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this,
mine.

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your
leave. ³⁵

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one. ⁴⁰

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 't is true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn. ⁴⁵

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me
a kiss.

When Helen is a maid again, and his — ⁵⁰

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is
due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
you.

Dio. Lady, a word. I'll bring you to your
father. [*Exit with Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her
lip, ⁵⁵

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look
out

At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts⁸⁰
To every tickling reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

Enter all of Troy, HECTOR [armed;] PARIS, ÆNEAS, HELENUS, [TROILUS, and other Trojans] with Attendants. Flourish.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! What shall be done⁸⁵

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? Will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?⁹⁰

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done;

A little proudly, and great deal disprizing

The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,⁹⁵

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,¹⁰⁰

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek¹⁰⁵

This blended knight, half Trojan and half

Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive

you.

[*Re-enter DIOMEDES.*]

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle

knight,

Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,¹¹⁰

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath. The combatants being kin

Half stints their strife before their strokes

begin. [*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks

so heavy?¹¹⁵

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true

knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon

calm'd;

His heart and hand both open and both free;¹²⁰

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes¹²⁵

To tender objects, but he in heat of action

Is more vindictive than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth¹³⁰

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. [Hector and Ajax fight.]*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thee own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st!¹³⁵

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd. There,

Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets con.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect.

Why, then will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,¹⁴⁰

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian¹⁴⁵

all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's

blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipo-

tent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish¹⁵⁰

member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud; but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy

mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.¹⁵⁵

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector.

Thou art too gentle and too free a man.

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence¹⁶⁰

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud¹⁶⁵

Oyes

Cries, "This is he," could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both

sides,

What further you will do.

Hect.

We'll answer it:

The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success¹⁷⁰

As sold I have the chance — I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dro. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me, And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part.

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin.

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

AGAMEMNON and the rest [come forward].

Ajar. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [To Troilus.] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting.

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath, Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have

seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declined,

That I have said unto my standers by,

"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!" And I have seen thee pause and take thy

breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in.

Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire, And once fought with him. He was a soldier good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee; And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time.

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.

Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.

My prophecy is but half his journey yet, For yonder walls, that perty front your town,

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you. There they stand yet, and modestly I think

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all,

And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it. Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome!

After the general, I beseech you next To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee; I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,

And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't.
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field.
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive you. Afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt [all except Troilus and Ulysses].*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT V

SCENE I. *The Greek camp. Before the tent of Achilles.]*

Enter Achilles and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what are these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk.
Thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, [raw eyes, dirt-rotted livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, or curable bone-ache, and the rivelled false-joints of the tetter,] take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whose son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate thou idle immaterial skein of alewife-silk, the green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pest' red with such waterflies, dimming the faces of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break!
Fall Greeks; fall fame; honour or go or stay!

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt [Achilles and Patroclus].*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Aga-⁵⁵ memnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of ⁶⁰ cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, — to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. ⁶⁵ To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not ⁷⁰ Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, [TROILUS] AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, [MENELAUS] and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;
Ther. where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you. ⁷⁵
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome,
Princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid
good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' ⁸⁰
general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught! "Sweet" quoth 'a!
Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at
once, to those ⁸⁵

that go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomed,

keep Hector company an hour or two.

Do. I cannot, lord; I have important busi-
ness,

the tide whereof is now. Good night, great
Hector. ⁹⁰

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus.*] Follow his torch;

he goes to Calchas' tent.

Keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. ⁹⁵

[*Exeunt [Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor].*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it. It is prodigious, there will come some change. The ¹⁰⁰ sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him. They say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets! [*Exit.* ¹⁰⁵

[SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas's tent.]

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? Speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's
your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES [at a distance;
after them, THESSITES].*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not dis-
cover us. ⁵

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a
word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can
take her cliff. She's noted. ¹¹

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember? ¹⁶

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no
more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, — ²⁰

Cres. I'll tell you what, —

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin. You are a
forsworn —

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you
have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, — to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow
on me? ²⁵

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath.
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan! ³⁰

Cres. Diomed, —

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous; The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great distraction. Come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O withered truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! Why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something.

Will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you, then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel. I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord, —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He lov'd me — O false wench! — Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres.

What, this?

Dio.

Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove.

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it.

As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not.

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond. And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm. And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past. And yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell!

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go. One cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto; but that that like not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? The hour?

Cres. Ay, come: — O Jove! — do come. — I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. [Exit Diomedes.]

Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee. But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads must err; O, then conclude Minds away'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not pish more.

Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd where.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears.

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan. 125

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood ! Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 131 For depravation, to square the general sex By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she. 135

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she.

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony, 140

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up, with and against thyself,

Bi-fold authority, where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid. 145

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth,

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 151

As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loose'd ; 155

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy 159

relics

Wher o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached

With that which here his passion doth express ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well

a characters as red as Mars his heart

stam'd with Venus. Never did young man 165

fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

ark, Greek : as much as I do Cressid love,

as much by weight hate I her Diomed.

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm.

For it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

For word should bite it. Not the dreadful 171

spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

meeting'd in mass by the almighty sun,

all dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

his descent than shall my prompted sword 175

slung on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. Or, contain yourself ;

Your passion draws ears hither. 181

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, Prince. My courteous 185

lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair ! and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks. 190

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and*

Ulysses.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore. The parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them ! [*Exit.*] 197

[SCENE III. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*]

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd

To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you gone.

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go !

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,

Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night 11

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 't is true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet

brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say ; the gods have heard

me swear. 15

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish

vows.

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded ! do not count it holy

To hurt by being just. It is as lawful, 20

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say; 's
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]
Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? Chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;

He is thy crutch. Now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a propheth suddenly enrap't
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Aeneas is a-field;*

And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice.
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!

How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement.

Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell; yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave.

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Exit.]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her claim.

Go in and cheer the town. We'll forth and fight.

Do deeds of praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell! The gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.] Alarum.

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascal tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another that I shall leave you one o' these days; and have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such ache in my bones that, unless a man we curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter.]
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker! lackey! Ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! ¹¹⁵
[*Exeunt [severally].*]

[*SCENE IV. Plains between Troy and the Greek camp.*]

Alarm. Enter THERSITES in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, [that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that ¹²⁰ stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax ¹²⁵ prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS [following].

Soft! here comes sleeve, and the other.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, ¹³⁰

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire.

I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! ¹³⁵

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue. ¹⁴⁰

Hec. I do believe thee; live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, ¹⁴⁵ lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

[*SCENE V. Another part of the plains.*]

Enter DIOMEDES and a SERVANT.

Dio. Go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. ¹⁵⁰
[*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings ¹⁵⁵
Epistrophus and Cedius; Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised. The dreadful Sagit-
tary

Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed, ¹⁶⁰
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field.

Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, ¹⁶⁵
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled schools
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his
edge,

Fall down before him like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and
takes, ¹⁷⁰

Dexterity so obeying appetite

That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, Princes! Great
Achilles ¹⁷⁵

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy
blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend ¹⁸⁰
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,

Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care ¹⁸⁵
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*]

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [*Exit.*]

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. ¹⁹⁰
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*]

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come, both you coggng Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt [fighting].*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use;
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas! Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in [sumptuous] armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.

No? Wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*]

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS [fighting: then] THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo! Now my double-henned sparrow! 'Loo,
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game; ware
horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]

Enter Bastard [MARGARELON].

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard
in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate.
One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard? Take heed,
the quarrel's most ominous to us. If the son of
a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment.
Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plain.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without.
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
breath.
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and
death.

[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.
Even with the vail and darking of the sun.
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the
man I seek. [*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou! Now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!"

[*A retreat [sounded].*]
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like
my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspread
the earth;

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would
have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE IX. Another part of the plains.*]

Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and the rest, marching.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

Soldiers. (*Within.*) Achilles! Achilles!

Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajar. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE X. Another part of the plains.*]

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DEIPHOBUS.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death.

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there, "Hector's dead!"

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away.

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare.

I'll through and through you! and, thou great-

siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates.

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort

go;

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*]

[*As TROILUS is going out*] *enter* [from the other side] PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker! lackey! Ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching

bones! O world! world! world! thus is the

poor agent despid! O traitors and bawds,

how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill

requited! Why should our endeavour be so desir'd

and the performance so loath'd? What

verse for it? What instance for it? Let me

see:

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;

And being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your

painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;

Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be

made.

It should be now, but that my fear is this,

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.

Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,

And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE present text is based upon that of the First Folio, no earlier edition having been found. This lack of an early quarto is the more to be regretted, since the corruptions of the existing text are unusually frequent and hopeless.

There is no certain external evidence of date. In Meres's list there occurs the title *Love's Labour's Won*, which on the whole fits this play better than it fits any other. The only serious rival is *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which, though Petruchio wins Katherine as the result of his labors, the labors are hardly to be called love's. On the other hand, Helena's efforts and success stand in sufficiently clear contrast to the ineffectiveness of the King and his lords in *Love's Labour's Lost* to give point to the parallelism in title. This identification would place the play before 1598; and there are parts of the play, notably the rimed passages, which suggest Shakespeare's earliest manner in comedy. As against this, there is much which points to a later date. The subtlety of the psychology, especially in the heroine, the frequency of passages of condensed expression, and the general sombreness of tone, all tend to associate the play with the productions of the early years of the seventeenth century. Such resemblances, however, as that between the Countess's advice to Bertram (1. i. 73-79) and Polonius's maxims to Laertes, and that between the devices resorted to by Helena and by Mariana in *Measure for Measure*, however interesting, are of little force in arguing questions of date. In view of these two sets of considerations, it is plausibly conjectured that Shakespeare may have written an early play with the title or sub-title of *Love's Labour's Won*, and have re-cast it in his maturity. It is to be observed that this implies a much more thorough re-writing than *Love's Labour's Lost*, for example, was subjected to; so that, on this hypothesis, the play as we have it belongs rather to the period about 1602 than to the early nineties of the sixteenth century.

The source of the main plot is the ninth Novel of the third Day of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, a story which was most probably known to Shakespeare in the translation by Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The chief features of this tale are indicated in the argument prefixed by Painter: "Giletta, a Phisicians daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche Kyng of a Fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo Count of Rossiglione to husband. The Counte being married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved an other. Giletta his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbände, in place of his lover; and was begotten with child of two soonnes: whiche knowen to her husbände, he received her againe, and afterwarde she lived in great honor and felicitie." To the characters involved here Shakespeare added the Countess, Lafau, the clown, the steward, and Parolles; but the most essential change made by him was in the interpretation of the character of the heroine. The Countess and Lafau, delightful and individual as they are in themselves, are dramatically important mainly for the effect produced on us by their warm appreciation of Helena. To render sympathetic a character playing such a rôle as Helena's was exceedingly difficult, and it is achieved by Shakespeare by an insistence on her poverty (Boccaccio makes her rich), her humility, and the pathos of a passion more fatal than wilful. Parolles, besides affording occasion for the low comedy scenes at the French court and in the Florentine camp — all of which are of Shakespeare's invention — helps to define the character of Bertram. The weakness of the hero implied in this indiscriminating association with a worthless braggart, and his boggling and lying in the elaborate dénouement created by Shakespeare in v. iii., result in a degradation of his character which, if meant to throw our sympathy by contrast on Helena, comes perilously near overshooting the mark.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Two French Lords.
Steward,
LAVACHE, a Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.
MARIANA, }

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Enter young BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon, his mother [the COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON], HELENA, and LORD LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, — O, that "had"! how sad a passage 'tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. I would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so, — Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam. The King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness: she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have —

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! Thy blood and virtue

Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key. Be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down.

Fall on thy head! Farewell! My lord,
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, so
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. *[Exit.]*

Ber. *[To Helena.]* The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.]

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father,

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination carries no favour in 't but Bertram's. I am undone! There is no living, none, if Bertram be away. 'T were all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me. In his bright radiance and collateral light proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, 108 In our heart's table; heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour. But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[Aside.] One that goes with him. I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Looks bleak i' the cold wind. Withal, full oft we see 115

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity? 120

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none. Man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up. 125

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up. Marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin. Virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't! Within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself is not much the worse. Away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable,—just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 't is a wither'd pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet . . . There shall your master have a thousand loves. A mother and a mistress and a friend, A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptions christendoms, That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—I know not what he shall. God send him well! The court's a learning place, and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'T is pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,¹⁰⁵
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which
never
Returns us thanks. 300

Enter PAGE.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star. 305

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars hath so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars. 310

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage. 315

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well. 320

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance [325] makes thee away. Farewell! When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [*Exit.*] 330

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. What power is it which mounts my love so high, 335

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those 340
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease — my project may deceive me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. Paris. The King's palace.]

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters, [LORDS] and divers attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears,

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

1. *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

1. *Lord.* His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead 10 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes. Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It well may serve 15 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face. Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship 25 First tried our soldierish! He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Disciple of the bravest. He lasted long; But on us both did haggish age steal on And wore us out of act. It much repairs me 30 To talk of your good father. In his youth He had the wit which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may jest Till their own scorn return to them unnoted Ere they can hide their levity in honour 35 So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak'd them, and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him

He us'd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man 45 Might be a copy to these younger times; Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb. So in appoof lives not his epitaph 50 As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say —

Methinks I hear him now! His plaintive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear, — "Let me not
live," —

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — "Let me not live," quoth
he,

"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements
are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
stances

Expire before their fashions." This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, as
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2. Lord. You're loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you
first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't,
Count,
Since the physician at your father's died? 70
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out.
With several applications. Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count; 75
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

[SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

Count. I will now hear. What say you of
this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the
calendar of my past endeavours; for then we
would our modesty and make foul the clear-
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of
you I do not all believe. 'Tis my slowness that
I do not, for I know you lack not folly to com-
mit them, and have ability enough to make
such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am
a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am
poor, though many of the rich are damn'd;
but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to
go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do
as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case and mine own. Service
is no heritage; and I think I shall never have
the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body;
for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt
marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I
am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs
go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy re-
sons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked crea-
ture, as you and all flesh and blood are; and
indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wick-
edness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I
hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies.
knave.

Clo. Y' are shallow, madam, in great friends;
for the knaves come to do that for me which I
am awary of. He that ears my land spares my
team and gives me leave to in the crop. If I be
his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that com-
forts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and
blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood
loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my
flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that
kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be
contented to be what they are, there were no
fear in marriage; for young Charbon the
puritan and old Poysam the papist, howeve-
er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their
heads are both one; they may jowl horns to-
gether, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and
calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the
truth the next way:

"For I the ballad will repeat,

Which men full true shall find:

Your marriage comes by destiny,

Your cuckoo sings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you. Of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would
speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

"Was this fair face the cause, quoth she.

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sigh'd as she stood,

With that she sigh'd as she stood,

And gave this sentence then;

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt
the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which
is a purifying o' the song. Would God would
serve the world so all the year! We'd find

no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth 'a! An we might have a good woman born but o'er every ⁹⁰ blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you. ⁹⁵

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. ¹⁰⁰

[*Exit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. ¹⁰⁵

Count. Faith, I do. Her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand. ¹¹⁰

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such ¹¹⁵ difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [Diana no] queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault ¹²⁰ or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; aithence, in the less that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. ¹²⁵

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. ¹³⁰ I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young. If ever we are nature's, these are ours. This ¹³⁵ thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong; Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

By our remembrances of days foregone, ¹⁴⁰ Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you. ¹⁴⁵

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother. ¹⁵⁰ Why not a mother? When I said "a mother," Methought you saw a serpent. What's in "mother,"

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwomb'd mine. 'T is often seen ¹⁵⁵ Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds. You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care. God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood ¹⁶⁰ To say I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why? That you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam; The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother. ¹⁶⁵ I am from humble, he from honoured name; No note upon my parents, his all noble. My master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die. ¹⁷⁰ He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were, — So that my lord your son were not my brother, — Indeed my mother! Or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, ¹⁷⁵ So I were not his sister. Can't no other, But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again? ¹⁸⁰ My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross

You love my son. Invention is ashamed, Against the proclamation of thy passion, ¹⁸⁵ To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true; But tell me then, 't is so; for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, the one to the other; and thine eyes See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours That in their kind they speak it. Only sin ¹⁹⁰ And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so? If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew; If it be not, forswear 't. Howe'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, ¹⁹⁵ To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond, Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose ²⁰⁰

The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.

My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love.
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him; ²⁰⁰
Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like, ²¹⁰
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if yourself, ²¹⁵
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot

choose ²²⁰
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent, — speak
truly, — ²²⁵

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, ²³¹
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,

There is a remedy approv'd set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof ²³⁵
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? Speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this,

Else Paris and the medicine and the King
Had from the conversation of my thoughts ²⁴⁰
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they

credit ²⁴⁵
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest.

Of his profession, that his good receipt ²⁵⁰
Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven; and, would
your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
and love,

Means and attendants, and my loving greeting
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this.
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. ^[Exit.]

ACT II

[SCENE I. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, with divers
young LORDS taking leave for the Florentine
war; BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

King. Farewell, young lords! these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you; and you, my lords,
farewell!

Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd.
And is enough for both.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir.

After well ent'red soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords!

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy, —
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy, — see that you come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it. When
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you
seek,

That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2. *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve
your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
them.

They say our French lack language to deny
If they demand. Beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. ^[Exit, attended.]

1. *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will
stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2. *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable! I have seen those
wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a cove-
with

"Too young" and "the next year" and "too
too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, stay
away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. Lord. There 's honour in the theft.

Per. Commit it, Count.

2. Lord. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. Lord. Farewell, captain.

2. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Per. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spirit one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek, — it was this very sword trench'd it; — say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

1. Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Per. Mars dote on you for his novices! What will ye do?

Ber. Stay, the King!

[*Re-enter the KING.*]

Per. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move [as] under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Per. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

[*Exeunt [Bertram and Parolles].*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across; but, my good lord, 't is thus:

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if my royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine

That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King.

Laf. Why, Doctor She! My lord, there 's one arriv'd.

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her, —

For that is her demand, — and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King.

Now, good Lafeu, Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf.

Nay, I'll fit you, And not be all day neither.

[*Exit.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

[*Re-enter LAFEU.*]

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

Enter HELENA.

King.

This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his Majesty; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like, but such traitors

His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;

In what he did profess, well found.

King.

I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;

And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance

With all bound humbleness.

King.

We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us, and

The congregated college have concluded

That labouring art can never ransom Nature

From her inaidable estate; I say we must not

So stain our judgement or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics, or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again. ¹⁵¹

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks
I give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part.
I knowing all my peril, thou no art. ¹⁵⁶

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister : ¹⁶⁰

So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods
have flown

From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been
denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there ¹⁶⁵
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well,
kind maid !

Thy pains not us'd must by thyself be paid. ¹⁶⁶
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with Him that all things knows

As 't is with us that square our guess by shows ;
But most it is presumption in us when

The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ; ¹⁶⁸

Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think and think I know most sure

My art is not past power nor you past cure. ¹⁶⁹
King. Art thou so confident ? Within what
space

Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring, ¹⁶⁵
Ere twice in morn and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,

Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence ¹⁷⁰
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's
name ¹⁷⁵

Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay ¹⁸⁰

In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear : for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate, —
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime can happy call : ¹⁸¹
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die, ¹⁸⁴

And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my
fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?
King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?
King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes ¹⁸⁶
of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy
kindly hand

What husband in thy power I will command ;
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France.
My low and humble name to propagate ¹⁸⁸

With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises ob-
serv'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd. ¹⁹⁰
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I
must, —

Though more to know could not be more to
trust, —

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but
rest ¹⁹⁵

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy
deed. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

[SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and
lowly taught. I know my business is but to
the court.

Count. To the court ! Why, what place make
you special, when you put off that with such
contempt ? But to the court !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court.

He that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss
his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, 's
hands, lip, nor cap ; and indeed such a fellow.

to say precisely, were not for the court. But
for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
that fits all questions. ¹⁹⁸

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits all
buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,

the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all
questions ? ²⁰⁰

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of
an attorney, as your French crown for your
taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-

finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, ³⁵ the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his akin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? ³¹

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands. ³⁵

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn. ³⁰

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them. ⁴⁴

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat. ⁴⁹

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me. ⁵³

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed you "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't. ⁵⁸

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time.

To entertain 't so merrily with a fool. ⁶³

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir. To your business! Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.

This is not much. ⁷⁰

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt [severally].]

[SCENE III. Paris. The King's palace.]

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, enconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. ⁶

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists, — ¹⁰

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows, —

Par. Right; so I say. ¹⁵

Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a —

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. ²⁰

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do ye call there? ²⁵

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your Dauphin is not lustier. 'Fore me, I speak in respect — ³²

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say. ³⁸

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful. ⁴⁵

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen? ⁵⁰

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive ⁵⁵

The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four LORDS.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice ⁶⁰

I have to use. Thy frank election make; Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please! Marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these
boys',

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well.
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the King to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven
for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealth-
iest,

That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your Majesty, I have done already.
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, "We
blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be
refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice and see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my
suit?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than
throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your
fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies.
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my
leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were
sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I
would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs
of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her. Sure, they are bastards to the Eng-
lish; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy
father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an
ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known
thees already.

Hel. [To *Bertram*.] I dare not say I take
you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young *Bertram*, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your
Highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord:
But never hope to know why I should marry
her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
down

Must answer for your raising? I know he
well;

She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Dada
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all to-
gether,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st.
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.

From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed;

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue now.

It is a dropt honour. Good alone
Is good, without a name. Vileness is so;

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour. That is honour's
scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive.

When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. The mere word 's a slave

Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb

Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be
said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest. Virtue and she

Is her own dower; honour and wealth from
me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to
do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I'm glad.

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which you
defeat.

I must produce my power. Here, take her
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift:
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy con-
tempt;

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good; 155
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power
claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
bate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider 175
What great creation and what dole of honour
Fies where you bid it, I find that she, which
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand, 180
And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune and the favour of the
King

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony 185
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night. The solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err. 190

[*Exeunt all but Lafew and Parolles,
who stay behind, commenting of
this wedding.*]

Laf. [*Advancing.*] Do you hear, monsieur?
A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation. 195

Par. Recantation! My lord! My master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rou-
illon? 201

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man. Count's master
is of another style. 205

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;
to which title age cannot bring thee. 210

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to
be a pretty wise fellow. Thou didst make tol-
erable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet
the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did
manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a
vessel of too great a burden. I have now 215
found thee. When I lose thee again, I care
not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking
up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of anti-
quity upon thee, — 220

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord
have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good
window of lattice, fare thee well! Thy case-
ment I need not open, for I look through thee.
Give me thy hand. 227

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious
indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art
worthy of it. 231

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and
I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser. 235

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast
to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou
be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt
find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I
have a desire to hold my acquaintance with
thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say
in the default, he is a man I know. 242

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past,
as I will by thee, in what motion age will give
me leave. [*Exit.*] 248

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!
Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering
of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can
meet him with any convenience, an he were
double and double a lord. I'll have no more
pity of his age than I would have of — I'll beat
him, an if I could but meet him again. 255

Re-enter LAFEW.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married;
there's news for you. You have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-
ship to make some reservation of your wrongs.
He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my
master. 261

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other ser-
vants so? Thou wert best set thy lower 265
part where thy nose stands. By mine honour,
if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee.
Methinks, thou art a general offence, and every
man should beat thee. I think thou wast cre-
ated for men to breathe themselves upon
thee. 272

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure,
my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy 275
for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You
are a vagabond and no true traveller. You are
more saucy with lords and honourable person-
ages than the commission of your birth and vir-
tue gives you heraldry. You are not worth an-
other word, else I'd call you knave. I leave
you. [*Exit.*] 281

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then. Good, very good; let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweetheart? 155

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweetheart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me! I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. 160

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars! 165

He wears his honour in a box unseen, That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home, Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! 170

France is a stable, we that dwell in 't jades, Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the King 175

That which I durst not speak. His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields

Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee? Art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. 181

I'll send her straight away. To-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard!

A young man married is a man that's marr'd; 185

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go.

The King has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so. [Exit.

[SCENE IV. *Paris. The King's palace.*]*Enter HELENA and CLOWN.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly. Is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health. She's very merry, but yet she is not well; but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well. 195

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things? 200

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that 's, before thou'rt a knave. This had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, as were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave of the King,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strength'n'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. [Exit Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.

Come, sirrah. [Exit.

[SCENE V. *Paris. The King's palace.*]*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant appearance.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my, lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant. 9

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity. 15

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To *Bertram*.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor. 21

Ber. [Aside to *Par.*] Is she gone to the King?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her. 25

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin. 30

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain. 34

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure. 38

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord. 44

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur! I have spoken [50 better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so. 55

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the King and have procur'd his leave 60

For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does

The ministration and required office 65
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you

That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse than ask why I entreat you; 70 For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my mother: [Giving a letter.]

'T will be two days ere I shall see you, so 75 I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant, —

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd 80

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go.

My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,

Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is; 85

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much. Nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord.

Faith, yes! 90

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men?

Hel. Monsieur, farewell! [Exit. 94

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum. Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, *coragio!* [Exeunt.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. Florence. The Duke's palace.]

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, the two French LORDS, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful 5 On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield 10
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail 15
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.
2. *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. — You know your places
well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish.* [*Eceunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have
had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be
a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you? 5

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and
sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions
and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a
man that had this trick of melancholy sold a
goodly manor for a song. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel since I was at
court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the coun-
try are nothing like your old ling and your Is-
bels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's 15
knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man
loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.* 20

[*Count. Reads*] a letter. "I have sent you a
daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the King,
and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded
her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal.
You shall hear I am run away: know it before
the report come. If there be breadth enough 25
in the world, I will hold a long distance. My
duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30
To fly the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within
between two soldiers and my young lady! 35

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort. Your son will not be kill'd so
soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd? 41

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I
hear he does. The danger is in standing to't.
That's the loss of men, though it be the get-
ting of children. Here they come will tell you
more; for my part, I only hear your son was
run away. [*Exit.*]

Enter HELENA and the two French LORDS.

1. *Lord.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Lord.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience, pray you.
Gentlemen,

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I
pray you?

2. *Lord.* Madam, he's gone to serve the
Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we came.
And, after some dispatch in hand at court, 5
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my
passport.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon
my finger which never shall come off, and show
me a child begotten of thy body that I am
father to, then call me husband; but in such
a 'then' I write a 'never.'"
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Lord.* Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrosses all the griefs are thine.
Thou rob'st me of a moiety. He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 10
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence
is he?

2. *Lord.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2. *Lord.* Such is his noble purpose; and,
believe't,

The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1. *Lord.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have
nothing in France."
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
happily, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with
him?

1. *Lord.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

1. *Lord.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement. 90

1. Lord. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son, 95
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses. More I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2. Lord. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. 100

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt [Countess and Lords].*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I 105

That chase thee from thy country and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? And is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where

thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; 115

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catiff that do hold him to 't;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 't were

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No, come thou home,

Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

Is oft it loses all. I will be gone. 125

If being here it is that holds thee hence.

Shall I stay here to do 't? No, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house

And angels offic'd all. I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130

To console thine ear. Come, night; end,

day!

Or with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Florence. Before the Duke's palace.]

Tourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, drum and trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
and we,

rest in our hope, lay our best love and credence

on thy promising fortune.

Ber.

Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake 5
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke.

Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber.

This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall 10
prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[SCENE IV. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has
done,

By sending me a letter? Read it again.

[*Stew. Reads letter.*]

"I am Saint Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone.

Ambitious love hath in me so offended, 5

That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of 10

war

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 15

His name with zealous fervour sanctify.

His taken labours bid him me forgive.

I, his despitful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dogs the heels of 20

worth.

He is too good and fair for death and me,

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

[*Count.*] Ah, what sharp stings are in her

mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

As letting her pass so. Had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents, 25

Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam;

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she 30

writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count.

What angel shall 25

Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot

thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to 35

hear

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife. 40

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth

That he does weigh too light. My greatest

grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger.

When haply he shall hear that she is gone, 45

He will return; and hope I may that she,

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[SCENE V. Florence. Without the walls.] A tucket afar off.

Enter an old WIDOW of Florence, her daughter, [DIANA,] VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [Tucket.] We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way. Hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl. The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him ! one Parolles ; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA [disguised like a Pilgrim].

Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim ! whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ? [A march afar.

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. Hark you ! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, But till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ; The rather, for I think I know your hostess as As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman yours

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you

Dia. The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most bold of him.

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is.

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 't is reported, for the King had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth. I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him

In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great Count himself, she is too meagre

To have her name repeated. All her deserting Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'T is a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right ! Good creature, wherefore she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young man might do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be the amorous Count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;

And brokes with all that can in such a sin Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her ground In honestest defence.

Drum and colours. Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia.

That with the plume ; 't is a most gallant fellow.

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were but He were much goodlier. Is 't not a handsome

gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity he is not honest. You'd not same knave

That leads him to these places. Were he lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel.

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 50

Par. Lose our drum! Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrner! [*Exeunt* *Bertram*, *Parolles*, and *army*]. 55

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host. Of enjoind penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thank-
ing

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this virgin

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.]

Enter BERTRAM and the French LORDS, as at first.

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hild-
ing, hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in
him? 7

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own
fret knowledge, without any malice, but to
peak of him as my kinsman, he's a most
otable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an
early promise-breaker, the owner of no one
ood quality worthy your lordship's entertain-
ment. 13

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, re-
xing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
e might at some great and trusty business in
main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular
tion to try him. 19

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch
f his drum, which you hear him so confidently
dertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will
vidently surprise him; such I will have, whom
am sure he knows not from the enemy. We
ll bind and hoodwink him so, that he [25
all suppose no other but that he is carried
to the leaguer of the adversaries, when we
ing him to our own tents. Be but your lordship
sant at his examination; if he do not, for
promise of his life and in the highest [30
ulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and
ver all the intelligence in his power against
and that with the divine forfeit of his soul
hath, never trust my judgement in any-
1. 35

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem
for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of
his success in 't, and to what metal this counter-
feit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him
not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining
cannot be removed. Here he comes. 43

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of
laughter, hinder not the honour of his design.
Let him fetch off his drum in any hand. 45

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a
drum. 49

Par. "But a drum"! is 't "but a drum"?
A drum so lost! There was excellent command,
— to charge in with our horse upon our own
wings, and to rend our own soldiers! 53

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blam'd in the
command of the service; it was a disaster of
war that Cæsar himself could not have pre-
vented, if he had been there to command. 57

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our
success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of
that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 61

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the
merit of service is seldom attributed to the true
and exact performer, I would have that drum
or another, or "*hic jacet*." 65

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, mon-
sieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem
can bring this instrument of honour again into
his native quarter, be magnanimous in the [70
enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt
for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it,
the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to
you what further becomes his greatness, even
to the utmost syllable of your worthiness. 75

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will under-
take it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will
presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage [80
myself in my certainty, put myself into my mor-
tal preparation; and by midnight look to hear
further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you
are gone about it? 85

Par. I know not what the success will be, my
lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the
possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for
thee. Farewell. 90

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.
Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so
confidently seems to undertake this business,
which he knows is not to be done; damns him-
self to do, and dares better be damn'd than to
do 't? 95

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as
we do. Certain it is, that he will steal him-
self into a man's favour and for a week escape

a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after. ¹⁰¹

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto? ¹⁰⁴

1. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. ¹⁰⁹

2. Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. ¹¹⁴

1. Lord. I must go look my twigs. He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

2. Lord. As 't please your lordship. I'll leave you. ^[Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

1. Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once ¹²⁰

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:

Will you go see her?

1. Lord. With all my heart, my lord. ¹²⁵
^[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it. ¹¹

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that which well approves

You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay and pay again When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her. Let her, in fine, consent As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it. ²⁰

Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand. A ring the County wears. That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear. Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then. It is no more But that your daughter, ere she seems as won. Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter: In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent. After this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns

To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded. Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere. That time and place with this deceit so lawful May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd. To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves, for he persists As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed And lawful meaning in a lawful act, Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact. But let's about it. ^[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. Without the Florentine camp.]

Enter First French LORD, with five or six other SOLDIERS in ambush.

1. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will. Though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1. Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1. Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seem very politic. Beware, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lie he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too [so often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. Lord. [Aside, in ambush.] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. 35

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet [so slight ones will not carry it. They will say, "Come you off with so little ?" And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of [so Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is ? 40

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard ; and to say it was in stratagem. 45

1. Lord. 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel — 50

1. Lord. How deep ?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. 55

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I would swear I recover'd it.

1. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's, —

[Alarum within.

1. Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo,* 60

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo,

cargo.
Par. O, ransom, ransom ! do not hide mine eyes. [They seize and blindfold him.]

1. Sold. *Bosko thromuldo boskos.* 65

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me ; I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1. Sold. *Boskos vauvado :* I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. *Kerelybonto,* sir, be-take thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O ! 70

1. Sold. O, pray, pray, pray ! *Manka revania dulce.*

1. Lord. *Oscorbiculchos volivorco.*

1. Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet ; 80

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live !

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

1. Sold. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me. 85

1. Sold. *Acordo linta.*

Come on ; thou art granted space.

[Exit [with Parolles guarded]. A short alarum within.

1. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled 100

Till we do hear from them.

2. Sold. Captain, I will.

1. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves : Inform on that.

2. Sold. So I will, sir.

1. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [Exeunt. 105

[SCENE II. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter BERTRAM and the maid called DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument. 5

When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;

And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got. 10

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No ;

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that.

I prithee, do not strive against my vows. I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee 15

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn !

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth, 20

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High'st to witness ; then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
 When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
 To swear by Him whom I protest to love,
 That I will work against Him; therefore your
 oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, so
 At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it!
 Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with. Stand no more
 off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires, so
 Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and
 ever

My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a
 scarre
 That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that
 ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no
 power so

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring, so
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion Honour on my part, so
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring!
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
 chamber-window.

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. so
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
 Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
 My reasons are most strong, and you shall know
 them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
 And on your finger in the night I'll put so
 Another ring, that what in time proceeds
 May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
 A wife of me, though there my hope be done. so

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by woo-
 ing thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both Hea-
 ven and me!

You may so in the end.
 My mother told me just how he would woo,
 As if she sat in's heart. She says all men so
 Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry
 me

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
 him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
 braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid.

Only in this disguise I think 't no sin so
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

[SCENE III. The Florentine camp.]

Enter the two French LORDS and some two or three
 Soldiers.

2. Lord. You have not given him his mother's
 letter?

1. Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since.
 There is something in't that stings his nature;
 for on the reading it he chang'd almost into
 another man.

2. Lord. He has much worthy blame laid
 upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so
 sweet a lady.

1. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the
 everlasting displeasure of the King, who had
 even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him.
 I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell
 darkly with you.

2. Lord. When you have spoken it, 't is dead,
 and I am the grave of it.

1. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentle-
 woman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-
 nown; and this night he fleashes his will in the
 spoil of her honour. He hath given her his so
 monumental ring, and thinks himself made in
 the unchaste composition.

2. Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! As
 we are ourselves, what things are we!

1. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as is
 the common course of all treasons, we still see
 them reveal themselves, till they attain to their
 abhorr'd ends, so he that in this action contrive
 against his own nobility, in his proper stream
 o'erflows himself.

2. Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to
 be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We
 shall not then have his company to-night?

1. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is
 dieted to his hour.

2. Lord. That approaches apace. I would
 gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd,
 that he might take a measure of his own judg-
 ments, wherein so curiously he had set this
 counterfeit.

1. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he
 come, for his presence must be the whip of the
 other.

2. Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of
 these wars?

1. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

2. Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace con-
 cluded.

1. Lord. What will Count Roussillon do then?
 Will he travel higher, or return again into
 France?

2. Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are
 not altogether of his council.

1. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be
 a great deal of his act.

2. Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since
 fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrim-
 age to Saint Jacques le Grand; which holy un-
 dertaking with most austere sanctimony she
 accomplish'd; and, there residing, the ten-

derness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1. *Lord.* How is this justified? 64

2. *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place. 65

1. *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

2. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

1. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this. 75

2. *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

1. *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encount'rd with a shame as ample. 75

2. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. 87

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now! where's your master?

Mess. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The [50] Duke hath offered him letters of commendation to the King.

1. *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

2. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord! is't not after midnight? 97

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success. I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a [100] wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet. 106

1. *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 106

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophetess. 115

1. *Lord.* Bring him forth. Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance [125] to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a? 120

1. *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face. If your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES with [FIRST SOLDIER as] his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him! Muffled! He can say nothing of me. Hush! hush! 125

2. *Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Portotartarossa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint. If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

1. *Sold.* *Bosko chimurco.*

2. *Lord.* *Bolibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note. 146

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* [Reads.] "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong." What say you to that? 150

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live. 154

1. *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this! 159

2. *Lord.* You're deceiv'd, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, — that was his own phrase, — that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 164

1. *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down. 166

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

2. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it. 175

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor. 179

1. *Sold.* [Reads.] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this

present hour, I will tell true. Let me see:—
 Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, [108 two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not [100 shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him? 104

2. Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

[*Reads.*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; [200 what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? What do you know of it? 208

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories. Demand them singly. 208

1. Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him. 'A was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the shrieve's fool with child, — a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. 214

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 219

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

2. Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1. Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke? 224

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1. Sold. Marry, we'll search. 228

Par. In good sadness, I do not know. Either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1. Sold. Here 't is; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no. 238

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

2. Lord. Excellently.

1. Sold. [*Reads.*] "Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold." —

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in [240 Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again. 248

1. Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew

the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds. 25

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1. Sold. [*Reads.*]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score.

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before; 25

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss;

For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it. Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear. 25
 PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

1. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier. 25

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat; and now he's a cat to me.

1. Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. 25

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live. 254

1. Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour; what is his honesty? 25

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister. For rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should not have; 250 what an honest man should have, he has no thing.

2. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat. 250

1. Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians. To belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain. 250

2. Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

1. Sold. His qualities being at this poor price.

I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

1. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1. Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1. Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve will, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1. Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1. Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*] So, look about you. Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

1. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

2. Lord. God save you, noble captain.

1. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

2. Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt [Bertram and Lords].*]

1. Sold. You are undone, captain, all but our scari; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1. Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too. We shall speak of you there.

[*Exit [with Soldiers].*]

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, I would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; but I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft as a captain shall. Simply the thing I am shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! Being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's a place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead. The army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the King,

We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you. But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away. Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us. All's well that ends well! Still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saf-

from would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady. We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not [salad] herbes, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? A Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of. Serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways. Let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So 'a is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his au-

thority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty. 'A will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence had seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yourer 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face. Whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet know; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you. I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man.

[Exit.]

ACT V

[SCENE I. Marseilles. A street.]

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it. But since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital

Enter a GENTLE ASTRINGER.

As nothing can unroot you. In happy time! This man may help me to his Majesty's ear. If he would spend his power. God save you, sir

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen from the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to 15
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence. 21

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd last night, and with more
haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet, 25
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd, 35

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
So, go, provide. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Rousillon. Inner court of the
Count's palace.]

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Master Lavache, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been
better known to you, when I have held famili-
arity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir,
muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell some-
what strong of her strong displeasure. 5

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but slut-
ish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of.
I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's but-
tering. Prithce, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose,
sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I
will stop my nose; or against any man's meta-
phor. Prithce, get thee further. 15

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithce, stand away. A paper
from Fortune's close-stool to give to a noble-
man! Look, here he comes himself. 20

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's

eat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen
into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure,
and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you,
sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like
a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally 25
knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of
comfort and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune
hath cruelly scratch'd. 30

Laf. And what would you have me to do?
'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein
have you play'd the knave with Fortune, that
she should scratch you, who of herself is a good
lady and would not have knaves thrive long
under her? There's a *quart d'écu* for you. Let
the justices make you and Fortune friends; 35
I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more. Come,
you shall ha' 't; save your word. 40

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word, then. Cox
my passion! give me your hand. How does
your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that
found me! 45

Laf. Was I, in sooth? And I was the first
that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and the
devil? one brings thee in grace and the other
brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The King's
coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, 55
inquire further after me. I had talk of you last
night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you
shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Flourish. *Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the
two French LORDS, with Attendants.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife 15
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took cap-
tive,

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him
hither ;

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach, as
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

1. Lord. I shall, my liege. *[Exit.]*

King. What says he to your daughter ? Have
you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That sets him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayest see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth ;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admirably, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd and whom my-
self,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd.
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away

From the great compt ; but love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rash
faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maul-
lin.

The main consents are had ; and here we'll
stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day,
Which better than the first, O dear Heavens,
bles !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That she may quickly come. *[Bertram gives a
ring.]* By my old beard,

And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,

The last that e'er I took her leave at court.
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token

I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to
reave her

Of what should stand her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it

At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never
saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and
thought

I stood engag'd ; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd

In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself.

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science

Than I have in this ring. 'T was mine, 't was
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,

Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her. She call'd the saint's
surety

That she would never put it from her finger.
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour ;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should
prove ¹¹⁵
That thou art so inhuman, — 't will not prove
so; —

And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. ¹²⁰
[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with
him!

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy ¹²⁵
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Gen. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know
not.

Here's a petition from a Florentine, ¹³⁰
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending. Her business looks in her ¹³⁵
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

[*King. Reads a letter.* "Upon his many pro-
testations to marry me when his wife was dead,
I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the ¹⁴⁰
Count Roussillon a widower; his vows are for-
feited to me, and my honour's paid to him.
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I
follow him to his country for justice. Grant it
me. O king! In you it best lies. Otherwise ¹⁴⁵
a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.
DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
sell for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafen, ¹⁵⁰
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these
suitors.

To speedily and bring again the Count.
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM [guarded].

King. I wonder, sir, with wives are monsters
to you, ¹⁵⁵
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship.

Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter WIDOW and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know, ¹⁶⁰
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know
these women? ¹⁶⁵

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; ¹⁷⁰
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none. ¹⁷⁵

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let
your Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour ¹⁸⁰
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your
honour

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think ¹⁸⁵
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were
so,

He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring, ¹⁹⁰

Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is hit. ¹⁹⁵

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. ²⁰⁰

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument. His name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, ²⁰⁵
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bauch'd,

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.

Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,

That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has. Certain it is I lik'd her, 210
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, 215
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate. She got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient.
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet, — 221
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband, —
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like 226
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him

Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, 235
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have. 240

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman. 245

King. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this! 250

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage? 255

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her; for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan and of Limbo and of 260

Furies and I know not what. Yet I was in their credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it so.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now. To prison with her; and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my lord.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir, *[Exit Widow.]*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for. And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself. Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd. And at that time he got his wife with child.

Dead though she be, she feels her young as kick.

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick. And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist? Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real that I see?

Hcl. No, my good lord ;
 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
 The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon !
Hcl. O my good lord, when I was like this
 maid, ³¹⁰

I found you wondrous kind. There is your
 ring ;

And, look you, here 's your letter. This it says :
 "When from my finger you can get this ring
 And are by me with child," etc.

This is done.
 Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ? ³¹⁵
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know
 this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hcl. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step between me and you !
 O my dear mother, do I see you living ? ³²⁰

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions ; I shall weep
 anon.

[*To Parolles.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a
 handkercher. So,
 I thank thee ; wait on me home, I'll make
 sport with thee.

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
 know, ³²⁵

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
 [*To Diana.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh un-
 cropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy
 dower ;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. ³³⁰
 Of that and all the progress, more and less,
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express.

All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

[EPILOGUE]

[*King.*] The king 's a beggar, now the play
 is done. ³³⁵

All is well ended, if this suit be won,
 That you express content ; which we will pay,
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our
 parts ;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our
 hearts. [*Exeunt omnes.* ³⁴⁰

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

THE date most generally agreed on for the composition of *Measure for Measure* is 1603-4, and though external evidence is even more scanty than usual, internal evidence tends to corroborate this conjecture. The entry in the Revels accounts of a performance on December 26, 1604, is a forgery, but is founded on a good guess. Barksted's *Myrrha* (1607) contains an apparent reminiscence of the simile in II. iv. 24-26, and thus affords a later limit. The lines in I. i. 68-73 and II. iv. 27-30 may have been written in allusion to James I's attitude towards the populace, and, if so, place the play soon after his accession in 1603. Similarities in tone, in metre, and in details of thought, to *All's Well* and *Hamlet* all tend in the same direction.

There is no trace of the play's having been printed before 1623, and the present text is based on the far from perfect version in the First Folio.

Stories containing the central situation of *Measure for Measure*, the perfidy of Angelo, are common in European literature. The direct source, however, of Shakespeare's play is clearly to be found in the double drama of *Promos and Cassandra*, written by George Whetstone before he left England in 1578, the plot of which he later threw into narrative form in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). Whetstone's source seems to have been the fifth novel of the tenth day in the *Hecatomithi* of Giraldo Cinthio, who dramatized the same story in his *Epitia*. There is no evidence of Shakespeare's having used any version of the story but Whetstone's drama, except that in the *Heptameron* the narrator of the tale is a Madam Isabella, the identity of whose name with that of Shakespeare's heroine may point to his having seen the book.

The scene of Whetstone's comedy is Julio in Hungary, governed by Promos as representative of Corvinus, King of Bohemia. The society of this city is described as seething with moral corruption, a picture transferred by Shakespeare to Vienna. But the typical characters chosen to represent this society are all re-created in *Measure for Measure*, Pompey alone bearing some resemblance to a prototype, the Rosko of Whetstone. The function of the King in the older play is practically confined to the redressing of wrongs in the last act, so that the Duke's disguise as a monk, all his activity in the intrigue, and his final offer of marriage to Isabella, are Shakespeare's. The Deputy in Whetstone is honest in his severity before he sees Isabella, but the subtle portrayal of his austere Puritanism, so carefully made in the earlier scenes of the present play, is altogether absent. Shakespeare spares him the additional villainy of a false promise of marriage in his attempt to seduce the heroine, and also the cruelty of ordering the head of her brother to be sent to her.

The most profound change is in the creation of the rôle of Mariana. In the older forms of the story, the main heroine yields to the Deputy, who is forced to marry her at the end. But for such an Isabella as Shakespeare conceived, this fate was clearly impossible. So the device of substitution, which Shakespeare had used in *All's Well*, was again employed, and a much loftier type of character made possible for the heroine. This elevation appears in all the great scenes in her argument on mercy and justice, in her immediate rejection of Angelo's proposal, and in her scorn for her brother's weakness,—all of which are found in Whetstone in a crude form. It is suggestive of the level of Whetstone's *Cassandra* that considerations of reputation play a great part in the discussion between brother and sister. The first appearance of Isabella is Shakespeare is as a novice about to enter a sisterhood; the last is as the prospective bride of the Duke. Neither of these is in Whetstone; and the first may be regarded as indicating Shakespeare's view of the essential ideal quality in Isabella's character, the second as a concession to the convention of the happy ending. It is perhaps significant that she does not explicitly accept the Duke's proposal.

The increased delicacy of characterization is seen again in the brother. His first sound reaction in horror against Angelo's infamous proposal is wholly Shakespearean, and serves to place him on a plane which, in spite of his later cowardice, makes it possible to conceive him as Isabella's brother. The Provost is a development of Whetstone's gaoler; but Escalus is a creation of Shakespeare's, serving as a foil to the severity of Angelo.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

VINCENIO, the Duke.
 ANGELO, the Deputy.
 ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
 CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
 LUCIO, a fantastic.
 Two other like gentlemen.
 Provost.
 THOMAS, } two friars.
 PETER, }
 [A Justice.]
 [VARRIORS.]

ELBOW, a simple constable.
 FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
 [POMPEY,] clown [servant to Mistress Overdone].
 ANTHONSON, an executioner.
 BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
 MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
 JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
 FRANCESCA, a nun.
 MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

[Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.]

SCENE: Vienna.

ACT I

SCENE I. [An apartment in the Duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords [and Attendants].

Duke. Escalus.

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,

Since I am put to know that your own science exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you. Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency

as your worth is able, And let them work. The nature of our people, 10

[Our city's institutions, and the terms For common justice, you 're as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp. Call 15

hither, I say, bid come before us Angelo. [Exit an attendant.]

What figure of us think you he will bear? For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply, Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

And given his deputation all the organs 21

Of our own power. What think you of it? Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes. 25

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will, I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo, There is a kind of character in thy life,

That to the observer doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30

Are not thine own so proper as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves; for if our vir-

tues Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike 35

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor, 40

Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise.

Hold therefore, Angelo:

In our remove be thou at full yourself.

Mortality and mercy in Vienna 45

Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord.

Let there be some more test made of my metal

Before so noble and so great a figure 50

Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion.

We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd 55

Matters of needful value. We shall write to

you,

As time and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with us, and do look to know

What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.

To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60

Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple. Your scope is as mine own, 65

So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand; I'll privily away. I love the people, But do not like to stage me to their eyes. Though it do well, I do not relish well. Their loud applause and Aves vehement; Nor do I think the man of safe discretion That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place.

A power I have, but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [A street.]

Enter LUCIO and two other GENTLEMEN.

Lucio. If the Duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2. Gent. No? A dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1. Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1. Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1. Gent. And thou the velvet. Thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersay as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with

most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1. Gent. I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Enter Bawd [MISTRESS OVERDONE].

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mirigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

1. Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases to me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'T is not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 't is so. I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chop'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be. He promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt [Lucio and Gentlemen].*]

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Clown [POMPEY].

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed. They had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade. I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you. You that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? Let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight! The words of heaven: on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

[Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.]

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed.

You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order. This we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the offer of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us. But it chanced The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—but this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service. This day my sister should the cloister enter

And there receive her approbation. Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him. I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE [III. A monastery.]

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought.

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the zinn and
ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than
you

How I have ever lov'd the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
keeps.

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, "
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most bit-
ing laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong
steeds,

Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fa-
thers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight "
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
[Becomes] more mock'd than fear'd; so our
decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart "
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you
pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have
seem'd

Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope, "
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall
them

For what I bid them do; for we bid this be
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed,
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office; "
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,

And yet my nature never in the sight
To do it slander. And to behold his away,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people; therefore, I
prithee,

Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise, "
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone; hence shall
see.

If power change purpose, what our secret
[En]

SCENE IV. A MERRYERY.]

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA, a Nurse.

Isab. And have you news no farther;
leges?

Fra. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yea, truly. I speak not as do
more,

But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of Saint
Lucio. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this

Isab. Who 's that which

Fra. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isab-
ella, turn you the key, and know his business
him.

You may, I may not; you are yet unwor-
thy. When you have vow'd, you must not speak
men

But in the presence of the prioress;
Then, if you speak, you must not show
face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't
calls?

[*Enter LUCIO.*]

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those do
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stand
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kind
greetings you.

Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true
I would not — though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest.
Tongue far from heart — play with all vir-
gins.

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit.
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mock-
ing me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and true
't is thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd.
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow bring

seeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
resemeth his full tilth and husbandry.

ab. Some one with child by him? My
cousin Juliet?

scio. Is she your cousin?

ab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change
their names
vain though apt affection.

scio. She it is.

ab. O, let him marry her.

scio. This is the point.

Duke is very strangely gone from hence;

many gentlemen, myself being one,
and, in hope of action; but we do learn

those that know the very nerves of state,
giving-out were of an infinite distance

his true-meant design. Upon his place,

twish full line of his authority,

was Lord Angelo, a man whose blood

my snow-broth, one who never feels

evanton stings and motions of the sense,

doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

profits of the mind, study, and fast.

to give fear to use and liberty,

ab have for long run by the hideous law,

snice by lions — hath pick'd out an sot,

for whose heavy sense your brother's life

into forfeit; he arrests him on it;

follows close the rigour of the statute,

make him an example. All hope is gone,

see you have the grace by your fair prayer

otten Angelo. And that's my pith

business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

ab. Doth he so seek his life?

scio. Has censur'd him

andy; and, as I hear, the Provost hath

warrant for his execution.

ab. Alas! what poor ability's in me

to him good?

scio. Assay the power you have.

ab. My power? Alas, I doubt —

scio. Our doubts are traitors,

makes us lose the good we oft might win

fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,

let him learn to know, when maidens sue

give like gods; but when they weep and

kneel,

their petitions are as freely theirs

as they themselves would owe them.

ab. I'll see what I can do.

scio. But speedily.

ab. I will about it straight.

no longer staying but to give the Mother

notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.

commend me to my brother. Soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

scio. I take my leave of you.

ab. Good sir, adieu.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [A hall in Angelo's house.]

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, and Ser-
vants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the
law.

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gen-
tleman

Whom I would save had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place or place with wish-
ing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
to justice,

That justice seizes. What knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offenses
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter PROVOST.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. [Aside.] Well, Heaven forgive him!
and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown [POMPEY, and]
Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be
good people in a commonweal that do nothing
but use their abuses in common houses, I know
no law. Bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name?
and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I
do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here
before your good honour two notorious bene-
factors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well, what benefactors
are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well. Here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to; what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? Thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defid him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence. Your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right. But to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be rememb'rd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well. I telling you then, you be rememb'rd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I tell you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool. To be purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come, men, what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to this yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look in Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truth. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia. When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause. Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit Angelo*]
Now, sir, come on. What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what the man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman do to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest! Thou liest, wicked varlet! The time is yet to come that she was respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here, Justice or equity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before she was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for't. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it is being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a day. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it sometime. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [Another room in the same.]

Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do.

[Exit Servant.]

I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning
Juliet?

She's a very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

[Re-enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
maid.

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd.
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while. [To Isab.] You're
welcome; what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of
justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die.
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving
graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function.
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your
honour!

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Give 't not o'er
To him again, entreat him,

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold. If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire
it.

To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might persuade
him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the
mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 't is too late.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? Why, no, I, that do speak
word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slept like him; but he, like
you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, touch him
there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law.
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be?

If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips.
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid
It is the law, not I condemn your brother.

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens

We kill the fowl of season. Shall we serve Heaven

With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-think you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,

If [but] the first that did the edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed. Now 't is awake,

Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,

Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,

Are now to have no successive degrees,

But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice,

For then I pity those I do not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;

And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied.

Your brother dies to-morrow. Be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;

For every pelting, petty officer

Would use his heaven for thunder,

Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak

Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,

Dress'd in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent.

He's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i' the right, girl. More o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word.

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avis'd o' that? More on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault. If it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.— Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,

Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor

As fancy values them; but with true prayers

That shall be up at heaven and enter there

Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,

From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 't is well. Away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen!

For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue.

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha!

Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground

enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live!

Thieves for their robbery have authority

When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strump-

pet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now, 185
When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'ring
how. [Exit.]

SCENE III. [A room in a prison.]

Enter [severally] DUKE [disguised as a friar]
and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth, 11
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this. 15

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you. Stay awhile, [To Juliet.]

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. 25

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but lest you do repent, 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,

But as we stand in fear, —

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow.
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [Exit.]

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious law,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV [A room in Angelo's house.]

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel; Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereto I studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,

Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a SERVANT.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious foolishness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. 35

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,

As long as you or I. Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid. 'T is all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesses

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins

Stand more for number than for account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.

Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't, I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't at peril of your soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me; Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,

Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright

When it doth tax itself; as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears, as
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great

place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;

What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:

That is, were I under the terms of death,

The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed

That, longing, have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.

Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses. Lawful mercy

Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord. It oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he

Owe and succeed this weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help, Heaven! men their creation

mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times

frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,—

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames, — let me be bold.

I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none; 135

If you be one, as you are well express'd By all external warrants, show it now, By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet, And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't, 145

Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming! 150

I will proclaim thee, Angelo. Look for 't! Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life, 155 My vouch against you, and my place i' the state, Will so your accusation overweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report And smell of calumny. I have begun, And now I give my sensual race the rein. 160 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will; Or else he must not only die the death, 165 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow, Or, by the affection that now guides me most, I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. 170 *[Exit.]*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths, That bear in them one and the self-same tongue, Either of condemnation or approval; Bidding the law make curtsy to their will; 175 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite, To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother. Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die; More than our brother is our chastity. 185

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. 190 *[Exit.]*

ACT III

SCENE I. *[A room in the prison.]*

Enter DUKE [disguised as before,] CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine But only hope.

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That dost this habitation where thou keep'st:

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's bowl.

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means

valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get.

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey.

And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum.

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth

nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied Eld; and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor

beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in

this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we

fear,

That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Isab. [*Within.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, Intends you for his swift ambassador, Where you shall be an everlasting leiger; Therefore your best appointment make with speed,

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None but such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live.

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you 'll implore it, that will free your life, But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't, Would barck your honour from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great

As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my

father's grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The dammedst body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this
rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the
nose,

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be — worse than

worst —

Of those that lawless and incertain thought

Imagine howling, — 't is too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I

think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father

fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, 100
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie! Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd; 100
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

[*Re-enter DUKE.*]

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will? 105

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you. The satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while. [*Walks apart.*] 100

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him 105 that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees and make ready. 110

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there! Farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

[*Re-enter PROVOST.*]

Prov. What's your will, father? 115

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid. My mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. 120

[*Exit [Provost. Isabella comes forward].*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath 125 convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother? 130

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government. 135

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your

accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advising. To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady 140 a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have bearing of this business. 145

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul to the truth of my spirit. 150

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But 155 mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinecure of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 160

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 165

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail? 170

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father. 175

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have 180 quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him 185 may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, — and now follows all, — we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appoint- 190 ment, go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor

Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy [255] scolded. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo. If for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exit [Isabella and Duke].*]

[SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*]

Enter [on one side, DUKE, disguised as before; on the other.] ELBOW, and Officers with Clown [POMPEY].

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'T was never marry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lambkins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice; say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove —

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.

Correction and instruction must both work. For this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster. If he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, — a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not [50] drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd; an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome; but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him

to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred, it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women. He was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 't is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! Why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much dark'n'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since we know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return more; or you imagine me too unhurtful as opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first; thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a wash. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again. This ungentle agent will ur people the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light. Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for unstrawing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet (and I say 't to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortal

ity
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and [Officers, and Bawd [MISTRESS OVERDONE].

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me: your honour is accounted a merciful man. Good my lord!

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time. He promis'd her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exit Officers with Mistress Ov.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio

must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd [230
with divines, and have all charitable preparation.
If my brother wrought by my pity, it
should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been
with him, and advis'd him for the entertain-
ment of death. 236

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance
is now 239

To use it for my time. I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world? 244

Duke. None, but that there is so great a
fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it
must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and
it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of
course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any
undertaking. There is scarce truth enough
alive to make societies secure; but security 249
enough to make fellowships accurst. Much
upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world.
This news is old enough, yet it is every day's
news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was
the Duke? 255

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to? 260

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at anything which profess'd to
make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temper-
ance. But leave we him to his events, with a
prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me
desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd.
I am made to understand that you have lent
him visitation. 265

Duke. He professes to have received no sin-
ister measure from his judge, but most will-
ingly humbles himself to the determination of
justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the
instruction of his frailty, many deceiving prom-
ises of life, which I by my good leisure have dis-
credited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die. 269

Escal. You have paid the heavens your func-
tion, and the prisoner the very debt of your
calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman
to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my
brother justice have I found so severe, that he
hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Jus-
tice. 274

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness
of his proceeding, it shall become him well;
wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd
himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare
you well. 279

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offences weighing. 280

Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide, 285
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things! 290
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting, 295
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*The moated grange at St. Luke's.*]

Enter MARIANA, and Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee
quick away.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*]

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 30
You had not found me here so musical.

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much pleas'd, but pleas'd my
woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath
such a charm 34

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquir'd for
me here to-day? Much upon this time have
I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after. I
have sat here all day. 39

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time
is come even now. I shall crave your forbear-
ance a little. May be I will call upon you anon,
for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.* 25

Duke. Very well met, and well come.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with
brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd,
And to that vineyard is a planced gate, 30

That makes his opening with this bigger key.

This other doth command a little door

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;

There have I made my promise

Upon the heavy middle of the night 55
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me 60
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;

And that I have possess'd him my most stay

Can be but brief; for I have made him know 65
I have a servant comes with me along,

That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana

A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; 70
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand, 75

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[Exeunt [Mariana and Isabella].]

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes 80

Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report

Run with these false and most contrarious
quests

Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dream
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, 85

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say

When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not. 90

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,

Sith that the justice of your title to him

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go. 95

Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *[A room in the prison.]*

Enter PROVOST and Clown [POMPEY].

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper. If you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gylves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with a unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think 't meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally. A feather will turn the scale.

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call on your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits a thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him, for I do find a hangman is a more penitent trade than a bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct you in my trade. Follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir, and I have

If you have occasion to use me for your own
urn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for
your kindness I owe you a good turn. *[Exit.*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.
[Exit Abhorson.]
The one has my pity; not a jot the other, for
being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy
death.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-mor-
row
thou must be made immortal. Where's Bar-
nardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless
labour

Then it lies starkly in the traveller's bones. No
he will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Vell, go, prepare yourself. *[Knocking within.]*
But, hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! *[Exit Clau-
dio.]* By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
or the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of
the night
develop you, good Provost! Who call'd here
of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
even with the stroke and line of his great jus-
tice.

He doth with holy abstinence subdue
hisat in himself which he spurs on his power as
qualify in others. Were he meal'd with
that

which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
and this being so, he's just.

[Knocking within.]

Now are they come.

[Exit Provost.]

Is is a gentle Provost: seldom when
he stole a gauler is the friend of men.

[Knocking within.]
Now now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd
with haste

at wounds the insisting postern with these
strokes.

[Re-enter PROVOST.]

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
come to let him in. He is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio
yet?

I he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it
is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov.

Happily

You something know, yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we. Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

[Duke.] And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. *[Giving a paper.]* My lord hath sent [108
you this note; and by me this further charge,
that you swerve not from the smallest article
of it, neither in time, matter, or other circum-
stance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is
almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]* 110

Duke. *[Aside.]* This is his pardon, purchas'd
by such sin

For which the pardoners himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender
friended. 118

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens
me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks
strangely, for he hath not us'd it before. 121

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

[Prov. Reads] the letter.

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary,
let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;
and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my bet-
ter satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head [124
sent me by five. Let this be duly performed,
with a thought that more depends on it than
we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your
office, as you will answer it at your peril." 126
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be
executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up
and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years
old. 128

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke
had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or
executed him? I have heard it was ever his
manner to do so. 129

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for
him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the gov-
ernment of Lord Angelo, came not to an un-
doubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent? 130

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by
himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison? How seems he to be touch'd? 132

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless,
reckless, and fearless of what's past, present,
or to come; insensible of mortality, and des-
perately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death 's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke. You shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star

calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be. All difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Another room in the same.]

Enter Clown [POMPEY].

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession. One would think were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash. He's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made his marks, ready money. Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd stuff, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Dew-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Polding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to rely into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant comes.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drink

all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day. 50

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your most father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I. I have been drinking [ward all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with ale. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word. If you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will I go to-day. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live or die, O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.]

Prov. Now sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

and to transport him in the mind he is very damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, there died this morning of a cruel fever one Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,

man of Claudio's years; his beard and head lost of his colour. What if we do omit

his reprobate till he were well inclin'd, and satisfy the deputy with the visage

of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides!

Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on twix'd by Angelo. See this be done,

and sent according to command, whiles I persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon;

and how shall we continue Claudio, to save me from the danger that might come

if he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. Let them in secret holds, both Barnardine

and Claudio.

Twice the sun hath made his journal greeting

to the under generation, you shall find your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. *[Exit Provost.]*

Now will I write letters to Angelo, —

The Provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly. Him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form, We shall proceed with Angelo. 105

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. *[Exit.]*

Isab. (Within.) Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good;

To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.

His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel! Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your eyes; —

One of our covert, and his confessor, Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 'T is that he sent me of the Duke's return.

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo 145

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend you with this
letter.

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart. Trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart to see thine eyes so red. Thou must be
patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water
and bran; I dare not for my head fill my
belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But
they say the Duke will be here to-morrow.
By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother. If
the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had
been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little
beholding to your reports; but the best is, he
lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so
well as I do. He's a better woodman than thou
tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day.
Fare ye well.

Lucio. Sir, tarry; I'll go along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him
already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none
were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a
wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to
forswear it. They would else have married me
to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest.
Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the
lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll
have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind
of burr; I shall stick.

SCENE IV. [*A room in Angelo's house.*]

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath dis-
covered other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted man-
ner. His actions show much like to madness;
pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And
why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our
authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an
hour before his entering, that if any crave re-
dress of injustice, they should exhibit their
petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have
a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from
devices hereafter, which shall then have no
power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be pro-

claim'd betimes i' the morn. I'll call you at
your house. Give notice to such men of art
and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

[*Exit Escal.*]

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-
pregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflow'rd
maid!

And by an eminent body that enforce'd
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason daws
her no;

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have
liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous
sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would
not.

SCENE V. [*Fields without the town.*]

*Enter DUKE [in his own habit,] and FRIAR
PETER.*

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knows our purpose and our plot
The matter being afoot, keep your instructions.
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this
that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius'
house,

And tell him where I stay. Give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate.
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P.

It shall be speeded well.
[*Exit.*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast
made good haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our
friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. [*Street near the city gate.*]

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath.
I would say the truth; but to accuse him
That is your part. Yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari.

Be rul'd by him

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if perad-
venture

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Mari. I would Friar Peter —

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the
Duke,

He shall not pass you. Twice have the trum-
pets sounded,

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent the gates, and very near upon

The Duke is entering; therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [The city gate.]

Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCA-
LUS, LUCIO, [Provost, Officers, and] Citizens,
at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see
you.

Ang. [Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Escal. Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you
both.

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear
such goodness of your justice, that our soul
cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I
should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,

When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time

And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Virtues that keep within. Come, Escalus,

You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA.

Fri. P. Now is your time. Speak loud and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your re-
gard

'pon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a
maid!

Worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye

By throwing it on any other object

Will you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? By
whom? Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:

Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,

You bid me seek redemption of the devil.

Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear
me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
firm.

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,

Cut off by course of justice, —

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will
I speak.

That Angelo 's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo 's a murderer, is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as he is strange.

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou
believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness! Make not
impossible

That which but seems unlike. 'T is not im-
possible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo. Even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince!

If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,

Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad, — as I believe no other, —

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,

Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason

For inequality; but let your reason serve

To make the truth appear where it seems hid,

And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad

Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would
you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.

I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio

As then the messenger, —

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace.

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo

For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then.

Pray you, take note of it; and when you have so
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed
to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale, —

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i' the
wrong

To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy, —

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he fell'd me, and how I repli'd, —

For this was of much length, — the vile con-
clusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his conspicuous intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate-

ment,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

And I did yield to him; but the next morn-
betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity

Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so of-

fended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,

Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An of-

ficer!

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so near us? This needs must be a
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, Friar

Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling
friar.

I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my
lord,

For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him

soundly.

Duke. Words against me! This's a good
friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and
that friar,

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,

Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speak

of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and
holy;

Not surly, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;

And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear
himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request.

Being come to knowledge that there was com-
plaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither.
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth

know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,

Whensoever he's convented. First, for the
woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,

Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off guarded.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial. Be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?

Enter MARIANA [veiled].

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my
face

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

Duke. Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And I confess besides I am no maid. 185

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 191

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication, 195

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know. 201

Duke. No? You say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is An-

gelo,

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face. 205

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will un-

mask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking

on;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel, 211

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord. 215

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this

woman;

And five years since there was some speech of

marriage

betwixt myself and her; which was broke

off,

Partly for that her promised proportions

were short of composition, but in chief 220

for that her reputation was disvalued

by levity: since which time of five years

never spake with her, saw her, nor heard

from her,

For my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words

from breath, 225

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows; and, my good

lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confix'd here,

A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of jus-

tice.

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive 235

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier mem-

ber

That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,

To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

And punish them unto your height of plea-

sure. 240

Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou

thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular

saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord

Escalus, 245

Sit with my cousin. Lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;

Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord, for he

indeed 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint.

Your provost knows the place where he abides,

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.

[Exit Provost.]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,

Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, 255

Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement. I for a while will leave

you;

But stir not you till you have well determin'd

Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. 260

[Exit Duke.]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that

Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest

in nothing but in his clothes; and one that

hath spoke most villanous speeches of the

Duke. 265

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here

till he come and enforce them against him.

We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word. 270

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;

I would speak with her. [Exit an attendant.]

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question;

you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you? 275

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled

her privately, she would sooner confess. Per-

chance, publicly, she'll be asham'd.

Re-enter [Officers with] ISABELLA; and Provost with the DUKE [in his friar's habit].

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way, for women are light at midnight. 281

Escal. Come on, mistress. Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost. 286

Escal. In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confessed you did. 291

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! Where is the Duke? 'T is he should hear me speak. 296

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak.

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300 Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse. 305

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhal-
lowed friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth And in the witness of his proper ear, 310

To call him villain, and then to glance from him To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. What, "unjust"!

Duke. Be not so hot. The Duke 315 Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own. His subject am I not, Nor here provincial. My business in this state Made me a looker on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults, 321 But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison! 325

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate. Do you know me? 329

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of

your voice. I met you at the prison, in the presence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report. You have said, spoke so of him, and much more, and worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Didst thou pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close and after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd with! Away with him to prison! Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! Lay hands enough upon him. Let him speak no more! Away with those giglots too, and with the confederate companion!

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; follow me, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Show your shag-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will you not off? *[Pulls off the friar's hood.]*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that ever mad'st a duke.

First Provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[To Lucio.] Sneak not away, sir; for the first and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. *[To Escalus.]* What you have said

I pardon. Sit you down;

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, *[taking Lucio's seat]* by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence.

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord.

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame.

But let my trial be mine own confession.

Immediate sentence, then, and sequent death.

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate.

Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

[Exeunt [Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost].]

Isabel. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour 343

in at the strangeness of it.

Mari. Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince. As I was then virtuous and holy to your business, changing heart with habit, I am still true to your service.

Isabel. O, give me pardon, 350
as I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
in unknown sovereignty!

Mari. You are pardon'd, Isabel; now, dear maid, be you as free to us. In your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

you may marvel why I obscur'd myself, labouring to save his life, and would not rather

take rash remonstrance of my hidden power
to let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
was the swift celerity of his death,
such I did think with slower foot came on, 400
at brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!

Is life is better life, past fearing death,
in that which lives to fear. Make it your
comfort,
happy is your brother.

Enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST.

Isabel. I do, my lord.

Mari. For this new-married man approach-
ing here, 405

whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
his well defended honour, you must pardon
Mariana's sake; but as he adjudg'd your
brother, —

being criminal, in double violation
of sacred chastity and of promise-breath 410
upon dependent, for your brother's life, —
the very mercy of the law cries out

audible, even from his proper tongue,
an Angelo for Claudio, death for death!

He still pays haste, and leisure answers 415
leisure;

he doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Mea-
sure*.

Now, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
advantage.

He condemn thee to the very block
where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste. 420

say with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
as you will not mock me with a husband.
Mari. It is your husband mock'd you with
a husband.

Meaning to the safeguard of your honour,
ought your marriage fit; else imputation, 425
that he knew you, might reproach your life
choke your good to come. For his posses-
sions,

though by confiscation they are ours,
do instate and widow you withal,
buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man. 431

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, — [Kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [To Lucio.] Now,
sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take
my part! 435

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her.

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, 441
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.

Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband. 445
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isabel. [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 450

A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died; 455

For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no
subjects;

Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I
say. 460

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message. 465

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice.

For testimony whereof, one in the prison, 470
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so
wise 475

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 400
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO
[*muffled*], and *JULIET*.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul, 405
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him; 410
I leave him to your hand. What muffl'd fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his
head;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]
Duke. [To *Isabella*.] If he be like your
brother, for his sake 415

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake —
Give me your hand and say you will be mine —
He is my brother too. But fitter time for
that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 420
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth
yours.

I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[To *Lucio*.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a
fool, a coward, 425

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus? 430

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you
may; but I had rather it would please you I
might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow, 435
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear.
And he shall marry her. The nuptial shall
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness do not marry
me to a whore. Your Highness said even now,
I made you a duke; good my lord, do not re-
compense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry
her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is promise
to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 440
[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-
store.

Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo!
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness;

There's more behind that is more grateful.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*, 445
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [*Exeunt*]

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

PERICLES is first mentioned in an entry to Edward Blount in the Stationers' Register, May 20, 1608. Blount does not seem to have issued the play, but in the following year a pirated quarto was published with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, and this was reprinted in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. It was not included in the First or the Second Folio, but appeared with six other additional plays, all of which were spurious, in the second impression of the Third Folio in 1664, the text following that of the Sixth Quarto. The text of the First Quarto is the original authority for all succeeding editions, and, though very corrupt, is here followed, with many corrections from later editors, especially Malone. Owing, however, to the doubtful authenticity of much of the play, it has been thought advisable to be more than usually conservative in the treatment of the text.

The story of *Apollonius of Tyre*, of which the play is a dramatized version, is one of the most widely diffused themes in fiction. The earliest extant form is a Latin prose *Historia*, supposed to have been compiled from Greek sources about the fifth century, and found in many MSS., the earliest belonging to the ninth or tenth century. The versions used in the play are that of Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, book VIII, and that of Laurence Twine in his *Patterne of Painful Adventures* (Stationers' Register, 1576); but the diffusion of the story throughout all Europe makes it possible that details from other versions may have reached the authors.

The chief features appearing for the first time in the play are the substitution of a tournament for the ball game in which the hero distinguishes himself at Pentapolis; the playful trickery of Simonides in the scene where the marriage is arranged; the details of the scenes in the rebel; and the omission of the revenges of the hero upon the bawds and the treacherous foster-parents of Marina. Only the last of these changes occurs in the part generally ascribed to Shakespeare.

The absence of *Pericles* from the first two Folios, the inequality of workmanship, and the differences in metrical style in the play as we have it, account for the general opinion that it is only in part Shakespeare's. The parts most generally suspected are Acts I and II, Scenes ii, v, and vi of Act IV, and all the Choruses spoken by Gower. The remaining parts are almost unanimously attributed to Shakespeare. There is, however, no general agreement as to the manner in which these elements came to be united. Some have held that Shakespeare revised an older play, rewriting the later acts; while the more recent tendency is to regard *Pericles* as the completion by two minor authors of a play on Marina which Shakespeare had left unfinished. But the recurrence even in the earlier acts of passages and phrases with a Shakespearean ring points to the more subtle and, judging by modern practice, more usual method of collaboration, by which joint authors each discuss and retouch the whole play.

It is widely accepted that the author mainly responsible for Acts I and II and the Choruses was that George Wilkins who, in 1608, published a novel, "The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet Iohn Gower." While there is nothing unlikely in this, it can hardly be regarded as absolutely proved. Still less certain is the conjecture that the prose scenes in Act I are the work of W. Rowley, elsewhere a collaborator with Wilkins. Indeed, the evidence against the Shakespearean authorship of these scenes is by no means complete, and it cannot be said that without them the conception of the character and spirit of Marina is much less definite. The absence of allusion to these scenes in the dialogue after the meeting of Pericles and Marina is the most significant point in favor of the theory of a third author. It is to be noted that the Choruses are not all in the same class. The first three and that occurring in v. ii. are in eight-syllabled verse, and the earlier ones have occasional archaisms to fit them to Gower. Those in Act IV and the beginning and end of Act V are in ten-syllabled verse, and are somewhat less crude in style. All this points, as before indicated, to a much less absolute division of parts among the collaborators than is usually made out.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionysa.
Marshal.

A Pandar.
BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYSIA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

DIANA.
GOWER, as Chorus.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*]

ACT I

Enter GOWER.

[*Before the palace of Antioch. Heads and skulls of men over the gate.*]

Gow. To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holidays;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city, for his chieftest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say.
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke, —
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account'd no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;
Which to prevent he made a law

To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life;
So for her many a wight did die,
As you grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eyes
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit

[SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and his
lovers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have
large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embold'ned with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like
bride [Music

For embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the DAUGHTER of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd
the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from these
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles, —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

Her countless glory, which desert must gain,

And which, without desert, because thine eye

Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.

On sometimes famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

All thee, with speechless tongues and sem-

blance pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Where they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist

Or going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught

My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare

His body, like to them, to what I must;

For death rememb'ed should be like a mirror,

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

'Till make my will then, and, as sick men do

Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling

woe,

Tripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;

But I bequeath a happy peace to you

And all good men, as every prince should do;

My riches to the earth from whence they came;

But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Princess.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,

Wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

[*Ant.*] Scorning advice, read the conclusion,

then,

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,

As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove

prosperous!

Per. Of all 'say'd yet I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the

lists,

For ask advice of any other thought

but faithfulness and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed.

I sought a husband, in which labour

I found that kindness in a father.

He's father, son, and husband mild;

I mother, wife, and yet his child.

How they may be, and yet in two,

As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last; but, O you powers

That give heaven countless eyes to view men's

acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?

Air glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.

But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;

For he's no man on whom perfections wait

That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,

Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to

hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,

Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,

For that's an article within our law,

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd.

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell

it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,

He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind

mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth

is throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth

die for 't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their

will;

And if Jove stray, who dare say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to

smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,

Then give my tongue like leave to leave my

head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head!

He has found the meaning.

But I will gloze with him. — Young Prince of

Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel off your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son;

And until then your entertain shall be

As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight!

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where now you're both a father and a son,

By your untimely clasplings with your child,

Which pleasures fits a husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh,

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they

feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night 155
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke ;
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets to put off the shame ; 160
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
 For which we mean to have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my in-
 famy, 165
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner ;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die,
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your Highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, 181
 You are of our chamber, and our mind par-
 takes
 Her private actions to your secrecy ;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's
 gold ; 185
 We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must
 kill him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Ant. Enough. 190

Enter a MESSENGER.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your
 haste.

Mes. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [Exit.]

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow shot
 From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return 195
 Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord,
 If I can get him within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure enough ; so farewell to
 your Highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! [Exit Thal.] Till
 Pericles be dead, 197
 My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit.]

[SCENE II. Tyre. A room in the palace.]

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [To Lords without.] Let none disturb us.

— Why should this change of thoughts,
 The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
 Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour
 In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed
 me quiet ? 200

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
 shun them ;

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirit.
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus : the passions of the mind
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be
 done,

Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
 And so with me. The great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear
 silence ;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him ;
 And what may make him bluish in being known.
 He'll stop the course by which it might be
 known.

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land.
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state.
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist.
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
 offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself —
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
 them —

Makes both my body pine and soul to languish
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter [HELICANUS, with other] LORDS.

1. Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
 breast !

2. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
 to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
 tongue.

They do abuse the King that flatter him,
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,
 The thing the which is flattered, but a spark.
 To which that blast gives heat and strong
 glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please.
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your ears
 o'erlook

What shipping and what lading 's in our haven
 And then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helicanus, thou

Hast mov'd us. What seest thou in our looks
 Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in prince's
 frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face
 Hel. How darest the plants look up to heaven
 from whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
to take thy life from thee.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself;
ho you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
It down. Thou art no flatterer.
thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
that kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid!

't counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
such griefs as you yourself do lay upon your-
self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
that ministers a potion unto me
that thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then. I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of
death,

sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
from whence an issue I might propagate,

are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; 't
the rest — hark in thine ear — as black as in-
cest;

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful
father

seem'd not to strike, but smooth. But thou
know'st this,

't is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being
here,

Bethought me what was past, what might suc-
ceed.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
that I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
to keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope,

to lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with
arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him;

When all for mine (if I may call) offence
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood
from my cheeks,

Mixings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear;
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by public war or private treason

Will take away your life. 106

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my ab-
sence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and
to Tarsus 115

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack
both;

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-
vince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Tyre. An ante-chamber in the
palace.]

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it
not, I am sure to be hang'd at home. 'T is
dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fel-
low, and had good discretion, that, being bid to
ask what he would of the King, desired he [s
might know none of his secrets. Now do I see
he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a
man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture
of his oath to be one. Hush! here comes the
lords of Tyre. 10

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other
Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of
Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside.] How! the King gone! 15

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch —

Thal. [Aside.] What from Antioch? 20

Hel. Royal Antiochus — on what cause I
know not —

Took some displeasure at him; at least he
judg'd so;

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [Aside.] Well, I perceive 25
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would.

But since he's gone, the King's ears it must please;

He escap'd the land, to perish at the sea.

I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome. 21

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;

But since my landing I have understood

Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels, 23

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,

Commended to our master, not to us;

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, 25

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*]

Enter CLEON, the Governor of Tarsus, with [DIONYZA,] his wife, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,

And by relating tales of others' griefs,

See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire 2

Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are.

Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep

Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,

Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; 18

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,

For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wond'ring at; 25

Whose men and dames so jettied and adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them by.

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight.

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30

The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,

These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air

Were all too little to content and please,

Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,

They are now starved for want of exercise.

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, 3

Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it.

Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now

To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping.

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup

And her prosperities so largely taste,

With their superfluous riots, hear these tears.

The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir.

That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation, 4

Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,

"Who makes the fairest show means most deceit."

But bring they what they will and what they can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,

To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consists;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,

Let not our ships and number of our men
be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets,
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy
bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise.
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and
men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evil !
I'll when, — the which I hope shall ne'er be
seen, —

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast
here a while,
And let our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
In child, I wis, to incest bring ;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
As still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious.
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon ;
all the train with them. Enter at another
door a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles ;
Pericles shows the letter to Cleon ; gives the
Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit
Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours ; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,

And to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre ;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease.
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above and deeps below
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe in wreck'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till Fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad ;
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, — this longs the text.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the
sea-side.*]

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly
man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the seas hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery
grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three FISHERMEN.

1. *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch !
2. *Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets !
1. *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !
3. *Fish.* What say you, master ?
1. *Fish.* Look how thou stirr'st now ! Come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.
3. *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the
poor men that were cast away before us even
now.
1. *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to
help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce
help ourselves.
3. *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when
I saw the porpoise how he bounce'd and tumble'd ?
They say they're half fish, half flesh.
A plague on them, they ne'er come but I look
to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes
live in the sea.
1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones
eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich
misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays
and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,
and at last devour them all at a mouthful. Such

whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3. Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2. Fish. Why, man?

3. Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides!

3. Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve or men detest! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him. He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know, But what I am, want teaches me to think on,—

A man throng'd up with cold. My veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't, an I have a gown here! Come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreo'er, puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2. Fish. Hark you, my friend. You said you could not beg?

Per. I did but crave.

2. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

2. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish a better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest man becomes their labour!

1. Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where we are?

Per. Not well.

1. Fish. Why, I'll tell you. This is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

1. Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from the shore?

1. Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey. And I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desire, I could wish to make one there.

1. Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter SECOND and THIRD FISHERMEN drawing up a net.

2. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bobs on! 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me. With this strict charge, even as he left his life, "Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death,"—and pointed to this brace—

"For that it sav'd me, keep it. In like necessity—

The which the gods protect thee from!—may 't defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spares not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again.

I thank thee for 't. My shipwreck now 's no ill. Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1. Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king. I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign court,

There with it I may appear a gentleman ;
and if that ever my low fortune 's better, 148
I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debtor.

1. *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?
Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fish*. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give
me good on 't ! 149

2. *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was
e that made up this garment through the
high seams of the waters. There are certain
adolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you
write, you 'll remember from whence you had
them. 150

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ;
and, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
his jewel holds his building on my arm.
Into thy value I will mount myself

upon a courser, whose delightful steps
shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. 151
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
of a pair of bases.

2. *Fish*. We 'll sure provide. Thou shalt have
a best gown to make thee a pair ; and I 'll
ring thee to the court myself. 170

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will,
his day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform
leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side
of it for the reception of the King, Princess,
Lords, etc.]*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, [*LORDS*] and At-
tendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph ?

1. *Lord*. They are, my liege ;
and stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our
daughter,
in honour of whose birth these triumphs are, 152
is here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
for men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord*.]
Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express

by commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so, for princes are
model which heaven makes like to itself. 153
A jewels lose their glory if neglected,
princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to interpret
the labour of each knight in his device. 154

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll
perform.

*The First Knight passes by [and his Squire pre-
sents his shield to the Princess].*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer him-
self ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father ;

and the device he bears upon his shield
is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun ; 155
he word, "*Lux tua vita mihi*."

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of
you.

The Second Knight [passes by].

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield 156
is an armed knight that 's conquered by a
lady ;

The motto thus, in Spanish, "*Piu por dulzura
que por fuerza*."

The Third Knight [passes by].

Sim. And what 's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, "*Me pompæ provezit apex*." 157

The Fourth Knight [passes by].

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside
down ;

The word, "*Quod me alit, me extinguit*."

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his
power and will.

Which can as well inflame as it can kill. 158

The Fifth Knight [passes by].

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with
clouds,

Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone
tried ;

The motto thus, "*Sic spectanda fides*."

The Sixth Knight [Pericles, passes by].

Sim. And what 's

The sixth and last, the which the knight
himself 159

With such a graceful courtesy delivered ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his
present is

A withered branch, that 's only green at top ;

The motto, "*In hac spe vivo*."

Sim. A pretty moral. 160

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord*. He had need mean better than his
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend ;

For by his rusty outside he appears 161

To have practis'd more the whipstock than the
lance.

2. *Lord*. He well may be a stranger, for he
comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3. *Lord*. And on set purpose let his armour
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust. 162

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us
scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming. We will
withdraw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt*.]

[*Great shouts within, and all cry,
"The mean knight !"*]

[SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.*]

Enter SIMONIDES, [THAISA, MARSHAL, Lords, Attendants] and KNIGHTS, from tilting.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come,
queen o' the feast, —
For, daughter, so you are, — here take your place.

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days. Honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envieth the great nor shall the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

[Aside.] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. *[Aside.]* By Juno, that is queen of marriage,

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. — Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman,
Has done no more than other knights have done,

Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. *[Aside.]* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. *[Aside.]* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim, —

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter

Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come
To honour them;

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wond'ring.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.

He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. *[Aside.]* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;

My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads.

Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[They dance.]

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.

Come, sir, 100
Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practice them they are, my lord. 105

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied

Of your fair courtesy. [They dance.

Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[To Per.] But you the best. Pages and lights,
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! [To Per.] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

[Sim.] Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore each one betake him to his rest. 115
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.]

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,

Due to this heinous capital offence, 5
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with
him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so
stunk, 10

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Saw now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his re-
ward. 15

Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three LORDS.

1. Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without re-
proof.

3. Lord. And curs'd be he that will not se-
cond it. 20

1. Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a
word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day,
my lords.

1. Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to
the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! For what? Wrong not
your prince you love. 25

1. Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble
Helicane;

But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

2. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest
in our censure;

And knowing this kingdom is without a
head, — 35

Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin, — your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. By honour's cause, forbear your suf-
frages.

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to 45
Forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1. Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth thus, 55
We with our travels will endeavour us.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands.

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. Pentapolis. A room in the palace.]

Enter SIMONIDES, reading of a letter, at one
door: the KNIGHTS meet him.

1. Knight. Good morrow to the good Simon-
ides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not under-
take

A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known, 5

Which from her by no means can I get.

2. Knight. May we not get access to her, my
lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so
strictly tied

Her to her chamber, that't is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3. *Knight*. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine.
I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft! here he comes. I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you

For your sweet music this last night. I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are Music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'T is the King's subtilty to have my life.

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the King—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside.*] I am glad on 't with all my heart. —
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself. —
Therefore hear you, mistress: either frame
Your will to mine, — and you, sir, hear you.
Either be rul'd by me, — or I will make you —
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy:
And for a further grief, — God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if 't please your Majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT III]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout.
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Are the blither for their dronch.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly echo.
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

[DUMB SHOW.]

Enter Pericles and Simonides, at one door, with Attendants. A Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to him. Then

enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices. She and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dorn and painful perch, 15
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expence 20
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead, 25
The men of Tyrrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round, 35
And every one with claps can sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire — 40
Which who shall cross? — along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe.
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood 45
Hath their keel cut. But fortune's mood
Varies again. The grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives. 50
The lady shrieks, and well-a-need
Does fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself perform.
I will relate, action may 55
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. 60

[Exit.]

[SCENE I.]

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently
quenoh 5
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Ly-
chorida,

How does my queen? Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida! — Lucina, O 10
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the
pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter LYCHORIDA [with an Infant].

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a 15
place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida?

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the 20
storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter. For the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here 25
below

Recall not what we give, and therein may 30
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world 35
That ever was prince's child. Happy what
follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb. Even at the 40
first

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, 45
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good
gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two SAILORS.

1. *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the
flaw;

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, 50
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sail.* Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2. *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not. 55

1. *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard.
The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will
not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition. 60

1. *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it
hath been still observed; and we are strong in
custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched
queen! 65

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire. The unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; ⁴¹
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
corse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida, ⁴²
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My cascket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin. Lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly, woman. ⁷⁰

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caul'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast
is this?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, ⁷⁵
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus. There I'll leave it ⁸⁰
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mari-
ner.

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's
house.*]

*Enter CERIMON, with a SERVANT [and some
Persons who have been shipwrecked].*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men.
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night
as this, ⁵

Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-
turn.

There's nothing can be minist'ed to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon.*] Give
this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow. ¹⁰

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake; ¹⁵
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you
early;

'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early
hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'T is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches. Careless being
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former.

Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures; which
doth give me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
poured forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been re-
stored;

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Ceri-
mon

Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three [SERVANTS] with a chest.

1. *Serv.* So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

1. *Serv.* Sir, even now
Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest. ²⁰
'T is of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

2. *Gent.* 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight.
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold.
'T is a good constraint of fortune it belch-
upon us.

2. *Gent.* 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caul'd and bitum'd!
Did the sea cast it up?

1. *Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open.
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with
it.

O you most potent gods! what 's here? A
corse!

1. *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entresoured ⁴⁵

th full bags of spices! A passport too!
allo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drives a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost ⁷⁰
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying.
She was the daughter of a king.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity! ⁷⁵
thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
at even cracks for woe! This chane'd to-
night.

2. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
I look how fresh she looks! They were too
rough

at throw her in the sea. Make a fire within.
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. ⁸⁵

[*Exit a Servant.*]

With may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
In oppress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
at had nine hours lien dead, ⁹⁰
who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter one [with boxes,] napkins, and fire.

He said, well said. — The fire and cloths.
Be rough and woeful music that we have,
Add it to sound, beseech you.
Be vial once more. How thou stirr'st, thou
block! ⁹⁵

Be music there! I pray you, give her air.
Attendants,
The queen will live. Nature awakes; a warmth
rises out of her. She hath not been en-
tranced

above five hours. See how she gins to blow
to life's flower again!

1. Gent. The heavens
rough you increase our wonder and set up
our fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
My eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
high Pericles hath lost, ¹⁰⁰

gin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
th appear, to make the world twice rich.

Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
ture.

Be as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana, ¹⁰⁵
here am I? Where 's my lord? What world
is this?

2. Gent. Is not this strange?

1. Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
And me your hands. To the next chamber
bear her.

Attend. Now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; ¹¹⁰
and *Esculapius* guide us!

[*They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.*]

[*SCENE III. Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*]

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA [and LY-
CHORIDA, with MARINA in her arms].*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone.

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus
stands

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The
gods

Make up the rest upon you! ⁵

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they
hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had
brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar ¹⁰

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so,
here

I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you ¹⁵
To give her princely training, that she may
be

Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your Grace, that fed my country with your
corn,

For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you,

Must in your child be thought on. If neglec-
tion ²⁰

Should therein make me vile, the common
body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you. ²⁵
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married,
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. ³⁰
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We 'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge
o' the shore, ³⁵

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears.

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace ⁴⁰
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*]

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter and some certain jewels

Lay with you in your coffer, which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Peri-
cles,

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small. [Exit.

[ACT IV]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite. This maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless in this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content;
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey.
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the shore.*]

Enter DIONYZA with LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast
to do't.

"T is but a blow, which never shall be known
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so
To yield thee so much profit. Let not
science,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a good
creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should be
her. Here she comes weeping for her only
trees' death. Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed.
To strew thy green with flowers. The yellow
blues,

The purple violets and marigolds
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer-days doth last. Ay me! poor
maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died.
This world to me is like a lasting storm.
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you look
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you?
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour
chang'd

With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers. Near the
margent

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there.
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach
Come,

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with
her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your father, and yourself.
With more than foreign heart. We every day

pect him here. When he shall come and find

or paragon to all reports thus blasted, at
I will repent the breadth of his great voyage;

same both my lord and me, that we have taken

care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, talk, and be cheerful once again; reserve an excellent complexion, which did steal the eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.

talk half an hour, Leonine, at the least. Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

say, walk softly, do not heat your blood. 'Tis that I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. [Exit Dionysa.]

this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse says, did never fear, at cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling

the king's hands, haling ropes;

and, clasping to the mast, endured a sea

that almost burst the deck, —

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born;

never was waves nor wind more violent; —

and from the ladder-tackle washes off

the canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt

out?"

and with a dropping industry they skip

from stem to stern. The boatswain whistles,

and

the master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it. Pray, but be not tedious;

for the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn

to do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,

never did her hurt in all my life.

never spake bad word, nor did ill turn

to any living creature. Believe me, I,

never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly,

nor trod upon a worm against my will,

but I wept for it. How have I offended,

wherein my death might yield her any profit,

or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well favoured, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought;

Good sooth, it show'd well in you. Do so now.
Your lady seeks my life; come you between, so
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter PIRATES.

1. Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.]

2. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3. Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.

Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt [Pirates with Marina].]

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguish thieves serve the great

pirate Valdes,

And they have seized Marina. Let her go!

There's no hope she will return. I'll swear

she's dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further.

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon

her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,

Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[Exit.]

[SCENE II. Mytilene. A room in a brothel.]

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't!

Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true. 'T is not our bringing up of poor bastards, — as I think, I have brought up some eleven, —

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[Exit.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with

the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! Ay, and better too. We offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boul.

Re-enter BOULT, with the PIRATES and MARINA.

Boul. Come your ways, my masters. You say she's a virgin?

1. Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul, has she any qualities?

Boul. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes. There's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in. Instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boul, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul. Performance shall follow. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goaling. I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up. Boul's return'd.

[Re-enter BOULT.]

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth as wat'rd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers in the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boul. Ay, he; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. *[To Mar.]* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul. O, take her home, mistress, take her home. These blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

[Bawd.] Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit?

Boul. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

Bawd. Boul, spend thou that in the town. Report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall

not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out
her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll
bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me. 128

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters
deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.* 128

[SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*]

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be un-
done?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poisoned too. 10

If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kind-
ness

Becoming well thy fact. What canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve. 15

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross
it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, 15
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are, 24
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Thought not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then.
Yet none does know, but you, how she came
dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 20
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes. None would look on
her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a Malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me
thorough; 25

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn. Her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us 45
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Do swear to the gods that winter kills the
flies; 50

But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.]

[*Enter GOWER, before the monument of Marina
at Tarsus.*]

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardoned, we commit no crime 5
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seems to live. I do beseech
you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you,

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along. Behind

Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late 15
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to Tarsus — think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on —

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a
while; 21

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

[DUMB SHOW.]

*Enter Pericles, at one door, with all his train:
Cleon and Dionyza, at the other. Cleon shows
Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes la-
mentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty
passion departs. [Then exeunt Cleon and
Dionyza.]*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, 25
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
o'erashower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs.
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year. 25
She was of Tyrus the King's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaugh-
ter.

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o'
the earth:

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 30
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-
stowed;

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never
stint,

Make raging battery upon shores of flint."
No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery. 35
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 40
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.]

Enter [from the brothel] two GENTLEMEN.

1. Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.

1. Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there!
Did you ever dream of such a thing? 5

2. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals
sing?

1. Gent. I'll do anything now that is virtu-
ous; but I am out of the road of rutting for
ever. [*Exeunt.* 10]

[SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.]

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
worth of her she had ne'er come here. 1

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to
freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole gen-
eration. We must either get her ravished, or
be rid of her. When she should do for clients
her fitment, and do me the kindness of our
profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons,
her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that
she would make a puritan of the devil, if he
should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our
swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness
for me! 15

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't
but by the way to the pox. Here comes the
Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,
if the peevish baggage would but give way to
customers. 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?
Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!
Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good
health. 1

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that
your resorters stand upon sound legs. How
now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man
may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would
— but there never came her like in Mytilene. 2

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, that
wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say
well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and
red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose
indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest. [*Exit.*]

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bard
no less than it gives a good report to a number
to be chaste.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the
stalk; never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. 3

[*Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.*]

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voy-
age at sea. Well, there's for you. Leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave
a word, and I'll have done presently. 4

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*Aside to Marina.*] First, I would
have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may
worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this coun-
try, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are
bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is
in that, I know not. 5

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virgin
fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line
your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will
thankfully receive. 6

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you
must take some pains to work her to your
manage. Come, we will leave his honour and
her together. Go thy ways. 7

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you
been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall of-
fend. 8

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade.
Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this pro-
fession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you
a gamester at five or at seven? 9

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims
us to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place
of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear
say you are of honourable parts, and are the
governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known
unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets
seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you
have heard something of my power, and so
stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I
rotate to thee, pretty one, my authority shall
not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee.

Come, bring me to some private place, come,
come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it
now;

I put upon you, make the judgement good
that thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more;
be sage.

Mar. For me,
that am a maid, though most ungentele for-
tune

have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I
came,

diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
that the gods

would set me free from this unhallowed place,
though they did change me to the meanest bird
that flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er
dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold
for thee.

Forever in that clear way thou goest,
and the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
that I came with no ill intent; for to me

the very doors and windows savour vilely.
Are thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and

doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.

I curse upon him, die he like a thief,
that robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

[Re-enter BOULT.]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for
me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper!
Our house, but for this virgin that doth prop
it,

would sink and overwhelm you. Away!

[Exit.]

Boult. How 's this? We must take another
course with you. If your peevish chastity,
which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest
country under the cope, shall undo a whole
household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken
off, or the common hangman shall execute it.
Come your ways. We'll have no more gentle-
men driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has
here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysima-
chus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. He makes our profession as it were
to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with
her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as
cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at
thy pleasure. Crack the glass of her virginity,
and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of
ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures; away with her! Would
she had never come within my doors! Marry,
hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you
not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come
up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and
bays!

[Exit.]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with
me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold
so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to
be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my
master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st
fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change.

Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib.

To the choleric fasting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? Go to
the wars, would you, where a man may serve
seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest.

Empty

Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman.
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he
speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach. ¹⁹⁴
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home
again, ²⁰⁰

And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for
thee. If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women. ²⁰⁵

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little
amongst them. But since my master and mis-
tress hath bought you, there's no going but by
their consent. Therefore I will make them ac-
quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not
but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. ²¹²

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and
chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays.

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her need
composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses.

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry,

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain ¹⁰

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this
coast ¹⁵

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from
whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies. ²⁰

In your supposing once more put your sight.

Of heavy Pericles think this his bark,

Where what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd. Please you, sit and hark.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it: Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*]

Enter two SAILORS [one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge]; to them HELICANUS.

[*Tyr. Sail.* *[To the Sailor of Mytilene.]* Where
is Lord Helicanus? He can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your
will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentle-
men.

[*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN.

1. Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would
come aboard;

I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two SAILORS
descend, and go on board the
barge.*]

Enter LYSIMACHUS [and LORDS; with the GENTLEMEN and the two SAILORS].

[*Tyr. Sail.*] Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve
you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's
umphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you
before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;
A man who for this three months hath
spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper-
ture?

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight. He will not speak
To any.

[*Lys.*] Yet let me obtain my wish.

[*Hel.*] Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*]

This was a goodly person

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,

Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! The gods preserve
you!

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak
you.

1. Lord. Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst warrant
Would win some words of him.

Lys.

'T is well bethought
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure.
And make a battery through his deafen'd pa-

Which now are midway stopp'd.
He is all happy as the fairest of all,
and, [with] her fellow maids, [is] now upon ^{so}
the leafy shelter that abuts against
the island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in
the barge of Lysimachus.*]

Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit
that bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness

I've have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech
you ^{ss}

that for our gold we may provision have,
therein we are not destitute for want,
yet weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
which if we should deny, the most just God
or every graff would send a caterpillar, ^{so}
and so inflict our province. Yet once more
let me entreat to know at large the cause
of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,
and a young Lady.]

Lys. O, here's
the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair
one! ^{ss}

Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well
assur'd

of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I wish no better choice, and think me rarely
wed.

in one, all goodness that consists in bounty ⁷⁰
spect even here, where is a kingly patient.
that thy prosperous and artificial feat
draw him but to answer thee in aught,
thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use ⁷⁵
my utmost skill in his recovery,

provided
at none but I and my companion maid
suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
and the gods make her prosperous! ⁸⁰

[*Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha! [*Pushing her back.*]

Mar. I am a maid, ⁸⁵
and, that ne'er before invited eyes,

that have been gaz'd on like a comet. She
speaks,

and, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
not equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

My wayward fortune did malign my
state, ⁹⁰

derivation was from ancestors

stood equivalent with mighty kings;

time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will de- ⁹⁵
sist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he
speak."

Per. My fortunes — parentage — good par-
entage —

To equal mine! Was it not thus? What say
you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage, ¹⁰⁰

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
upon me.

You are like something that — What country-
woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am ¹⁰⁵
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
one

My daughter might have been. My queen's
square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like
straight; ¹¹⁰

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes
them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do
you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger. From the
deck ¹¹⁵

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments,
which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithce, speak.
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou
look'st ¹²¹

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in. I will be-
lieve thee,

And make [my] senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy
friends? ¹²⁰

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back —
Which was when I perceiv'd thee — that thou
cam'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st ¹²⁵

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might
equal mine,

If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; ¹³⁵
If thine considered prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou [them?] Thy name, my most
kind virgin? ¹⁴¹

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient. ¹⁴⁵
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, ¹⁵⁰
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
Motion? Well; speak on. Where were you
born? ¹⁵⁵

And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! What mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the minute I was born, ¹⁶⁰
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be;
My daughter 's buried. Well, where were you
bred? ¹⁶⁵

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your
story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn. Believe me, 't were best I
did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave,
How came you in these parts? Where were you
bred? ¹⁷¹

Mar. The King my father did in Tarsus leave
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to
do 't, ¹⁷⁵

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,
You think me an impostor. No, good faith;

I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

[*Per.*] Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor.
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage. Being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honoured sir:
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us. This is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? Tell me but
that,

For truth can never be confirm'd enough.
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! Rise, thou art
my child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon. She shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-
ledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what
music?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt
How sure you are my daughter. But, what
music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music, my lord? I hear.

Per. Most heavenly music!

[It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber hangs upon mine eyes. Let me rest. *[Sleeps.]*

Lys. A pillow for his head.

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends, if this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[Exeunt all but Pericles.]

DIANA *[appears to Pericles as in a vision].*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife.

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call and give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe; Do it, and happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. *[Disappears.]*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine, will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA.]

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first. Toward Ephesus I turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

To *Lysimachus.* Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision as our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, With all my heart; and, when you come ashore, have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail, were it to woo my daughter; for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Enter GOWER, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.]*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run; More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,

For such kindness must relieve me,

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mytilene

To greet the King. So he thrived,

That he is promis'd to be wived

To fair Marina, but in no wise

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade; whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus the temple see,
Our king and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE III. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his train: LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.]

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the King of Tyre;

Who, frighted from my country, did wed

At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus

Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years

He sought to murder; but her better stars

Brought her to Mytilene, 'gainst whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she

Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!

You are, you are — O royal Pericles! *[Faints.]*

Per. What means the nun? She dies! Help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,

This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no.

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady; O, she's but overjoy'd.

Early in blustering morn this lady was

Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,

Found there rich jewels; recovered her, and plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is

Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,

Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,

Like him you are! Did you not name a tempest,

A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The King my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this. No more, you gods! Your
present kindness⁴⁰
Makes my past miseries sports. You shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.⁴⁵

[Kneels to Thaisa.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,⁵⁰

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.⁵⁵

Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserv'd, and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their
power; that can⁶⁰

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,⁶⁵
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her,

How she came plac'd here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision: I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form:
And what this fourteen years no rarer
touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,

My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet
there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days.

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead's the way.
[Exeunt.]

[Enter GOWER.]

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen.

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast.

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at
last.

In Helicanus may you well decry

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.

In reverend Cerimon there well appears

The worth that learned charity eye wears.

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame

Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,

That him and his they in his palace burn;

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them; although not done, be
meant.

So, on your patience evermore attending,

New joy wait on you! Here our play has end-
ing. [Exit.]

CYMBELINE

CYMBELINE first appeared in print in the Folio of 1623, and there is no evidence of any previous attempt at publication. The text, which presents many difficulties, has been edited on the basis of this original, with the assistance, as usual, of the results of later editors.

For the date of production the later limit is the death in 1611 of Simon Forman, who records in his "Booke of Plaies" a performance of *Cymbeline* witnessed by him. The entry is undated, but the records of performances of *Winter's Tale* and *Macbeth*, between which it occurs, belong respectively to May 15, 1611, and April 20, 1610. The metrical tests point to the years 1609-611, and we may with some assurance regard 1610 as coming within a year of the date of composition.

Of authentic history in *Cymbeline* there is very little beyond the fact of the existence, about the beginning of the Christian era, of a British king, Cymbelinus. The pseudo-historical element in *Shakespeare* derived from Holinshed, whose narrative is here chiefly legendary. The Chronicle represents *Cymbeline* as having been brought up in Rome and knighted by Augustus Caesar, and as the father of two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Conflicting stories are reported about the payment of tribute to Rome, but Holinshed puts stress on the friendship existing between *Cymbeline* and the Emperor, and makes the refusal of tribute come from Guiderius after his father's death. The references to previous conflicts between Rome and Britain are derived from the Chronicle. The account of the battle in the fifth act, and of the saving of the day by Belarius and the two princes, is based on Holinshed's story of a fight between the Danes and the Scots, in which the fleeing Scots were rallied in a lane by a husbandman and his two sons.

The romantic element in the plot belongs to a very widely diffused type of story. It is found repeatedly in French romance and drama, and occurs also in Italian, German, Scandinavian, Gaelic, and other literatures. In most versions there persist the characteristic features of the lover, the repulse of the villain, the deceptive tokens, the attempt of the husband or lover to punish the supposed infidelity by death, the wanderings of the heroine in disguise, the final reconciliation, and the confession of the villain. *Shakespeare's* version approaches most closely that of Boccaccio in the ninth novel of the second day of the *Decameron*, which he may have known in a lost English translation or in one of the current French editions. The English version which appears in *Westward for Smelts* cannot be proved to have been printed before 1620; and its author may himself have been indebted to *Shakespeare*, or both may have borrowed from an English source now lost.

A number of subsidiary sources have been suggested. The early anonymous play of *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* (printed 1589) has resemblances to our play, especially in the story of Imogen, Posthumus, Cloten, and Belarius, and the heroine is named Fidelia. The relation of the Queen to her son and Imogen recalls the familiar stepmother motive of Germanic folk-lore, and, with the episode in the cave, more specifically the fairy-tale of Little Snow-white. But from whatever sources *Shakespeare* drew these various details, the interweaving and the atmosphere are his own, and all the wealth of poetry and characterization which gives the drama its charm.

If *Pericles* be set aside as primarily a dramatized tale of adventure, *Cymbeline* is the first of that group of so-called "dramatic romances" with which *Shakespeare* closed his career. The difficulty of fixing a certain chronology prevents us from stating with assurance the relation of these plays to the somewhat similar group produced about the same time by Beaumont and Fletcher; but a close relation between the present play and the *Philaster* of these authors is beyond question, the balance of evidence favoring the younger authors as inventors of the type.

Doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of several passages in the play, especially the vision of Posthumus in v. iv. The device itself is paralleled by the spectacular elements in *The Tempest* and *Winter's Tale*; but the inferior quality of such verses as 30-92 lends color to the belief that the scene was at least expanded by another hand than *Shakespeare's*.

CYMBELINE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
ARVIRAGUS, { name of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed
sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gaolers of the same.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: Britain; Rome.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.]

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1. Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the King.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's
kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son — a widow
That late he married — hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's
wedded,

Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd; all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. Gent. None but the King?

1. Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the
Queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a cour-
tier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. Gent. And why so?

1. Gent. He that hath miss'd the Princess is
a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath
her —

I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd — is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something
failing

In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2. Gent. You speak him far.

1. Gent. I do extend him, sir, within him
self,

Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. Gent. What's his name and birth?

1. Gent. I cannot delve him to the root. He
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did gain his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;

And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time

Died with their swords in hand; for which
their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,

Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The King he takes

to his protection, calls him Posthumus Le-
onus,

Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber
Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of; which
took,

As we do air, fast as 't was minist' red,
And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd

in court
Which rare it is to do — most prais'd, u-
lov'd,

A sample to the youngest, to the more man-
A glass that feated them, and to the grave

A child that guided dotards; to his
tress,

For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue;

By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell
me, 55
Is she sole child to the King?

1. *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, — if this be worth your hear-
ing,

Mark it — the eldest of them at three years old,
I the swathing-clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in
knowledge 60
Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent.* That a king's children should be so
convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1. *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange, 65
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet 't is true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1. *Gent.* We must forbear; here comes the
gentleman,

The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.]

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me,
daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Brilley'd unto you. You're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthu-
mus,

So soon as I can win the offended King, 75
I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what pa-
tience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying 81
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the
King

Is charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.]

Imo. O

Assembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus-
band, 85
something fear my father's wrath; but no-
thing —

Always reserv'd my holy duty — what
My rage can do on me. You must be gone;
and I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
but that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!

O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain 95
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send, 100

Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you.
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [Aside.] Yet
I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; 105
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's. Take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have, 115
And cere up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring.]

Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you; for my sake wear this.
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet upon her arm.]

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence,
from my sight! 125

If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O dialoyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation.
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
rare 135

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way,
past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is 145

A man worth any woman; overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

— They were again together; you have done 151

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,

Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some

comfort 155

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt [Cymbeline and Lords].*]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What

news? 160

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,

But that my master rather play'd than fought

And had no help of anger. They were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he

takes his part 165

To draw upon an exile. O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your

master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer

me 170

To bring him to the haven; left these notes

Of what commands I should be subject to,

When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been

Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honour

He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness. 175

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,

I pray you, speak with me; you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave
me. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE [II. *The same. A public place.*]

Enter CLOTEN and two LORDS.

1. *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1. *Lord.* Hurt him! His body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. *Lord.* Stand you! You have land encroached of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE [III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail. If he should write And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wad'st his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I! And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
till waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
low swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
as little as a crow, or less, ere left
'o after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but

'o look upon him, till the diminution
of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
lay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
'he smallness of a gnat to air, and then
lave turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good

Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
lost pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
low I would think on him at certain hours
uch thoughts and such, or I could make him
swear

his ashes of Italy should not betray
fine interest and his honour, or have charg'd
him,
at the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

'o encounter me with orisons, for then
am in heaven for him; or ere I could
give him that parting kiss which I had set
betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father

and like the tyrannous breathing of the north
bakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. The Queen, madam,
desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
dispatch'd.

will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*]

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Lach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Brit-
ain. He was then of a crescent note, expected
to prove so worthy as since he hath been al-
low'd the name of; but I could then have
ask'd on him without the help of admiration,
though the catalogue of his endowments had
been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by
mine.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less
banish'd than now he is with that which makes
us both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France. We had
very many there could behold the sun with as
true eyes as he.

Lach. This matter of marrying his king's
daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather

by her value than his own, words him, I doubt
not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that
weep this lamentable divorce under her colours
are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to
fortify her judgement, which else an easy bat-
tery might lay flat, for taking a beggar with-
out less quality. But how comes it he is to
sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers to-
gether; to whom I have been often bound for
no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so enter-
tained amongst you as suits with gentlemen
of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.
— I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble
friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave
to appear hereafter, rather than story him in
his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Or-
leans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you
for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and
yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness.
I was glad I did atone my countryman and
you. It had been pity you should have been
put together with so mortal a purpose as then
each bore, upon importance of so slight and
trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what
I heard than in my every action to be guided
by others' experiences: but upon my mended
judgement — if I offend [not] to say it is mended
— my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitre-
ment of swords, and by such two that would
by all likelihood have confounded one the
other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was
the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 't was a contention
in public, which may, without contradiction,
suffer the report. It was much like an argu-
ment that fell out last night, where each of us
fell in praise of our country-mistresses; this
gentleman at that time vouching — and upon
warrant of bloody affirmation — his to be more
fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified,
and less attemptable than any the rarest of our
ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this
gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my
mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore
ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in
France, I would abate her nothing, though I
profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good — a kind of hand-
in-hand comparison — had been something too

fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustrs many I have beheld, I could not [but] believe she excelled many. But I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, — a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly. Let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second confer-

ence, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue. you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [V. Britain. A room in Cymbelin's palace.]

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

I. Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam. [*Presenting a small box.*]
But I beseech your Grace, without offence — My conscience bids me ask — wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death,
but though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
how ask'st me such a question. Have I not
been
by pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me
how

to make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
that our great king himself doth woo me oft
or my confections? Having thus far pro-
ceeded, — 15

unless thou think'st me devilish — is't not
meet

that I did amplify my judgement in
these conclusions? I will try the forces
of these thy compounds on such creatures as
I count not worth the hanging, — but none
human — 20

to try the vigour of them and apply
flayments to their act, and by them gather
how several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
will from this practice but make hard your
heart.

besides, the seeing these effects will be 25
with noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[Aside.] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon
him

will I first work. He's for his master,
and enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Nay, your service for this time is ended; 30
take your own way.

Cor. *[Aside.]* I do suspect you, madam;
it you shall do no harm.

Queen. *[To Pisanio.]* Hark thee, a word.

Cor. *[Aside.]* I do not like her. She doth
think she has

range ling'ring poisons. I do know her spirit,
and will not trust one of her malice with 35
drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
will stupefy and dull the sense a while,
which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
dogs,

and afterward up higher; but there is
danger in what show of death it makes, 40
more than the looking-up the spirits a time,
to be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
with a most false effect; and I the truer,
to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
till I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. 45

[Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
thou think in time

will not quench and let instructions enter
where folly now possesses? Do thou work.

and thou shalt bring me word she loves my
son,

and tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
great as thy master, — greater, for

fortunes all lie speechless and his name

at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor

sinus where he is. To shift his being

Is to exchange one misery with another, 55
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much as but to prop him? *[The Queen drops
the box: Pisanio takes it up.]*

Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy
labour. 61

It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good 65

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the
King 70

To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words. *[Exit Pisanio.]*

A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master 75
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him
that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. *[Exit Queen and Ladies.]*

Pis. And shall do; 85
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself. There's all I'll do for you.
[Exit.]

SCENE [VI. *The same. Another room in the
palace.*]

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that
husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen, 90
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter PISANIO and LACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 95
Comes from my lord with letters.

Lach. Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your Highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.]
Thanks, good sir;

Imo.
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [Aside.] All of her that is out of door
most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone, the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. (Reads.) "— He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely
tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust — LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud —
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest — and take it thank-
fully.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and
monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way
and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the
judgement,

For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will, —
That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, — ravening first the
lamb,

Longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [To *Pisano*.]
Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him. He
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir.
To give him welcome. [Exit.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome. He is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
loves

A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the job
Briton —

Your lord, I mean — laughs from 's free lumps
cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who
knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But
heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he. I hope
Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty
wards him might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis
much;
In you — which I account his — beyond
talents.

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one?
You look on me; what wreck discern you
me

Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What
To hide me from the radiant sun, and shelter
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray
you, —

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely known,
The remedy then born — discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this chance
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, with
touch,

Whose every touch, would force the feeling
soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye.
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd thou
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

hat mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
lade hard with hourly falsehood — falsehood,
as

With labour; then lie peeping in an eye
see and illustrious as the smoky light
hat's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit
hat all the plagues of hell should at one time
hounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
selin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
he beggary of his change; but 't is your
graces
hat from my muteest conscience to my tongue
harmes this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
o fair, and fasten'd to an empery
ould make the great'st king double, — to be
partner'd

With tomboys hir'd with that self-exhibition
hich your own coffers yield! with diseases'd
ventures

hat play with all infirmities for gold
hich rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff

a well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
she that bore you was no queen, and you
scold from your great stock

Imo. Reveng'd!
ow should I be reveng'd? If this be true, —
I have such a heart that both mine ears
hat not in haste abuse — if it be true,
ow should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
ive, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
hiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
your despite, upon your purse? Revenge
it.

dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
are noble than that runagate to your bed,
ad will continue fast to your affection,
ill close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your
lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have

long attended thee. If thou wert honour-
able,
hou wouldest have told this tale for virtue,
not

such an end thou seek'st, — as base as
strange.

hou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
rom thy report as thou from honour, and
hich'st here a lady that diedains
as and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!
be King my father shall be made acquainted
f thy assault. If he shall think it fit
suey stranger in his court to mart
s in a Romish stew, and to expound
his beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for a and daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say.

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your par-
don.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost for-
got

To entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your
lord —

The best feather of our wing — have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France. 'T is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values
great;

And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them

In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word

By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam ;
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing ; do't to-night.
I have outstod my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very wel-
come. *[Exeunt. 110]*

ACT II

SCENE I. *[Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.]*

Enter CLOTEN and two LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck !
When I kiss'd the jack, upon an up-cast to be
hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't ; and
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up
for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him
and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. Lord. What got he by that ? You have
broke his pate with your bowl.

2. Lord. [Aside.] If his wit had been like him
that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths,
ha ?

2. Lord. No, my lord ; *[aside]* nor crop the
ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ?
Would he had been one of my rank !

2. Lord. [Aside.] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vex'd more at anything in the
earth ; a pox on 't ! I had rather not be so noble
as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of
the Queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath
his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and
down like a cock that nobody can match.

2. Lord. [Aside.] You are cock and capon
too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

2. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should
undertake every companion that you give of-
fence to.

Clo. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should
commit offence to my inferiors.

2. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's
come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't !

2. Lord. [Aside.] He's a strange fellow him-
self, and knows it not.

1. Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 't is
thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banish'd rascal ; and he's
another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of
this stranger ?

1. Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is
there no derogation in 't ?

2. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. Lord. [Aside.] You are a fool granted ;
therefore your issues, being foolish, do as
derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What !
have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of
him. Come, go.

2. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.]
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! A woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this be-
son

Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart.
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband ! Then that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens had
firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great
land ! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *[Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's
palace : a trunk in one corner of it.]*

IMOGEN in bed *[reading]* ; a LADY *[attending.]*

Imo. Who's there ? My woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then. Mine eyes
are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To
bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me
wholly. *[Exit Lady.]*

To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye.

*[Sleeps. Iachimo comes from
a trunk.]*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea !
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, from
lily,

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might
touch !

But kiss one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't ! 'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the
taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her
lids

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber. I will write all down :
Such and such pictures ; there the window :
such 25

The adornment of her bed ; the arras ; figures,
Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off !

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly, 35
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make ; this
secret 40

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock
and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To
what end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd
down 45

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]
One, two three ; time, time ! 51
[*Goes into the trunk.*]

SCENE III. [*An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*]

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.

1. Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose. 4

1. Lord. But not every man patient after the
oble temper of your lordship. You are most
hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into cour-
age. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I
should have gold enough. It's almost morning,
is't not ? 10

1. Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am
driv'd to give her music o' mornings ; they
say it will penetrate. 14

Enter Musicians.

come on ; tune. If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too.
If none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never
ive o'er. First, a very excellent good-con-

coited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air,
with admirable rich notes to it ; and then let
her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise. 25

[*Clo.*] So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I
will consider your music the better ; if it do
not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs
and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved
eunuch to boot, can never amend. 35

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2. Lord. Here comes the King.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's
the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose
but take this service I have done fatherly.
— Good morrow to your Majesty and to my
gracious mother ! 41

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter ?
Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musics, but
she vouchsafes no notice. 45

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season ; make denials
Increase your services ; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which 55
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ! not so.

[*Enter a MESSENGER.*]

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from
Rome ;

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, 60
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive
him

According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on
us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son, 65
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the Queen and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come,
our queen. [*Exeunt [all but Cloten].*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks.*] By your
 leave, ho! 70
 I know her women are about her; what
 If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
 makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is
 gold 75
 Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the
 thief,
 Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man.
 What
 Can it not do and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself. 80
 By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
 Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's
 pleasure? 85
Clo. Your lady's person. Is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
 To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
 Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? Or to report
 of you
 What I shall think is good? — The Princess! 90

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest. Sister, your
 sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*]
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too
 much pains
 For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
 And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with
 me. 95
 If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield be-
 ing silent,
 I would not speak. I pray you, spare me.
 Faith, 100
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 To your best kindness. One of your great
 knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were
 my sin.
 I will not. 105
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do.
 If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners.
 By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
 That I, which know my heart, do here pro-
 nounce,
 By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
 And am so near the lack of charity
 To accuse myself I hate you; which I had
 rather
 You felt than make 't my boast.
Clo. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base
 wretch,
 One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court, it is no contract,
 none;
 And though it be allowed in meaner parties —
 Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their
 souls —
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary, — in self-figur'd knot.
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown, and must be
 foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.
Imo. Profane fellow!
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom. Thou wert dignified enough
 Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance
 than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee.
 Were they all made such men. How now?
 [*Missing the bracelet.*] Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. "His garment!" Now the devil —
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee pre-
 sently —
Clo. "His garment!"
Imo. I am sprited with a fool
 Frighted, and ang'r'd worse. Go bid my wo-
 man
 Search for a jewel that too casually
 Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's
 Shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw 't this morning; confident I am
 Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'T will not be lost.
Imo. I hope so; go and search. [*Exit PISANIO.*]
Clo. You have abus'd me
 "His meanest garment!"

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir. ¹⁵⁵
 If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too.
 She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent. *[Exit.*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd.
 "His meanest garment!" Well. *[Exit.* ¹⁶¹

SCENE IV. [Rome. Philario's house.]

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
 To win the King as I am bold her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come. In these fear'd
 hopes, ⁶

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
 O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king ¹⁰
 Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
 Will do 's commission thoroughly; and I think
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe, ¹⁵
 That though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war; and you shall
 hear

The legion now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen ²⁰
 Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 Wou'd at their lack of skill, but found their
 courage

Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
 Now wing-led with their courages, will make
 known

To their approvers they are people such ²⁵
 That mend upon the world.

Enter LACHIMO.

Phi. See! Lachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
 land;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer
 made ³⁰
 The speediness of your return.

Lach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her
 beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts
 And be false with them.

Lach. Here are letters for you. ³⁵

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Lach. 'Tis very like.

[Phi.] Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
 When you were there?.

Lach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is 't not ⁴⁰
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Lach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness which
 Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won. ⁴⁵

Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.

Lach. Not a whit,
 Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
 Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we
 Must not continue friends.

Lach. Good sir, we must,
 If you keep covenant. Had I not brought ⁵⁰
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 We were to question farther; but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with your ring; and not the wronger
 Of her or you, having proceeded but ⁵⁵
 By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
 And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour gains or loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both ⁶⁰
 To who shall find them.

Lach. Sir, my circumstances,
 Being so near the truth as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
 I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
 find ⁶⁵

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Lach. First, her bedchamber, —
 Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
 Had that was well worth watching — it was
 hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, ⁷⁰
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats or pride; a piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, ⁷⁵
 Since the true life on 't was —

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Lach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Lach. The chimney ⁸⁰
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves. The cutter
 Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing ⁸⁵
 Which you might from relation likewise reap,
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Lach. The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted. Her and-
irons —

I had forgot them — were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this — and
praise

Be given to your remembrance — the descrip-
tion

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, ⁹⁰
[*Showing the bracelet.*]

Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 't is up again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!*
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir — I thank her — that.
She stripp'd it from her arm. I see her yet. ¹⁰¹
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and
said

She priz'd it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take
this too; [*Gives the ring.*] ¹⁰³

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where sem-
blance; love,

Where there's another man. The vows of
women ¹¹⁰

Of no more bondage be, to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues, which is no-
thing.

O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won. ¹¹⁵
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,

Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring.
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen. ¹²⁰

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'T is true, — nay, keep the ring — 't is true. I
am sure

She would not lose it. Her attendants are
All sworn and honourable. They induced to
steal it! ¹²⁵

And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her.

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this. She hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast —
Worthy the pressing — lies a mole, right
proud

Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remem-
ber

This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count
the turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn —
Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you be
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her
limbmeal!

I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something — [*Exit.*]

Phi. Quite beside
The government of patience! You have
won.

Let's follow him, and pervert the present
wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE V. Another room in Philario's house.]

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his
tools

Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time. So doth my wife

The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, ven-
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
thought her

As chaste as unsum'd snow. O, all the devil!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was 't
not? —

Or less, — at first? — perchance he spoke not
but,

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposi-
tion

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

bould from encounter guard. Could I find
 out
 he woman's part in me! For there's no mo-
 tion 10
 hat tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
 he woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 ast and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
 here;
 mbitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
 dain, 25
 ice longing, alanders, mutability,
 ll faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
 knows,
 Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all.
 or even to vice
 hey are not constant, but are changing still 30
 ne vice, but of a minute old, for one
 ot half so old as that. I'll write against
 them,
 vetest them, curse them; yet 't is greater skill
 a true hate, to pray they have their will.
 he very devils cannot plague them better. 35
 [Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I. [Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.]

ater in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
 and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS
 LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remem-
brance yet

ives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
 e theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
 ad conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, —
 mous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 han in his feats deserving it — for him
 ad his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 early three thousand pounds, which by thee
 lately

left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
hall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 re such another Julins. Britain is
 world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 or wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 hich then they had to take from 's, to re-
 sume 15

he have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 he kings your ancestors, together with
 he natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 e Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 ith rocks unscalable and roaring waters, 20
 ith sands that will not bear your enemies'
 boats,

ut suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
conquest

mar made here, but made not here his brag
 f "Came and saw and overcame." With
 shame —

The first that ever touch'd him — he was car-
ried 25

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
shipping —

Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
 crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at
 point — 30

O giglot fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
 And Britons strut with courage. 35

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be
 paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at
 that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such
 Cæsars. Other of them may have crook'd
 noses, but to owe such straight arms, none. 40

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe
 as hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one,
 but I have a hand. Why tribute? Why should
 we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun
 from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his
 pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else,
 sir, no more tribute, pray you now. 45

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's
 ambition,

Which swell'd so much that it did almost
stretch 50

The sides o' the world, against all colour here
 Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which 55
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of
 Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
 made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
 His brows within a golden crown and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar —
 Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
 Thyself domestic officers — thine enemy. 65
 Receive it from me, then: War and confusion
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee;
 look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
 Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons
 cold. 75

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he mine:
All the remain is "Welcome!" [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [Another room in the palace.]

Enter PISANIO, reading of a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? *Leonatus!*
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No!
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder
her?

Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? Her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [Reading.]

"Do't; the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity." O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless
bauble,

Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio!*

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? Thy lord? That is my lord,
Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel!
Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
gods!

[Reads.] "Justice, and your father's wrath,
should he take me in his dominion, could not be

so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of crea-
tures, would even renew me with your eye.
Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-
Haven; what your own love will out of this ad-
vise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness
that remains loyal to his vow, and your increas-
ing in love
LEONATUS POSTHEMUS.
O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, *Pis-
anio?*

He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true *Pisanio* —
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st, —

O, let me bate, — but not like me — yet long'st.
But in a fainter kind; — O, not like me.
For mine's beyond beyond — say, and speak
thick, —

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hear-
ing,

To the smothering of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessed Milford; and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven; but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the pay
That we shall make in time, from our hear-
ing

And our return, to excuse. But first, how far
hence?

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce, speak.
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun.
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution
man,

Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sun
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is fool-
ery.

Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father; and provide me
presently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider
Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor
there,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them.
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithce
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say.
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Wales: a mountainous country and
a cave.]

*Enter [from the cave] BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS
and ARVIRAGUS [following].*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with
such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; the
gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens as
bows you

To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair
 heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to
 yond hill!

Our legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
 Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off;
 And you may then revolve what tales I have
 told you

Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war;
 His service is not service, so being done,

but being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
 draws us a profit from all things we see;

and often, to our comfort, shall we find
 the sharded beetle in a safer hold

than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 is nobler than attending for a check,

richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
 prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

Each gains the cap of him that makes him
 fine,

yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor

unfledg'd,
 have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor
 know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 quiet life be best; sweeter to you

than have a sharper known; well correspond-
 ing

With your stiff age; but unto us it is
 a cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,

in prison of a debtor that not dares
 to stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of as
 when we are old as you? When we shall hear

the rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 at this our pinching cave, shall we discourse

the freezing hours away? We have seen
 nothing.

We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,

like warlike as the wolf for what we eat.
 Our valour is to chase what flies. Our cage

we make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 and sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Had you but know the city's usuries

and felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
 a hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb

certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 the fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the

war,
 pain that only seems to seek out danger

the name of fame and honour; which dies i'
 the search,

and hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 a record of fair act; nay, many times,

both ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,

Must curtsy at the censure; — O boys, this
 story

The world may read in me. My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once

First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd
 me,

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off. Then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one
 night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my

leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing — as I have told

you oft —
 But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
 vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans; so

Followed my banishment, and this twenty years
 This rock and these demesnes have been my

world,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid

More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time. But up to the moun-
 tains!

This is not hunters' language. He that strikes
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;

To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends

In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
 valleys.

[*Exeunt [Guiderius and Arviragus].*]
 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little they are sons to the
 King,

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine; and, though train'd

up thus meanly,
 I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts

do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them

In simple and low things to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The King his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly

out

Into my story; say, "Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on 's neck;" even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
 sweats,

Strains his young nerves and puts himself in
 posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
 Cadwal,

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much

more
 His own conceiving. — Hark, the game is

rous'd! —
 O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave. 105
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. — The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. [Country near Milford-Haven.]

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted
thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the
matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's
hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man!
Thy tongue 15
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. (Reads.) "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath
played the strumpet in my bed; the testimo-
nies whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not
out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong
as my grief and as certain as I expect my re-
venge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for [25
me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
of hers. Let thine own hands take away her
life. I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-
Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose;
where, if thou fear to strike and to make me
certain it is done, thou art the pander to her
dishonour and equally to me disloyal." 30

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
The paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue 35

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What! is it to be
false
To lie in watch there and to think on him;

To weep 'twixt clock and clock; if sleep change
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed
is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness—
Lachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now we
think

Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd
him!

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the wall,
I must be ripp'd. — To pieces with me! — (1.
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows.
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me

Imo. True honest men, being heard like
false Æneas,

Were in his time thought false, and since
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness; so thou, Posthu-
mus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou
honest!

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou
see'st him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself. Take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart. 50

Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief.
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.

Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die.
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart,

(Something's afore 't, — soft, soft! we'll use
defence.)

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,

All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corruptors of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor
fools

Believe false teachers. Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, [thou] that didst
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father.

And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself⁹⁶
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch!
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy
knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,¹⁰⁰
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls [out] first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd¹⁰³
So many miles with a pretence? This place?
Mine action and thine own? Our horses'
labour?

The time inviting thee? The perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,¹¹⁰
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,¹¹⁴
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak.
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater
wound,

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then¹²¹
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd.
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.¹²⁵

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide?¹³¹
How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, [nothing] noble, simple no-
thing,¹³⁵

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
volume¹⁴⁰

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven¹⁴⁵
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near¹⁵⁰
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,¹⁵⁵
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish cour-
age;¹⁶⁰

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch¹⁶⁵
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief.
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—¹⁷¹
'Tis in my cloak-bag—a doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble
Lucius¹⁷⁵

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which will make him
know

If that his head have ear in music,—doubt-
less

With joy he will embrace you, for he's hon-
ourable,

And doubling that, most holy. Your means¹⁸⁰
abroad,

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll
even

All that good time will give us. This at-
tempt¹⁸⁵

I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short
farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress, 190

Here is a box ; — I had it from the Queen ; —
What's in 't is precious. If you are sick at
sea,

Or stomach-quail'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods 195
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen ! I thank thee.

[*Exeunt [severally].*]

SCENE V. [A room in Cymbeline's palace.]

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
Lords [and ATTENDANTS].*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself 5
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office ; 10

The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well. 15

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning ; but it hon-
ours us

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Em-
peror

How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely

Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.

The powers that he already hath in Gallia

Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves 25

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,

But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter ? She hath not ap-
pear'd 30

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day. She looks us like

A thing more made of malice than of duty ;

We have noted it. Call her before us, for

We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

Queen.

Royal sir.
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her ; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter ATTENDANT.

Cym.

Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten.

Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no
answer

That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her.

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close.

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,

She should that duty leave unpaid to you,

Which daily she was bound to proffer. This

She wish'd me to make known ; but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym.

Her doors lock'd
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which
I fear

Prove false !

[*Exit.*]

Queen.

Son, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old ser-
vant,

I have not seen these two days.

[*Exit.*]

Queen [to attendant].

Go, look after

Pisanio, thou, that stands so for Posthumus.

He hath a drug of mine ; I pray his absence

Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes

It is a thing most precious. But for her.

Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
her,

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's
 flown

To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is

To death or to dishonour ; and my end

Can make good use of either. She being down.

I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son !

Clo.

'T is certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the King. He rages ; none

Dare come about him.

Queen.

[*Aside.*] All the better. May
This night forestall him of the coming day !

[*Exit.*]

Clo.

I love and hate her ; for she's fair and
royal,

And that she hath all courtly parts more ex-
quisite

Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one

The best she hath, and she, of all compounded.

Outsells them all. I love her therefore ; but

Disdaining me and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement

That what's else rare is chok'd ; and in that
point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,

To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools

Shall —

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain, 51

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain, 52
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus,
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot

A dram of worth be drawn?

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she
miss'd? 50

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer.
No further halting. Satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once, 53
At the next word. No more of worthy lord!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!
Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's
dead. O Imogen, 104
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think. 107

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do
me true service, undergo those employments
wherein I should have cause to use thee with
a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe'er
I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,
I would think thee an honest man. Thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief
nor my voice for thy preferment. 116

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not,
in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent
follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me? 122

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession? 126

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the
same suit he wore when he took leave of my
lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch
that suit hither. Let it be thy first service;
Pis. 131

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon; — even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments 135 were come. She said upon a time — the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart — that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. 140 With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her, — first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt, — he on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath din'd, — 145 which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd, — to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

Re-enter PISANIO [with the clothes].

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet. 155

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss; for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, 167

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his need!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. [*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter IMOGEN, alone [in boy's clothes].

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one.
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be
sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd
thee, 1

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is 10
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in
fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood

Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on
thee, 15

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
Here is a path to 't. 'T is some savage hold.
I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet fam-
ine, 20

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it val-
iant.

Plenty and peace breeds cowards ; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho ! who's here ?
If anything that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll
enter. 25

Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens ! *[Exit [to the cave].]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
man and
Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant ; 't is our
match. 30

The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come ; our stom-
achs

Will make what's homely savoury ; weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be
here, 35

Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in ap-
petite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll
browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. *[Looking into the cave.]* Stay ; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy. 40

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy ! 45

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.

Good troth,
I have stolen nought, nor would not, though I
had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for
my meat. 50

I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted with
Prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods. 55

Imo. I see you're angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with bur-
ger, 60

I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good mind
By this rude place we live in. Well encoun-
ter'd !

'T is almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In haste,
I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother ;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours. Most wel-
come !

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends.
If brothers. *[Aside.]* Would it had been as
that they

Had been my father's sons ! Then had my pain
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be.

What pain it cost, what danger. Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. *[Whispering.]*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying
by

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods !

I'd change my sex to be companion with them.
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth,
come in.

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have
supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story.
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the
lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *[Rome. A public place.]*

Enter two ROMAN SENATORS and TRIBUNES.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenour of the Emperor's
writ :

That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10

1. Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces? 5

2. Sen. Ay.

1. Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

2. Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your
levy

Must be supplyant. The words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers and the time 15
Of their dispatch.

1. Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Wales. Near the cave of Belarius.]

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly.
How fit his garments serve me! Why should
his mistresses, who was made by him that made
the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving
reverence of the word—for 'tis said a
woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must
play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—
for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass
to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the
lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no 10
less young, more strong, not beneath him in
fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in single
oppositions; yet this imperceivable thing loves
him in my despite. What mortality is! Post- 15
humus, thy head, which now is growing upon
thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy
mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces
before her face: and all this done, spurn her
home to her father; who may haply be a 20
little angry for my so rough usage; but my
mother, having power of his testiness, shall
turn all into my commendations. My horse is
tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore pur-
pose! Fortune, put them into my hand! 25
This is the very description of their meeting-
place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. [Before the cave of Belarius.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and
IMOGEN, from the cave.

Bel. [To Imogen.] You are not well. Remain
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To Imogen.] Brother, stay here.
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick. 5

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with
him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton as

To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave
me;

Stick to your journal course. The breach of
custom 10

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me; society is no comfort

To one not sociable. I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here.

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, 15
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault. I know not why 20

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason. The bier at
door.

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say

My father, not this youth.

Bel. [Aside.] O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! 25

Cowards father cowards and base things sire
base;

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and
grace.

I'm not their father; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —

'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures.

Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court;

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the
dish 35

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.]

Gui. I could not stir him.

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said,
hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!

We'll leave you for this time. Go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill, 45

I am bound to you. [Exit [to the cave].]

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
In characters,
And sauc'd our brothers, as Juno had been sick^{so}
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix^{as}
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!^{so}

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that
villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him. 'Tis
Cloten, the son o' the Queen. I fear some
ambush.^{as}

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he. We are held as outlaws; hence!

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother
search

What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you?^{so}
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.^{as}

Gui. To who? To thee? What art thou?
Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear^{as}
not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather. He made those
clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;^{as}

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
name,

I cannot tremble at it. Were it Toad, or
Adder, Spider,
'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the Queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the
wise.

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death!

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[*Fight and exit.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad?

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell, — long is it since I saw
him.

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour

Which then he wore. The snatches in his
voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his. I am
absolute

'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him.

You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up.
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the defect of judgement
Is oft the cease of fear.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS [with Cloten's head].

But, see, thy brother.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse.
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none.

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's
head.

Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where — thank the gods! —
they grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives? The
law

Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,

Play judge and executioner all himself,

For we do fear the law? What company

Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 120
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd 125
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he
hearing —

As it is like him — might break out, and
swear 140

He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance 145
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en 150
His head from him. I'll throw 't into the
creek

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 't will be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't!
though valour 155
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed. I would
revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through 160

And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 't is done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our
rock;

You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him 165
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him. To gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou bla-
zon'st 170

In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine, 175
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them

To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother. His body's host-
age 185
For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? Since death of
my dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN [as] dead,
bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes, 195
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Arr. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to
sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a
crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so
well

As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
care 205

Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed
thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made; but I,

Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slum-
ber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his
right cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?
Arr. O' the floor,

His arms thus leagu'd. I thought he slept, and
put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps!
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed. 215

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not
lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor

The azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweet'ned not thy breath. The ruddock
would,

With charitable bill, — O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! — bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with
that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arr. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be't so;
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word it with
thee;

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay
him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout mid-
night, more.

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their
faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herbets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them
again.

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt [Belarius, Guiderius, and
Arrvragus].

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
which is the way? —

I thank you. — By yond bush? — Pray, how
far thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow! — O gods and god-
desses! [Seeing the body of Cloten.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the
world;

This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I
dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper
And cook to honest creatures. But 't is not so.

'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very
eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind.
Good faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still, even when I wake. It is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg; this is his hand,
his foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh, 310
The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—
further in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten, 315
Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Truck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
Where is thy head? Where 's that? Ay me!
Where 's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be?
Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
pregnant! 325

He drug he gave me, which he said was
precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Lard'rous to the senses? That confirms it
home.

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's. O!
Live colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!
[Falls on the body.]

Enter LUCIUS, CAPTAINS, and a SOOTHAYER.

1. Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in
Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships. 335
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

1. Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the con-
fines

And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Iachimo's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

1. Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Lakes our hopes fair. Command our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now,
sir,

That have you dream'd of late of this war's
purpose? 345

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision—

Fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
Saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
Where vanish'd in the sunbeams; which por-
tends— 350

Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Access to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that some-
time

It was a worthy building. How! a page! 355
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.

1. Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.

Young one, 360

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
he

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy
interest 365

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my
master,

A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370
There is no more such masters. I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining
than 375

Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aside.] If I do
lie and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same; 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner 385
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild-wood leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee. 395
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. Come, arm him. Boy, he is pre-
ferr'd 400

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO [*and Attendants*].

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis
with her. [*Exit an attendant.*]
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger.

Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mis-
tress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
Highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1. Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here.
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio.*] We'll slip you for a season; but
our jealousy
Does yet depend.

1. Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!

I am amaz'd with matter.

1. Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more
you're ready;
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt [all but Pisanio].*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master
since

I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.

Wherein I am false I am honest; not true to
be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country.
Even to the note o' the King, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd.
Fortune brings in some boats that are not
steer'd.

SCENE IV. [*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life to
lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going. News
Of Cloten's death — we being not known —
muster'd

Among the bands — may drive us to a reader
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from
that

Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note.
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army. Many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the
King

Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves.
Who find in my exile the want of breeding.
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd.
But to be still hot Summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of Winter.

Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown.
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines
I'll thither. What thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood.
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and ven-
son!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not, 45
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I; amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, 50
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead! [Aside.] The time seems long;
their blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. [Britain. The Roman camp.]

Enter POSTHUMUS [with a bloody handkerchief].

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for
I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,
If each of you should take this course, how
many
Must murder wives much better than them-
selves

For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills, 10
And make me blest to obey! I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress;
peace! 20

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll dirobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die 25
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. [Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.]

Enter LUCIUS, LACHIMO, and the Roman Army
at one door; and the Briton Army at another;
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor
soldier. They march over and go out. Then
enter again, in skirmish, LACHIMO and POST-
HUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth LACH-
IMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,
The Princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me 5
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. 10
[Exit.]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBE-
LINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELA-
RIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage
of the ground;

The lane is guarded. Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons.
They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then
re-enter LUCIUS, LACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's
such 15

As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Another part of the field.]

Enter POSTHUMUS and a Briton LORD.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made
the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord.

I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir, for all was
lost.

But that the heavens fought; the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken, 5
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling

Merely through fear; that the straight pass
was damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards liv-
ing

To die with length'n'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and
wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, ¹⁰
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd

So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings — lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaugh-
ter,

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame, —
Made good the passage; cried to those that
fled,

"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.
Stand!"

Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may
save

But to look back in frown. Stand, stand!"
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many —
For three performers are the file when all ²⁰
The rest do nothing — with this word "Stand,
stand!"

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks.
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,
turn'd coward

But by example — O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners! — gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began

A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon ⁴⁰
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our
cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need. Having found the back-
door open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some their
friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by
one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty.
Those that would die or ere resist are grown ⁵⁰
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance.
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. No, do not wonder at it; you are
made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't, a
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' base."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Lack, to what end!
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his
friend;

For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry.

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble
misery,

To be i' the field, and ask "what news?" of me!
To-day how many would have given their hos-
ours

To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do 't.
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death where I did hear him
groan,

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, and
beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will
find him;

For being now a favourer to the Briton.
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in. Fight I will no more.
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer by
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's
death.

On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again.
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two [British] CAPTAINS and Soldiers.

1. *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Laci-
us taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were
angels.

2. *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,

That gave the affront with them.

1. *Cap.* So 't is reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's
there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if ¹⁰
onds

Had answer'd him.

2. *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brag
his service

As if he were of note. Bring him to the King

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Ar-
ragus, Pisanio [Soldiers, Attendants] and
Roman Captives. The Captains present Poi-
humus to Cymbeline, who delivers him
to a Gaoler. [Then exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE IV. [A British prison.]

Enter POSTHUMUS and two GAOLERS.

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you ;
So graze as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty ; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, Death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever ! Is 't enough I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd ; to satisfy, 15

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement. That's not my desire.

For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life ; you coin'd it.

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp ;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ; 25

You rather mine, being yours ; and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !

I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*]

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICI-
LIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old
man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his
hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother
to Posthumus, with music before them. Then,
after other music, follow the two young LEONATI,
brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they
died in the wars. They circle Posthumus
round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
Thy spite on mortal flies :

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well, 35
Whose face I never saw ?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law ;

Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art, 40

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throe ;
That from me was Posthumus ript, 45
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world, 50
As great Sicilius' heir.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be 55
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he
mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain 65
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy ?

2. *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain, 70
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath 75
To Cymbeline perform'd.
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd ? 80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good, 85
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest 90
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sit-
ting upon an eagle : he throws a thunderbolt.
The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, as
 Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flow-
 ers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours. 100
 Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift.
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in 105
 Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
 He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine. 110
 And so, away! No farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial
 breath
 Was sulphurous to smell. The holy eagle 115
 Stoop'd, as to foot us. His ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields. His royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is
 enter'd 120

His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a
 grandsire, and begot

A father to me, and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers; but, O scorn! 125
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
 born.

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
 Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance and know not
 why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O
 rare one! 125

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers! Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise!

[*Reads.*] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to
 himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
 embraced by a piece of tender air; and when
 from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches,
 which, being dead many years, shall after re-
 vive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly
 grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
 Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and
 plenty." 145

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as mad-
 men

Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
 Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,

The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter GAOLER.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir. If you
 ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to
 spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir.
 the comfort is, you shall be called to no
 more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, and
 are often the sadness of parting, as the proof
 of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat,
 part reeling with too much drink; sorry that
 have paid too much, and sorry that you are
 paid too much; purse and brain both empty
 the brain the heavier for being too light,
 purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Of
 this contradiction you shall now be quit. Of
 charity of a penny cord! It sums up thousand
 sands in a trice. You have no true debtor
 creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come
 the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book,
 counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art
 live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not
 toothache; but a man that were to sleep
 sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed,
 think he would change places with his officer
 for, look you, sir, you know not which way
 shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
Gaol. Your Death has eyes in 's head that
 have not seen him so pictur'd. You must either
 be directed by some that take upon them
 know, or to take upon yourself that which
 am sure you do not know, or jump the last
 inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall
 speed in your journey's end, I think you
 never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none
 eyes to direct them the way I am going, but
 such as wink and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that
 man should have the best use of eyes to see the
 way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the
 way of winking.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring you
 prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd
 to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler
 no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt all but the Gaoler*]
Gaol. Unless a man would marry a galley
 and beget young gibbets, I never saw one
 prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are very
 knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman
 and there be some of them too that die
 against their wills. So should I, if I were on
 I would we were all of one mind, and one mind

od. O, there were desolation of gaolers and
 "flowres! I speak against my present profit,
 if my wish hath a preferment in 't. [Exit.] 15

SCENE V. [Cymbeline's tent.]

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
 ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords [Officers, and
 Attendants].

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
 have made
 servers of my throne. Woe is my heart
 at the poor soldier that so richly fought,
 whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
 breast
 app'd before targes of proof, cannot be
 found.

He shall be happy that can find him, if
 grace can make him so.
 Bel. I never saw
 such noble fury in so poor a thing;
 such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
 at beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?
 Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
 and living,
 but no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
 the heir of his reward; [to Belarius, Guide-
 rius, and Arviragus] which I will add
 to you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
 for whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
 to ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir, 15
 Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
 Rather to boast were neither true nor modest,
 unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
 Give my knights o' the battle. I create you 20
 companions to our person and will fit you
 with dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES.

Here 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
 greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
 and not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King!
 To sour your happiness, I must report 25
 the Queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
 Would this report become? But I consider,
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her
 life,
 Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
 I will report, so please you. These her women
 Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks 35
 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.
 Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd
 you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you;
 Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
 Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
 Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
 to love

With much integrity, she did confess
 Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, 45
 But that her flight prevented it, she had
 Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
 Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess
 she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took, 50
 Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
 By inches waste you; in which time she pur-
 pos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her show, and, in time,
 When she had fitted you with her craft, to
 work 55

Her son into the adoption of the crown;
 But, failing of her end by his strange ab-
 sence,

Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60
 Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
 Lad. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my
 heart,

That thought her like her seeming. It had
 been vicious 65

To have mistrusted her; yet, O my daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, LACHIMO, [the SOOTHSAYER]
 and other Roman Prisoners [guarded]; POS-
 HUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Cains, now for tribute; that
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the
 loss 70

Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made
 suit

That their good souls may be appeas'd with
 slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have
 granted.

So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war. The
 day 75

Was yours by accident. Had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have
 threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
 gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth 80
 A Roman, with a Roman's heart can suffer.

Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd. Never master had 85

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your
Highness

Cannot deny. He hath done no Briton harm, so
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him,
sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, where-
fore,

To say "Live, boy." Ne'er thank thy master;
live,

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it,
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, so
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good
lad;

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, so
He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their
joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? Speak, so

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you
please so

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy
name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak
freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen talk apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy, reviv'd from death, —

Arv. One and another
Not more resembles, — that sweet rosy lad so
Who died, and was Fidele? What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further. He eyes us
not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike. Were 't he, I am
sure so

He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress.

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo.*] Sir,
step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render so

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter
that

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring. 'T was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and — which more
may grieve thee,

As it doth me — a nobler sir ne'er liv'd so
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Remem-
thy strength, so

I had rather thou shouldst live while Nature will
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and
speak.

Iach. Upon a time, — unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome, —
accurs'd

The mansion where! — 't was at a feast, —
O, would so

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head! — the good
Posthumus —

What should I say? He was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones, — sitting
sadly, so

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd bosom
Of him that best could speak, for feature, lar-
ring

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva.
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition, so
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye —

Cym. I stand on fire!
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This
Posthumus, so

Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, —
therein

He was as calm as virtue, — he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue
being made, 178

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his descrip-
tion

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity — there it
begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
A suit the place of 's bed and win this ring 188
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No less of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had
it 190

Seen all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Cost I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quenched 195

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Can in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-
let, —

Cunning, how I got it! — nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not 208
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
Having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon —
I think, I see him now —

Post. [Advancing.] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Gregarious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I 215
That all the abhorred things of the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I
lie —

That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple 220
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Beat, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs of the street to bay me; every vil-
lain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 't was! O Imogen! 225

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear —
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou
scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her; she falls.]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine and your mistress! O, my Lord Posthu-
mus! 230

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How comes these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight; 236

Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing. I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that con-
fection 246

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The Queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease 255

The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?
Think that you are upon a lock, and now
Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [Kneeling.] Your blessing, sir. 266
Bel. [To Guiderius and Arviragus.] Though
you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was 271

That we meet here so strangely; but her son is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me 275
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant death. By accident, I had a feigned letter of my master's Then in my pocket, which directed him 280 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford; Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments, Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate My lady's honour. What became of him 285 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips

Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant youth, Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290
Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me

With language that would make me spurn the sea,

If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head; 295
And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir King;
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [To the Guard.] Let his arms alone; 305

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three
But I will prove that two on 's are as good 311
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great King, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? He is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence. 315
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot.
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee.

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father

And think they are my sons, are none of mine.
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 320
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old

Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd 325
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up. Those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, 330
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Eurphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children.

Upon my banishment I mov'd her to 't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, 335
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are 340
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish 345
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius.
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapp'd 350
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more protection

I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he, ²⁸⁵
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you
be, ²⁷⁰

That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle
brothers,

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter ²⁷⁵
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gai. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died. ²⁸⁰

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where, how
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman
captive? ²⁸⁵

How parted with your brothers? How first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependencies, ²⁹⁰
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor
place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting ²⁹⁵

Each object with a joy; the counterchange
severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,

And smother the temple with our sacrifices.
To Belarius.] Thou art my brother; so we'll

hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve
me, ²⁹⁰

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Have these in bonds. Let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
Will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly

fought, ²⁹⁵
He would have well becom'd this place, and
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, ²⁹⁰
Speak, Iachimo. I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
you,

Which I so often owe; but your ring first, ²⁹⁵
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me.
The power that I have on you is to spare you,
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law; ²⁹⁵
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my lord
of Rome, ²⁹⁵
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-
thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing ³⁰⁰
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning. ³⁰⁰
[Sooth.] (Reads.) "Whenas a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air;
and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd
branches, which, being dead many years, shall
after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and
freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in
peace and plenty." ³⁰⁵

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *leo-natus*, doth import so much. ³⁰⁵

[To Cymbeline.] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier* I divine

Is this most constant wife, who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle, ³¹⁰

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen, ³¹⁵
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar, ³¹⁵

And to the Roman empire, promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and
 here,
 Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
 tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, ¹⁷⁰
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely
 eagle,

The imperial Caesar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, ¹⁷⁵
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their
 trills

From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let ¹⁸⁰
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together. So through Lud's town
 march;

And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
 Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such
 peace. [Exeunt.]

THE WINTER'S TALE

THE later limit for the date of *The Winter's Tale* is fixed by an entry in Simon Forman's *booke of Plaies*," according to which he witnessed a performance of the drama at the Globe theatre on May 15, 1611. An earlier limit is plausibly suggested by the theory that the dance twelve satyrs in iv. iv. 331-352, three of whom had "danced before the king," was borrowed from the anti-masque in Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*, performed at court, January 1, 1611. The critical and stylistic features, as well as the atmosphere and method of treatment, are quite in harmony with this late date, so that there is no reason for doubting that the play was written in the early part of 1611.

No quarto was published, nor is the title found in the Stationers' Register before 1623. The first edition is that in the First Folio, in which it is the last of the Comedies. On this, which is unusually accurate, the present text is based.

The source of the plot is Robert Greene's *Pandosto: the Triumph of Time*, later known as *The story of Dorastus and Fawnia*. This euphuistic romance, modelled on Lyly and Sidney, was printed in 1588, and was popular enough to run through fourteen editions. Several features of the story have been found both in fiction and in history, but no certain original of Greene's tale has been identified.

The most important change made by Shakespeare in the plot is in saving the life of Hermione, who, as Bellaria in Greene's tale, had died of grief over the death of her son. But a number of other differences are worth noting. Bohemia and Sicily are interchanged, Greene's Pandosto (Antiochus) being King of Bohemia, and Egistus (Polixenes) King of Sicily. Fawnia (Perdita) is sent to sea in a cock-boat instead of being exposed on a desert shore. The proposal to consult the oracle comes from the queen in Greene, from Leontes in Shakespeare; yet Pandosto accepts the answer of the oracle at once, while Leontes denies its truth until brought to his senses by the death of his son and the swooning of Hermione. On the whole, the jealousy of Leontes is more intense and fatuous in Shakespeare than in his source. The Clown is substituted by the dramatist for the shepherd's wife of the novel. The wooing of Fawnia is given at great length by Greene, but the situation is complicated by Egistus's wish to marry his son to a princess of Denmark. In flight from his father's court, Dorastus (Florizel) has the assistance of a servant, Capnio, whom Shakespeare discards, but whose functions in the plot are divided between Camillo and Autolycus. When the prince arrives at the court of Pandosto, he conceals his identity, and is thrown into prison while the king makes love to Fawnia. This unpleasant incident of the courtship of the unrecognized daughter by her father Shakespeare omits, keeping Leontes faithful to the memory of Hermione. This, of course, makes possible the happy ending of the first plot, and renders unnecessary the depression and suicide of Pandosto with which Greene closes his narrative. The device of bringing an apparent statue to life, which Shakespeare inserted into the story, found not infrequently in earlier fiction; but neither that form of it which occurs in Lope de Vega's *El Marmol de Felisardo*, nor that in the play of *The Trial of Chivalry* (printed, 1606), is so closely related to be regarded as a source.

The characters of Antigonus, Paulina, Emilia, Mopsa, Dorcas, the Clown, and Autolycus are of Shakespeare's invention. For the last, and for his song in iv. iii. 1 ff. hints may have been derived from Tom Beggar in Robert Wilson's *Three Ladies of London* (1584), though this does not seem to have been hitherto suggested.

But this enumeration of changes in detail fails to indicate the nature of the transformation wrought by Shakespeare on his material. The superb dignity of Hermione which almost lifts her above pity, the plain-spoken loyalty of Paulina, the peculiar poetic charm of the pastoral scene of which Perdita is the centre, the humor of the rogue and the rustics, the elements, in short, which make the play delightful, are all Shakespeare's. To Greene belongs the credit of framing an interesting romantic story, the improbabilities and surprises of which Shakespeare seems to have taken no pains to abate, but which, on the contrary, he capped by devising a close situation, theatrically effective, indeed, but more defiant of likelihood than anything in his time.

THE WINTER'S TALE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, }
ANTIGONUS, } lords of Sicilia.
CLEOMEDES, }
DIOW, }
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.
FLORINEL, prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

[A Mariner.]
[A Gaoler.]

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady [attending on Hermione].
[MOPSA, } shepherdeses.
[DORCAS, }

[TIME, as Chorus.]

Other Lords and Gentlemen [Ladies, Officers] and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdeses.

[SCENE : Sicilia and Bohemia.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Sicilia. Ante-chamber in the palace of Leontes.]

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge. We cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, hath been royally attorned with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a

vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the edge of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world's malice or matter to alter it. You have as speakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius. It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the love of him. It is a gallant child; one that in his physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die!

Cam. Yes; if there were no other cause why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[Exit]

SCENE II. [A room of state in the same.]

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO [and Attendants].

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note since we have left the throne

Without a burden; time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with thanks,

And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt; and therefore, like a shepherd,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We thank you" many thousand moes

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow

n question'd by my fears, of what may chance

reed upon our absence; that may blow
neaping winds at home, to make us say,
is is put forth too truly." Besides, I have
stay'd
ire your Royalty.

vn. We are tougher, brother,
s you can put us to 't.

16 No longer stay.
vn. One seven-night longer.

18 Very sooth, to-morrow.
vn. We 'll part the time between's then;
and in that
no gainsaying.

18 Press me not, beseech you, so,
re is no tongue that moves, none, none i'
the world,

20 con as yours could win me. So it should
now,

ere there necessity in your request, although
ere needful I deni'd it. My affairs
ven drag me homeward; which to hinder
e in your love a whip to me; my stay
on a charge and trouble. To save both,
well, our brother.

vn. Tongue-tied our Queen? Speak you.
w. I had thought, sir, to have held my
peace until

had drawn oaths from him not to stay.
You, sir,

ge him too coldly. Tell him, you are
sure

in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
beat from his best ward.

vn. Well said, Hermione.
w. To tell, he longs to see his son, were
strong;

let him say so then, and let him go;
let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

of your royal presence I 'll adventure
borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
take my lord, I 'll give him my commis-
sion

et him there a month behind the gest
ld'd for's parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,
e thee not a jar o' the clock behind
t lady she her lord. You 'll stay?

18 No, madam.

vn. Nay, but you will?

18 I may not, verily.

vn. Verily!

put me off with limber vows; but I,
ugh you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

ld yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
shall not go; a lady's "Verily" 's
otent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

me to keep you as a prisoner,
like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
as you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

prisoner or my guest? By your dread
"Verily,"
of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam.
To be your prisoner should import offending,
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question
you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
boys.

You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did
frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other. What we
chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd

That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty"; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to's;
for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say

Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll an-
swer,

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd

not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? When
was 't before?

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and
make's

As fat as tame things. One good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:

My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose;
when?

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou
utter,

"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'T is grace indeed. 105
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-
pose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

[*Gives her hand to Polixenes.*]

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me; my heart
dances, 110

But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, 115
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 't
were

The mort o' the deer;—O, that is entertain-
ment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' focks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose? 121

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, cap-
tain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling 125
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me; yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say anything. But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page, 135
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—
may 't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this
be?— 140

With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 't is very credent
Thou mayest co-join with something; and thou
dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it.
And that to the infection of my brains 145
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leon. What cheer? How is 't with you, brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recall
Twenty-three years, and saw myself as
breach'd

In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzz'd.
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this lord,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will! Why, happy man be-
dole! My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as w-
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir.
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter.
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy.
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December.
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squ-
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermin-
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's ve-
come;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us
We are yours 't the garden. Shall 's attend
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you
be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside.*] I am angry
now,

Though you perceive me not how I give lie.
Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and
attendants.*]

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ear
fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play. Thy mother plays, and
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. Th-
have been,

Dr I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the
 arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's ab-
 sence
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,
 by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there 's comfort
 in 't
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
 open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of man-
 kind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is
 none.

't is a hawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 't is predominant ; and 't is powerful,
 think it,
 From east, west, north, and south. Be it con-
 cluded,

To barricado for a belly ; know 't ;
 't will let in and out the enemy
 With bag and baggage. Many thousand on 's
 have the disease, and feel 't not. How now,
 boy !

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
 What, Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou 'rt an hon-
 est man. [Exeunt Mamillius.]
 Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
 hold.

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ;
 made

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?

Aside.] They 're here with me already, whis-
 pering, rounding,
 Sicilia is a so-forth. 'T is far gone,
 When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
 That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the Queen's be 't ; "good" should
 be pertinent ;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine ?
 For thy conceit is soaking, — will draw in
 More than the common blocks. Not noted,
 is 't,

But of the finer natures ? By some severals
 Of head-piece extraordinary ? Lower messes
 Perchance are to this business purblind ? Say.

Cam. Business, my lord ! I think most un-
 derstand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness and the en-
 treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon.

Satisfy !

The entreaties of your mistress ! Satisfy !

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Cam-
 millo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
 My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like,
 thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
 Thy penitent reform'd ; but we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
 In that which seems so.

Cam.

Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not hon-
 est, or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
 Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd ; or else thou must be
 counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust
 And therein negligent ; or else a fool
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
 drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
 In every one of these no man is free
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Among the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly ; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
 Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my tres-
 pass

By its own visage. If I then deny it,
 'T is none of mine.

Leon.

Ha' not you seen, Camillo, —
 But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-
 glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn, — or heard, —
 For to a vision so apparent rumour
 Cannot be mute, — or thought, — for cogita-
 tion

Resides not in that man that does not think, —
 My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then
 say

My wife 's a hobby-horse, — deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken. Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

Leon.

Is whispering nothing ?

Is leaning cheek to cheek ? Is meeting noses ?
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty; — horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more
swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin-and-web but theirs, theirs
only,

That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?

Why, then the world and all that's in 't is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,

If 't be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;

For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie!

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,

Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,

Or else a hovering temporizer, that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver

Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia; who, if I

Had servants true about me, that bare eyes

To see alike mine honour as their profits,

Their own particular thrifts, they would do
that

Which should undo more doing; ay, and thou,

His cup-bearer, — whom I from meaner form

Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who
mayst see

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees
heaven,

How I am gall'd, — mightst bespice a cup,

To give mine enemy a lasting wink;

Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,

I could do this, and that with no rash potion,

But with a lingering dram that should not
work

Maliciously like poison; but I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee, —

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,

To appoint myself in this vexation, sully

The purity and whiteness of my sheets,

Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,

Give scandal to the blood o' the Prince my son,

Who I do think is mine and love as mine,

Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?

Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;

I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;

Provided that, when he's removed, your High-

ness

ness

Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise

Even so as I mine own course have set down

I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear

As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bo-

hemia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer.

If from me he have wholesome beverage.

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all

Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast

vis'd me.

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,

What case stand I in? I must be the possessor

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't

Is the obedience to a master, one

Who in rebellion with himself will have

All that are his so too. To do this deed,

Promotion follows. If I could find example

Of thousands that had struck anointed kings

And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since

Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears

one,

Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must

Forsake the court. To do 't, or no, is certain

To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!

Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange; methinks

My favour here begins to warp. Not speak

Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a counte-

nance

As he had lost some province and a region

Lov'd as he loves himself. Even now I am

him

With customary compliment; when he,

Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding

That changeth thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! Do not. Do you know

and dare not?

Be intelligent to me: 't is thereabouts;

For, to yourself, what you do know, you must

And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,

Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror

Which shows me mine chang'd too; for

must be

A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness

Which puts some of us in distemper, but

not name the disease; and it is caught
you that yet are well.

How! caught of me!
me not sighted like the basilisk.
we look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
k-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
gentry than our parents' noble names,
whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you,
you know aught which does behove my
knowledge
neof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
gaorant concealment.

I may not answer.
A sickness caught of me, and yet I
well!

Dost thou hear, Camillo?
ajure thee, by all the parts of man
ich honour does acknowledge, whereof the
least

of this suit of mine, that thou declare
at incidence thou dost guess of harm
reeping toward me; how far off, how near;
ich way to be prevented, if to be;
ot, how best to bear it.

Sir, I will tell you,
I am charg'd in honour and by him
it I think honourable; therefore mark my
counsel,

ich must be even as swiftly follow'd as
can to utter it, or both yourself and me
lost, and so good night!

On, good Camillo.
I am appointed him to murder you.
By whom, Camillo?

By the King.
For what?

He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,
he had seen 't or been an instrument
vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his
queen
suddenly.

O, then my best blood turn
an infected jelly, and my name
yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
n then my freshest reputation to
avour that may strike the dullest nostril
ere I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
f, hated too, worse than the great'st infec-
tion

at'er was heard or read!
Swear his thought over
each particular star in heaven and
all their influences, you may as well
bid the sea for to obey the moon
or by oath remove or counsel shake
a fabric of his folly, whose foundation
pl'd upon his faith and will continue
standing of his body.

How should this grow?
I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer
to
wid what's grown than question how 'tis
born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utt' red truth, which if you seek to
prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand.
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature. As she's rare,
Must it be great; and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades
me.

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen; — part of his theme, but
nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your
Highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [Sicilia. A room in the palace.]

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles
me,

'Tis past enduring.

[1.] Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

[1.] Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me
as if

I were a baby still. — I love you better.

2. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they
say,

Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray
now

What colour are your eyebrows?

[1.] Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

[1.] Lady. Hark ye;
The Queen your mother rounds apace. We shall

Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?
Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter. I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man —
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

[Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and others.]

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

[1.] Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed
Them even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen
the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown.
All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

[1.] Lord. By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not turn
him.

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet he
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Speak.
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not
come about her.

Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not.
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying.
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lord,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'T is pity she's not honest, honourable.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and
straight

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brags
That calumny doth use — O, I am out —
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself; these shrugs, these hums and
has,

When you have said she's goodly, come be-
tween

Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known
From him that has most cause to grieve
should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so.
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lord,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place.
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees.
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A fedary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and praise
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life.
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge
that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle, my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon.
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns ;
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities ; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my
lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; and so
The King's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ?
Her. Who is 't that goes with me ? Beseech
your Highness,

My women may be with me ; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools ;
There is no cause. When you shall know your
mistress

has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out ; this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord.
Never wish'd to see you sorry ; now
Trust I shall. My women, come ; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence !
[*Exit Queen guarded, with Ladies.*]

[*I.*] *Lord.* Beseech your Highness, call the
Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones
suffer,

Myself, your queen, your son.
[*I.*] *Lord.* For her, my lord,
dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
I leave you to accept it, that the Queen is spot-
less

' the eyes of Heaven and to you ; I mean,
in this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
he's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
than when I feel and see her no farther trust
her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,
My, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
false be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.
[*I.*] *Lord.* Good my lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our-
selves.

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't ; would I knew the
villain.

would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
the second and the third, nine, and some five ;
if this prove true, they'll pay for 't. By mine
honour,

'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see
bring false generations. They are co-heirs ;
and I had rather glib myself than they
should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose ; but I do see 't and
feel 't,

As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty.
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What I lack I credit ?
[*I.*] *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I,
my lord,

Upon this ground ; and more it would content
me

To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural good-
ness

Imparts this ; which if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgement tried
it,

Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjec-
ture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for appropa-
tion

But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this pro-
ceeding.

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in
post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel
had,

I shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

[*I.*] *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisf'd and need no
more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
good

From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public, for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [Outer ward of a prison.]

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am.

[Exit Gent.]

Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;

What dost thou then in prison ?

[Re-enter Gentleman, with the GAOLER.]

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not ?

Gaol. For a worthy lady, s
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam.
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors ! Is 't lawful, pray
you,

To see her women ? Any of them ? Emilia ?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[Exeunt Gentleman and attendants.]

Gaol. And, madam, 16
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

[Re-enter GAOLER, with EMILIA.]

Dear gentlewoman, 20

How fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great and so for-
lorn

May hold together. On her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd. 25

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live. The Queen receives
Much comfort in 't ; says, " My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous unsafe limes i' the King, be-
shrew them ! 30

He must be told on 't, and he shall. The office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia, 35
Commend my best obedience to the Queen.
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the King and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child. 40
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss

A thriving issue. There is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer ;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design.
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be
doubted

I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the Queen. Please you, come something
nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the Queen to send
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it.
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great Nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear. Upon mine honour
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt

SCENE III. [A room in Leontes' palace.]

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and SERVANTS.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest. It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, — part o' the
cause,

She the adulteress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
I can hook to me : say that she were gone.
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

[1.] Serv.

My lord

Leon. How does the boy ?

[1.] Serv.

He took good rest to-night

'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply.
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself.
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep.
And downright languish'd. Leave me alone
go,

See how he fares. [Exit Serv.] Fie, fie !
thought of him ;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty.
And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be
Until a time may serve ; for present vengeance
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh if I could reach the
nor

Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA [with a babe].

(1.) *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? A gracious innocent soul,

More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

(2.) *Serv.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference

About some gossip for your Highness.

Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
Charg'd thee that she should not come about me:

knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can. In this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear.
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so
were I

man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'
door!

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so.

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.

Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;

Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself; for

he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not —

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't — once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it, and together with the dam

Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,

His smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger;
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast

made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not ;
It is an heretic that makes the fire, ¹¹⁵
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you
tyrant ;

But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something
savours

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, ¹²⁰
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? She durst not call me ¹²⁵
so,

If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be
gone. ¹³⁰

Look to your babe, my lord ; 't is yours. Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit ! What needs these
hands ?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so ; farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.* ¹³⁵

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.

My child ? Away with 't ! Even thou, that
hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up
straight. ¹⁴⁰

Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou
refuse

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ; ¹⁴⁵
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir.

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither. ¹⁵⁰

Leon. You're liars all.

1. *Lord.* Beseech your Highness, give us
better credit.

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services ¹⁵⁵

Past and to come, that you do change this pur-
pose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows.

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel ¹⁶⁰
And call me father ? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live.

It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ;
You that have been so tenderly officious

With Lady Margery, your midwife there, ¹⁶⁵
To save this bastard's life, — for 't is a bastard,

So sure as this beard's gray, — what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo

And nobleness impose ; at least thus much : —
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left

To save the innocent. Anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by the
sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it ; see'st thou ?
for the fail ¹⁷⁰

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife.

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoy
thee,

As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear ¹⁷⁵
it

To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it.

Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange
fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee. —
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present
death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor
babe. ¹⁸⁰

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens

To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done

Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! And
blessing ¹⁸⁵

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !

Leon. [*Exit with the babe.*
No, I'll not rest

Another's issue.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Please your Highness, post
From those you sent to the oracle are come

An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion, —
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both ¹⁹⁰
landed,

Hasting to the court.

[1.] *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond accompt.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent ; 't is good speed ; how
tells ¹⁹⁵

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;

Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most dialoyal lady, for, as she hath

Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives ²⁰⁰

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me.
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. [*A street in a Sicilian town.*]*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the vale, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Dethinks I so should term them, and the
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, so
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, — O be 't
so! —

Is it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations, so
Are forcing faults upon Hermione,
Little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business. When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare so
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh
horses!

And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Sicilia. A place of justice.*]*Enter LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we
pronounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart, — the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much lov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course
Even to the guilt or the purgation.

Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his Highness' pleasure that the
Queen

Appear in person here in court. Silence! so

*Enter HERMIONE (as to her trial); PAULINA
and LADIES attending.]*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione, Queen to the worthy
Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd
and arraigned of high treason, in committing
adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia,
and conspiring with Camillo to take away
the life of our sovereign lord the King,
by royal husband: the pretence whereof being
of circumstances partly laid open, thou, Her-
mione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of
true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for
their better safety, to fly away by night." so

Her. Since what I am to say must be but
that

Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me

To say "Not guilty." Mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, so
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Whom least will seem to do so,) my past
life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, so
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for
honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine, so
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot be-
yond

The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hard'n'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet so
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become so
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done I think had been
in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke, so
Even since it could speak, from an infant,
freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how. All I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man; so

And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have undertaken to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame, —

Those of your fact are so, — so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails;
for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, — which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it, — so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage

Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats.
The bug which you would fright me with I seek;

To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred

The child-bred privilege deny'd, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried 105
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this: mistake me not; no life, 110
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,

Which I would free, — if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all, 115
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

[*1.*] *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]
Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding 121
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

[*Re-enter OFFICERS, with CLEOMENES and DION.*]
Off. You here shall swear upon this sword
of justice, 125
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have

Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. *Dion.* All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo! Prais'd!

Her. *Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

[*Enter a SERVANT.*]

Serv. My lord the King, the King!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen.

Look down

And see what Death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]
Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! 130
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death 135
with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing't and being done. He, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended.

No richer than his honour. How he glisters
Through my [dark] rust! And how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

[*Re-enter PAULINA.*]

Paul. Woe the while!
 I cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
 break too!
 [1.] *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
 for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?
 boiling
 leads or oils? What old or newer torture
 dost I receive, whose every word deserves
 to taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 together working with thy jealousies,
 ancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 for girls of nine, O, think what they have done
 and then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
 thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was no-
 thing;
 that did but show thee of a fool, inconstant
 and damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
 thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
 honour,
 to have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 more monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 he casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
 to be or none or little, though a devil
 would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
 for is 't directly laid to thee, the death
 of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts,
 brought high for one so tender, cleft the
 heart
 that could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Lemish'd his gracious dam; this is not, no,
 aid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords,
 when I have said, cry "Woe!" — the Queen,
 the Queen,
 the sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and ven-
 geance for 't
 let dropp'd down yet.
 [1.] *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If
 word nor oath
 prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
 measure or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 least outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
 as I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
 to not repent these things, for they are heavier
 than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake
 thee
 to nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 to look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on;
 thou canst not speak too much. I have de-
 serv'd
 all tongues to talk their bitt' rest.
 [1.] *Lord.* Say no more.
 Fewer the business goes, you have made
 fault
 the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't.
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know
 them,

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
 To the noble heart. What's gone and what's
 past help
 Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
 At my petition; I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my
 liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
 The love I bore your queen — lo, fool again! —
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your chil-
 dren;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well
 When most the truth; which I receive much
 better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring
 me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed
 there
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
 To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Bohemia. A desert country near
the sea.*]*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Babe, and a MAR-
INER.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
 touch'd upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
 We have landed in ill time: the skies look
 grimly
 And threaten present blusters. In my con-
 science,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are
 angry
 And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get
 aboard;
 Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
 Too far i' the land; 't is like to be loud
 weather.
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away;
 I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]
Ant. Come, poor babe.
 I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'
 the dead
 May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd and so becoming ; in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts ; the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep and leave it crying ; and, for the
 babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys ;
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !
 There lie, and there thy character ; there
 these,
 Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty,

[*Laying down the babe, with a paper
 and a bundle.*]

And still rest thee. The storm begins, poor
 wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds ; and most accus'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell !
 The day frowns more and more ; thou 'rt like to
 have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !
 Well may I get aboard ! This is the chase ;
 I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

[*Enter a SHEPHERD.*]

Shep. I would there were no age between ten
 and three-and-twenty, or that youth would
 sleep out the rest ; for there is nothing in the
 between but getting wenches with child, wrong-
 ing the ancients, stealing, fighting — [*Horns.*]
 Hark you now ! Would any but these boild
 brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt
 this weather ? They have scar'd away two of
 my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner
 find than the master. If anywhere I have them,
 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck,
 an 't be thy will ! what have we here ? Mercy
 on 's, a barne ; a very pretty barne ! A boy
 or a child, I wonder ? A pretty one ; a very
 pretty one : sure, some scape. Though I am
 not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewo-
 man in the scape. This has been some stair-
 work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-
 work ; they were warmer that got this than the

poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity ; yet
 I'll tarry till my son come ; he halloo'd but
 even now. Whoa, ho, hoa !

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Hillos, loa !

Shep. What, art so near ? If thou 'lt see a
 thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
 come hither. What ail'st thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and
 by land ! But I am not to say it is a sea, for 't
 is now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and
 you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes,
 how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! But
 that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous
 cry of the poor souls ! Sometimes to see 'em
 and not to see 'em ; now the ship boring the
 moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed
 with yeast and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork
 into a hoghead. And then for the land-ser-
 vice, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-
 bone ; how he cried to me for help and said his
 name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make
 an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-
 dragon'd it ; but, first, how the poor souls
 roared, and the sea mock'd them ; and how
 the poor gentleman roared and the bear mock'd
 him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not wink'd since I
 saw these sights. The men are not yet cold
 under water, nor the bear half din'd on the
 gentleman. He 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd
 the old man !

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side
 to have help'd her ; there your charity would
 have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! But
 look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou
 met'st with things dying, I with things new-
 born. Here 's a sight for thee : look thee a
 bearing-cloth for a squire's child ! Look thee
 here ; take up, take up, boy ; open 't. So, he 's
 see. It was told me I should be rich by the
 fairies. This is some changeling ; open 't.
 What 's within, boy ?

Clo. You 're a made old man ; if the size of
 your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to
 live. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is fairly gold, boy, and 't will
 prove so. Up with 't, keep it close. Home,
 home, the next way. We are lucky, boy ; and
 to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let
 my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way
 home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your find-
 ings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the
 gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They
 are never curst but when they are hungry. If
 there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest
 discern by that which is left of him what he is,
 fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him 't the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
 low take upon me, in the name of Time,
 'o use my wings. Impute it not a crime
 'o me or my swift passage, that I slide
 'er sixteen years and leave the growth untri'd
 'f that wide gap, since it is in my power
 'o overthrow law and in one self-born hour
 'o plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
 'he same I am, ere ancient'st order was
 'r what is now receiv'd. I witness to
 'he times that brought them in; so shall I do
 'o the freshest things now reigning, and make
 stale

he glistering of this present, as my tale
 low seems to it. Your patience this allowing, us
 turn my glass and give my scene such grow-
 ing

as you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
 he effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
 'hat he shuts up himself, imagine me,
 'entle spectators, that I now may be
 'a fair Bohemia; and remember well,
 'mentioned a son o' the King's, which Florizel
 'ow name to you; and with speed so pace
 'o speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 'al with wond'ring. What of her ensues
 'list not prophesy; but let Time's news
 'e known when 't is brought forth. A shep-
 'herd's daughter,
 'ad what to her adheres, which follows after,
 's the argument of Time. Of this allow,
 'ever you have spent time worse ere now;
 'never, yet that Time himself doth say
 'e wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*]

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more
 unfortunate. 'T is a sickness denying thee any-
 thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my
 country; though I have for the most part been
 bred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there.
 Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath
 sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might
 some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which
 another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not
 at the rest of thy services by leaving me now.
 He need I have of thee thine own goodness
 hath made. Better not to have had thee than
 us to want thee. Thou, having made me
 unbusiness which none without thee can suffi-
 ciently manage, must either stay to execute

them thyself or take away with thee the very
 services thou hast done; which if I have not
 enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to
 be more thankful to thee shall be my study,
 and my profit therein the heaping friendships.
 Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no
 more; whose very naming punishes me with
 the remembrance of that penitent, as thou
 call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother;
 whose loss of his most precious queen and chil-
 dren are even now to be afresh lamented. Say
 to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel,
 my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue
 not being gracious, than they are in losing them
 when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the
 Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are
 to me unknown: but I have missingly noted,
 he is of late much retired from court and is
 less frequent to his princely exercises than
 formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo,
 and with some care; so far that I have eyes
 under my service which look upon his remov-
 edness; from whom I have this intelligence,
 that he is seldom from the house of a most
 homely shepherd, a man, they say, that from
 very nothing, and beyond the imagination of
 his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable
 estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who
 hath a daughter of most rare note. The report
 of her is extended more than can be thought to
 begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelli-
 gence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our
 son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the
 place; where we will, not appearing what we
 are, have some question with the shepherd;
 from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to
 get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pri-
 thee, be my present partner in this business,
 and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise
 ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS [very ragged], singing.

"When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy ever the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's
 pale.

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they
 sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

"The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
 With heigh! [with heigh!] the thrush and
 the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay."

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

"But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

"If tinkers may have leave to live, 20
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it."

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus, who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 25

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tod; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine. 27

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pounds of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 28

Aut. O that ever I was born!
[*Grovelling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death! 29

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 31

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 32

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service.

Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picking his pocket*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well. He hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he was pass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where he land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig. He haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he. That's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia. If you had but look'd big and said him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am a fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit*]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shears prove sheep, let me be unroll'd and my name put in the book of virtue!

(*Sings.*) "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way.
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a." *Exit.*

SCENE IV. [*Bohemia. The Shepherd's cottage.*]

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

does give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora, bearing in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

is as a meeting of the petty gods, and you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, to chide at your extremes it not becomes me; pardon, that I name them! Your high self, the gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,

lost goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

every mess have folly, and the feeders

digest it with a custom, I should blush

to see you so attird; sworn, I think,

to show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time when my good falcon made her flight across your father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! to me the difference forges dread; your greatness

hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

to think your father, by some accident, should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!

How would he look, to see his work so noble truly bound up? What would he say? Or how should I, in these my borrowed haunts, behold the sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, tumbling their deities to love, have taken the shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune

ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,

as I seem now. Their transformations were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

nor in a way so chaste, since my desires ran not before mine honour, nor my lusts burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir, our resolution cannot hold, when 'tis oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the King.

One of these two must be necessities, which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, with these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not

the mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,

or not my father's. For I cannot be

mine own, nor anything to any, if

I be not thine. To this I am most constant, though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle! Strangle such thoughts as these with anything That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial which We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach. Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

[*Enter SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MORSA, DORCAS, and others, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised.*]

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook, Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;

Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire

With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,

She would to each one sip. You are retired, As if you were a feasted one and not

The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid These unknown friends to 's welcome, for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself

That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome. It is my father's will I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long.

Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess, — A fair one are you — well you fit our ages

With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyflowers, Which some call Nature's bastards. Of that kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden, Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said There is an art which in their piedness shares

With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say there be;

Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean; so, over that
art

Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
flowers,

And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun 105
And with him rises weeping. These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas! 110
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet 115
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and 125
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corpse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play
on; 129

Not like a corpse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals. Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do 135
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,

To sing them too. When you do dance, I wou
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing.

So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large. But that your
youth,

And the true blood which peeps [so] fast
through 't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 140
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever

Ran on the green-sward. Nothing she does
seems

But smacks of something greater than herself.
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth,
she is

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry,
garlic,

To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.

Come, strike up!

[*Music.*] Here a dance of Shepherd
and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain
this

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boss
himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it.

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
daughter.

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read.

As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain
I think there is not half a kiss to choose 150
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feath
Shep. So she does anything, though I rep
it,

That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pe
lar at the door, you would never dance aga

after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money. He utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes. ¹⁹⁶

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. ¹⁹⁶

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and ¹⁹⁶ where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man." ²⁰¹

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares? ²⁰⁴

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddises, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't. ²¹³

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*] ²¹⁶

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

"Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears;
Fms and poking-sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy."

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being en-braill'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves. ²²⁶

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, there be liars. ²⁴⁰

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you.

May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again. ²⁴³

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more. ²⁵¹

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way and lost all my money? ²⁵⁵

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here. ²⁵⁹

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true. ²⁶⁴

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old. ²⁷⁰

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad? ²⁷⁵

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by, and let's first see moe ballads. We'll buy the other things anon. ²⁷⁸

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true. ²⁸⁸

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnessses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one. ²⁹³

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it. 'Tis in request, I can tell you. ²⁹⁷

Mop. We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear. 'Tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago. ³⁰⁰

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation. Have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
 Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me.
 Then whither goest? Say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

"Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread,
 Any toys for your head,
 Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the pedlar;
 Money's a meddler,
 That doth utter all men's ware-a."

[*Re-enter SERVANT.*]

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair. They call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't. Here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herds-men.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir.

[*Exit.*]
 Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your less

Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were strain'd

For a reply; at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are.

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already. But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my

life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, thy

hand, As soft as dove's down and as white as it. Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's

bolts By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand was fair before! I have put you out. But to your protestation; let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and now Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and

all: That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force and

knowledge More than was ever man's, I would not prize

them Without her love; for her employ them all: Command them and condemn them to her

service Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter, Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain! And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness

to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be I' the virtue of your daughter. One being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet. Enough then for your wonder. But, come as

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand; And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, beseech you Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

at the nuptial of his son a guest

that best becomes the table. Pray you once

more,

and not your father grown incapable

of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid

with age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak?

hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own

estate?

Does he not bed-rid? and again does nothing

but what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;

he has his health, and ampler strength indeed

than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

you offer him, if this be so, a wrong

something unfilial. Reason my son

should choose himself a wife, but as good reason

the father, all whose joy is nothing else

but fair posterity, should hold some counsel

as such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

but for some other reasons, my grave sir,

which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint

ly father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son. He shall not need to

grieve

at knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself.]

Thomson I dare not call. Thou art too base

to be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,

that thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old

traitor,

am sorry that by hanging thee I can

but shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh

piece

of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

be royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with

briers, and made

more homely than thy state. For thee, fond

boy,

I may ever know thou dost but sigh

that thou no more shalt see this knack, as never

mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succe-

sion.

But hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,

far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.

Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this

time,

though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

from the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-

ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman, yea, him too,

that makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [Exit.]

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid; for once or twice

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly

The self-same sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be

gone?

I told you what would come of this. Beseech

you,

Of your own state take care. This dream of

mine,—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,

But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!

Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,

To lie close by his honest bones; but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay

me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed

wretch,

That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst

adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire. [Exit.]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alt'red. What I was, I am;

More straining on for plucking back, not follow-

ing

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper. At this time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess

You do not purpose to him; and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.

Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be

thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 't were known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks.

From my succession wipe me, father; I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy. If my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it, but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas
hides

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd ; therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean
not

To see him any more, — cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; let myself and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver : I am put to sea
With her who here I cannot hold on shore ;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice, ⁵¹⁵
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita !
[Drawing her aside.]
I'll hear you [to *Cam.*] by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and hon-
our, ⁵²⁰

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo ;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think ⁵²⁵
You have heard of my poor services, 't' the love
That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd. It is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King ⁵³⁵
And through him what 's nearest to him,
which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour, ⁵⁴⁰
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your Highness ; where you
may

Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by —
As heavens forefend ! — your ruin ; marry
her, ⁵⁴⁵

And, with my best endeavours in your ab-
sence,

Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?

That I may call thee something more than
man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and
flies

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows : if you will not change your pur-
pose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair pri-
cess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes. ⁵⁵⁵
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth ; asks thee, the son, for-
giveness,

As 't were i' the father's person ; kisses thy
hands

Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides
him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the
one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver.
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down ;

The which shall point you forth at every minute,
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves ⁵⁶⁵
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain

To miseries enough ; no hope to help you.
But as you shake off one to take another ;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true. ⁵⁷⁰
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yes, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house the
seven years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding as
she is i' the rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 't is pity
she lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
to most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my for-
tunes

Do all lie there. It shall be so my care
to have you royally appointed as if
the scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
that you may know you shall not want, one
word. [*They talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and
trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a
counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander,
watch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,
hose-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack
from fasting. They throng who should buy
it, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and
brought a benediction to the buyer; by which
means I saw whose purse was best in picture,
and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd.
My clown, who wants but something to be
reasonable man, grew so in love with the
sweeter's song, that he would not stir his petti-
coats till he had both tune and words; which so
blew the rest of the herd to me that all their
other senses stuck in ears. You might have
touch'd a placket, it was senseless; 't was no-
thing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would
ave fill'd keys off that hung in chains. No
sawing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and ad-
miring the nothing of it. So that in this time
of lethargy I pick'd and cut most of their
estival purses; and had not the old man come
a with a whoo-bub against his daughter and
be King's son and scar'd my choughs from the
huff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole
may. [*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita
come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means
being there

as soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from
King Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*]

We'll make an instrument of this, omit
nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why,
angry.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shak'st

thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm in-
tended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will
steal that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy
poverty we must make an exchange; therefore
discharge thee instantly, — thou must think
there's a necessity in 't, — and change gar-
ments with this gentleman. Though the penny-
worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee,
there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside.*] I
know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch. The gentle-
man is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside.*] I
smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I can-
not with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange
garments.*]

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to ye! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert. Take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you
may —

For I do fear eyes over — to shipboard
Get undescri'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.

[*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain for-
got!

Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside.*] What I do next, shall be to
tell the King

Of this escape and whither they are bound;

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after; in whose company

I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt [Florizel, Perdita, and Ca-
millo].*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it.
To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble
hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose
is requisite also, to smell out work for the
other senses. I see this is the time that the un-
just man doth thrive. What an exchange had
this been without boot! What a boot is here
with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year
connive at us, and we may do anything ex-
tempore. The Prince himself is about a piece

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips —

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife. One
worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me —?"

Paul. Had she such power, as
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you
mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your
ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that
follow'd
Should be "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, —

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so
young

As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath;
Never till then.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. One that gives out himself Prince Flo-
rize!,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but fore'd
By need and accident. What train?

Serv. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Serv. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione.
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you your-
self

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been.
Nor was not to be equal'd;" — thus your very
Flow'd with her beauty once. 'Tis shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

Serv. Pardon, madam.
The one I have almost forgot, — your pardon.
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature
Would she begin a sect, might quench the use
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? Not women!

Serv. Women will love her, that she is
woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomene;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis
strange

[*Exeunt [Cleomene and others]*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had per-
Well with this lord. There was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease. The
know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speech
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORENCE
and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Princes
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother.
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome
And your fair princess, — goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost —
All mine own folly — the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath somewhat
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
leasur'd to look upon you; whom he loves —
le bade me say so — more than all the sceptres
and those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee
stir

afresh within me, and these thy offices,
so rarely kind, are as interpreters
of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
as is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
(at least ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
to greet a man not worth her pains, much
less

the adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my lord,
be come from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
that noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal air, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

in tears proclaim'd his, parting with her;
thence,
prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
cross'd,

to execute the charge my father gave me
in visiting your Highness. My best train
have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
tho for Bohemia bend, to signify
not only my success in Libya, sir,
at my arrival and my wife's in safety
ere where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
urge all infection from our air whilst you
climate here! You have a holy father,
graceful gentleman, against whose person,
sacred as it is, I have done sin;
in which the heavens, taking angry note,
have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
tho from heaven merits it, with you
worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
that I a son and daughter now have look'd
on,
in goodly things as you?

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Most noble sir,
at which I shall report will bear no credit,
is not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
sires you to attach his son, who has —
dignity and duty both cast off —
d from his father, from his hopes, and with
hepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? Speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from
him.

ask amaz'd; and it becomes
marvel and my message. To your court
iles he was hast'ning, in the chase, it seems,
this fair couple, meets he on the way
father of this seeming lady, and
brother, having both their country quitted
in this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake. They kneel, they kiss the
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak. So
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be. So
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good
father's speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up.
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such affec-
tions,

Step forth mine advocate. At your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't. Not a
month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth
such gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [To Florizel.] But
your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, so
I am friend to them and you; upon which er-
rand

I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make. Come, good my
lord.

SCENE II. [Before Leontes' palace.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

J. Gent. I was by at the opening of the far-

del, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard [us] of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: [us] he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of [us] nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, [us] holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a [us] loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I [us] never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd, so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and locks her in embracing, as if she would press to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was verd the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which ang'd for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness would his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my best wept blood. Who was most marble then changed colour; some swooned, all sorrow. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing a now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Her one hath done Hermione that they say she would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2. *Gent.* I thought she had some great water there in hand; for she hath privately two or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall thither and with our company piece the joining?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence that has benefit of access? Every wink of an eye a new grace will be born. Our absence makes unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my foot life in me, would preferment drop on my back. I brought the old man and his son aboard. The Prince, told him I heard them talk of a

del and I know not what; but he at that [155]
time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so
he then took her to be, who began to be much
sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of
weather continuing, this mystery remained un-
discover'd. But 't is all one to me; for had I
been the finder out of this secret, it would not
have relish'd among my other discredits. 153

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

Here come those I have done good to against
my will, and already appearing in the blossoms
of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children,
but thy sons and daughters will be all gentle-
men born. 156

Clo. You are well met, sir. You deni'd to
fight with me this other day, because I was no
gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say
you see them not and think me still no gentle-
man born. You were best say these robes
are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do,
and try whether I am not now a gentleman
orn. 158

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman
orn.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these
our hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy. 159

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman
orn before my father. For the King's son
took me by the hand, and call'd me brother;
and then the two kings call'd my father
other; and then the Prince my brother and
the Princess my sister call'd my father father;
and so we wept, and there was the first gentle-
man-like tears that ever we shed. 156

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in
preposterous estate as we are. 159

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon
all the faults I have committed to your
whip, and to give me your good report to
a Prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gen-
tlemen now we are gentlemen. 165

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the
face thou art as honest a true fellow as any
in Bohemia. 170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

No. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?
I boots and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

No. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman
y swear it in the behalf of his friend; and
I swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of
hands and that thou wilt not be drunk;
I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands
that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it,
I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of
hands. 172

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

No. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow.
I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to
brink, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred,
are going to see the Queen's picture. Come,
follow us; we'll be thy good masters. 180

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A chapel in Paulina's house.*]

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PER-
DITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, etc.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great
comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have
vouchsaf'd,

With your crown'd brother and these your con-
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery 10

Have we pass'd through, not without much
content

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likenesses, I do well believe, 15
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is. Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and say 't is
well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and dis-
covers Hermione standing like a
statue.*]

I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak. First, you, my
liege;

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she 25

In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,

Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excel-
lence, 30

Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes
her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life, 35
As now she coldly stands, when first I woo'd
her!

I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began, " " " " " "
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid
on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, " "
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he " "
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, — for the stone
is mine —

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest
your fancy " "

May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-
ready —

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done! " "
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina, " "
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you; but

I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina; " "
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear. " "
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear, " "
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you'll
think —

Which I protest against — I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still.
Or, those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike!
[Mus.]

'T is time; descend; be stone no more;
approach.

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come.
I'll fill your grave up. Stir, nay, come away.
Bequeath to death your numbness; for from
him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs
[Hermione comes down]

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
When she was young you woo'd her; now't
age

Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where
has liv'd,

Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is liv'd
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives.
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little whif
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your grace
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, my
own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear the
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have present
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for't
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough
there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina! ¹²⁵
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife; this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast
found mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, ¹³⁰
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far —
For him, I partly know his mind — to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted and here justified ¹⁴⁵
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What! look upon my brother. Both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law
And son unto the King, whom heavens direct-
ing, ¹⁵⁰

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. ¹⁵⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TEMPEST

THE TEMPEST first appeared in print as the opening play in the First Folio. This fact has, curiously enough, been taken as a reason for considering it Shakespeare's last drama; but more substantial evidence exists for placing it thus late. One limit is fixed by its presence in a list of plays performed during the marriage festivities of King James's daughter Elizabeth in the early spring of 1613. The other is less definite, but is approximately indicated by the author's use of details from various accounts of the wreck of Sir George Somers in 1609. Within these limits, 1610 to 1613, opinion varies. Metrical evidence associates *The Tempest* with *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, but does not decide their relative order. Those who place the play in 1611 regard it as having been specially written for the betrothal or the marriage of the Prince, adding in support the large spectacular element and the nature of the masque in the fourth act. Further attempts to strengthen the argument by finding in Prospero a portrait of King James and in the supposed drowning of Ferdinand references to the death of Prince Henry, are not convincing; nor does the mere fact of performance at the wedding prove anything, since the numerous other plays then acted were revivals. The Revels accounts contain an entry stating that *The Tempest* was presented at Whitehall on Hallowmas night, 1611, and though this is now known to have been forged, it may have been well founded, since sixty years before the forger Malone had stated, on evidence no longer accessible, that he knew the play existed in the autumn of 1611. On the whole, there is no evidence quite strong enough to counterbalance the standing presumption in favor of Malone's accuracy, so that 1611 remains the most probable date. There is nothing to hinder us from regarding the play as the last completed by Shakespeare alone.

For the main thread of the plot no source has been discovered. The resemblance to *Die Schöne Sidea* of Jakob Ayer of Nuremberg, who died in 1605, is much less striking when the whole of Ayer's play is read than when the points of likeness are extracted. In both plays we have a prince given to magic, and driven into exile with a daughter who marries the son of his enemy, an attendant spirit; and — most striking of all — the imposition of log-carrying upon the captive prince, and the fixing of his sword in his scabbard. But there is absolutely no similarity in character, and Ayer's devil has nothing in common with Ariel, save his function as a supernatural servant. The fixing of the sword is a commonplace of magic, and even the carrying or splitting of logs is found as a task imposed by a magician on a captive prince in folk-tales having no connection with the present plays. The most that can be said is that both dramas may go back to a common origin, which, however, may have been far from immediate. "A fellow-actor's description" of the German play is of course a possibility, especially since English comedians were known to have been in Nuremberg in 1604 and 1606; but a positive statement is not warranted by the evidence.

Of the origin of minor details we can speak with more assurance. Shakespeare was well read in the literature of travel of his time, and evidences of this abound in the present case. In his descriptions of the island and of the storm he drew especially from the narratives of Sylvester Jourdain and William Strachey, who wrote accounts of the wreck on the Bermudas of one of the ships belonging to the expedition to Virginia led by Somers and Gates in 1609. Information with regard to this and similar adventures may well have reached him from oral sources also. Gonzalo's commonwealth (II. i. 147 ff.) was suggested by two passages in Florio's translation of Montaigne (1603). Prospero's abjuration speech (v. i. 33 ff.) is influenced by a passage in Golding's *Œdipus* (1603). Setebos is taken from Eden's *History of Travaile* (1577), where the name occurs as that of a devil-god of the Patagonian giants. Ariel occurs in *Isaiah*, and is the name of a prince of spirit in cabalistic literature. Miranda is evidently a significant coinage, like Perdita and Marina; Caliban may be merely an anagram for "cannibal." The island is clearly not meant to be identified with Bermuda or any other.

THE TEMPEST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO, } Spirits.
Nymphs,
Reapers, }

[Other Spirits attending on Prospero.]

SCENE: [A ship at sea;] an uninhabited island.

ACT I

SCENE I. [On a ship at sea:] a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

Ma^t. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Ma^t. Good; speak to the mariners. Fall not, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir. [Exit.]

Enter MARINERS.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient. The boats. When the sea is. Hence! What are these roarers for the name of king? To thin! silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. We are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use our authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in our cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow.

Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exit.]

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' the main-course. A plague (A cry within.)

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.—Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again! Lay her off.

Enter MARINERS wet.

Mariners. All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.]

Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!

Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink wi' the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[Exit.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs
of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath,
brown furze, anything. The wills above be
done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [The island. Before Prospero's cell.]

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you
have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's
cheek,

Daashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they per-

ish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,

Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought know-

ing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,

And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes;
have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which
touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.

Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
not

Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? By any other house or per-
son?

Of anything the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'T is far of

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But
how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou
else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve
year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy fa-

ther
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence,

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to
Which is from my remembrance! Please you

farther.

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd An-
tonio—

I pray thee, mark me— that a brother should
Be so perfidious!— he whom next thyself

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time

Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reput'd
In dignity, and for the liberal arts

Without a parallel; those being all my study.
The government I cast upon my brother

And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grow
suits,

How to deny them, who to advance and who

To trash for overtopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
'em,

Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he
was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my virtue out on't. Thou at-
tend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
Thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
Pre-pri'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great 95
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like
one

Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie, — he did believe
He was indeed the Duke. Out o' the substitu-
tion,

And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative, hence his ambition grow-
ing — 105
Hast thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part
he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library
As dukedom large enough — of temporal roy-
alties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates —
To dry he was for sway — wi' the King of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd — alas, poor Mi-
lan! — 115

Most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event,
then tell me
This might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
And wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
His King of Naples, being an enemy 120
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine 125
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother; whereon,
treacherous army levied, one midnight
Used to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of dark-
ness, 130

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint 135
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's, without the which this
story

Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not 140

(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
pared 145

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt, 155

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water
that 160

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness, 165

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise.
[Puts on his robe.]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit

Than other princess can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir, 175

For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my pre-
science

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-
tions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dul-
ness,

And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.
[Miranda sleeps.]
Come away, servant, come; I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding
task

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade
thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momen-
tary

And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners

Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the ves-
sel,

Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdi-
nand,

With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not
hair, —

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is
empty,

And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st
me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the
isle.

The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the King's ship
The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dev-
ils
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she
hid;

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'r'd la-
bour,

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again.
And are upon the Mediterranean float

Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship
wreck'd

And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast pro-
mis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? needs't
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? No more.
Ari. I prithee

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistaking
serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou dost
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north.

To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and
envy

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot
her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
Speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
 Duce in a month recount what thou hast been,
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch

Sycorax,
 For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
 To enter human hearing, from Argier, 305
 Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she
 did

They would not take her life. Is not this
 true?

Ari. Ay, sir.
Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
 with child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my
 slave, 310
 As thou report'st thyself, was then her ser-
 vant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers 315

And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy
 groans 320

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
 island —

lure for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckl'd whelp, hag-born, — not honour'd
 with

A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Cali-
 ban 325

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best
 know'st

What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
 breasts

Never angry bears. It was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 330
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made
 gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
 an oak 335

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master;
 I will be correspondent to command
 And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days
 will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
 What shall I do? say what. What shall I
 do? 340

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the
 sea; be subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
 And hither come in 't. Go, hence with dili-
 gence! [Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept
 well; 305

Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on,
 We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
 I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 't is, 310
 We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
 That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
 Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (Within.) There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other busi-
 ness for thee. 315

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
 Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
 himself
 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
 brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
 And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
 have cramps, 325

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; ur-
 chins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may
 work,

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more sting-
 ing

Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, 331
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
 first,

Thou strok'dst me and made much of me,
 wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less, 335

That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd
 thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
 fertile.

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have, 341
 Which first was mine own king; and here you
 sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from
 me

The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have
us'd thee, ³⁴⁵
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! would 't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopl'd else ³⁵⁰
This isle with Calibans.

[Pros.] Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour

One thing or other. When thou didst not, sav-
age, ³⁵⁵
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast
thou ³⁶⁰

Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit
on 't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid
you ³⁶⁴

For learning me your language !

Pros. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, mal-
ice ?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps, ³⁶⁹

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
[Aside.] I must obey. His art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave ; hence ! ³⁷⁵
[Exit Caliban.]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND [following].*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.

Curtied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,

Foot it feately here and there, ³⁸⁰
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden (dispersedly). Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark !

Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer ³⁸⁵
Cry, "Cock-a-diddle-dow."

Fer. Where should this music be ? I' the air
or the earth ?

It sounds no more ; and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck, ³⁹⁰
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air ; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;

Of his bones are coral made ;

Those are pearls that were his eyes :

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burden. Ding-dong.

[Ari.] Hark ! now I hear them, — ding-dong,
bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above
me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye
advance

And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't ? A spirit ?

Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, ³⁹⁵
It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.

Pros. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps and
hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou
seest

Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something
stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows

And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine ; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pros. *[Aside.]* It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! ⁴⁰⁰
free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe me
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island.

And that you will some good instruction give

How I may bear me here. My prime request

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !

If you be maid or no ?

Mir. No wonder, sir,

But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heaven

I am the best of them that speak this speech.

Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pros. How ? the best

What wert thou, if the King of Naples had
thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that w
ders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;

And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, be-
held 435

The King my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight 440
They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word,

good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a
word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently?

This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first 445
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
you

The Queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.

Aside. They are both in either's powers; but
this swift business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word

more; I charge thee

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
the name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself

Upon this island as a spy, to win it 455
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man.
No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

No, as I am a man. No, as I am a man.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more 455

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as
he,

Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban, 460
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey.

Thy nerves are in their infancy again

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are. 465

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to
me,

Might I but through my prison once a day 470
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.

—Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]

Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir, 475

Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted

Which now came from him.

Pros. [*To Ari.*] Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable. 480

Pros. [*To Mir. and Fer.*] Come, follow.

Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have
cause,

So have we all, of joy; for our escape

Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe

Is common; every day some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant, and the mer-
chant 485

Have just our theme of woe; but for the mir-
acle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir,

weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 490

Mir. O dear father,

Take not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say;

ly foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,

Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy

conscience 495

Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,

or I can here disarm thee with this stick

And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One. Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet, —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! Antonio! So you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet, —

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Clari-bel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower *Rane* too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not d Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miracle harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran.

Sir, he may live I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd The surge most swollen that met him. His bold

head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and cowl'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn back bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt He came alive to land.

Alon.

No, no, he's gone. *Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to and importun'd
otherwise

by all of us, and the fair soul herself
Veigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have
lost your son.

fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
lost widows in them of this business' making
han we bring men to comfort them.
he fault 's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
he truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
and time to speak it in. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —
Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I
do?

Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by con-
traries

execute all things; for no kind of traffic
would I admit; no name of magistrate;
letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
and use of service, none; contract, succession,
bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
to use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
to occupation; all men idle, all;
and women too, but innocent and pure;
to sovereignty; —

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
upsets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should
produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
would I not have; but nature should bring
forth,

With it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern,
sir,

To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, — do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk no-
thing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and
bid it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that
they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you. So you may continue and laugh
at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flatlong.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;
you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
she would continue in it five weeks without
changing.

Enter ARIEL [invisible], playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adven-
ture my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except *Alon.*, *Seb.*, and
Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine
eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.
I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

Seb. It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your
rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,

Worthy Sebastian, O, what might —? No
more: —

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks
thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,
moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather;
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do 220
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so. To ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in strip-
ping it, 225

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed 230
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-
suaded —

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only 235
Professes to persuade — the King his son's
alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! No hope that
way is 240

Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples? 245

Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post —
The man i' the moon's too slow — till new-
born chins

Be rough and razorable; she that — from
whom 250

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again,

And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of
Tunis; 255

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were
death 260

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were
no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can graze
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make 265
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand
me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember 265
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me!
Much feater than before. My brother's ser-
vants

Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience?

Ant. Ay, sir, where lies that? If't were a
kibe,

'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be
they

And melt ere they molest! Here lies your
brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon
If he were that which now he's like, that's
dead;

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put 275
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the
rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that 280
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan.
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payest,

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like. 285
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[They talk apart.]

Re-enter ARIEL [invisible], with music and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me
forth —

For else his project dies — to keep them living
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware; 290
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels
 Preserve the King. [*Wakes Alon.*]

Alon. Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why
 are you drawn?
 Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your
 repose,
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow-
 ing
 Like bulls, or rather lions. Did't not wake
 you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's
 ear,
 To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the
 roar
 Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hum-
 ming,
 And that a strange one too, which did awake
 me.

I shak'd you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes
 open'd,
 I saw their weapons drawn. There was a
 noise,
 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our
 guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our
 weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
 further search
 For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
 For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I
 have done.

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise
 of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make
 him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
 pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
 mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me,

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at
 me

And after bite me, then like hedgehogs
 which

lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
 their prickles at my footfall; sometime am I

All wound with adders who with cloven
 tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
 off any weather at all, and another storm
 brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same
 black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a [so
 foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
 should thunder as it did before, I know not
 where to hide my head; yond same cloud can-
 not choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we
 here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A [so
 fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
 fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest
 Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
 now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
 not a holiday fool there but would give a [so
 piece of silver. There would this monster make
 a man; any strange beast there makes a man.
 When they will not give a doit to relieve a
 lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
 Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like
 arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let [so
 loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no
 fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered
 by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm
 is come again! My best way is to creep under
 his gaberdine; there is no other shelter [so
 hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with
 strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the
 dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing [with a bottle in his hand].

Ste. "I shall no more to sea, to sea,
 Here shall I die ashore —"

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
 funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.*] "The master, the swabber, the boat-
 swain, and I,

The gunner and his mate
 Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, so
 But none of us car'd for Kate;
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
 itch;

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!"

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my com-
 fort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me! Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils
 here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages
 and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drown-
 ing to be afraid now of your four legs; for it
 hath been said, "As proper a man as ever went
 on four legs cannot make him give ground";
 and it shall be said so again while Stephano
 breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me! Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with
 four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.
 Where the devil should he learn our language?

I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather. 78

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. 81

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee. 84

Ste. Come on your ways. Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again. 86

Trin. I should know that voice; it should be — but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O defend me! 89

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth. 92

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will leave him; I have no long spoon. 103

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, — be not afraid — thy good friend Trinculo. 106

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos? 111

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd! 117

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [Aside.] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him. 122

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither, — I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard — by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore. 128

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn. 125

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 129

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.

My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush. 136

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 140

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. 143

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee. Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts. Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberts and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scameles from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here! bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 151

Cal. (Sings drunkenly.)

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom! 191
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of base-
ness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's
dead
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's
crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress 11
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours, 14
Most busy least, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO [at a distance, unseen].

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to
pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this
burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My
father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; 20
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me
that; 24

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to
it, 30

And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers — 38
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your heart to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a
time 40

The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
age
Brought my too diligent ear; for several vir-
tues

Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd 45
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I
seen 50

More that I may call men than you, good
friend,

And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you, 55
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's pre-
cepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak.

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides, 65
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
grace 75

On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant, ^{as}
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't. And
now farewell ^{as}

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !
[*Exeunt* (*Fer.* and *Mir.* severally).]

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform ^{as}
Much business appertaining. [*Erit.*]

SCENE II. [*Another part of the island.*]

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me. When the butt is out, we
will drink water ; not a drop before ; therefore
bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster,
drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ! the folly of this
island ! They say there 's but five upon this
isle : we are three of them ; if the other two be
brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee. Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? He
were a brave monster indeed, if they were set
in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his
tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot
drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover the
shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By
this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster,
or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he 's no
standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither ; but you 'll lie like
dogs and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if
thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick
thy shoe.

I'll not serve him ; he 's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster ! I
am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou
debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a cow-
ard that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ?
Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a
fish and half a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! Wilt thou let
him, my lord ?

Trin. "Lord" quoth he ! That a monster
should be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! Bite him to death, I
prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head. If you prove a mutineer, — the next

tree ! The poor monster 's my subject and he
shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I
made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I ; kneel and repeat it. I
will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a
tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou.
I would my valiant master would destroy thee !
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more
in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, — for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not, —

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve
thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst
thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him the
asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest ; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this ! Thou scurvy
patch !

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that 's
gone

He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll ad-
show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger.
Interrupt the monster one word further, and
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' door
and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll
go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so ? Take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wit
and hearing too ? A pox o' your bottle ! this
can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers !

Cal. Ha, ha, ha !

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prith-
stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough. After a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with
him,

I' the afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst
brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them 100
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is 105
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Syccorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Syccorax
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, 112

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen, — save our Graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent. 115

Ste. Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head. 121

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure. 125

Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch

you taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. 130

[Sings.]

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody. 135

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy upon us! 141

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid. The isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. 145

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show riches 150

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. 155

Ste. That shall be by and by. I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on. 161

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Another part of the island.]

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, etc.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod indeed

Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness To the dulling of my spirits. Sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope and keep it No longer for my flatterer. He is drown'd Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO on the top invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night. No more.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these? 20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns, that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, 25 And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders —

For, certes, these are people of the inland —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we
have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When
we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountain-
eers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hang-
ing at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last. No matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a
harp; claps his wings upon the table; and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Des-
tiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this
island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst
men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you
mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as
well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume. My fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember —
For that's my business to you — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard
you from —

Which here, in this most desolate isle, do
falls

Upon your heads — is nothing but heart's sor-
row

And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music,
enter the shapes again, and dance, with mows
and mows, and carrying out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devert-
ing.

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high
charms work,

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my
power;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is
drown'd,

And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, whv
stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of
it;

The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sound'd
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time.
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second
[*Exeunt (Seb. and Ant.)*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time
after,

Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech
you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Before Prospero's cell.]

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere punish'd you,
[our compensation makes amends, for I
have given you here a third of mine own life,
that for which I live; who once again
tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
were but my trials of thy love, and thou
last strangely stood the test. Here, afore
Heaven,
ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
do not smile at me that I boast her off,
or thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
and make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
if thou dost break her virgin-knot before
all sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minist' red,
to sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
to make this contract grow; but barren Hate,
our-eyed Disdain and Discord shall bestrew
the union of your bed with weeds so loathly
that you shall hate it both. Therefore take
heed,

the Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
for quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
the most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion

her worse genius can, shall never melt
fine honour into lust, to take away
the edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd

her Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Let then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? Here
I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service
did worthily perform; and I must use you
as such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
her whom I give thee power, here to this
place.

incite them to quick motion; for I must
bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
and they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance

Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! Be silent. *[Soft music.]*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich
leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling
sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy heist betrimms
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
brown groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen o'
the sky,

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace, *[Juno descends.]*

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; here peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost
crown

My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
 And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[*Enter JUNO.*]

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
 And honour'd in their issue.

[*They sing.*]
Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you!

[*Cer.*] Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garners never empty,
 Vines with clustering bunches growing,
 Plants with goodly burden bowing.
 Spring come to you at the farthest
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wond'ring father and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
 There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
 winding brooks,
 With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless
 looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
 land

Answer your summons; Juno does command.
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

[*Enter certain Nymphs.*]

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily come.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
 Against my life. The minute of their plot
 Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done!
 avoid. No more!

Fer. This is strange. Your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort.
 As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir.
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd.
 Bear with my weakness—my old brain is
 troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
 And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk.
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
 Ariel; come.

[*Enter ARIEL.*]

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
 pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
 We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander. When I presented
 Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave
 these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
 drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabors.
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
 their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music. So I charm'd their ears
 That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse,
 and thorns,

Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left
 them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake

O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still. ¹⁵⁵
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. ^[Exit.]

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; ¹⁶⁰
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glittering apparel,
etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.] Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all
wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell. ¹⁶⁵

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at
which my nose is in great indignation. ¹⁷⁰

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If
I should take a displeasure against you, look
you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to ¹⁷⁵
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore
speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour
in that, monster, but an infinite loss. ¹⁸⁰

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting;
yet this is your harmless fairy, monster!

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be
o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou
here, ¹⁸⁵

This is the mouth o' the cell. No noise, and
enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have
bloody thoughts. ¹⁹⁰

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for
thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what be-
longs to a frippery. O King Stephano! ¹⁹⁵

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this
hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do
you mean ²⁰⁰

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches,

Make us strange stuff. ²⁰⁵

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under
the line. Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level,
an't like your Grace. ²¹⁰

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a gar-
ment for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while
I am king of this country. "Steal by line and
level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's an-
other garment for't. ²¹⁵

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose
our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low. ²²⁰

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers. Help to
bear this away where my hogshead of wine is,
or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to,
carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this. ²²⁵

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them
about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there!
hark! hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven
out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted
make them ²³⁰

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this
hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou ²³⁵

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
Follow, and do me service. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V

SCENE I. *[Before Prospero's cell.]*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head.

My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and
Time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my
lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my
spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your
cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The
King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted,

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old
lord, Gonzalo,"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-
ing

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being peni-
tent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.
[Exit.]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing
lakes, and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promon-
tory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd
up

The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. *[Solemn music.]*

*Here enters ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN
and Antonio in like manner, attended
by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the
circle which Prospero had made, and then
stand charmed; which Prospero observing
speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! They
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of things,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apart,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that made
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy grace
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.

Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flaw
and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, whom, with Sebas-
tian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,

Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive
thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their understand-
ing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of these
That yet looks on me, or would know me.

Ariel.
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. "Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cuspil's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

"On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough."

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.

o the King's ship, invisible as thou art ;
here shalt thou find the mariners asleep
under the hatches. The master and the boat-
swain

eing awake, enforce them to this place, 100
and presently, I prithee.

Alon. I drink the air before me, and return
ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement 104

habits here. Some heavenly power guide us
out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir King,
be wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

or more assurance that a living prince
does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;

and to thee and thy company I bid
heartly welcome. 110

Alon. Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

as late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
says as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw
thee,

be affliction of my mind amends, with which,
fear, a madness held me. This must crave, 115

as if this be at all, a most strange story.
By dukedom I resign and do entreat

thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero

be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend,
let me embrace thine age, whose honour can-
not 121

be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
dieve things certain. Welcome, my friends
all ! 125

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,

here could pluck his Highness' frown upon
you

and justify you traitors. At this time
will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

As you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
could even infect my mouth, I do forgive 131

by rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
by dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero, 135
give us particulars of thy preservation,

how thou hast met us here, whom three hours
since

were wreck'd upon this shore, where I have
lost —

so sharp the point of this remembrance is ! —
my dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience 140
as it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
we have not sought her help, of whose soft
grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, support-
able 145

To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I

Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in Na-
ples,

The King and Queen there ! That they were, I
wish 150

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire

That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words 155

Are natural breath ; but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain

That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most

strangely 160
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ; 165

This cell's my court. Here have I few atten-
dants,

And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170

As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MI-
RANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove 175

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful ;

I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about ! 180

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new

world,

That has such people in 't !

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play ? 185

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father 100
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father 105
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue 205

Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-
dom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your
hands.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and BOAT-
SWAIN amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us. 215
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news? 220

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
split —

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Sir, all this service 225
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] My trickay spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well
awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep.
And — how we know not — all clapp'd under
hatches;

Where but even now with strange and secret
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so pleas'd
you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from the
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Was 't well done?

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] Bravely, my en-
gance. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er man
trod;

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege. 230
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At present

leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
Which to you shall seem probable, of every

These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheer-
ful

And think of each thing well. [Aside to *Ari.*
Come hither, spirit.

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit *Ariel.*] How fares my

gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not. 235

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-
PHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen ap-
parel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself; for all is but
fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear
my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits in
deed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of these
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable. 240

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men,
my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shap'd
knave,

His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and

ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

These three have robb'd me; and this dem-
devil —

For he's a bastard one — had plotted with
them

take my life. Two of these fellows you
 st know and own; this thing of dark-
 ness I 375
 knowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Aton. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
 butler?

Seb. He is drunk now. Where had he wine?
Aton. And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where
 should they

id this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 w cam'st thou in this pickle? 381

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I
 r you last that, I fear me, will never out of
 bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano! 385

Se. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano,
 but a cramp.

Pros. You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Se. I should have been a sore one then.

Aton. This is a strange thing as e'er I
 look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his man-
 ners 390

in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

ke with you your companions. As you look
 have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise here-
 after

id seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
 as I, to take this drunkard for a god 395
 id worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Aton. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
 you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your
 train 399

my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
 r this one night; which, part of it, I'll
 waste

ith such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
 make it

Go quick away, — the story of my life
 And the particular accidents gone by 395
 Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

Aton. I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch 315
 Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My

Ariel, chick,
 That is thy charge. Then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw
 near. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint. Now, 't is true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not, 5
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands. 10
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
 And my ending is despair, 15
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
 Which pierces so that it assaults
 Mercy itself and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free. [*Exit.* 20

HISTORIES

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

KING JOHN is the only undoubtedly Shakespearean play not entered in the Stationers' Register, nor is there any trace of its having been printed before there appeared in the First Folio the edition on which the present edition is based. A mention in Meres's list in 1598 gives a later limit to the date of production; and an earlier limit is approximately fixed by the date of its source, which was published in 1591, and cannot have been written earlier than about 1587. Within this range of ten years we have no good external evidence. Attempts to find allusions to current politics are negatived by the existence of the supposed allusions in the source also. Modern critics vary in their judgments between 1593 and 1596, and considerations of metre and style point rather to the earlier of these dates, and make it probable that the play was written between *Richard III* and *Richard II*.

About the middle of the sixteenth century Bishop Bale had made the reign of John the subject of an historical morality with a virulently Protestant purpose; but it does not appear that the piece was used in any of the later dramatic treatments of the theme. In 1591 was published *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, an anonymous historical play in two parts, written in blank verse of considerable power. On this Shakespeare founded the present drama without seeking either to corroborate or to correct, by reference to the chronicles, the legendary history of his source. The earlier author not only disregarded chronology, but invented, altered, or ignored the facts with the greatest freedom. Like Bale, though to a less degree, he gave his work an anti-Papal bias. He invented the part played by the Bastard Faulconbridge; he combined in one person the Archduke of Austria, who had imprisoned Richard I and was dead at the time of the play, with the Viscount of Limoges, before whose castle Cœur-de-lion had received his mortal wound; he made Arthur younger than he was, and kept Constance a widow, for purposes of dramatic effectiveness; and he omitted all mention of Magna Charta, and with it of the constitutional element in the quarrel between John and his barons. Such are only a few of the violations of historical accuracy which mark almost every scene.

Shakespeare's method of treating the work of his predecessor was peculiar. He re-arranged practically every line, and he condensed the two parts into five acts of moderate length. He selected some scenes and rejected others, but to the action he added almost nothing. On several occasions he economized by representing an action as just completed (e. g., the second coronation), instead of showing it on the stage. He cut out the long comic scene in which Faulconbridge exposes the immorality of the monasteries; and in general he gave up the attempt to picture John as a Protestant hero.

With much gain in compactness and rapidity of action, these changes involved also some loss. The play was left without a leading motive or a truly central character, and some details are not wholly intelligible. Thus the reasons of the Bastard's hatred of Austria, and of his ill-natured speech on the betrothal of Lewis and Blanch (II. i. 504 ff.), are not clear without the prominence given in *The Troublesome Raigne* to the legendary view of Cœur-de-lion's death in Austria's hands in the one case, and in the other to Eleanor's scheme for marrying Faulconbridge himself to Blanch. More serious is the loss of motive in the poisoning of the King, the monk, — a deed easily intelligible in the older play on account of the prominence given throughout to the hostility between John and the Church.

Shakespeare's additions consist chiefly in the elaboration of character. Most notable are the cases of Constance and the Bastard. The speeches of both are greatly increased in number and length; and the passion of Constance is developed from a slight indication in *The Troublesome Raigne*, to a representation, which, though verging on the sentimental and hysterical, has been taken as the supreme utterance of motherly love in literature. Faulconbridge is made more consistent and more important, being given the rôle embodying the sturdy sense and patriotism of the loyal Englishman, and voicing, especially in his last speech, what comes as near being a central theme as the play possesses.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BISCOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, king of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELEANOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, widow to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Partly in England, and partly in France.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*King John's palace : a room of state.*]

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELEANOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY [*and others*], with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

my behaviour to the majesty,
he borrowed majesty, of England here.

El. A strange beginning: "borrowed majesty!"

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

to this fair island and the territories,¹⁰
Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

siring thee to lay aside the sword
which sways usurpingly these several titles,

and put the same into young Arthur's hand,
my nephew and right royal sovereign.¹⁵

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

controlment for controlment: so answer France.²⁰

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

the farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,²⁵
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have.
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.³⁰

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]
El. What now, my son! have I not ever

said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole³⁵

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

El. Your strong possession much more than your right,⁴⁰

Or else it must go wrong with you and me.
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff [*and whispers to Essex*].

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy

Come from the country to be judg'd by you⁴⁵
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.

— Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,⁵¹

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A soldier by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faucon-bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;

That is well known; and, as I think, one father;

But for the certain knowledge of that truth

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

El. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? No, I have no reason for it.

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land;

But once he slander'd me with bastardy.

But whe'er I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege, —

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both

And were our father, and this son like him,

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

El. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land, —

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much, —

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land.

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the Emperor

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

The advantage of his absence took the King
And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's.
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak.
But truth is truth. Large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay.
As I have heard my father speak himself
When this same lusty gentleman was got
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his.
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what's mine.
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate.
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him.
And if she did play false, the fault was hers.
Which fault lies on the hazards of all lands

bands.
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the world.
In sooth he might; then, if he were as
brother's,

My brother might not claim him, nor was
father,

Being none of his, refuse him. This conscience
My mother's son did get your father's heir.

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, than
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

El. Whether hadst thou rather be a French

conbridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion.

Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had a shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face such a

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose

Least men should say, Look, where three-toed things goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land.

Would I might never stir from off this place!

I would give it every foot to have this face.

I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

El. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll follow
my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year.
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is done.

El. Nay, I would have you go before
thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun; Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest.

neel thou down Philip, but arise more great, rise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;

y father gave me honour, yours gave land.

sw blessed be the hour, by night or day, hen I was got, Sir Robert was away!

El. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

in thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

nothing about, a little from the right, In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.

he dares not stir by day must walk by night, And have is have, however men do catch.

ear or far off, well won is still well shot, and I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire;

landless knight makes thee a landed squire. me, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed

France, for France, for it is more than need. *Bast.* Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!

thou wast got i' the way of honesty. *[Exeunt all but Bastard.]*

foot of honour better than I was; it many a many foot of land the worse.

ell, now can I make any Joan a lady. Good den, Sir Richard!" "God-a-mercy, fellow!"

id if his name be George, I'll call him Peter; new-made honour doth forget men's names;

is no respective and too sociable your conversion. Now your traveller,

and his toothpick at my worship's mess, And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

by then I suck my teeth and catechise y picked man of countries. "My dear sir,"

am, leaning on mine elbow, I begin, I shall beseech you" — that is question

now;

id then comes answer like an Absey book. "sir," says answer, "at your best command;

your employment; at your service, sir." "No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours."

id so, ere answer knows what question would,

ving in dialogue of compliment, id talking of the Alps and Appennines,

le Pyrenean and the river Po, draws toward supper in conclusion so.

it this is worshipful society

id fits the mounting spirit like myself, he is but a bastard to the time

ist doth not smack of observation. id so am I, whether I smack or no;

id not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement, But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth; Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

But who comes in such haste in riding-rob? What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! 't is my mother. How now, good lady! What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son. Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow! James, There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more. *[Exit Gurney.]*

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son.

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well; marry, to confess, Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handiwork. Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs? Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son; I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone. Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope. Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed.

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 200
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly.

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force 205
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father ! 210

Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin. 215
Who says it was, he lies ; I say 't was not.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II]

SCENE [I. France.] Before Angiers.

Enter AUSTRIA [and forces, drums, etc., on one side : on the other] KING PHILIP of France [and his power] ; LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE [and attendants].

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave ; 5
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John. 10
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death

The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand, 15
But with a heart full of unstained love.
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss
As seal to this indenture of my love 20
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France.
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides

And coops from other lands her islanders. 5
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the sea,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king ; till then, fair boy. 10
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a vi-
ow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give it strength

To make a more requital to your love !

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that is their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work ! Our cause shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline

To cull the plots of best advantages.

We'll lay before this town our royal bones.

Wade to the market-place in France's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy.
Least unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war. 15
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! Lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd !

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord.
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given us time

To land his legions all as soon as I ;

His marches are expedient to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,

With them a bastard of the king's deceased

And all the unsettled humours of the land,

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries

With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleen,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits

Than now the English bottoms have waft

Did never float upon the swelling tide.

To do offence and scath in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums

Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand

[*Drum beats*]

To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Ans. By how much unexpected, by so much must awake endeavour for defence, courage mounteth with occasion. them be welcome then; we are prepar'd.

et KING JOHN, ELEANOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and others.

John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit

just and lineal entrance to our own; ot, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

iles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct air proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return

m France to England, there to live in peace.

land we love; and for that England's sake h burden of our armour here we sweat.

a toil of ours should be a work of thine; thou from loving England art so far,

at thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,

off the sequence of posterity, -faced infant state, and done a rape m the maiden virtue of the crown.

k here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face. se eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;

a little abstract doth contain that large ich died in Geoffrey; and the hand of Time ll draw this brief into as huge a volume.

it Geoffrey was thy elder brother born, l this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,

l this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God r comes it then that thou art call'd a king,

an living blood doth in these temples beat, ich owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

draw my answer from thy articles?

Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

my breast of strong authority, look into the blots and stains of right.

at judge hath made me guardian to this boy;

der whose warrant I impeach thy wrong l by whose help I mean to chastise it.

John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

John. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Ans. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

John. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king it thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Ans. My bed was ever to thy son as true

As thine was to thy husband; and this boy 135
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey

Than thou and John in manners, being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot. 136

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

El. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.

Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference. 150

King John, this is the very sum of all:
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon. I do defy thee, France. 155

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

El. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace.
I would that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

El. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps. 165

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you.

El. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer! Thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!

El. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a cank'ered grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.

It ill becometh this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers. Let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a CITIZEN upon the walls [attended].

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's throat and cheeks,

Behold, the French amax'd vouchsafe a parle.
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke.
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour's spent
Forewearing in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,

Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unweary'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbrius'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fas'd wall
Can hide you from our messengers of war.
Though all these English and their disciplines
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference,
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects.

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,

To him will we prove loyal. Till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 290

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right for both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

[That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet 295
A dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!]

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers!
To arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon,
and e'er since

sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Each us some fence! [To *Aust.*] Sirrah, were 300

I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
and make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion
roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where
we'll set forth 305

a best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
command the rest to stand. God and our
right! [Exeunt.]

*Here after excursions, enter the HERALD OF
FRANCE, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates, 310

and let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made

such work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 315
boldly embracing the discoloured earth;

and victory, with little loss, doth play
upon the dancing banners of the French,

Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
to enter conquerors and to proclaim 320

Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells,

King John, your king and England's, doth ap-
proach,

commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-
bright, 325

either return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest

that is removed by a staff of France.

but colours do return in those same hands
that did display them when we first march'd

forth; 330

and, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

ty'd in the dying slaughter of their foes,
open your gates and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
behold, 335

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies, whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured.

Blood hath bought blood and blows have an-
swer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power. 340

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest. While they weigh so
even,

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on? 345

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erwell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean. 350

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear, 355

Or add a royal number to the dead,

Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory
towers, 360

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;

And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings. 365

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havoc! kings. Back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood, and
death! 370

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England, who's
your king?

Cit. The King of England, when we know
the King.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here, 375

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;

And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,

Kings of our fear, until our fears, resolv'd, 380

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawld
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send de-
struction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to
south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it. Come, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings! Vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd
league,

Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent
to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady
Blanch,

Is niece to England. Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty Love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous Love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If Love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name vast.
If want it be not that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams mak-
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be
kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce.
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open.
And give you entrance; but without this
match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks
and seas.

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannioneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dead.

El. Son, list to this conjunction, make the
match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to rise
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper. Urge them with
their souls

Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double man-
ties

This friendly treaty of our threat'ned town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first

To speak upon this city. What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, the
princely son,

in this book of beauty read, "I love,"
 her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
 or Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 and all that we upon this side the sea,
 except this city now by us besieg'd,
 shall liable to our crown and dignity,
 shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 a titles, honours, and promotions,
 as she in beauty, education, blood,
 holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? Look in
 the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
 a wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself mir'd in her eye;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 becomes a sun and makes your son a
 shadow.

I do protest I never lov'd myself
 Till now infixed I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her
 brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espay
 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
 should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is
 mine.

If he see aught in you that makes him like,
 That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
 your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate.
K. John. What say these young ones? What
 say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to
 do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin. Can
 you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from
 love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-
 raine, Maine,
 Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. Young princes,
 close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well
 assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, open your
 gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;
 For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
 I know she is not, for this match made up
 Her presence would have interrupted much.
 Where is she and her son? Tell me, who
 knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your
 Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that
 we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady? In her right we came,
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another
 way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bre-
 tagne

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair
 town

We make him lord of. Call the Lady Con-
 stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity. I trust we shall,
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt [all but the Bastard].*
Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad com-
 position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part;
 And France, whose armour conscience buckled
 on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly
 devil,

That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
 maids,

Who, having no external thing to lose
 But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of
 that,

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Com-
 modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world, —
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[Exit.]

ACT [III]

[SCENE I. *The French King's pavilion.*]

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married ! Gone to swear a
peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be
friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces ?
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard.
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be ; thou dost but say 't is so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man.
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears ;
And though thou now confess thou didst but
jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I believe you think them
false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art
thou ?
France friend with England, what becomes
of me ?
Fellow, be gone ! I cannot brook thy sight.
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady,
done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou that did'st me be content wert grim,

Ugly, andaland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thee
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from
thee ;

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd us
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to them.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John.
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam.
I may not go without you to the king.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt ; I will
go with thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For Grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble ; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Seats herself on the ground.]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS,
BLANCH, ELEANOR, the BASTARD, ARTHUR
[and Attendants].

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this
blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day !

What hath this day deserv'd ? What hath it
done,

That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar ?

Nay, rather turn this day out of the week.
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this
day,

set that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd ;
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck ;
 No bargains break that are not this day made.
 His day, all things begun come to ill end,
 Sea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !
K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no
 cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a coun-
 terfeit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd
 and tried,

Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn !
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league.
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these per-
 jur'd kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Not the hours of this ungodly day
 Year out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
 Let armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace !

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! Peace is to me
 a war.

Lymoges. O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch,
 Thou coward !

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Wast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,

And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! Doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those
 words to me !

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recre-
 ant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy
 life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recre-
 ant limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget
 thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the
 Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of hea-
 ven !

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
 Pandolph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

In his name religiously demand
 Thy thou against the Church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn ; and force perforce
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?

This, in our foresaid Holy Father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interroga-
 tories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?

Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous.

To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.

Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of
 England

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;

But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,

So under Him that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand.

So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart

To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
 in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of
 Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,

Though you and all the rest so grossly led

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,

Yet I alone, alone do me oppose

Against the Pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I
 have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate ;

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic ;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be

That I have room with Rome to curse a while !

Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen

To my keen curses ; for without my wrong

There is no tongue hath power to curse him
 right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for
 my curse.

Const. And for mine too. When law can do
 no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law ;

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;

And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

El. Look'st thou pale, France ? Do not let
 go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France
 repent,

And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, 200

Because —

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, 205
Or the light loss of England for a friend.
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! The devil tempts thee here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith, 210

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up; 215

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout. 220

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself. 225

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words 230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace, 235

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-

stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? So jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm.

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling Peace to march a bloody host, 245

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true Sincerity? O, holy air,

My reverend father, let it not be so!

Out of your grace devise, ordain, impose 250

Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest

To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless.

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore to arms! Be champion of our Church.

Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her 255

curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the

tongue,

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost

hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my

faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to

faith;

And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy 265

First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-

form'd,

That is, to be the champion of our Church!

What since thou swor'st is sworn against thy-

self

And may not be performed by thyself,

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270

Is most amiss when it is truly done,

And being not done, where doing tends to ill.

The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect, 275

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cures

fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd

It is religion that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion, 280

By what thou swear'st against the thing thou

swear'st,

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath. The truth thou art unsworn

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear! 285

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost

swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;

And better conquest never canst thou make 290

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions;

Upon which better part our prayers come in.

If thou vouchsafest them. But if not, then 295

The peril of our curses light on thee

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off.

But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be!

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine!

Lew. Father, to arms !
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?
Against the blood that thou hast married ?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men ?

shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

lamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me ! Ay, alack, how new
s husband in my mouth ! Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Lade hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven !

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What
motive may

be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,

his honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine
honour !

Lew. I muse your Majesty doth seem so
cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I
will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

El. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton Time,

it as he will ? Well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood ; fair
day, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both ; each army hath a hand ;

and in their rage, I having hold of both,

hey whirl asunder and dismember me.

O husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ;

acle, I needs must pray that thou mayst
lose ;

rather, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

random, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

measured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune
lives.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there
my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance
together. *[Exit Bastard.]*

ance, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

rage whose heat hath this condition,

that nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

be blood and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
thou shalt turn

ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.

ask to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To
arms let 's hie ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *[The same. Plains near Angiers.]*

*Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with
Austria's head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows won-
drous hot.

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie
there,

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

While Philip breathes.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip,
make up.

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her ;
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.

But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. *10*

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. The same.]

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN,
ELEANOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT,
and Lords.*

K. John. *[To Eleanor.]* So shall it be ; your
Grace shall stay behind

So strongly guarded. *[To Arthur.]* Cousin,
look not sad.

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
grief !

K. John. *[To the Bastard.]* Cousin, away for
England ! haste before ;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels

Set at liberty. The fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon. *10*

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your Highness. Grandam, I will pray,

If ever I remember to be holy,

For your fair safety ; so, I kiss your hand. *15*

El. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.]

El. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a
word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much ! Within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor, *21*

And with advantage means to pay thy love ;

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, *25*

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to
say so yet, *30*

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go.

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world, ^{as}

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds

To give me audience. If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy ear of night, —

If this same were a churchyard where we stand, ^{as}

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy, thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, ^{as}

A passion hateful to my purposes,

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone, ^{as}

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well. ^{as}

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act

By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my

friend, ^{as}

He is a very serpent in my way;

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,

That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death. ^{as}

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.

Remember. Madam, fare you well.

I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty. ^{as}

El. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. *The same. The French king's tent.*]

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armada of convicted sail

Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone, O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he forfeited.

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd, Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example. Who hath read or heard Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul, Holding the eternal spirit, against her will.

In the vile prison of afflicted breath. I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort you the Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress. But that which ends all counsel, true redress.

Death, death. O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night.

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows

And ring these fingers with thy household

worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself.

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest

And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love, ^{as}

O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so; I am not mad. This hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife.

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!

For then, 't is like I should forget myself.

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad.

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;

For being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason.

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself.

If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity. 60

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief, 65
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Ticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will
I do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, 70
O that these hands could so redeem my son!
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. 75
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday expire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now it canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit, 85
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Let I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of
grief. 90

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your
child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Tells on his pretty looks, repeats his words, 95
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Tuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Are you well? Had you such a loss as I,
Could give better comfort than you do. 100
Will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! 105

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
her. *[Exit.]*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Telling of the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste, 110
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil. 115
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most
good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye. 120
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood. 125

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore
mark. 130

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's
veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand 135
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall:

So be it; for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young
Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch
your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this
old world! 145

John lays you plots; the times conspire with
you;

For he that sleeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customary event, 155
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's
life, 160

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him, 165
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,

And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have nam'd! The bastard Faulcon-
bridge

Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity. If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side, 175
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King. 'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence. 180
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions;
let us go.

If you say ay, the King will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A room in a castle.]

Enter HUBERT and EXECUTIONERS.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand

Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1. *Exec.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you.
Look to 't. [*Exeunt Executioners.*]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad. 11

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I.

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night, 15

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me. 20
He is afraid of me and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his
innocent prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale
to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me. 21

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession
of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your
head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows.
The best I had, a princess wrought it me.

And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time.

Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where is
your grief?"

Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you.
But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty low
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will;

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine

eyes,
These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would
do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink no

tears,
And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust;

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd

iron?

As if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes

I would not have believ'd him, — no tongue
but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamp.*]

[*Re-enter EXECUTIONERS, with a cord, irons, &c.*]
Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My
eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away.
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. Erec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

Let him come back, that his compassion may
live life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then feeling what small things are boisterous
there,

Four vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not,
Hubert;

Dr. Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
so I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes. See else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it,
boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it
blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert.

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;

And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong

They their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch
thine eye

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this
while

You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, asleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely in with
me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*King John's palace.*]

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This "once again," but that your

Highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous. You were crown'd be-
fore,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,

And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face

Of plain old form is much disfigured;

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles and frights consideration,

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth sus-
pected

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better
than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness;

And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,

As patches set upon a little breach

Discredit more in hiding of the fault

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your

Highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all and every part of what we would

Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double cor-
onation

I have possess'd you with, and think them
strong;

And more, more strong, when lesser is my
fear,

I shall indue you with. Meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not
well,

And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I—as one that am the tongue
of these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, — heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose re-
straint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, as-
tend

The steps of wrong, should move you to mew
up

Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depend-
ing,

Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his
youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with
you? [*Taking him apart.*]

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody
deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come
and go

Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand.

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death
he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick.

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of Destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is
shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it.

So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee.

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which ow'd the breadth of all the
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the
while!

This must not be thus borne. This will break
out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repeat

Enter a MESSENGER.

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.
A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all
France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such
a power

For any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;

For when you should be told they do prepare.

The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's
care,

That such an army could be drawn in France.
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died

Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,

The Lady Constance in a frenzy died

Three days before; but this from Rumour's
tongue

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occu-
sion!

O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd

My discontented peers! What! mother dead!

How wildly then walks my estate in France!

Under whose conduct came those powers of
France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here!
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the

world

To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was
amaz'd

Under the tide; but now I breathe again

left the flood, and can give audience
 o any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140
Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-
 men,

he sums I have collected shall express.
 ut as I travell'd hither through the land,
 find the people strangely fantasied;
 assess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams, 145
 ot knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
 nd here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
 rom forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
 found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;
 o whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
 rhymes, 150

bat, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
 our Highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore
 didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
 out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison
 him; 155

nd on that day at noon, whereof he says
 shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
 eliver him to safety, and return,
 or I must use thee.

[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

ear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths
 are full of it. 161

esides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
 With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
 nd others more, going to seek the grave
 f Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night 165
 a your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
 nd thrust thyself into their companies.
 have a way to win their loves again.
 ring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better
 foot before. 170

let me have no subject enemies
 hen adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
 e Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
 nd fly like thought from them to me again. 175

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
 speed. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble
 gentleman.

o after him; for he perhaps shall need
 sue messenger betwixt me and the peers;
 nd be thou he.

Meas. With all my heart, my liege.
 [*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead! 181

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen
 to-night;
 ur fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
 be other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously. 186
 Young Arthur's death is common in their
 mouths;

And when they talk of him, they shake their
 heads

And whisper one another in the ear;
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
 wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
 eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus, 194
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French
 That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent. 200
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me
 with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murd'rd him. I had a mighty
 cause 205

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill
 him.

Hub. No had, my lord! Why, did you not
 provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be at-
 tended

By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life, 210
 And on the winking of authority
 To understand a law, to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it
 frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I
 did. 215

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
 heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221
 Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind;

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, 225

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, — 230
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or
 made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me

break off, 235

And those thy fears might have wrought fears
 in me.

But thou didst understand me by my signs

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers ;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, 245
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine 251
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never ent'red yet
 The dreadful notion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form, 256
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee
 to the peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood 265
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Before the castle.*]

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap
 down.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not !
 There's few or none do know me ; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me
 quite.

I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it. 5
 If I get down, and do not break my limba,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away.
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
 bones ! 10

[*Dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Ed-
 mundsbury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the
 Cardinal ?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of
 France ; 15

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him
 then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward ; for 'twas
 be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we
 meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, dis-
 per'd lords !

The King by me requests your presence
 straight.

Sal. The King hath disposess'd himself
 of us.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it
 walks.

Return and tell him so. We know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words
 think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners re-
 son now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your
 grief ;

Therefore 't were reason you had madder
 now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'T is true, to hurt his master, no man
 else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he
 here ? [Seeing Arthur]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure
 princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this dead.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself had
 done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty
 a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have
 you beheld,

Or have you read or heard, or could you think
 Or do you almost think, although you see.

That you do see ? Could thought, without the
 object,

Form such another ? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest

Of murder's arms. This is the bloodiest shambles

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd
 this ;

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work.

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand !

We had a kind of light what would ensue.

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand.

The practice and the purpose of the King :

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

and breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 For conversant with ease and idleness, 70
 Till I have set a glory to this head,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you. 75

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Arthur, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?
[Drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
 By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 For tempt the danger of my true defence,
 Set I, by marking of your rage, forget 85
 Our worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
 Let I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks 90
 False,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury. 95

I thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 I teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 'Till strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
 I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
 That you shall think the devil is come from 100
 Hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
 Honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep 105
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villainy is not without such rheum;
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence. 110

away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out. *[Exeunt Lords.]* 115

Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what; 120

Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair; 125

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself, 130

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath 135

Which was embowd in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.

I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.

I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left 145

To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth

The unwow'd interest of proud-swelling state.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace. 150

Now powers from home and discontents at home

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,

As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can 155

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,

And follow me with speed. I'll to the King.

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,

And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT [V]

SCENE I. *[King John's palace.]*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory. *[Giving the crown.]*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word. Go
meet the French,

And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemp'rd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minist'rd, 15
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tem-
pest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite, 19
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet 25
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out 30
But Dover castle. London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down 35
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me
again

After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bast. They found him dead and cast into
the streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did
live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he
knew.

But wherefore do you droop? Why look you
sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought. 45
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging Horror; so shall inferior eyes, 50
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glisten like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field. 55

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble
there?

O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the power
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league! 1
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise.
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cock'rd silken wanton, brave our fields, 5
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your
peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this pre-
sent time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! Ye
I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe. 10
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*The Dauphin's camp at Sar-
Edmundsbury.*]

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
PREMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again,
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings, yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt.
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle, 15
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw us
weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause — 30
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst re-
move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy-
self, 35

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom 41
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!

Let me wipe off this honourable dew, 45
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops, 49
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quits o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away the storm.

Commend these waters to those baby eyes 55
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself; so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake.
Look, where the holy legate comes apace, 65
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconcil'd
himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, 70
That so stood out against the Holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand, 75
It may lie gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not
back.

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control, 80
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of
wars

Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire; 85
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out

With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 90
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back 95
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I 100
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?

Have I not heard these islanders shout out
"Vive le roi!" as I have bank'd their towns?

Have I not here the best cards for the
game, 105

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?

No, on my soul, it never shall be said.
Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return 110
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown 115
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.]
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the
world,

Let me have audience. I am sent to speak,
My holy lord of Milan, from the King. 120
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties. 125
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury
breath'd,

The youth says well. Now hear our English
King,

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should. 130
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy
arms, 135
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140

To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman; 145
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his
nest. 150

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nereos, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums, 155
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee
well! 160

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here. 165

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine. 170
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at
hand,

Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than
need. 175

Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd Death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this dan-
ger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [Exeunt. 180

SCENE III. [The field of battle.]

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O,
tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your Maj-
esty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,
Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-
conbridge,

Desires your Majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinestead
abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for I
supply

That was expected by the Dauphin
Are wreck'd three nights ago at
Sands.

This news was brought to Richard
now.

The French fight coldly, and retire
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant

me up,

And will not let me welcome this good

Set on toward Swinestead. To my litter

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

SCENE IV. [Another part of the field.]

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BASTARD.

Sal. I did not think the King so star-
friends.

Pem. Up once again! Put spirit in
French.

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulcon-
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick
left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of Eng-
here.

Sal. When we were happy we had
names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are
and sold!

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith

Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day.

He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath

sworn
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury:

Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this
true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within
view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now

ceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night, whose black contagious

breath

I him smokes about the burning crest
 feeble, and day-wearied sun, 25
 good ill night, your breathing shall ex-
 ce, the fine of rated treachery
 the a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 by your assistance win the day.
 brought me to one Hubert with your king. 40
 of him, and this respect besides,
 soldly my grandsire was an Englishman,
 ie, the my conscience to confess all this;
 e wroth thereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 stead with the noise and rumour of the field, 45
 h me I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 and part this body and my soul
 contemplation and devout desires.
 We do believe thee; and beshrew my

ful to love the favour and the form 50
 Premost fair occasion, by the which
 k d untread the steps of damned flight,
 in a bated and retired flood,
 our rankness and irregular course,
 low within those bounds we have o'er-
 took'd, 55
 dly run on in obedience
 o our ocean, to our great King John.
 I shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 to see the cruel pangs of death
 in thine eye. Away, my friends! New
 fight; 60
 happy newness, that intends old right.
 [Exeunt (leading off Melun).]

SCENE V. [The French camp.]

Enter LEWIS and his train.

1. The sun of heaven methought was
 bath to set,
 lay'd and made the western welkin blush,
 English measure backward their own
 ground
 but retire. O, bravely came we off,
 with a volley of our needless shot, 5
 such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 wound our tott'ring colours clearly up,
 in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER.

25. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
 30. Here: what news?
 35. The Count Melun is slain; the Eng-
 lish lords
 his persuasion are again fallen off,
 I your supply, which you have wish'd so
 long,
 cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
 45. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy
 very heart!
 did not think to be so sad to-night 15
 this hath made me. Who was he that said
 as John did fly an hour or two before
 a stumbling night did part our weary
 powers?
 Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
 20. Well; keep good quarter and good care
 to-night.

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. [An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.]

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! Speak
 quickly, or I shoot.
 Bast. A friend. What art thou?
 Hub. Of the part of England.
 Bast. Whither dost thou go?
 Hub. What's that to thee?
 Bast. Why may not I demand
 Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
 Hubert, I think?
 Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought.
 I will upon all hazards well believe
 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue
 so well.
 Who art thou?
 Bast. Who thou wilt; and if thou please,
 Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think 10
 I come one way of the Plantagenets.
 Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eye-
 less night
 Have done me shame. Brave soldier, pardon
 me,
 That any accent breaking from thy tongue
 Should scape the true acquaintance of mine
 ear. 15
 Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what
 news abroad?
 Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of
 night,
 To find you out.
 Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
 Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the
 night,
 Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 20
 Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill
 news.
 I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
 Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a
 monk.
 I left him almost speechless; and broke out
 To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
 The better arm you to the sudden time 25
 Than if you had at leisure known of this.
 Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to
 him?
 Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
 Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The King 30
 Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
 Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Maj-
 esty?
 Hub. Why, know you not the lords are all
 come back,
 And brought Prince Henry in their company?
 At whose request the King hath pardon'd
 them, 35
 And they are all about his Majesty.
 Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty
 heaven,
 And tempt us not to bear above our power!
 I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night.

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide ;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them ;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before ; conduct me to the King.
I doubt he will be dead ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. [*The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late. The life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,

Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Doth he still rage ? [*Exit Attendants.*]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death
should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince ; for you
are born

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

KING JOHN is brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your Majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare — dead, forsook,
cast off ;

And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask
much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strain
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue
in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hell.
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent
tion

And spleen of speed to see your Majesty

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set
eye.

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burst
And all the shrouds wherewith my life
sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair.
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward
Where Heaven He knows how we shall
him ;

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The king dies*]
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.

My liege ! my lord ! But now a king, now dead

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even
stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay a
hind

To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to leave
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your
spheres,

Where be your powers ? Show now your
mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall
sought ;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much
as we.

The Cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Da
phin,

And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

L. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already ;
 many carriages he hath despatch'd ⁹⁰
 he sea-side, and put his cause and quar-
 rel
 he disposing of the Cardinal ;
 1 whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
 2 think meet, this afternoon will post
 onsummate this business happily. ⁹⁵
ist. Let it be so ; and you, my noble
 prince,
 3 other princes that may best be spar'd,
 4 wait upon your father's funeral.
Hen. At Worcester must his body be in-
 terr'd ;
 so he will'd it.
ist. Thither shall it then ; ¹⁰⁰
 happily may your sweet self put on
 lineal state and glory of the land !
 5 hom, with all submission, on my knee

I do bequeath my faithful services
 And true subjection everlastingly. ¹⁰⁵
Sal. And the like tender of our love we
 make,
 To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give
 you thanks
 And knows not how to do it but with tears. ¹¹⁰
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
 This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again, ¹¹⁵
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make
 us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true. ¹²⁰
 [Exeunt.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD THE SECOND

RICHARD II was first published in an anonymous quarto in 1597. A second quarto, printed from the first, but with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, appeared in 1598. Neither of these editions contained the abdication scene (iv. i. 154-318), which is supposed to have been suppressed owing to Queen Elizabeth's sensitiveness on such subjects, but it appears in the Third Quarto (1608), and is found in all the later editions. The Fourth Quarto, printed from the third, and the third was from the second, is dated 1615, and was the main source of the text of the First Folio. But in addition to some corrections, alterations, and omissions for acting purposes, the First Folio has been thought to show that its editors had access to a manuscript of the abdication scene from which they amended the imperfect text of that part of the Fourth Quarto. This is the main part of the play the best authority is the First Quarto; for the abdication scene is in the First Folio; and on these the present text is accordingly based.

Apart from the date of publication we have only internal evidence as to date of production. The subject may have been suggested by Marlowe's *Edward II*; but the style shows a marked departure from the Marlowesque rhetoric of *Richard III*, and takes it out of the period when Shakespeare was most under the influence of his great predecessor. Taking into consideration the frequency of rime on the one hand, and the absence of prose on the other, we may conclude that the drama was composed within a year of 1594.

The main source of the action is Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, supplemented by Stowe's *Annals*, but the chief interest lies in those elements that are due to the dramatist's imagination. The parts played and the speeches uttered by the female characters are entirely Shakespeare's. Historically, the Queen was only eleven years old at the date of her husband's deposition; and the Duchess of York was only the stepmother of Annerlie. The scene at the deathbed of John of Gaunt is represented in the chronicle by the bare statement of the fact of his death; and there is no hint of the great speech on the glory of England. This speech, with others, such as the closing lines of *King John*, point to the inference that Shakespeare liberally used the opportunity given in the historical plays to appeal to the patriotic enthusiasm of his contemporaries.

But the greatest achievement in the play is in the creation, or interpretation, of the character of Richard himself. The chronicle supplied the outline of his action, but little characterized beyond charges of self-indulgence and subjection to unworthy favorites. Richard's love of the spectacular and his enjoyment of his own emotions even of misery and despair, along with his tendency to substitute fluent and poetical utterance for action, are all the conception of the dramatist. The resignation of the crown actually took place in the presence of a few lords in Richard's chamber in the Tower, so that the amazing exhibition of sentimental vanity in the abdication scene is purely Shakespearean. The hints of the character of Bolingbroke are mainly invented. Holinshed speaks of his popularity, but gives nothing of such causes of it as are indicated in the description of his courtship of the common people in i. iv. Through even when the details of the episode are borrowed from the chronicle, as in the conspiracy which Annerlie is involved, the speeches are purely imaginary, hardly any hint of the drama being derived from the sources.

It is at least probable that this was the "play of the deposing of Richard II" which Henry IV. and his associates procured to be performed in the streets of London on the eve of his attack on the revolt in 1601. It is clear that it is not the *Richard II* seen by Forman at the Globe in 1616, since that play dealt chiefly with the earlier events of Richard's reign.

The spellings "Bullingbroke," "Herford," "Barkly," "Callice," and "Cotshall" or "Cotthold" (Cotswold) in the old copies, indicate the Elizabethan pronunciation of these names.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE SECOND

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Richard II.
John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the
Edmund of Langley, duke of York, } King.
Henry, surnamed **Bolingbroke,** duke of Hereford, son
 to John of Gaunt; afterwards **King Henry IV.**
Duke of Aumerle, son to the duke of York.
Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkeley.
Henry, } servants to King Richard.
Agot, }
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed **Hotspur,** his son.

Lord Ross.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
 Captain of a band of Welshmen.
 Two Gardeners.

Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of York.
Duchess of Gloucester.
 Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene: *England and Wales.*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. King Richard's palace.*]

Enter **KING RICHARD**, **JOHN OF GAUNT**, with
 other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured
 Lancaster,
 Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
 bray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou
 sounded him

He appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
 Worthily, as a good subject should,
 In some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that
 argument,

In some apparent danger seen in him
 Aim'd at your Highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence.

[Exit some Attendants.] Face to face,
 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will
 hear

He accuser and the accused freely speak.
 High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter **BOLINGBROKE** and **MOWBRAY** [with
 Attendants].

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness,
 Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
 Did an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but
 flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come,
 Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
 Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
 bray?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my
 speech!

In the devotion of a subject's love,
 Tending the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellant to this princely presence.
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
 And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
 Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
 And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword
 may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my
 zeal.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
 As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
 First, the fair reverence of your Highness
 curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
 Which else would post until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to ex-
cept.

If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I
swear,

Which gently laid my knighthood on my
shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall
prove it true:

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles

In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.

Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's
death,

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams
of blood;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution
soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his
face

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How good and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
and ears.

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou.
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, the
liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Cade's
Disbur's'd I duly to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's
death

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,

Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;

But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd

Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault. As for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;

Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in this
bosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be re-
by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed:

Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;

We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you
son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become
age.

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry,

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we
there is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign
thy foot;

My life thou shalt command, but not my
honour.

he one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
 O dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here, 170
 Iere'd to the soul with slander's venom'd
 spear,
 he which no balm can cure but his heart-
 blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood ;
 Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots. Take
 but my shame, 175

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
 be purest treasure mortal times afford
 spotless reputation ; that away,
 we are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 Jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 180
 A bold spirit in a loyal breast.

mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
 take honour from me, and my life is done.
 Hence, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
 that I live, and for that will I die. 185

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage. Do
 you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such
 deep sin !

all I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight,
 with pale beggar-fear impeach my height 190
 before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
 all wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 I sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 at slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
 face. [*Exit Gaunt.* 195

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
 command ;

hence since we cannot do to make you friends,
 ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
 we shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 in swelling difference of your settled hate. 200
 we cannot atone you, we shall see
 justice design the victor's chivalry.
 And Marhal, command our officers at arms
 ready to direct these home alarms. 205
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. [*London. The Duke of Lancaster's
 palace.*]

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS OF
 GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's
 blood

is more solicit me than your exclams,
 stir against the butchers of his life !
 since correction lieth in those hands
 which made the fault that we cannot correct, 210
 we owe our quarrel to the will of Heaven ;
 O, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
 I rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Rich. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
 spur ?

Is love in thy old blood no living fire ? 215
 And seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's
 course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ; 220
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
 faded, 225

By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe.

Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! That bed,
 that womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd
 thee

Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and
 breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death, 230

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair.

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaunder'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life, 235

Teaching stern Murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we intitle patience

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? To safeguard thine own
 life, 240

The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's sub-
 stitute,

His deputy anointed in His sight,
 Hath caus'd his death ; the which if wrong-
 fully,

Let Heaven revenge ; for I may never lift 245
 An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain my-
 self ?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and
 defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old
 Gaunt !

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold 250
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
 spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career, 255
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,

That they may break his foaming courser's
 back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !

Farewell, old Gaunt ! Thy sometimes brother's
 wife

With her companion grief must end her life. 260
Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry.

As much good stay with thee as go with me !
Duch. Yet one word more ; grief boundeth
 where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
 I take my leave before I have begun, 265
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all: — nay, yet depart not so;
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
 I shall remember more. Bid him — ah, what? —
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what hear there for welcome but my
 groans?
 Therefore commend me; let him not come
 there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die.
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The lists at Coventry.]

Enter the LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE OF
 AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
 arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter
 in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
 bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's
 trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are pre-
 par'd, and stay
 For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with
 his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN,
 and others. When they are set, enter MOW-
 BRAY in arms, defendant, with a HERALD.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
 pion

The cause of his arrival here in arms.
 Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
 To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say
 who thou art

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in
 arms,

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
 quarrel.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
 And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke
 of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath —
 Which God defend a knight should violate! —
 Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
 To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my King, and me:
 And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, ap-
 pellant, in armour, with a HERALD.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in
 arms,

Both who he is and why he cometh hither
 Thus plated in habiliments of war,

And formally, according to our law,
 Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and where
 com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy
 quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
 Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
 Derby

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, King Richard, and
 me;

And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
 Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,

Except the Marshal and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my
 sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his Majesty;
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave

And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
 Highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his
 leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him
 our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou dost
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.

As confident as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
 Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;

Not sick, although I have to do with death,
 But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath.

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most

sweet:

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat.
 And furnish new the name of John o' Gaunt.

Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee
 prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the caskets
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant,
 and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Mow. However God or Fortune cast my lot,

ere lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,

loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

er did captive with a freer heart

st off his chains of bondage and embrace

a golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

re than my dancing soul doth celebrate

is feast of battle with mine adversary.

et mighty liege, and my companion peers,

ke from my mouth the wish of happy years.

gentle and as jocund as to jest

I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy

the with valour couched in thine eye.

der the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and

Derby,

ceive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry

amen.

Mar. [To an officer.] Go bear this lance to

Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and

Derby

nds here for God, his sovereign, and him-

self,

pain to be found false and recreant,

prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-

bray,

raitor to his God, his king, and him;

d dares him to set forward to the fight.

Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,

Duke of Norfolk,

pain to be found false and recreant,

h to defend himself and to approve

ry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;

rageously and with a free desire

ending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward,

combatants. [A charge sounded.

! The King hath thrown his warder

down.

Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and

their spears,

I both return back to their chairs again.

hdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound

ile we return these dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish.

ow near

I list what with our council we have done.

that our kingdom's earth should not be

soil'd

h that dear blood which it hath fostered;

for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

evil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'

sword;

for we think the eagle-winged pride

ky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

h rival-hating envy, set on you

ake our peace, which in our country's

cradle

as the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Which, so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;

Therefore, we banish you our territories.

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;

And those his golden beams to you here lent

Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.

The sly, slow hours shall not determine

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;

The hopeless word of "never to return"

Breathes I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth.

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forgo;

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol or a harp,

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engal'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;

And dull unfeeling barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now.

What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassion-

ate.

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my coun-

try's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath

with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to God —

Our part therein we banish with yourselves —

To keep the oath that we administer:

You never shall, so help you truth and God!

Embrace each other's love in banishment;

Nor never look upon each other's face;

Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This luring tempest of your home-bred hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy : —
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wand'ring in the air, 196
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land ;
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200

Mow. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were
traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. 205
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
eyes

I see thy grieved heart. Thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years 210
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen
winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word !

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word : such is the breath of kings. 215

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of
me

He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times
about, 220

My oil-dri'd lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live. 225

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou
canst give.

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sor-
row,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow.

Thou canst help Time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage. 230

Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good ad-
vice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in diges-
tion sour. 235

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild. 240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue —
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle, bid
him so.

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt [King Richard*

and train].

Aum. Cousin, farewell ! What presence was
not know,

From where you do remain let paper show. 245
Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will
ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hasten
thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of
you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence's
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for the
time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? They are
quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes
one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st to
pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I think
it so.

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy way
steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride
make

Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven
visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;

There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the King did banish thee,

But thou the King. Woe doth the best
sit

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase home

And not the King exil'd thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

And thou art flying to a fresher climate.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou
com'st.

Suppose the singing birds musicians.
The grass whereon thou tread'st the green
strew'd,

he flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
 than a delightful measure or a dance;
 gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 than man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 bare imagination of a feast?
 wallow naked in December snow
 thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 no! the apprehension of the good
 ves but the greater feeling to the worse.
 Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
 on thy way;
 id I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell;
 sweet soil, adieu;
 mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
 here'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [The Court.]

Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN at the door; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
 how far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call
 him so,
 to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
 were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-
 east wind,
 which then blew bitterly against our faces,
 rak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
 I grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you
 parted with him?
Aum. "Farewell!"
 d. for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
 could so profane the word, that taught me
 craft
 counterfeit oppression of such grief
 at words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
 grave.
 try, would the word "farewell" have
 length'ned hours
 d added years to his short banishment,
 should have had a volume of farewells;
 since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is
 doubt,
 when time shall call him home from banish-
 ment,
 whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 self and Bushy, [Bagot here and Green]
 serv'd his courtship to the common people;
 he did seem to dive into their hearts
 with humble and familiar courtesy,
 with reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 giving poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
 a patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 't were to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
 friends."
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go
 these thoughts.
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means
 For their advantage and your Highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this
 war;
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
 We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank char-
 ters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are
 rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of
 gold
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

[Bushy, what news?]
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
 my lord,
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
 To entreat your Majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely House.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's
 mind
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too
 late!
 [All.] Amen.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [London. Ely House.]

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT, sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, etc.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may
 breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstead youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
 your breath;
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying
 men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony.
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
 in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their
 words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught
to glose.

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives
before.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long
past.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not
hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
sounds,

As praises, of whose taste the wise are found,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;

Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity —
So it be new, there's no respect how vile —

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt
thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new in-
spir'd
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their
birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now lease'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer
others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERL
BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSE, and Wa
LOUGHBY.

York. The King is come. Deal mildly with
his youth;

For young hot colts being rag'd do rage to
more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is it
with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compo-
sition!

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
Within me Grief hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd.
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all pain.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's love;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave.

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with
their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to seek
itself.

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with
those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that
die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou
flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I am
sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and
thou art ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me know I was
thou art ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head:
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his name,
From forth thy reach he would have lodg'd
shame,

Depositing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou poor as I were,
It were a shame to let this land be lease'd:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

landlord of England art thou now, not king.
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
and thou —

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool, 116
resuming on an ague's privilege,
burst with thy frozen admonition
hast pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
low, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
his tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
should run thy head from thy unreverent
shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Ed-
ward's son,
or that I was his father Edward's son. 125
hast blood already, like the pelican,
lost thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy
souls!
may be a precedent and witness good 130
hast thou respect'st not spilling Edward's
blood.

in with the present sickness that I have,
and thy unkindness be like crooked age,
a crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
these words hereafter thy tormentors be! 135
convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
I live they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit [borne off by his Attendants].*]
K. Rich. And let them die that age and
sullens have;

and both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your Majesty, impute
his words 141

wayward sickness and age in him.
I love you, on my life, and holds you dear
Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true. As Hereford's
love, so his; 145
theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him
to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
A tongue is now a stringless instrument;
words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bank-
rupt so! 151

rough death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so
doth he;

time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
much for that. Now for our Irish wars. 155
must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
which live like venom where no venom else
can only they have privilege to live.

For these great affairs do ask some charge,
wards our assistance we do seize to us 160

plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
proof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah,
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment, 165

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was
first.

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentle-
man. 175

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends. His noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not
that 180

Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between. 185

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-
ford? 190

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
Time 195

His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?

Now, afore God — God forbid I say true! — 200
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys general to sue
His livery, and deny his off'red homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head, 205
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those
thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into
our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his
lands. 210

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege,
farewell!

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*]
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wilt-
shire straight. 215

Bid him repair to us to Ely House

To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England; 230
For he is just and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*]

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke. 235

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if Justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more 240

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him; 245

Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land. 250

The King is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the King severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. 255

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what. 260

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows.

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars. 265

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burdensome taxations notwithstanding, 270
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing.
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollovers of death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland.

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from Le Mans Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold last

Cobham,

[The son and heir of the Earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter.

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shores.

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they see
The first departing of the King for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our ~~king~~
Imp out our drooping country's ~~king~~

Redeem from broking pawn the ~~king~~
crown.

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's point
And make high majesty look like itself.

Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubtless them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first there. [Exit.]

SCENE II. [Windsor Castle.]

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad.

You promis'd, when you parted with the King
To lay aside life-harming heaviness

And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King I did; to please myself

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief.

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

as my sweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,
 some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 is coming towards me, and my inward soul
 with nothing trembles. At something it
 grieves,

more than with parting from my lord the King.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath
 twenty shadows,

which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
 or sorrow's eyes, glazed with blinding tears,
 divides one thing entire to many objects,
 like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
 show nothing but confusion, ey'd awry
 distinguish form; so your sweet Majesty,
 looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 find shapes of grief, more than himself, to
 wall;

which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
 more than your lord's departure weep not.

More 's not seen;

if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
 which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
 persuades me it is otherwise. How'er it be,
 cannot but be sad; so heavy sad
 's, though on thinking on no thought I think,
 akes me with heavy nothing faint and
 shrink.

Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious
 lady.

Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still de-
 riv'd

from some forefather grief; mine is not so,
 for nothing hath begot my something grief;
 something hath the nothing that I grieve.

'T is in reversion that I do possess;
 at what it is, that is not yet known; what,
 cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your Majesty! and well met,
 gentlemen.

How the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'T is better
 hope he is;

as his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.
 Wherefore dost thou hope he is not
 shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
 his power,

and driven into despair an enemy's hope,
 who strongly hath set footing in this land.

As banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
 and with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
 at Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah, madam, 't is too true; and, that
 is worse,

as Lord Northumberland, his son young
 Henry Percy,

as Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
 with all their powerful friends, are fled to
 him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd North-
 umberland

and all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have; whereupon the Earl of

Worcester
 Hath broken his staff, resign'd his steward-
 ship,

And all the household servants fled with him
 to Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to
 my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope. He is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged
 neck.

O, full of careful business are his looks!

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable
 words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
 thoughts.

Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the
 earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and
 grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off,

Whilst others come to make him lose at home.

Here am I left to underprop his land,

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit
 made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I
 came.

York. He was? Why, so! go all which way
 it will!

The nobles they are fled; the commons they
 are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lord-
 ship,

To-day, as I came by, I called there,—

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Duchess
 died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of
 woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do. I would to God,

So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,

The King had cut off my head with my
 brother's.

What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me. 105

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 110

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:

T' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; t' other again

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. 115

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley.

I should to Plashy too, 120

But time will not permit. All is uneven,

And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power

Proportionable to the enemy 125

Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love

Is near the hate of those love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons, for their love

Lies in their purses; and whose empties them By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. 131

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the King.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle: 135

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office

The hateful commons will perform for us,

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us? 140

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.

Farewell! If heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes 145

Is numbring sands and drinking oceans dry.

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. 150

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Wilds in Gloucestershire.]

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND [with forces].

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them wear some;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as apt

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be for In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company.

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel.

But theirs is sweet'ned with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess;

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy. Sent from my brother Worcester, whence ever.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court.

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spak together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford.

And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover

What power the Duke of York had levied there;

Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is a forgot

Which ne'er I did remember. To my knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young; Which elder days shall ripen and confirm

To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure

[count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul rememb'ring my good friends; And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, it shall be still thy true love's recompense. My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by you tuft of trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard; And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour; None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby, bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues

a banish'd traitor. All my treasury a yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor,

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years, stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is — to Lancaster;

And I am come to seek that name in England; And I must find that title in your tongue, before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning

to raze one title of your honour out.

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on

to take advantage of the absent time

and fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK [attended].

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his Grace in person. My noble uncle!

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle —

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace" in an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more "why?" Why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom, Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war

And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou because the anointed King is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind, And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French, O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault.

On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree, In gross rebellion and detested treason.

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.

You are my father, for methinks in you I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd A wandering vagabond; my rights and royal-

ties Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be King of England, It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin; Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.

I am deni'd to sue my livery here, And yet my letters patents give me leave.

My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold, And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject, And I challenge law. Attorneys are denied me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be; 145
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid; 150
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life, 155
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices, 165
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you; but yet
I'll pause,

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are. 170
Things past redress are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [A camp in Wales.]

Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh CAPTAIN.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Fare-
well!

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman. 5

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead; we
will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change; 11

Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and
leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.

These signs forebode the death or fall of kings.
Farewell! Our countrymen are gone and fled, 16
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy
mind 17

I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Bristol. Before the castle.]

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, and BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your
bodies—

With too much urging your pernicious lives:
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your
blood

From off my hands, here in the view of me
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments.
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have in manner with your sinful hands
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him.
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheek
With tears drawn from her eyes by your bitter
wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries.
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign
clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest wood.
From my own windows torn my household
coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign.
Save men's opinions and my living blood.
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than twice
all this,

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death
to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, fare-
well!

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take
our souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see their
dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others with the prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated;

Tell her I send to her my kind commends.
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have com-
patch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords,
away,
to fight with Glendower and his complices.
While to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*]

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air.

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Fear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.

Is a long-parted mother with her child
Lays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, and do thee favours with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Field stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Jeard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power that

Made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

He means that heavens yield must be emboldened,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too

Remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Brows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;

But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines

And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards

The right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who

you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself; am I not King?

Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the King's name twenty thousand

names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd.

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 't was my
care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We 'll serve Him too and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so
arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their
shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than
steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hair-
less scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is
Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him
indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than
Judas!

Would they make peace? Terrible hell make
war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his pro-
perty,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncure their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands. Those whom
you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of
Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with
his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort to
man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills;
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's;
And nothing can we call our own but death.
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain a
war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-
pos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping
kill'd;

All murder'd; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the seats

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with look.
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin

Bores through his castle wall, and—fared
king!

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me—*Make a king?*

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and vi-
their woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength.
Gives in your weakness strength unto your
foe,

And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:

And fight and die is death destroying death.
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of
him,

And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bo-
lingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
Thisague fit of fear is over-blown;

An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his
power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the
sky

The state and inclination of the day;

o may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
play the torturer by small and small
o lengthen out the worst that must be
spoken.

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
and all your northern castles yielded up, 201
and all your southern gentlemen in arms
upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
To Aumerle.] Beshrew thee, cousin, which
didst lead me forth
if that sweet way I was in to despair! 208
That say you now? What comfort have we
now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
that bids me be of comfort any more.
o to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
~~king, your slave, shall~~ kingly woe obey. 210
that power I have, discharge; and let them
go

o ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
or I have none. Let no man speak again
o alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Ass. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
that wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue. 216
discharge my followers; let them hence away,
from Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair
day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*]

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE,
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants [and
forces].*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
the Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
gone to meet the King, who lately landed
with some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my
lord. 5

Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northum-
berland

o say King Richard. Alack the heavy day
when such a sacred king should hide his
head!

North. Your Grace mistakes; only to be
brief 10

oft I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
could you have been so brief with him, he
would
have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
o taking so the head, your whole head's
length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should. 15

York. Take not, good cousin, further than
you should,
at you mistake the heavens are o'er our
heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not my-
self
against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle
yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my
lord,

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies 25
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord
Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lords, 31

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of
parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke 35

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's
hand

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd 40

And lands restor'd again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power

And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English-
men;

The which, how far off from the mind of Bo-
lingbroke 45

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning
drum,

That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks King Richard and myself should
meet

With no less terror than the elements 55

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him. 60

March on, and mark King Richard how he
looks.

*Parle without, and answer within: then a flour-
ish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, the
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP,
and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun

From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track 65

Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king! Behold, his
eye.

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe, 70
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long
have we stood. [To North.]

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget 75
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and
bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have
done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from
us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, 85
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown. 90
Tell Bolingbroke—for yon methinks he
stands—

That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, 95
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid our lord
the King 101

Should so with civil and unceiv arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy
hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears, 105
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious
head,

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself, 110
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once, 115
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.

He swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King
returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commands.

[Northumberland withdraws to Bolingbroke.]

[To Aumerle.] We do debase ourselves, come
do we not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 125

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er the
tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!

Swell'et thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope
to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now?
Must he submit?

The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? O' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the King's highway.
Some way of common trade, where subjects
feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live.
And buried once, why not upon my head?

Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted
cousin!

We'll make foul weather with despined heads.
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer
corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woe,
And make some pretty match with shallow
tears?

As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, — the
lies

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes.

Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland
What says King Bolingbroke? Will his Majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you, may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glist'ring Phaethon.

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

Or night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*]

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart takes him speak fondly, like a frantic man; yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart, and show fair duty to his Majesty.

[*He kneels down.*]

O gracious lord, —

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing it. I rather had my heart might feel your love

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy. O, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

My true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve; they well deserve to have,

At know the strong'st and surest way to get. Give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;

Men show their love, but want their remedies. Alas, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir. What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

So do we must what force will have us do. On towards London, cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Langley. The Duke of York's garden.*]

Enter the QUEEN and two LADIES.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

ady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rube,

That my fortune runs against the bias. *ady.* Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport. *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy? *Lady.* — Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;

For if of joy, being altogether wanting, It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had, It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;

For what I have I need not to repeat, And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause; But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a GARDENER and two SERVANTS.

But stay, here come the gardeners. Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pines, They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change; woe is forerun with woe. [*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apri-cocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire so Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;

Give some suppittance to the bending twigs. Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays, That look too lofty in our commonwealth;

All must be even in our government. You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, which without profit suck The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale

Keep law and form and due proportion, Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land, Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace. He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf. The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves

did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up, Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke Hath seiz'd the wasteful King. O, what pity

is it That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land!

As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself ;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live ;
Had he done so, himself had borne the
crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

Serv. What, think you the King shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd 'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking !
[*Coming forward.*]
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings ? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam ; little joy have I To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true. King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weigh'd.

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt [Queen and Ladies].*]

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear ; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*London. Westminster Hall.*]

Enter as to the Parliament BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERT, FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, another LORD, Herald, and Officers.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Enter BAGOT.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,

Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,

I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English coast
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head ?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords

What answer shall I make to this base man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair star,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour sold
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. I say, the liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not win it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thee
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou speak'st
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were your hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true

as this appeal as thou art all unjust;

and that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

to prove it on thee to the extremest point

of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off

and never brandish more revengeful steel

over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like,

forsworn Aumerle;

and spur thee on with full as many lies

as may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear

from sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn;

engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll

throw at all!

have a thousand spirits in one breast,

to answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember

well

to be very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true; you were in presence

then,

and you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself

is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

that lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

that it shall render vengeance and revenge

ill upon the lie-giver and that lie do lie

in earth as quiet as thy father's skull;

I proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;

engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward

horse!

I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

where meet Surrey in a wilderness,

and spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,

and lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,

to tie thee to my strong correction.

I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal;

besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say

that thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

to execute the noble Duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a

gage,

that Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,

he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under

gage

if Norfolk be repeal'd. Repeal'd he shall be,

though mine enemy, restor'd again

all his lands and signories. When he's re-

turn'd,

against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be

seen.

As a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,

bearing the ensign of the Christian cross

against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;

and, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself

To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet Peace conduct his sweet soul

to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,

Your differences shall all rest under gage

Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK [attended].

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to

thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with will-

ing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields

To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;

And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal

throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beeming me to speak the truth.

Would God that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a

wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-

ject?

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to

hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;

And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbend it,

God,

That in a Christian climate souls refin'd

Should show so heinous, black, obscene a

deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,

Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call

king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;

And if you crown him, let me prophesy,

The blood of English shall manure the ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act.

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,

And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars

Shall kin with kin and kind with kind con-

found.

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd

The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house,

It will the woofullest division prove

That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest child, child's children, cry against you

"woe!"

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains, 150
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view 153
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love, 160
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD [and Officers bearing the crown and sceptre].

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me 168
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, "All hail!" to me?

So Judas did to Christ; but He, in twelve, 170
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the King! — Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. —
To do what service am I sent for hither? 178

York. To do that office of thine own good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

K. Rich. Give me the crown. — Here, cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another, 188
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign. 190

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of these.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down. 195

My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.

The cares I give I have, though given away:
They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself.
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm.
With mine own hands I give away my crown.
With mine own tongue I deny my sacred state.
With mine own breath I release all dangerous oaths.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing

griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast it

achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard may.
And send him many years of sunshine days.
— What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [*Presenting a paper.*]

These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers

Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I read out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath.
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself
Though some of you with Pilate wash my hands

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilate
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er the articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;

And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see ~~sort of~~ traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;

fade glory base, a sovereignty a slave,
rond majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord, —

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught in-
sulting man, 254

for no man's lord. I have no name, no title;
I, not that name was given me at the font,
but 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
that I have worn so many winters out,
and know not now what name to call myself!

Boling. That I were ~~as much as thou~~ 255

standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
to melt myself away in water-drops!

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
as if my word be sterling yet in England,

as it command a mirror hither straight, 256
that it may show me what a face I have,
hence it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-
glass. *[Exit an attendant.]*

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass
doth come.

K. Rich. Friend, thou torments me e'er I
come to hell! 270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northum-
berland.

North. The commons will not then be sat-
isf'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisf'd. I'll read
enough,

Then I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my-
self. 275

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
Deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck

many blows upon this face of mine,
and made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring
glass,

like to my followers in prosperity, 280
thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
that every day under his household roof

did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
that, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face which fao'd so many follies, 285
that was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

Is brittle glory shineth in this face;
as brittle as the glory is the face,

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]
or there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.

Alack, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290
how soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd

the shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see.

Is very true, my grief lies all within;
and these external manners of laments 295

are merely shadows to the unseen grief
that swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

Here lies the substance; and I thank thee,
King,

or thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300
me cause to wail but teachest me the way
how to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. "Fair cousin"? I am greater than
a king; 305

For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask. 310

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from
your sights. 315

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the
Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey! Conveyers are
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. 320
*[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.]*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set
down

Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves. 325
*[Exeunt all but the Bishop of Car-
lisle, the Abbot of Westminster,
and Aumerle.]*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here be-
held.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 330
Abbot. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 335

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears.

Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. *[London. A street leading to the
Tower.]*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the King will come; this is
the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth

Have any resting for her true king's queen. 340

Enter RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up, behold,

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; ~~thou most beautiful~~
inn,

Why should hard-favour'd Grief be lodg'd in thee,

When Triumph is become an alehouse guest? ¹⁵
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I ²¹
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France

And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have thrown down. ²⁵

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak'n'd? Hath Bolingbroke depos'd

Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage ³⁰

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take the correction, mildly kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts, ³⁵

I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France.

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire ⁴⁰
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds. ⁴⁵
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king. ⁵⁰

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND [and others].

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal ⁵⁵

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all; ⁶¹
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd! Bad men, ye violate

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me.
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the climate;

My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. ⁷⁰

Queen. And must we be divided? Must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some love but little pity.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let us go. ⁷⁵

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the largest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief.
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and doubly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were a good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. ⁸⁵

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. ⁸⁸ *[Exit]*

SCENE II. *[London. The Duke of York's palace.]*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would be the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows'
 tops

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's
 head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great
 Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
 Whilst all tongues cried, "God save thee, Bo-
 lingbroke!"

You would have thought the very windows
 spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once,
 "Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!"

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turn-
 ing,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus: "I thank you, country-
 men."

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he
 the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
 eyes

Did scowl on gentle Richard. No man cried,
 "God save him!"

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose,
 steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
 melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bow our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth
 And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son! Who are the vic-
 lets now

That strew the green lap of the new come
 spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly
 care not.

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
 of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford? Do these jousts and
 triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without
 thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writ-
 ing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it.
 I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me.
 It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean
 to see.

I fear, I fear, —

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some band, that he is ent'red
 into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! What doth he
 with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me. I may
 not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and
 reads it.*]

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
 horse.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
 I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter,
 Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
 Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the
 King.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou
 art amaz'd.

— Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine
 age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty
times my son,

I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind.
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman!
[*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his
horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York.
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away,
be gone!

SCENE III. [*Windsor Castle.*]

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty
son?

'T is full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the
stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet
through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder
years
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, amazed.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he
stares and looks
So wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech
your Majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace
alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
here alone. [*Exit Percy and Lords.*]
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth.
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was the
fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.
[*Aumerle locks the door.*] Yea,
knocks at the door and cries

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware! Look
to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast
no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy King!

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger.
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
mise pass'd.

I do repent me; read not my name there.
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did w-
it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspir-
acy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain.

From whence this stream through muddy pas-
sages

Hath led his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad.

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy degressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's head,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame.

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold,
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies.

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. (*Within.*) What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great King; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door! A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. ~~One seems is alt' red from a serious thing.~~

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in: I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray, fore sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

His fetter'd joint out off, the rest rest sound; his let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!

More loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Halt thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech. Or ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees, till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aun. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*]

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*]

I mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

His prayers but faintly and would be deny'd; he pray with heart and soul and all beside.

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; his knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

His prayers do out-pray his; then let them have that mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, "Stand up";

My "Pardon" first, and afterwards "Stand up."

If I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, "Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.

Never long'd to hear a word till now.

My "pardon," King; let pity teach thee how. The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

My word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, King; say, "*Par-donne moi.*"

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, That set'st the word itself against the word!

Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land; The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear; That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand; Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee! Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again.

Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew, Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.

They shall not live within this world, I swear, But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, adieu! Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. Another room in the same.]

Enter EXTON and SERVANT.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake,

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

Was it not so?

Serv. These were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he. He spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,

As who should say, "I would thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart;"

Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go. I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [V. Pomfret Castle. A ward room.]

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world;

And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
And these same thoughts people this little
world,

In humours like the people of this world.
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word:

As thus, "Come, little ones," and then again,
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be
eas'd

With being nothing. Music do I hear? [Music.
Ha, ha! keep time! How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numb'ring
clock.

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they
jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell. So sighs and tears and
groans

Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock.

This music mads me; let it sound no more;

For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a GROOM of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer!
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither.
Where no man never comes but that ad-
dog

That brings me food to make misfortune live.
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable
King,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's
face.

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me
gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was
his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal
hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down,

Since pride must have a fall, and break the
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee?
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Boling-
broke.

Enter KEEPER, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer
stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 't is time thou
wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say.

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to follow
to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of
Exton, who lately came from the King, com-
mands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster
and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter **EXTON** and **Servants** [armed].

Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
 in, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.*]

hou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another.*] *Here* **Exton** strikes him down.

hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
 staggers thus my person. **Exton**, thy fierce hand
 with the King's blood stained the King's own land.

nt, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
 st my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.]
Rich. As full of valour as of royal blood!
 have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!

now the devil, that told me I did well,
 that this deed is chronicled in hell.

dead king to the living king I'll bear:
 hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [VI. Windsor Castle.]

Rich. *Enter* **BOLINGBROKE**, **YORK**, with other Lords, and Attendants.

King. Kind uncle **York**, the latest news we hear

at the rebels hath consum'd with fire
 town of **Cicester** in **Gloucestershire**;
 whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter **NORTHUMBERLAND**.

come, my lord, what is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

next news is, I have to **London** sent
 heads of **Oxford**, **Salisbury**, **Blunt**, and **Kent**.

manner of their taking may appear
 urge discoursed in this paper here.
King. We thank thee, gentle **Percy**, for thy pains;

to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter **FITZWATER**.

King. My lord, I have from **Oxford** sent to **London**
 heads of **Brocas** and **Sir Bennet Seely**,

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
 That sought at **Oxford** thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, **Fitzwater**, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter **PERCY**, and the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**.

Percy. The grand conspirator, **Abbot** of **Westminster**,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is **Carlisle** living, to abide
 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. **Carlisle**, this is your doom:

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life.
 So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter **EXTON**, with [Attendants bearing] a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of **Bordeaux**, by me hither brought.

Boling. **Exton**, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
 Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely favour.

With **Cain** go wander through the shades of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
 And put on sullen black incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mournings here
 In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]

THE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FOURTH

The History of Henry IV was entered in the Stationers' Register in February, 1598, and the First Quarto of Part I was printed in the same year. Meres names the play, but does not indicate whether he refers to one part or both. Part II was entered and printed in 1600, but is referred to by Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour* in 1599. These facts, taken along with the marks of maturity in style and metre, point to 1597 and 1598 as the respective dates of the two parts.

Quartos of Part I were issued in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1629, the version in the First Folio being taken from the Fifth Quarto. Of Part II only one quarto is known to have been issued; and the First Folio text was printed from a copy of this, revised with care but probably without authority. The basis for the present text is, for both parts, the First Quarto.

The political action of the two plays is founded on Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Great freedom was used in converting historical into dramatic time, and the speeches, as usually in the English historical plays, are elaborated from the merest hints. The most marked creation in the early plot of Part I, aside from the Prince, is the opposing figure of Hotspur, whom Shakespeare clearly conceived for the purpose of psychological contrast. There is no corresponding foil to Prince Hal in Part II; the political action is still more overshadowed by the comic than in the earlier part; and the serious interest centres in the relation of father and son, and the pathetic depression of Henry IV's closing years. For most of this, e. g., the plans for a crusade, and the famous "crown scene," Holinshed affords a basis; but the rich emotional quality is all Shakespeare's.

For the comic scenes Shakespeare gathered some names and incidents from *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, a very crude history-comedy printed in 1598, but licensed in 1594, and certainly as early as 1588. The robbery at Gadshill, the tavern in Eastcheap, Hal's relations with his boon companions and to the Lord Chief Justice, his reconciliation to his father, the episode of the crown, and the final banishing of his tavern friends, are all presented in a rude form in *Famous Victories*. But the method of treatment is such as to offer hardly more suggestion than the bald narrative of Holinshed. The character of Falstaff, especially, owes little to any predecessor. In *Henry IV* as first written, Falstaff's name was Oldcastle, as it is in *The Famous Victories*. Sir John Oldcastle was a well-known peer of the time of Henry V, who was burned for a Lollard. But it is supposed that out of deference to Oldcastle's descendants Shakespeare changed the name to Falstaff before the play was printed, and added in the Epilogue to Part I the statement that "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." The new name has since been suggested by that of the historical Sir John Fastolfe, who, in *1 Henry VI*, is represented (unjustly, as it seems) as a coward. But the creation is independent of any real or supposed historical prototype.

In the development of the Chronicle History as a distinct type of drama, the most important feature of *Henry IV* is the importance in it of the element of comedy. For, although the historical foundation of the exposition of the character of the Bolingbroke of *Richard II* is of great personal interest, yet the story of Henry's reign did not in itself afford material nearly so interesting or so appropriate for dramatic treatment as the author had found in the history of Henry III and *Richard II*. So far as *1 Henry IV* has a culmination at all, it is in the coronation of Prince Henry from his low surroundings as a brilliant warrior who slays Hotspur. Are elements of comedy, rather than in his father's suppression of a rebellion. In Part II, the dramatic action is presented in the fourth act, and the real culmination of the play is in the new King Henry's giving off of his old life and companions, and assuming worthily the dignities and duties of his royal office. Viewing the Prince, then, as the most important factor in the structure of the play as a whole, we can regard the comic scenes, in which the lighter side of his character is more organically related to the main scheme than they have usually been.

Fa. v.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY IV.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, } sons to the King.
JOHN OF LANCASTER, —
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER. —

SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. The palace.*]

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, [SIR WALTER BLUNT] with others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
And we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

And be commens'd in strands afar remote.
More the thirsty entrance of this soil
And daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

More shall trenching war channel her fields,
And bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
All now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
More shall cut his master. Therefore,
Friends,

Far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Some soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Thwift with a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'
womb

Chase these pagans in those holy fields
Whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
Our advantage on the bitter cross.

This our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go;
Before we meet not now. Then let me
hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
tion,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such mis-
use,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this
broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This match'd with other did, my
gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery.
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of
ours;

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited.

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took

Murdoch Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beate Douglas; and the Earl of Athole,
Of Moray, Angus, and Menteith:

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize, ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son,

A son who is the theme of Honour's tongue,

Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts. What think

you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,

Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,

I shall have none but Murdoch Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is

Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle

up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer

this;

[And for this cause awhile we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords;

But come yourself with speed to us again,

For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *[London. An apartment of the Prince's.]*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,

I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wad'ring knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as to serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we are men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the men's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "la by" and spent with crying "Bring in;" as in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, and is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old boy, of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! What in thy quips and thy quiddities, what a piece have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou shalt be paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as a coin would stretch; and where it would stretch have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it here apparent that thou art heir apparent. But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be lows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the curb of old father antic the law? Do not, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'm a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I may thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some

jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits? ⁸⁰

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd beard.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. ⁸⁴

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? ⁸⁸

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascaliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. ¹⁰⁰

Fal. O, thou hast damnably iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. 'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? ¹¹¹

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll take one. An I do not, call me villain and scold me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is a sin for a man to labour in his vocation. ¹¹⁷

Enter POINS.

kins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, that hole in hell were hot enough for him? his is the most omnipotent villain that ever did "Stand!" to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned. ¹²³

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack of Sugar? Jack how agrees the devil and we about thy soul, that thou soldest him on good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a half capon's leg? ¹²⁹

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the vil shall have his bargain; for he was never breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping word with the devil. ¹³⁵

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow

morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester. I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. ¹⁵⁰

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith. ¹⁵⁴

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. ¹⁵⁸

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king. ¹⁶⁵

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the Prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. ¹⁶⁹

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap. ¹⁷⁶

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff [Bardolph, Peto] and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth? ¹⁸⁶

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them. ¹⁹⁴

Prince. Yea, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. ¹⁹⁷

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to unmask our noted outward garments. ²⁰³

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them

to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ;
and for the third, if he fight longer than he
sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue ³⁰⁷
of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies
that this same fat rogue will tell us when we
meet at supper ; how thirty, at least, he fought
with ; what wards, what blows, what extremi-
ties he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies
the jest. ³¹⁵

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us
all things necessary and meet me to-morrow
night in Eastcheap ; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while up-
hold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness ;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun, ³²⁰
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him. ³²⁵
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for
come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. ³³⁰
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground, ³³⁵
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill, ³⁴⁰
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *[London. The palace.]*

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCES-
TER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with
others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and tem-
perate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience. But be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself, ⁵
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,

And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the
proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves ¹⁰

The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own
hands

Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord, —

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do
see ¹⁵

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When v-
need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[Exit Worcester.]

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord
Those prisoners in your Highness' name de-
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took.
Were, as he says, not with such strength de-
nied

As is delivered to your Majesty.
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin was
reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came forth,
'Took it in snuff ; and still he smil'd and talk'd
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demand'd
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pest'rd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly — I know not what.

He should, or he should not ; for he made us
mad

To see him shine so briak and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds, — God bless
the mark ! —

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was pismire for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, your
my lord,

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise

do him wrong or any way impeach
 hat then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners
 at with proviso and exception
 at we at our own charge shall ransom
 straight
 is brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
 ho, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 he lives of those that he did lead to fight
 gainst that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
 whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 ath lately married. Shall our coffers, then, as
 emptied to redeem a traitor home?
 all we buy treason, and indent with fears,
 hen they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 on the barren mountains let him starve;
 I shall never hold that man my friend
 hose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
 never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 at by the chance of war. To prove that
 true
 eds no more but one tongue for all those
 wounds,
 hose mouthed wounds, which valiantly he
 took,
 hen on the gentle Severn's sedge bank,
 single opposition, hand to hand,
 e did confound the best part of an hour
 changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 ree times they breath'd and three times did
 they drink,
 on agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 ho then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 d bid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 odstained with these valiant combatants.
 ver did base and rotten policy
 our her working with such deadly wounds;
 r never could the noble Mortimer
 ceive so many, and all willingly.
 en let not him be slander'd with revolt.
King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him;
 never did encounter with Glendower.
 ell thee,
 durst as well have met the devil alone
 Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 t thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, hence-
 forth
 t me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
 nd me your prisoners with the speediest
 means,
 you shall hear in such a kind from me
 will displease you. My Lord Northumber-
 land,
 e license your departure with your son.
 nd us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.
 [*Exeunt King Henry [Blunt, and
 train].*]
Hot. An if the devil come and roar for
 them,
 ill not send them. I will after straight
 d tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
 beit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay and
 pause a while.
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the
 dust.
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high in the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and cank'rd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your
 nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
 gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my pris-
 oners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
 pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was not he pro-
 claim'd

By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation.
 And then it was when the unhappy king, —
 Whose wrongs in us God pardon! — did set
 forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he interepected did return
 To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's
 wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Rich-
 ard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
 Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
 king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
 starve.

But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man

And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murderous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo,

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O, pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament

Wherein you range under this subtle king!

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you — God pardon it! — have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely

rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-
 broke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may re-
deem 150

Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you 155
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 160
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim.

Send Danger from the east unto the west, 165
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 170

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,

To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks; 175
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. 180
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners. —

Hot. I'll keep them all!
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them; 185
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not!
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; 190
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him, 195
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of
Wales, 200

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend. 205

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 210

In Richard's time, — what do you call the place? —

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept.
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my
knee 215

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, —
'Sblood! —

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And "gentle Harry Percy," and "his
cousin;" 220

O, the devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again:
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, I find.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only man
For powers in Scotland; which, for diverse
reasons 225

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[To Northumberland.]
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scrope.

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well
North. Before the game's afoot, thou shalt
let's slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a wild plot.

And then the power of Scotland and of York
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt.

nd think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
ill he hath found a time to pay us home.
nd see already how he doth begin
o make us strangers to his looks of love. 200
Hot. He does, he does. We'll be reveng'd
on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell! No further go in this
ban I by letters shall direct your course.
hen time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
ll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer; 205
here you and Douglas and our powers at once,
I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
hich now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother! We shall
thrive, I trust. 200

Hot. Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short
ll fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport! [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [Rochester. An inn yard.]

Enter a CARRIER with a lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the
y, I'll be hang'd. Charles' wain is over the
w chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd.
hat, ostler!

Os. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,
t a few flocks in the point. The poor jade
wring in the withers out of all cess. 5

Enter another CARRIER.

2. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as
og, and that is the next way to give poor
as the bots. This house is turned upside
wn since Robin Ostler died.

1. Car. Poor fellow, never joy'd since the
ce of oats rose; it was the death of him. 10

2. Car. I think this be the most villainous
ne in all London road for fleas. I am stung
a tench.

1. Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is
er a king christen could be better bit than
ave been since the first cock. 15

2. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jor-
d, and then we leak in your chimney; and
r chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

1. Car. What, ostler! come away and be
g'd! Come away. 20

2. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two
s of ginger, to be delivered as far as Char-
erose. 25

1. Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pan-
are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague
thee! haast thou never an eye in thy head?
st not hear? An't we were not as good deed
rink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very
sin. Come, and be hang'd! Haast no faith
hee? 30

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's
ock?

1. Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see
my gelding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick
worth two of that, i' faith. 40

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

2. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy
lantern, quoth he? Marry, I'll see thee hang'd
first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean
to come to London? 45

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a
candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs,
we'll call up the gentlemen. They will along
with company, for they have great charge. 50

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand,
quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no
more from picking of purses than giving direc-
tion doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot
how. 55

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It
holds current that I told you yesternight:
there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath
brought three hundred marks with him in
gold. I heard him tell it to one of his com-
pany last night at supper; a kind of auditor;
one that hath abundance of charge too, God
knows what. They are up already, and call for
eggs and butter. They will away presently. 60

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint
Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it. I pray thee, keep
that for the hangman; for I know thou wor-
shipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of
falsehood may. 65

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hang-
man? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of
gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs
with me, and thou know'st he is no starve-
ling. Tut! there are other Troians that thou
dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are
content to do the profession some grace, [70
that would, if matters should be look'd into,
for their own credit sake, make all whole. I
am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-
staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mus-
tachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with no-
bility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great
oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will
strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner [75
than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and
yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually
to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather,
not pray to her, but prey on her, for they
ride up and down on her and make her their
boots. 80

Cham. What, the commonwealth thy boots?
Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd
her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we
have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisi-
ble. 85

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are

more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. ¹⁰⁷

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. ¹⁰⁸

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The highway, near Gadshill.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter! I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet. [*They step back.*]

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Withdraws.*]

Fal. I am accus'd to rob in that thief's company. The rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down. Lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Hang thyself in thine own heir-appar-

ent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for the An I have not ballads made on you all as sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and shot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL [*BARDOLPH, and PETO* ¹⁰⁹ *him.*]

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. [*Coming forward.*] O, 't is our news! I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your rumps. There's money of the King's coming down the hill; 't is going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 't is going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk home. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Falstaff? *Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt's grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the poet.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [*Aside.*] Ned, where are our disguises.

Poins. [*Aside.*] Here, hard by. [*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be the dole, say I. Every man to his business.

Enter the TRAVELLERS.

[*1.*] Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill. We'll wait a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them! Cut the lains' throats! Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Live with them! Fleece them!

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye done? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your ears were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye know young men must live. You are grandjacks, are ye? We'll jure ye, faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them.*]

Exeunt.

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS [*in disguise*].

Prince. The thieves have bound the men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be as

sent for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no quity stirring. There's no more valour in that oins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

These thieves are all scatt'ered and possess'd with fear

strongly that they dare not meet each other; which takes his fellow for an officer.

Way, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

and lords the lean earth as he walks along. Here't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the [fat] rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. [Warkworth Castle.]

Enter HOTSPEUR, solus, reading a letter.

Hot. "But, for mine own part, my lord, I would be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves [his] house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;" — why, it's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, of this nettle, danger, we pluck this [for] war, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? Say unto you again, you are a shallow, [and] hardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain has he! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as it was laid; our friends true and constant: good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. [Is] that a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were [ruled] by this rascal, I could brain him with his [own] fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, [and] myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not [also] the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them forward already? What a papian rascal [is] this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in [the] sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to King and lay open all our proceedings. O,

I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim-milk with so [much] honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been a banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-ey'd musing and curst melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden heat. O, what portents

are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

[Enter SERVANT.]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? Roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight. O *Esperance!*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

E. Schuyff

About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise; but if you go, —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away.

Away, you trifter! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammetts and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? What would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*]

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hog'sheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. [5] Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king [10] of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me), and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. [15] They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude,

I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour; that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-sinker, one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time, till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny daws to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*]

Enter drawer [FRANCIS].

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, direct thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 't was a pennyworth was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jacket crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, pearl-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?
Poins. [Within.] Francis!
Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.
Exit Francis. My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] *Poins!*

Poins. [Within.] Anon, anon, sir.

Re-enter POINS.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But mark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the game?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

[Re-enter FRANCIS.]

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [Exit.]

Prince. That ever this fellow should have ever words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou kill'd to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a fine ride, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll say Percy, and that dam'd brawn shall play James Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the binkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF [GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine].

Poins. Welcome, Jack! Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll wether stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[He drinketh.]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a

dish of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but rogery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten her-ring. There lives not three good men unhung'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinketh.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw — ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen —

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every

man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven flesh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbond the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murd'ered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an

I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reason were as plenty as blackberries, I would give a man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish! O for breath to utter what's like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck, —

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then do it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: —

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on him and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall pay you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-fac'd you from the prize, and have it, yea, and can show it to you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. Was a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thus hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, couldst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the back of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the matter. Hostess, clap to the doors! Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, bunches of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou loved me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleness of the court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to his mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer? ³³⁶

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs, by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie! ³³⁸

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd? ³³⁹

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. ³⁴⁰

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with pear-grass to make them bleed, and then to be-dubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this even year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices. ³⁴⁴

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *ex-empore*. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it? ³⁵⁰

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

[*Pointing to his own face.*]

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses. ³⁵⁵

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? ³⁶¹

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the raist; I could have crept into any alderman's hump-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad. Here was Sir John *Bracy* from your father; you must to the court a the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amazon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him? ³⁷²

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs ' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying. ³⁸⁰

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run. ³⁸⁴

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to raise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct. ³⁸⁶

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Murdoch, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. ³⁸⁸

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds. ³⁹⁰

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? Thou being *hair-apparent*, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it? ⁴⁰⁷

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer. ⁴¹³

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. ⁴¹⁷

Prince. Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! ⁴²⁰

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have *weep'd* for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambryses' vein. ⁴²⁶

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain. ⁴³¹

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. ⁴³⁵

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art *accompanied*; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a ⁴⁵⁰

question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth [448] defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears; not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. [451]

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, [455] his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lowly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known [470] by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month? [475]

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do then stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare. [481]

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap. [485]

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith. [490]

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen [495] parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? [500] Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? [505]

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan. [510]

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him

than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. [515]

Prince. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard. *Enter Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff. [520]

Re-enter the HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon fiddliestick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. [525]

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will dost the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a pign on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another. [530]

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but the first is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [Exit.] [535]

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

Enter SHERIFF and the CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A ha! cry Hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here, For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

2. Bicker

nd, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
 hat I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
 and him to answer thee or any man
 or anything he shall be charg'd withal.
 nd so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentle-

men
 ave in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
Prince. It may be so. If he have robb'd
 these men,

e shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two
 o'clock. [*Exeunt [Sheriff and Carrier].*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as
 aul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the
 ras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath.
 arch his pockets. (*He searcheth his pockets,*
nd findeth certain papers.) What hast thou
 und?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let 's see what they be. Read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*]

em, A capon 2s. 2d.

em, Sauce 4d.

em, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.

em, Anchovies and sack after supper 2s. 6d.

em, Bread ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-
 uth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!
 hat there is else, keep close; we'll read it at
 ore advantage. There let him sleep till day.

'll to the court in the morning. We must all to
 e wars, and thy place shall be honourable.

'll *peasure* this fat rogue a charge of foot;
 ad I know his death will be a march of twelve-

ore. The money shall be paid back again
 ith advantage. Be with me betimes in the
 urning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*]

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
 GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties
 sure,

and our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
 'll you sit down?

ad uncle Worcester, — a plague upon it! *s*
 ave forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

it, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,

or by that name as oft as Lancaster

oth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and
 with

rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
 between Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him. At my nativity
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 Of burning cressets; and at my birth
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth
 Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same
 season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd,
 though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was
 born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
 If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the
 earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the hea-
 vens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement
 striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
 Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
 In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the
 herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better
 Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make
 him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for
 them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
 command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
 devil

By telling truth. "Tell truth and shame the
 devil."

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
 hither,

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
 hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the
 devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofit-
 able chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of
Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How escapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn;

Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords;

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,

For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd
up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly.

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see
it doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much

As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench

him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;

And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do

it.
Glend. I'll not have it alt' red.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand
speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord,
you;

For I was train'd up in the English
Where, being but young, I framed

Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament

A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers
I had rather hear a braven canker

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree
And that would set my teeth nothing

Nothing so much as minding poetry.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent

land
Hot. I do not care. I'll give thrice

land
To any well-deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? Shall we
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may

by night.
I'll haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your
hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you
father!

Hot. I cannot choose. Sometime he
me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven

A couching lion and a ramping cat
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what
He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys. I cried "hum,"

"well, go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as

As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far
Than feed on oates and have him talk to

In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman

Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin

He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural

When you come 'cross his humour. Fie
does.

I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have

Do not taste of danger and reproof.
 Not use it oft, let me entreat you.
 In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
 lame;

See your coming hither have done enough
 him quite besides his patience.
 Just needs learn, lord, to amend this
 fault.

sometimes it show greatness, courage,
 blood,—

That's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 sometimes it doth present harsh rage,
 of manners, want of government,
 haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;

Kindness of which haunting a nobleman
 men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
 the beauty of all parts besides,
 making them of commendation.

Well, I am school'd. Good manners be
 your speed!

Come our wives, and let us take our leave.
 Enter GLENDOWER with the ladies.

This is the deadly spite that angers
 me;

I can speak no English, I no Welsh.
 My daughter weeps; she will not part
 with you.

Be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
 Good father, tell her that she and my
 aunt Percy

Follow in your conduct speedily.
 [Glendower speaks to her in Welsh,
 and she answers him in the same.

ad. She is desperate here; a peevish self-
 harlotry, one that no persuasion can do
 upon. [The lady speaks in Welsh.

ad. I understand thy looks. That pretty
 Welsh

h thou pourest down from these swelling
 heavens

too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 eh a parley should I answer thee.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.
 Glendower and thy kisses and thou mine,

that's a feeling disputation.
 I will never be a truant, love,

[Have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
 as Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 a ravishing division, to her lute.

ad. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
 mad. [The lady speaks again in Welsh.

ad. O, I am ignorance itself in this!
 ad. She bids you on the wanton rushes

lay you down
 I rest your gentle head upon her lap,

she will sing the song that pleaseth you
 on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,

smiling your blood with pleasing heaviness,
 king such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

is the difference 'twixt day and night
 a hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

finds his golden progress in the east.
 Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her

sing.
 That time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
 And those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
 And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
 down. Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my
 head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.
 [The music plays.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands
 Welsh;

And 't is no marvel he is so humorous.
 By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but
 musical, for you are altogether governed by
 humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady
 sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,
 howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
 Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.
 Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!
 Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?
 Hot. Peace! she sings.

[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.
 Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
 Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you

swear like a comfit-maker's wife. "Not you, in
 good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as
 God shall mend me," and "as sure as day;"

And givest such saracen surety for thy oaths
 As if thou never walk'st further than Fins-

bury.
 Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good month-filling oath, and leave "in
 sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
 To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.
 Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or
 be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be
 drawn, I'll away within these two hours;
 and so, come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are
 as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
 By this our book is drawn. We'll but seal,

And then to horse immediately.
 Mort. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. [London. The palace.]

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
 Wales and I

Must have some private conference; but be
 near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.
 [Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for
me;

But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmon-
gers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wand'ring and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is suppli'd,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wond'ring at;
That men would tell their children, "This is
he;"

Others would say, "Where, which is Boling-
broke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wond'ring at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bawling wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,

Had his great name profan'd with their scorn
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at glibbing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets.
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof
little

More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and rend'ring such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorge'd and
full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight.
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee
more;

Which now doth that I would not have it do
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-great
lord,

Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard the
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh.
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm.
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws.
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once.
Enlarged him and made a friend of him.
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, North-
berland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

hy, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 high art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 use inclination, and the start of spleen, 126
 to fight against me under Percy's pay,
 to dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
 to show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find
 it so:

and God forgive them that so much have
 sway'd 120

our Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 and in the closing of some glorious day
 be bold to tell you that I am your son;
 when I will wear a garment all of blood 125
 and stain my favour in a bloody mask,
 which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
 with it.

and that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 but this same child of honour and renown,
 his gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 130
 and your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 or every honour sitting on his helm,
 would they were multitudes, and on my head
 y shames redoubled! For the time will come,
 but I shall make this northern youth ex-
 change 135

in glorious deeds for my indignities.
 my is but my factor, good my lord,
 to dress up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 and I will call him to so strict account 140
 that he shall render every glory up,
 as, even the slightest worship of his time,
 or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 his, in the name of God, I promise here;
 he which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
 do beseech your Majesty may save 145
 his long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
 not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 and I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 to break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
 thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust
 herein. 151

Enter BLUNT.

now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of
 speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
 speak of.

and Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
 that Douglas and the English rebels met 155
 on the eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
 mighty and a fearful head they are,
 promises be kept on every hand,
 never off red foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
 to-day. 170

with him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
 by this advertisement is five days old.

on Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set for-
 ward;

on Thursday we ourselves will march. Our
 meeting

Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march 175
 through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business; let's away.
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. 180
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *[Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head
 Tavern.]*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
 since this last action? Do I not hate? Do I not
 dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like
 an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like
 an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that
 suddenly, while I am in some liking. I shall [s
 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have
 no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten
 what the inside of a church is made of, I am a
 peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a
 church! Company, villanous company, hath [10
 been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you can-
 not live long. 14

Fal. Why, there is it. Come sing me a bawdy
 song; make me merry. I was as virtuously
 given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous
 enough, swore little, did not above seven
 times a week, went to a bawdy-house not above
 once in a quarter — of an hour, paid money that
 I borrowed three or four times, lived well [21
 and in good compass; and now I live out of all
 order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
 you must needs be out of all compass, out of all
 reasonable compass, Sir John. 25

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll
 amend my life. Thou art our admiral; thou
 bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the
 nose of thee. Thou art the Knight of the Burn-
 ing Lamp. 30

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no
 harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use
 of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or
 a *memento mori*; I never see thy face but I
 think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in [35
 purple; for there he is in his robes, burning,
 burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue,
 I would swear by thy face; my oath should be,
 "By this fire, that's God's angel;" but thou
 art altogether given over, and wert indeed, [40
 but for the light in thy face, the son of utter
 darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the
 night to catch my horse, if I did not think
 thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of
 wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, [45
 thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting
 bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand
 marks in links and torches, walking with thee
 in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but
 the sack that thou hast drunk me would [50
 have bought me lights as good cheap at the
 dearest chandler's in Europe. I have main-
 tain'd that salamander of yours with fire any
 time this two and thirty years; God reward
 me for it! 55

Bard. 'Shlood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, [as servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who? I? No; I defy thee. God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me [as money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? Alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? Look upon his face; what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let [as them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup. 'Shlood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE [and PETO], marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd.

This house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor manhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Marian may be the deputy's wife of the to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? Why, a thing to the God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God as I would thou shouldst know it. I am as bad man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood as thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? Why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh, man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying that or any man knows where to have thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and I slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound. Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 't is copper. Dar'st thou be good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I dare thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God a girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's a room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bond of thine; it is all filled up with guts and malice. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoremonger, impudens emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in

ket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums
bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of
ar-candy to make thee long-winded, if [¹⁴⁰
pocket were enrich'd with any other inju-
but these, I am a villain. And yet you will
ad to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art
u not asham'd? ¹⁴⁴

al. Doest thou hear, Hal? Thou know'st
he state of innocency Adam fell; and what
uld poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of
ainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than
ther man, and therefore more frailty. You
fess then, you pick'd my pocket? ¹⁵⁰

Prince. It appears so by the story.

al. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make
dy breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy
vants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find
tractable to any honest reason; thou seest
m pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. ¹⁵⁶

[*Exit Hostess.*]

ow. Hal, to the news at court. For the rob-
y, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be
d angel to thee. The money is paid back
in. ¹⁶⁰

al. O, I do not like that paying back; 't is
coble labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father
I may do anything. ¹⁶⁴

al. Rob me the exchequer the first thing
u doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge
foot. ¹⁶⁸

al. I would it had been of horse. Where
d I find one that can steal well? O for a fine
cf, of the age of two and twenty or there-
abouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God
thanked for these rebels, they offend none
the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph! ¹⁷²

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of
scaster, to my brother John; this to my
rd of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go,
to, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have
ry miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit*
to.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Tem-
hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. ¹⁷⁶

ere shalt thou know thy charge, and there
receive

my and order for thy furniture.

ew-d is burning; Percy stands on high;
either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

al. Rare words! brave world! Hostess,
my breakfast, come!

I could wish this tavern were my drum! ¹⁸⁰
[*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot! If speaking
truth

this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the
world. ⁵

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord. ¹⁰

Doug. Thou art the king of honour.
No man so potent breathe upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Enter a MESSENGER with letters.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well, —
What letters hast thou there? — I can but
thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! Why comes he not
himself? ¹⁵

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is griev-
ously sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be
sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bears his mind, not I, my
lord. ²⁰

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his
bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set
forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been
whole ²⁵

Ere he by sickness had been visited.

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness
doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'T is catching hither, even to our camp. ³⁰

He writes me here, that inward sickness —
And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own. ³⁵

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction we should on

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possess'd ⁴⁰
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.
And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it. Were it
good ⁴⁵

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope, ⁵⁰
The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in.

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.
For well you know we of the off'ring side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,

If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think. There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm. What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horse-ship.

Hot. No more, no more! Worse than a sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let it come!

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste a horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse.
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a side.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along.
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a bad sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole host reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be.
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily.
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of breath
Of death or death's hand for this one day.

SCENE II. [A public road near Coventry.]

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry
fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers do
march through; we'll to Sutton Cop-hill
night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour
and if it make twenty, take them all.
answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant
meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers
am a sous'd gurnet. I have misus'd the King's
press damnably. I have got, in exchange of
hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred
odd pounds. I press me none but good
householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me
contracted bachelors, such as had been
twice on the banne; such a commodity of
slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a
such as fear the report of a caliver worse
than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-doe.
press'd me none but such toasts-and-buds
with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pin

ids; and they have bought out their ser-
 es; and now my whole charge consists of [s
 nients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of
 apnies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the
 ned cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked
 sores; and such as, indeed, were never sol-
 rs, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger
 s to younger brothers, revolted tapsters [s
 l ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm
 rld and a long peace, ten times more dishon-
 able ragged than an old fear'd ancient:
 l such have I, to fill up the rooms of them
 have bought out their services, that you [s
 old think that I had a hundred and fifty tat-
 'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping,
 m eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met
 on the way and told me I had unloaded all
 gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No [s
 hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march
 ough Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay,
 l the villains march wide betwixt the legs,
 if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the
 st of them out of prison. There's but a [s
 rt and a half in all my company; and the
 lf shirt is two napkins tack'd together and
 own over the shoulders like an herald's coat
 thout sleeves; and the shirt, to say the
 ith, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's,
 the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. [s
 at that's all one; they'll find linen enough
 every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now,
 ilt! 64

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what
 devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good
 rd of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy! I
 ought your honour had already been at
 ewsbury. 65

West. Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time
 at I were there, and you too; but my powers
 e there already. The King, I can tell you,
 s for us all. We must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant
 at cat to steal cream. 66

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for
 y theft hath already made thee butter. But
 ll me, Jack, whose fellows are these that
 me after? 67

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toes; food
 r powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit
 well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mor-
 l men. 68

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are
 eeding poor and bare, too beggarly. 69

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not
 ere they had that; and for their bareness, I
 ure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call
 ee fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah,
 ke haste. Percy is already in the field. 71

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay
 too long.

Fal. Well,
 To the latter end of a fray and the beginning
 of a feast
 Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt. 72

SCENE III. [The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.]

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
 VERNON.*

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for
 supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-
 night. 73

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well.
 You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas. By my
 life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,
 If well-respected honour bid me on, 74
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day
 lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yes, or to-night.

Ver. Content. 75

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
 much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,
 That you foresee not what impediments
 Drag back our expedition. Certain horse
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up. 76
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy 77

In general, journey-bated and brought low.

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth
 ours.

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
 [The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the
 King, 78

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and
 would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those
 some

Envy your great deservings and good name, 79

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should
 stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein mislaid by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind; and well we know
the King

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March,

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd in Wales;
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Diagrav'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong
wrong,

And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [Exit

SCENE IV. [York. The Archbishop's palace.]

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and Sir MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear the sealed brief
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,

I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir
Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence
thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Murdoch, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a band
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the King
hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivalls and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear.

nd, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
 if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
 smiss his power he means to visit us,
 he hath heard of our confederacy,
 ad 't is but wisdom to make strong against
 him.

herefore make haste. I must go write again
 other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V

ENE I. *[The King's camp near Shrewsbury.]*

fter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD
 JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
 and FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 above yon busky hill! The day looks pale
 at his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
 ith play the trumpet to his purposes,
 ad by his hollow whistling in the leaves
 retells a tempest and a blust'ring day.
 King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
 if nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[The trumpet sounds.]

Enter WORCESTER *[and VERNON].*

ow now, my Lord of Worcester! 't is not well
 at you and I should meet upon such terms
 now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
 ad made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 to crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
 is is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 hat say you to it? Will you again unknit
 the churchish knot of all-aborred war?
 ad move in that obedient orb again
 here you did give a fair and natural light,
 ad be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 prodigy of fear and a portent
 broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.

if mine own part, I could be well content
 to entertain the lag-end of my life
 with quiet hours; for I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.
 King. You have not sought it! How comes
 it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found
 it.

Prince. Peace, chawet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your
 looks

in favour from myself and all our house;
 ad yet I must remember you, my lord,
 we were the first and dearest of your friends.
 if you my staff of office did I break
 Richard's time; and posted day and night
 to meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 when yet you were in place and in account
 nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 if was myself, my brother, and his son,
 that brought you home and boldly did outdare
 the dangers of the time. You swore to us,
 ad you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
 that you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;

Nor claim no further than your new-fallen
 right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
 To this we swore our aid. But in short space
 It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent King,
 What with the injuries of a wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the King
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 That all in England did repute him dead; ✓
 And from this swarm of fair advantages
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general away into your hand;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And being fed by us you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 That even our love durst not come near your
 sight

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight and raise this present head;
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articu-
 late,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation.

And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impart his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a
 soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
 world

In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
 This present enterprise set off his head,
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
 More daring or more bold, is now alive
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame, ✓
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so I hear he doth account me too;
 Yet this before my father's majesty:
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part ; 105
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do. But if he will not yield, 110
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply.
 We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester [and Vernon].*]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together 115
 Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,

For, on their answer, will we set on them ;
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just ! 120

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle
 and bestride me, so ; 't is a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 't were bed-time, Hal, and all
 well. 125

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'T is not due yet ; I would be loath to
 pay him before his day. What need I be so
 forward with him that calls not on me ?
 Well, 't is no matter ; honour pricks me on. 130
 Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I
 come on ? How then ? Can honour set to a leg ?
 No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief
 of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in sur-
 gery, then ? No. What is honour ? A word. 135
 What is in that word honour ? What is that
 honour ? Air ; a trim reckoning ! Who hath
 it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel
 it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. 'T is insensible,
 then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live 140
 with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will
 not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour
 is a mere scutcheon : and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*The rebel camp.*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
 Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
 It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The King should keep his word in loving us. 1
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults.
 Supposition all our lives shall be stuck full of
 eyes ;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. 11

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot ;
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood.
 And an adopted name of privilege.
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
 All his offences live upon my head
 And on his father's. We did train him on.
 And, his corruption being taken from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know.
 In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will ; I'll say 't is.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR [and DOUGLAS].

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.

Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The King will bid you battle pre-
 sently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmore-
 land.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. 15

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the
 King.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievance
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus.
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have
 thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth.
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did be-
 it ;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth
 before the King,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our
 heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to-
 day

But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me.
 How show'd his tasking ? Seem'd it in our
 tempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly.
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

He gave you all the duties of a man,

Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue.

Spoke your deserving like a chameleon. 20

Making you ever better than his praise.

By still disparaging praise valued with you.

And, which became him like a prince indeed.

He made a blushing cital of himself.

And chid his truant youth with such a grace

As if he mast'rd there a double spirit

Of teaching and of learning instantly.

There did he pause ; but let me tell the world
 If he outlive the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope,
so much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
in his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night
will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers,
friends,

Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another MESSENGER.

[2.] *Mess.* My lord, prepare; the King comes
on apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my
tale.

For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*They embrace [and exeunt].*]

[SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*]

*The trumpets sound. The King enters with his
power and passes over. Alarum to the battle.*
*Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER
BLUNT.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
thus

Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day
hath bought

Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
don thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breath-
less lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? No. I know this face
full well.

A gallant knight he was, his name was
Blunt;

Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. Ah! "fool" go with thy soul, whither
it goes!

A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his
coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at Lon-
don, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring
but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir
Walter Blunt. There's honour for you! Here's
no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need
no more weight than mine own bowels. I
have led my ragamuffins where they are pep-
per'd. There's not three of my hundred and
fifty left alive; and they are for the town's
end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stands thou idle here? Lend
me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I prithee,
lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to
breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such
deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have
paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill
thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be
alive, thou gets not my sword; but take my
pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's
that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds
it to be a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally
now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*
Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.
If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if
I come in his willingly, let him make a car-

bonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit. 65]

SCENE [IV. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE [wounded], LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your Majesty, make up, lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland, 15 Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exit Prince John and Westmoreland.]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy lends mettle to us all! [Exit. 25]

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads. 25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them. What art thou?

That counterfeits at the person of a king?

King. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30

And not the very King. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field;

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeits; 35

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.

But mine I am sure thou art, whose'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! The spirits 40

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee. Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[They fight: Douglas slain.]

Cheerly, my lord, how fares your Grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I heark'ned for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,

Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your arm.

King. Make up to Clifton. I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit. 45]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mowmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I am

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think as

Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere:

Nor can one England brook a double reign.

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make a greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight. 50]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, we shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead [and exit Douglas].

Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust, and food for — *[Dies.]*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-wear'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, a kingdom for it was too small a bound; but now two paces of the vilest earth is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead

bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, should not make so dear a show of zeal; but let my favours hide thy mangled face; and, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself for doing these fair rites of tenderness. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven! Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, but not rememb'ring in thy epitaph!

[He spitieth Falstaff on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spar'd a better man.

I should have a heavy miss of thee, if I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day, though many dearer, in this bloody fray. Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;

I'll then in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit.]*

Fal. (Rising up.) Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Shblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better art I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too and die? By my faith, I am afraid he would do the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah *[stabbing him]*, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes up Hotspur on his back.]

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?

Is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight? Prithce, speak; we will not trust our eyes without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy *[throwing the body down]*. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back. For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead. *[Exeunt (Prince of Wales and Lancaster).]*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. *[Exit.]*

SCENE [V. Another part of the field.]

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else Had been alive this hour, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

Other offenders we will pause upon. *[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded.]*

How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you 25

This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valours shown upon our crests to-day
Have taught us how to cherish such high
deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries. 31

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy.

Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the proud Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales.

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his way.

Meeting the cheek of such another day;

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. *[Exit]*

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

KING HENRY IV.

HENRY, PRINCE [OF WALES], afterwards crowned King Henry V.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, } sons to Henry

[PRINCE] HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, } IV and brethren to Henry V.

THOMAS [DUKE] OF CLARENCE, } opposites against

[EARL OF] NORTHUMBERLAND, } King Henry IV.

[SCROOP], archbishop of York, } opposites against

[LORD] MOWERAT, } King Henry IV.

[LORD] HASTINGS, } opposites against

LORD BARDOLPH, } King Henry IV.

TRAYERS, retainers of North- } of the King's Party.

MORTON, } of the King's Party.

[SIR JOHN] COLVILLE, } of the King's Party.

[EARL OF] WARWICK, } of the King's Party.

[EARL OF] WESTMORELAND, } of the King's Party.

[EARL OF] SURREY, } of the King's Party.

GOWER, } of the King's Party.

HARCOURT, } of the King's Party.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, } of the King's Party.

[SIR JOHN] FALSTAFF,

HIS PAGE,

POINS,

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL,

PEWO,

SHALLOW,

SILENCE,

DAVEY, servant to Shallow.

FANG and SNARE, two Sergeants.

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEZBLE,

BULLCALF,

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

QUICKLY, hostess [of a tavern in Eastcheap].

DOLL TREASURET.

Irregular Humourists.

both country Justices.

country soldiers.

[Lords and attendants; Porter] Drawers, Beadles, Grooms [Servants, etc. A Dancer as] Epilogue.

[SCENE: England.]

INDUCTION

[Warkworth. Before the castle.]

— Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth.

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;

And who but Rumour, who but only I,

Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence.

Whiles the big year, swollen with some other

grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.

And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.

And of so easy and so plain a stop

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads

The still-discordant wav'ring multitude

Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize

Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

run before King Harry's victory,
 ho in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
 ath beaten down young Hotspur and his
 troops, 25
 quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 ven with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
 o speak so true at first? My office is
 o noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
 nder the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30
 nd that the King before the Douglas' rage
 oop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 his have I rumour'd through the peasant
 towns
 etween that royal field of Shrewsbury
 nd this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone, 35
 here Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 ies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
 nd not a man of them brings other news
 han they have learn'd of me. From Ru-
 mour's tongues
 hey bring smooth comforts false, worse than
 true wrongs. [Exit. 40]

ACT I

SCENE [I. *The same.*]

Enter LORD BARDOLPH at one door.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

[*The PORTER opens the gate.*]

Where is the Earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the Earl
 hat the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
 orchard.

'lease it your honour, knock but at the gate, s
 and he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the Earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every
 minute now

ould be the father of some stratagem.
 he times are wild; contention, like a horse
 all of high feeding, madly hath broke loose 10
 and bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble Earl,
 bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
 he King is almost wounded to the death;
 and, in the fortune of my lord your son, 15
 prince Harry slain outright; and both the
 Blunts

ill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince
 John
 and Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
 and Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk Sir
 John,

s prisoner to your son. O, such a day, 20
 a fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 ame not till now to dignify the times,
 ince Caesar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
 Saw you the field? Came you from Shrews-
 bury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
 came from thence, 25
 A gentleman well bred and of good name,
 That freely rend' red me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, who
 I sent
 On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
 way; 30
 And he is furnish'd with no certainties
 More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
 comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me
 back
 With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard 35
 A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
 horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury. 40
 He told me that rebellion had had luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade 45
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again.
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
 Of Hotspur Coldspur? That rebellion 50
 Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode
 by Travers 55
 Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
 He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
 news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
 leaf, 60
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
 So looks the strand whereon the imperious
 flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
 Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
 bury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask 65
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy
 cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burnt;

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it. 75
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus
and thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Doug-
las;

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother
yet;

But, for my lord your son, —

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not
know 85

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak,
Morton;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
said; 91

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye.
Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or
sin 95

To speak a truth. If he be slain, [say so;]
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Rememb'ring tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to be-
lieve 105

That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
From whence with life he never more sprung
up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd; 115
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety.
Fly from the field. Then was that noble
Worcester 125

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
King,

Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at fall.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
well.

And as the wretch, whose fever-weakness
joins,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weak'ned with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly
quoff!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The raggedst hour that time and spite dare
bring

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's
hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end.
And darkness be the burier of the dead!
[*Tra.*] This strained passion doth you wrong.
my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give
o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
[You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said,

"Let us make head." It was your presumption.
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop.

ou knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, 170
 ore likely to fall in than to get o'er;
 on were advis'd his flesh was capable
 f wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
 ould lift him where most trade of danger
 rang'd; 174

et did you say, "Go forth!" and none of this,
 ough strongly apprehended, could restrain
 he stiff-borne action. What hath then be-
 fallen,

r what hath this bold enterprise brought
 forth,

ore than that being which was like to be?"

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this
 loss 180

new that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
 hat if we wrought out life 't was ten to one;
 nd yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 bok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;

nd since we are o'erset, venture again, 185
 me, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time; and, my most
 noble lord,

hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
 he gentle Archbishop of York is up

ith well-appointed powers. He is a man 190
 ho with a double surety binds his followers.

y lord your son had only but the corpse,
 st shadows and the shows of men, to fight;

r that same word, rebellion, did divide
 he action of their bodies from their souls; 195

ad they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 s men drink potions, that their weapons only

sm'd on our side; but, for their spirits and
 souls,

his word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 s fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop 200

was insurrection to religion.

ppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 e's follow'd both with body and with mind;

ad doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 f fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret

stones; 205

rives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
 slls them he doth bestride a bleeding land,

eping for life under great Bolingbroke;
 ad more and less do flock to follow him.]

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
 truth, 210

his present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 in with me; and counsel every man

be aptest way for safety and revenge.
 st poets and letters, and make friends with

speed, —
 ver so few, and never yet more need. 215

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II. London. A street.]

Mr FALSTAFF, with his PAGE bearing his
 sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
 my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
 d healthy water; but, for the party that
 d it, he might have moe diseases than he
 ew for. 0

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at
 me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay,
 man, is not able to invent anything that intends
 to laughter, more than I invent or is invented
 on me. I am not only witty in myself, but 10
 the cause that wit is in other men. I do here
 walk before thee like a sow that hath over-
 whelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince
 put thee into my service for any other reason
 than to set me off, why then I have no judge- 15
 ment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art
 fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my
 heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till
 now; but I will inset you neither in gold nor
 silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back 20
 again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal,
 the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet
 fleg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the
 palm of my hand than he shall get one off his
 cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his 25
 face is a face royal. God may finish it when he
 will, 't is not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it
 still at a face royal, for a barber shall never
 earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crow-
 ing as if he had writ man ever since his 30
 father was a bachelor. He may keep his own
 grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure
 him. What said Master Dommeldon about the
 satin for my short cloak and my slops? 34

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him
 better assurance than Bardolph. He would not
 take his band and yours. He lik'd not the
 security. 38

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton!
 Pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson
 Achitophel! a rascally yea-for-sooth knave!
 to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand
 upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do
 now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches
 of keys at their girdles; and if a man is
 through with them in honest taking up, then 45
 they must stand upon security. I had as lief
 they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer
 to stop it with security. I look'd 'a should have
 sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am
 a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, 50
 he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn
 of abundance, and yet the lightness of his wife
 shines through it; and yet cannot he see,
 though he have his own lantern to light him.
 Where's Bardolph? 54

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
 worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy
 me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me
 but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd,
 and wiv'd. 61

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that
 committed the Prince for striking him about
 Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him. 65

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the
 robbery? 69

Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter; hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by [100] advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time in you; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

[*Fal.*] Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the penitence of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there was matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles himself in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means is very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mislead the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mislead me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and a bawdy dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it well. Wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as smelt a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tabernacle. If I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord. Your ill angel is high, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respect, I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers, that times that true Valour is turned bear-herd; Pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick waste in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls.

that are in the vaward of our youth, I must
 fees, are wags too. 300

Th. Just. Do you set down your name in the
 of youth, that are written down old with
 the characters of age? Have you not a
 ist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white
 rd, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly?
 not your voice broken, your wind short, [305
 r chin double, your wit single, and every
 t about you blasted with antiquity? And
 you yet call yourself young? *Fie, fie, fie,*
John! 300

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the
 ck in the afternoon, with a white head and
 ething a round belly. For my voice, I have
 t it with hallooing and singing of anthems.
 approve my youth further, I will not. The
 th is, I am only old in judgement and un- [315
 standing; and he that will caper with me
 a thousand marks, let him lend me the
 sey, and have at him! For the box of the
 that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a
 le prince, and you took it like a sensible
 d. I have check'd him for it, and the young
 a repents; marry, not in ashes and sack-
 th, but in new silk and old sack. 325

Th. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better
 companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince!
 I cannot rid my hands of him. 325

Th. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you
 d Prince Harry]. I hear you are going with
 rd John of Lancaster against the Archbishop
 of the Earl of Northumberland. 330

Fal. Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for
 But look you pray, all you that kiss my
 ly Peace at home, that our armies join not in
 set day; for, by the Lord, I take but two
 rts out with me, and I mean not to sweat
 rordinarily. If it be a hot day, and [335
 brandish anything but a bottle, I would I
 ght never spit white again. There is not a
 agerous action can peep out his head but I
 thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever;
 it was always yet the trick of our English [340
 ion, if they have a good thing, to make it
 common. If ye will needs say I am an old
 n, you should give me rest. I would to God
 name were not so terrible to the enemy as
 s. I were better to be eaten to death with a
 t than to be scoured to nothing with per-
 tual motion. 347

Th. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and
 d bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand
 ad to furnish me forth?

Th. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are
 impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well!
 mment me to my cousin Westmoreland. 355

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man
 ale. A man can no more separate age and
 ousness than 'a can part young limbs and
 hery; but the gout galls the one, and the
 t pinches the other, and so both the degrees
 vent my curses. Boy! 360

Page. Sir?

• *Fal.* What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence. 365

Fal. I can get no remedy against this con-
 sumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers
 and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.
 Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster;
 this to the Prince; this to the Earl of West-
 moreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula,
 whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I
 perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin. [370
 About it. You know where to find me. [*Exit*
Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this
 pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue
 with my great toe. 'T is no matter if I do halt;
 I have the wars for my colour, and my pension
 shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit
 will make use of anything. I will turn dis-
 eases to commodity. [*Exit.* 375

SCENE [III. York. The Archbishop's palace.]

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP, the Lords HASTINGS,
 MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and
 known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
 Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.

And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our
 arms; 5

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance our-
 selves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the
 file 10

To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
 And our supplies live largely in the hope
 Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
 With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hast-
 ings, standeth thus: 15

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
 May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point!

But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgement is, we should not step too far 20

[Till we had his assistance by the hand;

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids uncertain should not be admitted].

Arch. 'T is very true, Lord Bardolph; for
 indeed 25

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd him-
 self with hope,

Eating the air, and promise of supply,

Flatt'ring himself in project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;

And so, with great imagination 31

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,

And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did
 hurt

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. 35

L. Bard. [Yes, if this present quality of war
Needed the instant action. A cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds, which to prove
fruit

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair 40
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability, 45
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great
work,

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey 50
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else] 55

We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men;
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half
through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of
fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation, 65
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What, is the King but five and
twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much,
Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads: one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us. So is the uniform King
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. 75

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
To French and Welsh he leaves his back un-
arm'd,

They baying him at the heels. Never fear
that. 80

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmore-
land;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth;

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

[*Arch.* Let us on, 85
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be
And being now trimm'd in thine own desire
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgrace
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard:
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave.
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly body
When through proud London he came a-sighing
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke.
Cris't now, "O earth, yield us that king again
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men
curs'd!

Past and to come seems best; things present
worst.]

Moult. Shall we go draw our numbers
on?

Hast. We are Time's subjects, and Time's
bids be gone. [Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [London. A street.]

*Enter HOSTESS, FANG [and his Boy with her
and SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you ent'red the
station?

Fang. It is ent'red.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a hat
yeoman? Will 'a stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Fal-
staff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us
lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him. He
stabbd me in mine own house, [and that
beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what
chief he does, if his weapon be out. He
foin like any devil; he will spare neither
woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither. I'll be at your
bow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an 'a come
within my vice, —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant
you, he's an infinitive thing upon my word.
Good Master Fang, hold him sure. Good Mas-

are, let him not scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to [30] ster Smooth's the silk-man. I pray you, ce my exion is ent'red and my case so openly own to the world, let him be brought in to answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a lone woman to bear; and I have borne, [35] borne, and borne, and have been fubb'd and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this to that day, that it is a shame to be thought There is no honesty in such dealing; un- a woman should be made an ass and a [40] wt, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he as; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, rdolph, with him. Do your offices, do your ces, Master Fang and Master Snare; do do me, do me your offices. 45

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? What's matter?

Fal. [Sir John,] I arrest you at the suit of dress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph; cut off the villain's head. Throw the quean in channel. 50

lost. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw e in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? a bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, a honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's eers and the King's? Ah, thou honey-seed as! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, a woman-queller. 55

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Ang. A rescue! a rescue!

lost. Good people, bring a rescue or two. as wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, thou rogue! do, thou hempsed! 60

Ang. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! fastidularian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and his men.

J. Just. What is the matter? Keep the e here, ho!

lost. Good my lord, be good to me. I bes- th you, stand to me. 70

J. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

h this become your place, your time and business?

h should have been well on your way to York. ad from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou upon him? 75

lost. O my most worshipful lord, an 't me your Grace, I am a poor widow of East- up, and he is arrested at my suit.

J. Just. For what sum? 80

lost. It is more than for some, my lord; it or all I have. He hath eaten me out of e and home; he hath put all my substance that fat belly of his; but I will have some out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like mare. 85

al. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if ve any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? 90

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whesoon week, [95] when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, [100] the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green [105] wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it, if thou canst. 115

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them. 118

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, [125] can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord. 125

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her. The one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance. 130

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty rememb'red, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs. 140

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. 145

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?
Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 't were not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift. You'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King to-night?

Gow. At [Basingstoke], my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster.

Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*London. Another street.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.
Poins. Is't come to that? I had the weariness durst not have attach'd one's high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me, though it does ours the complexion of my greatness to knowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be loosely studied as to remember one's own position.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was princely got, for, by my troth, I do remember the poor creature, small beer. Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a debt is it to me to remember thy name! I know thy face to-morrow! or to take so many pair of silk stockings thou hast these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to hear the inventory of thy skin one for superfluity, and another for use. But that the tennis-court-keeper knoweth more than I; for it is a low ebb of linen when thou keepest not racket there; and hast not done a great while, because the low countries have [made a shift to] up thy holland. And God knows, whether that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives of children are not in the fault; whereof world increases, and kindreds are made strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly of me; how many good young princes would have their fathers being so sick as yours at this is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing. *Poins.* Yes, faith; and let it be as good good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of you thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not what I should be sad, now my father is sick; I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases a fault of a better, to call my friend, I was sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff's duracy and persistency. Let the end be the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds in that my father is so sick; and keeping vile company as thou art hath in reason from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most prodigious hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought

thou art a blessed fellow to think as every thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Any man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful ghost to think so?

Ans. Why, because you have been so lewd so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Ans. By this light, I am well spoke on; I hear it with mine own ears. The worst they can say of me is that I am a second her and that I am a proper fellow of my life; and those two things, I confess, I cannot. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff, had him from me Christian; and look, if that villain have not transform'd him apace. God save your Grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Ans. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are become! Is't such a matter to get a lepot's maidenhead?

Page. 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through d lattice, and I could discern no part of his from the window. At last I spied his eyes, methought he had made two holes in ale-wife's [new] petticoat and so peep'd

ugh.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Lord. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit,

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream,

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation. There 't is, boy.

Ans. O, that this [good] blossom could be from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to serve thee.

Lord. An you do not make him hang'd on you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Lord. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town. There's a letter for

Ans. Deliver'd with good respect. And doth the martlemas, your master?

Lord. In bodily health, sir.

Ans. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him. Though it be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar to me as my dog, and he holds his place, look you how he writes.

Ans. [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight," — my man must know that, as oft as he has reason to name himself; even like those that

kin to the King, for they never prick their

finger but they say, "There's some of the King's blood spilt." "How comes that?" [134] says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, "I am the King's poor cousin, sir."

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:

"Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

"I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity."

Poins. He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.

[*Prince.*] "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell."

"Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK

FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe."

Poins. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned?

Ans. Must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow

himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen? ¹⁰⁸

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. ¹⁰⁹

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transmutation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. ¹⁰⁶

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Warkworth. Before the castle.]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs; Put not you on the visage of the times And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, ¹⁰

When you were more endear'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home? ¹⁵ There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it! For his, it stuck upon him as the sun In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light Did all the chivalry of England move ²⁰ To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. [He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant; For those that could speak low and tardily Would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him; so that in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight, ³⁰ In military rules, humours of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book, That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave, Second to none, unseconded by you, To look upon the hideous god of war ³⁵ In disadvantage; to abide a field Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible; so you left him. Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong To hold your honour more precise and nice ⁴⁰ With others than with him! Let them alone.

The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong. Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.]

North. Beahrew your beauty Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits free me

With new lamenting ancient oversights. But I must go and meet with danger there. Or it will seek me in another place And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland! Till that the nobles and the armed commons Have of your puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel. To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son: He was so suff'ring; so came I a widow; And never shall have length of life enough To rain upon remembrance with mine eye. That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. Till with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height. That makes a still stand, running neither way. Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop. But many thousand reasons hold me back. I will resolve for Scotland. There am I. Till time and vantage crave my company.

SCENE IV. [London. The Boar's-Head in Eastcheap.]

Enter two DRAWERS.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-johns? Thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2. *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The first time I once set a dish of apple-johns before him, he told him there were five more Sir Johns. He putting off his hat, said, "I will now take leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It ang'ered him to the heart; he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set it down; and see if thou canst find out some noise. Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear music. Dispatch! The room where they are is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince Master Poins anon; and they will put on of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John will not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the mass, here will be added in an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out some more.

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TOLLEW.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks we are in an excellent good temperality.

ledge beats as extraordinarily as heart would
sire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as
l as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i'
th, you have drunk too much canaries; and
it's a marvellous searching wine, and it
rums the blood ere one can say, 'What's
s?' How do you now? 33

Dol. Better than I was. Hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's
rth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John. 35

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [Singing.] "When Arthur first in
st"—Empty the jordan. [Exit 1. Drawer.]
Singing.] "And was a worthy king." How
r, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith. 40
Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a
n, they are sick.

Dol. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal, is
t all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll. 45

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and diseases
ce them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony,
help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch
ou, Doll, we catch of you. Grant that, my
virtue, grant that. 51

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and ouches.
to serve bravely is to come halting off, you

r; to come off the breach with his pike
bravely, and to surgery bravely; to ven-
upon the charg'd chambers bravely, — 57

Fal. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
self!

Dol. By my troth, this is the old fashion;
two never meet but you fall to some dis-

You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic
o dry toasts; you cannot one bear with [35
er's confirmities. What the good-year!

Just bear, and that must be you; you are
weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier
L 60

L Can a weak empty vessel bear such a
full hogshead? There's a whole mer-
's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him;
have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in
sold. Come, I'll be friends with thee,

Thou art going to the wars; and whether
I ever see thee again or no, there is nobody
75

Re-enter [FIRST] DRAWER.

Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and
speak with you.

. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him
come hither. It is the foul-mouth'd st
in England. 79

t. If he swagger, let him not come here;
my faith. I must live among my neigh-
; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name

me with the very best. Shut the door;
comes no swaggerers here. I have not

this while, to have swaggering now.
door, I pray you. 85

Do thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John.
There comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient. 88

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me;
and your ancient swaggerer comes not in my
doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy,
t' other day; and, as he said to me, 't was no
longer ago than Wednesday last, "I' good faith,
neighbour Quickly," says he; Master Dumble,
our minister, was by then; "neighbour [38
Quickly," says he, "receive those that are
civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name."
Now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; "for,"
says he, "you are an honest woman, and well
thought on; therefore take heed what guests [100
you receive. Receive," says he, "no swagger-
ing companions." There comes none here. You
would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll
no swaggerers. 104

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame
cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently
as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with
a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any
show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. 106

[Exit 1. Drawer.]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no
honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do
not love swaggering, by my troth. I am the
worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters,
how I shake; look you, I warrant you. 114

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 't
were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Pist. God save you, Sir John! 119

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol,
I charge you with a cup of sack; do you dis-
charge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John,
with two bullets. 124

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly
offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bul-
lets. I'll drink no more than will do me good,
for no man's pleasure, I. 128

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will
charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy com-
panion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheat-
ing, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue,
away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy. 135

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy
bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife
in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy
cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal!
you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when,
I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on
your shoulder? Much! 145

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder
your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you
go off here. Discharge yourself of our com-
pany, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here,
sweet captain. 150

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you alive, for what? For tearing ¹⁴⁸ a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! Hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy"; ¹⁵⁰ which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd; therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll. ¹⁵²

Pist. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. I'll be reveng'd of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damn'd lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fautors! Have we not Hiren here? ¹⁷²

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 't is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day, ¹⁷⁸
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals
And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with

King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words. ¹⁸⁵

Bard. Be gone, good ancient. This will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. [Die] men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here? ¹⁹⁰

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give 's some sack. ¹⁹⁴

"*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.*"
Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. ^[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet. ¹⁹⁹

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him downstairs! Know we not Galloway nags? ²⁰⁵

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 's do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downstairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue? ^[Snatching up his sword.] ²¹⁰

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my ^{ful days!}

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, ^{wounds}

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atrops ^{say!}

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, ^{draw.}

Fal. Get you downstairs.

^{[Drawing, and driving Pistol}

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll ^{keeping house, afore I'll be in these times} frights. So; murder, I warrant now. ^{alas!} put up your naked weapons, put up ^{naked weapons.}

^[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the ^{cal's gone.} Ah, you whoreson little ^{villain, you!}

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? ^{thought 'a made a shrewd thrust at} belly.

^[Re-enter BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir; the rascal's drunk! I ^{have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.}

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! ^{poor ape, how thou sweat'st!} Come, ^{wipe thy face.} Come on, you whoreson ^{Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee.} ^{Then art} valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of ^{memnon, and ten times better than the} Worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the ^{in a blanket.}

Dol. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart; ^{thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a} sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. ^{knee, Doll.} A rascal bragging slave! ^{fled from me like quicksilver.}

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him ^{church.} Thou whoreson little tidy ^{mew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave} ^{days and foining o' nights, and begin to} up thine old body for heaven?

Enter [behind.] PRINCE HENRY and Poins ^{disguised.}

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak ^{death's-head.} Do not bid me remember ^{end.}

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the ^{of?}

Fal. A good shallow young fellow. 'A ^{have made a good pantler; 'a would ha'} ^{bread well.}

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? Hang him, ^{His wit's as thick as Tewksbury}

re's no more conceit in him than is in a
let. 363

kl. Why does the Prince love him so,
n? 364

ul. Because their legs are both of a big-
i, and he plays at quoits well, and eats con-
and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for
-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the
s, and jumps upon join'd stools, and swears
a good grace, and wears his boots very
oth, like unto the sign of The Leg, and [re-
eds no bate with telling of discreet stories;
such other gambol faculties 'a has, that
w a weak mind and an able body, for the
ch the Prince admits him. For the Prince
self is such another; the weight of a hair
turn the scales between their avoirdu- 377

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have
ears cut off? 378

oins. Let 's beat him before his whore. 379

Prince. Look, wh'er the wither'd elder
not his poll claw'd like a parrot. 382

oins. Is it not strange that desire should so
y years outlive performance? 383

ul. Kiss me, Doll. 384

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in con-
tion! What says the almanac to that? 387

oins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,
man, be not lisping to his master's old
as, his note-book, his counsel-keeper. 388

ul. Thou dost give me flattering busses. 389

d. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most
tant heart. 392

ul. I am old, I am old. 393

d. I love thee better than I love e'er a
y young boy of them all. 396

ul. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I
receive money o' Thursday. Shalt have a
to-morrow. A merry song, come! It grows
; we'll to bed. Thou't forget me when
gone. 399

ul. By my troth, thou't set me a-weeping,
ou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress my-
handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at
ad. 400

ul. Some sack, Francis. 402

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. 403

uas. } [Coming forward.] 404

d. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? And
at thou Poinc his brother? 405

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents,
; a life dost thou lead! 410

ul. A better than thou. I am a gentleman;
art a drawer. 411

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw
ut by the ears. 414

st. O, the Lord preserve thy Grace! By
oth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord
that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you
from Wales? 415

ul. Thou whorson mad compound of maj-
by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou
welcome. 421

ul. How, you fat fool! I scorn you. 422

uas. My lord, he will drive you out of your 423

revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you
take not the heat. 325

Prince. You whorson candle-mine, you,
how vilely did you speak of me even now be-
fore this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman! 326

Host. God's blessing of your good heart!
and so she is, by my troth. 330

Fal. Didst thou hear me? 331

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did
when you ran away by Gadshill. You knew I
was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try
my patience. 335

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou
wast within hearing. 336

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the
wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle
you. 340

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no
abuse. 340

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pant-
ler and bread-chipper and I know not what? 341

Fal. No abuse, Hal. 342

Poins. No abuse? 344

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest
Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked,
that the wicked might not fall in love with
him; in which doing, I have done the part of a
careful friend and a true subject, and thy father
is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;
none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none. 351

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and en-
tire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this
virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she
of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the
wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or
honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose,
of the wicked? 357

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer. 358

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph
irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-
kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-
worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about
him; but the devil blinds him too. 363

Prince. For the women? 364

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already,
and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her
money; and whether she be damn'd for that,
I know not. 365

Host. No, I warrant you. 366

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou
art quit for that. Marry, there is another in-
dictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be
eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for
the which I think thou wilt howl. 374

Host. All victuallers do so. What's a joint of
mutton or two in a whole Lent? 374

Prince. You, gentlewoman, — 375

Dol. What says your Grace? 376

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh re-
bels against. [Peto knocks at door.] 380

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look
to the door there, Francis. 381

Enter PETO. 382

Prince. Peto, how now! what news? 383

Peto. The King your father is at Westmin-
ster; 384

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

[*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*]

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff (and Bardolph).*]

Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honestest and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come. (*She comes blubbered.*) Yea, will you come, Doll?

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Westminster. The palace.*]

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky crib,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee.

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to the slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

A watch-case or a common 'laram-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them

With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,

And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then happy low, down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty.

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you also, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it,

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd

With good advice and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be sooth'd

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times,
Make mountains level, and the continent

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chance

mocks,
And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress

through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,

Would shut the book, and sit him down to die.

'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since

This Percy was the man nearest my oval.

'ho like a brother toil'd in my affairs
ad laid his love and life under my foot;
ea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
ave him defiance. But which of you was
by—

ou, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

[*To Warwick.*]
hen Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
hen check'd and rated by Northumberland,
id speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
y cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
ough then, God knows, I had no such intent,
at that necessity so bow'd the state
at I and greatness were compell'd to kiss;—
The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,

all break into corruption:" so went on,
retelling this same time's condition
id the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
paring the nature of the times deceiv'd;
a which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
ith a near aim, of the main chance of things
yet not come to life, who in their seeds
d weak beginnings lie intresured.

ch things become the hatch and brood of
time;

d by the necessary form of this
ag Richard might create a perfect guess
at great Northumberland, then false to him,
uld of that seed grow to a greater false-
ness;

hich should not find a ground to root upon,
less on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
an let us meet them like necessities.

d that same word even now cries out on us.
ey say the Bishop and Northumberland
as fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord.
mour doth double, like the voice and echo,
e numbers of the feared. Please it your
Grace

go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
e powers that you already have sent forth
all bring this prize in very easily.

comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
ertain instance that Glendower is dead.
ar Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
d these unseason'd hours perforce must
add

to your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel:
d were these inward wars once out of hand,
would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. [*Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shal-
low's house.*]

SHALLOW and SILENCE [*meeting*];
LOUPLY, SHADOW, WART, FREEBLE, BULL-
ALF [*a Servant or two with them*].

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An

early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine,
my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blackousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and no, sir, I dare say my
cousin William is become a good scholar. He is
at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court
shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I
think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd anything;
and I would have done anything indeed too,
and roundly too. There was I, and little John
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a
Cots'ol' man. You had not four such swinge-
bucklers in all the Inns o' Court again; and I
may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas were and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. Cousin, this Sir John that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I
see him break Skogan's head at the court-
gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high; and
the very same day did I fight with one Samp-
son Stookfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn.
Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent!
And to see how many of my old acquaintance
are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very
sure. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain
to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bul-
locks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! 'A drew a good
bow; and dead! 'A shot a fine shoot. John o'
Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money
on his head. Dead! 'a would have clapp'd i'
the clout at twelve score; and carried you a
forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a
half, that it would have done a man's heart
good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be, a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's
men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice
Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor es-
quire of this county, and one of the King's jus-

tices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*. Very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes [as good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? A good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have

prick'd me; there are other men fitter to out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside know you where you are? For the other, Sir John, let me see. Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to under; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough thy father's shadow. So the son of the father is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed, but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him, for we have a number of shadows to up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel built upon his back and the whole frame set upon pins. Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; I can do it; I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

[Fal.] What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! Well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor. Well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain. — *Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, such I caught with ringing in the King's hairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a w. We will have away thy cold; and I will be such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir. And so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I am not tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we were all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, [good] Master Shallow a more of that!]

Shal. Ha! 't was a merry night. And is the Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the art. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot loose but be old; certain she's old; and had she been Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! A, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was "Hem, boys!" Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesu, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt [Falstaff and the Justices].*]

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand by my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my [old] dame's sake, stand my friend. She has obdied to do anything about her when I am sure; and she is old, and cannot help herself. God shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die at once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear base mind. An't be my destiny, so; an't be so. No man's too good to serve a prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; th' art a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the JUSTICES.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. [Aside to Fal.] Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf! for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is. 'A shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow; give me this man. He presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to; very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab. Hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, — there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in. "Rah, tah, tah," would 'a say; "bounce" would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, would you would [Master Shallow].

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you!

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turn-bull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. 'A was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible. 'A was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. 'A came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin. The case of a treble hantboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Yorkshire.] Within the Forest of Gaultree.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS [and others].

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an' t' shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus: Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayer That your attempts may overlive the hazard And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile In goodly form comes on the enemy; And, by the ground they hide, I judge the number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we give them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts here?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from a general,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland's peace,

What doth concern your coming.

West. [Then, my lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and seditious routs

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with

And countenanc'd by boys and beggars,

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath

touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath

tutor'd,

Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears

grace,

Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?

Turning your books to graves, your ink

blood,

Your pens to lances and your tongue divins

To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question

stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,

[And with our surfeiting and wanton hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,

And we must bleed for it; of which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.

int, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 take not on me here as a physician, 60
 for do I as an enemy to peace
 broop in the throngs of military men;
 but rather show awhile like fearful war
 to diet rank minds sick of happiness,
 and purge the obstructions which begin to
 stop 65

our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 that wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
 we suffer,
 and find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth 70
 run,

and are enforc'd from our most quiet there
 by the rough torrent of occasion;
 and have the summary of all our griefs,
 when time shall serve, to show in articles;
 which long ere this we offer'd to the King, 75
 and might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our
 griefs,

we are deny'd access unto his person
 even by those men that most have done us
 wrong.]

the dangers of the days but newly gone, 80
 whose memory is written on the earth
 with yet appearing blood, and the examples
 of every minute's instance, present now,
 hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
 not to break peace or any branch of it, 85
 but to establish here a peace indeed,
 concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal de-
 nied?

wherein have you been galled by the King? 90
 that peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
 but you should seal this lawless bloody book
 of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine
 and consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the common-
 wealth,
 a brother born an household cruelty. 95
 make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
 that feel the bruises of the days before, 100
 and suffer the condition of these times
 to lay a heavy and unequal hand
 upon our honours?

West. [O, my good Lord Mowbray,
 construe the times to their necessities,
 and you shall say indeed, it is the time, 105
 and not the King, that doth you injuries.

et for your part, it not appears to me
 either from the King or in the present time
 that you should have an inch of any ground
 to build a grief on. Were you not restor'd 110
 to all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
 our noble and right well-rememb'ed father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
 lost,
 that need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 the King that lov'd him, as the state stood
 then, 115

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him;
 And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers 120
 down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
 steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have
 stay'd 125

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, 124
 O, when the King did throw his warder down —
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw, —
 Then threw he down himself and all their lives
 That by indictment and by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
 know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman.
 Who knows on whom Fortune would then have
 smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; 135
 For all the country in a general voice
 Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and
 love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
 And bless'd and grac'd and did, more than the
 King, —]

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
 Here come I from our princely general 141
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his
 Grace

That he will give you audience; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them, everything set off 145
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this
 offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear. 150
 For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms, 155
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
 Then reason will our hearts should be as good.
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no
 parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
 offence. 160

A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commis-
 sion,

In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon? 165

West. That is intended in the general's name.
 I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,
 this schedule,
 For this contains our general grievances.

Each several article herein redress'd, 178
All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin'd, 179
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet ;
And either end in peace, which God so frame !
Or to the place of difference call the swords 181
Which must decide it. [*Exit West.*]

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that. If we can make our peace 183

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause, 186
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
Shall to the King taste of this action ;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff 186

And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this : the King is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances ;
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 190

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance ; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land 195
As his misdoubts present occasion.

His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,

He doth unfasten so and shake a friend ;
So that this land, like an offensive wife 200
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,

As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods 205

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement ;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'T is very true ;
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal, 210

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The Prince is here at hand. Please your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace. My lord, we come. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II. Another part of the forest.]

Enter [from one side, *MOWBRAY*, attended afterwards the *ARCHBISHOP*, *HASTINGS*, and others : from the other side,] *PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER* [and *WESTMORELAND* ; Officers and others with them].

Lan. You are well encount'ed here, my cousin *Mowbray*.

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop ;
And so to you, Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum.
Turning the word to sword and life to death,
That man that sits within a monarch's name,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King.
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, Lord

Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God
To us the speaker in His parliament ;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself ;

The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities, of Heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place.
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name.
In deeds dishonourable ? You have ta'en up
Under the counterfeit zeal of God,
The subjects of His substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of Heaven and him

Have here upwarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace ;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland.

The time misord'ed doth, in common sense
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form.
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep

With grant of our most just and right desires ;

And true obedience, of this madness cur'd.
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt.
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much
too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them
directly

low far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them
well,

and swear here, by the honour of my blood, as
ly father's purposes have been mistook,
and some about him have too lavishly
rested his meaning and authority.
ly lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd;

pon my soul, they shall. If this may please
you,

to charge your powers unto their several coun-
ties,

as we will ours; and here between the armies
let's drink together friendly and embrace,
hat all their eyes may bear those tokens
home

four restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my
word;

and thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

[*Hast.*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
his news of peace. Let them have pay, and
part.

know it will well please them. Hie thee, cap-
tain.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmore-
land.

West. I pledge your Grace; and, if you
knew what pains

have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
you would drink freely. But my love to ye

will show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mow-
bray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season;

as I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever
merry;

as heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sud-
den sorrow

presses to say thus, some good thing comes to-
morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule
be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

Lan. The word of peace is rend'red. Hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

And, good my lord, so please you, let your
trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men

[*Exit [Westmoreland].*]
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march
by.

[*Exit [Hastings].*]

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night
together.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;
And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord

Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honour-
able?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd these none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion [and such acts as yours].

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt'rd stray.

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,

Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Another part of the forest.]

*Alarums. Excursion. Enter FALSTAFF and
COLVILLE [meeting].*

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what con-
dition are you, and of what place, [I pray]?

Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is
Colville of the Dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale. Colville shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colville of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whose'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply [as] the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, [BLUNT] and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the [as] very extremest inch of possibility; I have found red ninescore and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame."

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colville kissing my foot; to the which course if I be enforce'd, if you do not all show like gilt [as] twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colville?

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are. That led me hither. Had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colville with his confederates To York, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt* [Blunt and others] and Colville.]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear the King my father is sore sick. Our news shall go before us to his Majesty.

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort us. And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go.

Through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court,

Stand my good lord, [pray,] in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt* [all but Falstaff].]

Fal. I would you had [but] the wit I have better than your dukedom. Good faith, the same young sober-blooded boy doth not know me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but to that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to my proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation. In it ascends me into the brain; drive us there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, facetious and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd out with the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inward to the parts extremes. It illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and

ben the vital commoners and inland petty
pirits muster me all to their captain, the heart,
who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, [150
oth any deed of courage; and this valour comes
fisherries. So that skill in the weapon is no-
thing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and
winning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,
ill sack commences it and sets it in act [155
nd use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is
aliant; for the cold blood he did naturally in-
erit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile,
nd bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd
ith excellent endeavour of drinking good [160
nd good store of fertile sherries, that he is be-
come very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand
ms, the first humane principle I would teach
hem should be, to forswear thin potations and
addict themselves to sack. 165

Enter BARDOLPH.

low now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.
Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucester-
shire; and there will I visit Master Robert
hallow, esquire. I have him already temper-
ing between my finger and my thumb, and
wotly will I seal with him. Come away. 168
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE [IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem
Chamber.*]

*Enter the KING, the PRINCES THOMAS OF
CLARENCE and HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
WARWICK [and others].*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give success-
ful end

o this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
e will our youth lead on to higher fields,
nd draw no swords but what are sanctifi'd.
r navy is address'd, our power collected, s
r substitutes in absence well invested,
nd everything lies level to our wish.
aly, we want a little personal strength;
nd pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
me underneath the yoke of government. 170
War. Both which we doubt not but your
Majesty

all soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
here is the Prince your brother?

Glow. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glow. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clare-
nce, with him?

Glow. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

War. chauce thou art not with the Prince thy
brother? 180

Clar. loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
Thomas.

War. hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayest effect
Of mediation, after I am dead, 185
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd; 190

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day. 195

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;

But, being moody, give him time and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 200

Confound themselves with working. Learn

this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

That the united vessel of their blood, 205

Mingled with venom of suggestion,

As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As acconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and
love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with
him, Thomas? 210

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in

London.

King. And how accompanied? [Canst thou

tell that?]

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual

followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to

weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth, 215

Is overspread with them; therefore my grief

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do

shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days

And rotten times that you shall look upon 220

When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

When means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affections fly 225

Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond

him quite.

The Prince but studies his companions

Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the

language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word 230

Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once at-

tain'd,

Your Highness knows, comes to no further use

But to be known and hated. So, like gross

terms,

The Prince will in the perfectness of time

Cast off his followers; and their memory 235

Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand.

Mowbray, the Bishop *Scroop*, *Hastings* and all
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your Majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bar-
dolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the
rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your Majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know,
these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air. He'll straight
be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine
it in

So thin that life looks through [and will break
out].

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature.
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them
over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, so it
between;

And the old folk, time's doting chancellors,
Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

Wor. Speak lower, Princes, for the King
recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certainly be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear
hence

Into some other chamber. [Softly, pray.]
[*Exeunt. The King is borne out.*]

[SCENE V. Another chamber.]

*The KING lying on a bed: CLARENCE,
GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others in at-
tendance.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Wor. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes
much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and
none abroad!

How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover
without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords. Speak
low;

The King, your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along
with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by
the King. [*Exeunt all but the Prince.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow.
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! Sleep with it once

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow with homely biggess bound

Snore out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day.

That scald'st with safety. By his gawds
breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not.
Nid he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my
father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
hall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
ly due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. [*Puts on the crown.*] Lo,
where it sits,
Which God shall guard; and put the world's
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
His lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [*Exit.*]
King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE
[and the rest].

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? [How
fares your Grace?] 50

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here,
my liege.

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he?
Let me see him.

He is not here. 55

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glow. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? Who took it
from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left
it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go,
seek him out. 60

He so hasty that he doth suppose
I sleep my death?

And him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him
hither. [*Exit Warwick.*]

His part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things
you are! 65

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
And thus the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
brains with care, 70

And their bones with industry;
And thus they have engrossed and pil'd up
The cank'ring heaps of strange-achieved gold;
And thus they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
And, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets, 75
And their thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,

And bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murd'ring for our pains. This bitter taste
Aids his engrossments to the ending father. 80

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the
next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That Tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his
knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me,
Harry. 80

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt [Warwick and the rest].*]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak
again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair 85
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100
That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few
hours

Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not, 105
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an
hour? 110

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head; 115
Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity! 120

Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum!

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
dance, 125

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more.

England shall double gild his treble guilt,
 England shall give him office, honour, might; 150
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy
 riots, 125

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
 tears, 125

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more 145
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,

[*Kneels.*]

Which my most inward, true, and duteous
 spirit

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
 God witness with me, when I here came in, 150
 And found no course of breath within your
 Majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed! 155
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
 I spake unto this crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee de-
 pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable;
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
 nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
 liege, 165

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it, as with an enemy
 That had before my face murder'd my father,
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head 175
 And make me as the poorest vassal is
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. [O my son,
 God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's
 love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways 185
 I met this crown; and I myself know well

How troublesome it sat upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet.
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with bootless
 hand,

And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-
 shed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold facts
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was
 chas'd,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
 could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
 green;

And all [my] friends, which thou must make
 thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly set
 out;

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
 And by whose power I well might lodge again
 To be again displac'd; which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them bold
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels, that action, hence born
 out,

May waste the memory of the former day.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace
 live!

Prince. [My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be,
 Which I with more than with a common peer
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully main-
 tain.

*Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER and WAR-
 WICK.*

King. Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to our
 royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 son John;

But health, alas, with youthful wings
 flown

From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy
 sight

My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick

King. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life
must end. 220
I hath been prophesied to me many years,
should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
And that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exit.] 221

ACT V

SCENE I. [Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.]

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not
way to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be
excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there
no excuse shall serve; you shall not be ex-
cus'd. Why, Davy!

[Enter DAVY.]

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,
harry; let me see, Davy; let me see. Yea,
Harry, William cook, bid him come hither.
If John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts can-
not be serv'd; and, again, sir, shall we sow the
cudweed with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for Wil-
am cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's
ote for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you
all not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket
just needs be had; and, sir, do you mean to
pay any of William's wages, about the sack he
carries [the other day] at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons,
Harry, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of
utton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,
all William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night,
sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy; I will use him well. A
friend i' the court is better than a penny in
use. Use his men well, Davy; for they are
ratt knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten,
sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy busi-
ness, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance
William Visor of Woncot against Clement
Crakes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy,
against that Visor. That Visor is an arrant
rascal, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a
rascal, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a
rascal should have some countenance at his

friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to
speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have
serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight
years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quar-
ter bear out a knave against an honest man, I
have [but a very] little credit with your wor-
ship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir;
therefore, I beseech you, let him be counte-
nanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong.
Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are
you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with
your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bar-
dolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with [all] my heart, kind
Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow
[to the Page]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert
Shallow. [Exit Shallow.] Bardolph, look to
our horses. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] If
I were saw'd into quantities, I should make
four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as
Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see
the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and
his. They, by observing [of] him, do bear them-
selves like foolish justices; he, by conversing
with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serv-
ing-man. Their spirits are so married in con-
junction with the participation of society that
they flock together in consent, like so many
wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow,
I would humour his men with the imputa-
tion of being near their master; if to his men,
I would curry with Master Shallow that no man
could better command his servants. It is cer-
tain that either wise bearing or ignorant car-
riage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
another; therefore let men take heed of their
company. I will devise matter enough out of
this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual
laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which
is four terms, or two actions, and 'a shall
laugh without intervallums. O, it is much
that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a
sad brow will do with a fellow that never had
the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him
laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid
up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come,
Master Shallow. [Exit.]

SCENE II. [Westminster. The palace.]

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
[meeting].

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice!
Whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all
ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me
with him.

The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves
you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm
myself

To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER
[*WESTMORELAND, and others*].

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry:

O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be over-
turn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good
morrow.

Glou. { Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath
made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be
heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend
indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; would't were otherwise!

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John
Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the King my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH [attended].

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your
Majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment,
majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.

Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your
cares.

Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I,
But Harry lives, that shall convert these tears

By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your
Majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me, and yet
most.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd
rightly,

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No?

How might a prince of my great hopes have
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to
prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this
easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;

The image of his power lay then in me;

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth.

Your Highness pleased to forget my place.

The majesty and power of law and justice.

The image of the King whom I presented.

And struck me in my very seat of judgment:

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland.

To have a son set your decrees at naught!

To pluck down justice from your awful bench!

To trip the course of law and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your per-
son?

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body!

Question your royal thoughts, make the
yours:

Be now the father and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted!

Behold yourself so by a son disinherited;

And then imagine me taking your part

And in your power soft silencing your son.

After this cold consideration, sentence me:

And, as you are a king, speak in your state

What I have done that misbecame my place.

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you were
this well,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son

What would deliver up his greatness so
into the hands of justice." You did commit
me;

Or which, I do commit into your hand
the unstained sword that you have us'd to
bear;

With this remembrance, that you use the
same 115

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
as you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth,
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
To your well-practis'd wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave,
Or in his tomb lie my affections;

And with his spirit sadly I survive, 125
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raise out
of men opinion, who hath writ me down
for my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Which proudly flow'd in vanity till now: 130
It doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

We call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
But the great body of our state may go 135
Of equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

But war, or peace, or both at once, may be
Things acquainted and familiar to us;
Which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

At coronation done, we will accite, 140
I before rememb'ring, all our state;
And God consigning to my good intents,
My prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
That shorten Harry's happy life one day! 145

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY,
BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where,
In labour, we will eat a last year's pippin of
our own grafting, with a dish of caraways,
And so forth, — come, cousin Silence, — and
to bed. 5

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
selling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
Gars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread,
ry; spread, Davy. Well said, Davy. 10

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he
our serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
d varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have
naked too much sack at supper. A good var-
let. 15

Now sit down, now sit down. Come,
sit.

Shal. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
sing.]

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year.
When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20

And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily."

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon. 25

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine,
Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon;
most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master
page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat,
we'll have in drink; but you must bear. The
heart's all. [*Exit.*] 30

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my
little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Be merry, be merry, my
wife has all;

For women are shrews, both short and
tall.

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry." 35

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been
a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who? I? I have been merry twice and
once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for
you. [*To Bardolph.*] 40

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you
straight. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*] "A cup of wine that's brisk
and fine,

And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a." 45

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in
the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master
Silence. 50

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Fill the cup, and let it
come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou
want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew
thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to*
the Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink
to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros
about London. 55

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I
die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —
Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart to-
gether, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot. 60

Shal. By God's liggers, I thank thee. The
knaves will stick by thee, I can assure thee
that. 'A will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir. 65
[*One knocks at door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack no-
thing; be merry! Look who's at door there.
Ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right. 70
[*To Silence, seeing him take off a*
bumper.]

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Do me right,
And dub me knight:
S'amingo."

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

[*Re-enter DAVY.*]

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff i' thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Singing.*] "And Robin Hood, Scarlet,
and John."

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? Speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou

wilt in the land, 't is thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, — be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward — get on thy back. We'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, use more to me; and withal devise something to thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lap also!

"Where is the life that late I led?" say they.
Why here it is; welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. [*London. A street.*]

Enter BEADLES, [dragging in] HUNTSQUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have the hang'd. Thou hast drawn my shoulder on a joint.

1. Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-deer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on! I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visc'rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain!

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to some body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb may carry.

1. Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat against you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man is a censor, I will have you as soundly swung as this, — you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy fish'd correctioner, if you be not swung. I forswear half-kirtles.

1. Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overrule might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you cal.

1. Bead. Very well.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. [A public place near Westminster Abbey.]

Enter two GROOMS, strewing rushes.

1. Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. Groom. 'T will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. 4

[Exeunt.]

trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass over the stage. After them enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace. He will leer upon him as he comes by; and do it mark the countenance that he will give 5

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. 6

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. If I had had time to have made new livings, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; in poor show doth better; this doth infer the all I had to see him. 15

[Shal.] It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection, —

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion, —

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and to deliberate, not to remember, not to have time to shift me, —

Shal. It is best, certain. 24

[Fal.] But to stand stained with travel, and waiting with desire to see him; thinking of thing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. 29

Pist. 'Tis "semper idem," for "obsque hoc al est." 'T is all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

and make thee rage.

My Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, 35
in base durance and contagious prison;

I'd thither

most mechanical and dirty hand.

Up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake,

Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her. 41

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

trumpets sound. Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Shal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my Hal! 44

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, O royal imp of fame!

Shal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Shal. Just. Have you your wits? Know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart! 50

King. I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. 55

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was; 60

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been, 65

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, as

The tutor and the feeder of my riots;

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, 70

That lack of means enforce you not to evils;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strengths and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of my word. 75

Set on. [Exeunt King etc.]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. 80

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.

Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for

in private to him. Look you, he must seem

thus to the world. Fear not your advancements;

I will be the man yet that shall make you 85

great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out

with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let

me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This

that you heard was but a colour. 91

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in,

Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.

Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I

shall be sent for soon at night. 96

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE [Officers with them].

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord, —

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon. 100

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spera contenta.

[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.]

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for ;

But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.* 115]

EPILOGUE

[*Spoken by a DANCER.*]

First my fear ; then my curtsy ; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my curtsy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me ; for what I have to say is of mine own making ; and what indeed I should say I will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it

known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pay your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this ; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? And yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France ; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night ; and so kneel down before you ; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

In the case of *Henry V* the date of composition can be fixed with more exactness and assurance than usual. The Chorus prefixed to Act v contains in lines 30-34 a clear allusion to the expedition led by the Earl of Essex, who left for Ireland on April 15, 1599, and returned on September 28 of the same year. The nature of the reference is such as to date the passage between these limits.

A quarto edition appeared in 1600, and was reprinted in 1602 and 1608. This is, however, the source of the text of the First Folio, on which the present edition is based. The Quarto is less than half the length of the version in the Folio, and the text is so badly mangled and corrupted that it is to be concluded that it is a pirated edition printed from notes taken at a performance, and perhaps from other sources surreptitiously obtained. The theory that it represents an earlier draft of the play, afterwards elaborated into the form found in the Folio, is refuted by a close comparison of the texts.

The source of the serious plot of this history is, as usual, the *Chronicles* of Holinshed. Shakespeare follows the main thread of the actual events, altering the order only slightly, but compressing the action from six years. The long speeches throughout are, but for a few hints, altogether his, with the exception of the genealogical argument of the Archbishop of Canterbury in i, which follows Holinshed with remarkable closeness. The scenes in which Pistol and his fellows appear have, of course, no original; and the group of subordinate officers, Fluellen, Morris, and Captain Jamy, with Williams and Bates and the glove episode, are all purely Shakespearean. The pardoning of the man who had rallied against the king is a skilful invention to lead up to the unmasking and self-condemnation of the conspirators. Changes in the comparative prominence of details are managed in such a way as to produce the characteristic patriotic temper of the play. Thus, the tennis-ball message and reply are emphasized and elaborated; the happy personal relations existing among the English are brought out in Henry's speeches to the Dauphin, in the description of the deaths of Suffolk and York, in the conversation between the king and the common soldiers, in the splendid eloquence of such speeches as those of Henry before Harfleur and on St. Crispin's Day, all of which are absent from the chronicles; conversely, the vain boasting of the French lords before the battle is created out of a mere fact that they passed the night in merriment and were contemptuous of their opponents. Again, fictional stress is laid by Shakespeare on Henry's piety, his soliloquy and prayer before Agincourt being without historical basis. Yet the main lines of his character are those laid down by earlier writers.

The French lesson of the Princess is original; but the wooing is foreshadowed in the crude play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which had already supplied hints for *Henry IV*. This play also uses the Dauphin's gift of tennis-balls, and contains dialect parts which may have suggested the Welsh, Scottish, and Irish parts here; and a scene in which a Frenchman tries to pass an Englishman for ransom bears a certain resemblance to Pistol's treatment of his French captive. The stealing of the pyx and the fate, though not the character, of Bardolph are historical. The Dauphin was not in fact present at the battle of Agincourt, and in this detail the Quarto follows history more accurately than the Folio. The simile of the bees in Canterbury's speech (i. ii. 187-204) may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, which in turn is based on Pliny.

The style of the sonnet Epilogue suggests some doubts as to its authorship, — a point of some importance in view of the stress laid on it in discussions on *Henry VI*.

With the exception of the doubtful *Henry VIII*, this play was the last to be written of Shakespeare's histories. The crises in English history before the Tudor period which gave good dramatic opportunity were well-nigh exhausted, and the limitations of the form of the chronicle must have been increasingly irksome to Shakespeare's developed artistic sense. *Henry V* is an appropriate close to the series, bringing, as it does, the patriotic fervor underlying them all to its highest expression, and embodying it in the heroic figure of the ideal English king.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY V.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, } officers in King Henry's
GOWER, } army.
FLUELLEN, }
MACMORRIS, }
JAMY, } soldiers in the same.
BATES, }
COURT, }
WILLIAMS, }
PISTOL.
NYM.

BARDOLFE.
BOY.
A Herald.

CHARLES VI, king of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOUTEROS.
The Constable of France.
RAMBUREL, } French Lords.
GRANDPRÉ, }
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, queen of France.
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
HOSTESS of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mowbray's.
Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

CHORUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE : England ; afterwards France.]

PROLOGUE

Enter [CHORUS].

[*Chor.*] O for a Muse of fire, that would
ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, 5
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may 15
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance; 25
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
them

Printing their proud hoofs i' the recesses
earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck
our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er
times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply.
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble passages
pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. *Exit*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*]

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you: that self ball
urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's
reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd.
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist
now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it be
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;

or all the temporal lands, which men devout

testament have given to the Church, ¹⁰
could they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
as much as would maintain, to the King's
honour,

all fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
a thousand and two hundred good esquires;
and, to relief of lazars and weak age, ¹⁵
of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
a hundred almshouses right well suppli'd;
and to the coffers of the King beside,
a thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs
the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention? ²¹

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

He breath no sooner left his father's body, ²⁵
than that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,
seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
consideration like an angel came
and whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
leaving his body as a paradise ³⁰

to envelope and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;
never came reformation in a flood
with such a heady currance, scouring faults;
nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness ³⁵

so soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
and, all-admiring, with an inward wish
you would desire the King were made a pre-
late; ⁴⁰

hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
you would say it hath been all in his study;
let his discourse of war, and you shall hear
fearful battle rend'red you in music; ⁴⁵

turn him to any cause of policy,
he'll Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,

he air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
and the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
to steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; ⁵⁰

that the art and practis'd part of life
must be the mistress to this theoric:

Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean
it,

since his addiction was to courses vain,
his companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow, ⁵⁵

his hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
and never noted in him any study,

his retirement, any sequestration
from open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle, ⁶⁰

and wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;

and so the Prince obscur'd his contempla-
tion

under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty. ⁶⁵

Cant. It must be so; for ~~miracles are caus'd~~,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill ⁷⁰

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty

Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, ⁷⁵

Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet ⁸⁰

Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my
lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages ⁸⁵

Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off? ⁹⁰

Cant. The French ambassador upon that
instant

Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is
come

To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare, ⁹⁵
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear
it. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. The presence chamber.*]

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND [*and*
Attendants].

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Can-
terbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin. We would be
resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight ⁵

That task our thoughts, concerning us and
France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and*
the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred
throne

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed ¹⁰

And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you, in the name of God, take
heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless
drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords

That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

"*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*"
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land;"

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;

Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.

Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;

Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the
Great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clo-

thair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole
male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great
To find his title with some shows of truth.
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt
naught,

Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady
Lorraine,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis
Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience.
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,

Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke
Lorraine;

By the which marriage the line of Charles
Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,

King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female
So do the kings of France unto this day.

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female

And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked title

Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience
make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread
eign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious be
Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody tale

Look back into your mighty ancestors!
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand-

tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his val-

spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the
Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a tragical
Making defeat on the full power of France

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain

With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by.

All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these
dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their tale
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne

The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my three-penn-

liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ere. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth

do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
as did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause
and means and might;

o hath your Highness. Never King of England
had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England

and lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear
liege,

with blood and sword and fire to win your
right;

aid whereof we of the spirituality
will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
as never did the clergy at one time
bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade
the French,

but lay down our proportions to defend
against the Scot, who will make road upon us
with all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sov-
ereign,

shall be a wall sufficient to defend
our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,

nor fear the main intendment of the Scot,
who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;

for you shall read that my great-grandfather
ever went with his forces into France

in that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
came pouring, like the tide into a breach,

with ample and brim fullness of his force,

filling the gleaned land with hot assays,
riding with grievous siege castles and towns;

at England, being empty of defence,
with shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;

nor hear her but exempl'd by herself:

as all her chivalry hath been in France,
and she a mourning widow of her nobles,

hath herself not only well defended
but taken and impounded as a stray

the King of Scots; whom she did send to
France

to fill King Edward's fame with prisoner
kings,

and make her chronicle as rich with praise
as the ooze and bottom of the sea
with sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying very old and
true,

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."

For once the eagle England being in prey,
her unguarded nest the weasel Scot

comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
riding the mouse in absence of the cat,

dear and havoc more than she can eat.
Therefore. It follows then the cat must stay at
home;

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;

For government, though high and low and
lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion,

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts,

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home

To the tent-royal of their emperor;

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariwise.

As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one
town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!
Divide your happy England into four,

Whereof take you one quarter into France,

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from
the Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll
sit,

Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-
doms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,

Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear ¹²⁵
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

1. Amb. May't please your Majesty to give
us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ? ¹⁴⁰

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king,

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fett' red in our prisons ;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
ness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1. Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your Highness, lately sending into France, ¹⁴⁵
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our mas-
ter

Says that you savour too much of your
youth, ¹⁵⁰

And bids you be advis'd there's nought in
France

That can be with a nimble galliard won.
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this, ¹⁵⁵

Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?
Exc. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleas-
ant with us.

His present and your pains we thank you
for. ¹⁶⁰

When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set.
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a
wrangler

That all the courts of France will be dis-
turb'd ¹⁶⁵

With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;

And therefore, living hence, did give our-
self ¹⁷⁰

To barbarous license ; as't is ever common
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness

When I do rouse me in my throne of France. ¹⁷⁵
For that I have laid by my majesty

And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on
us. ¹⁸⁰

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
geance

That shall fly with them ; for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear ha-
bands,

Mock mothers from their sons, mock cads
down ;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin
scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God.
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin

His jest will savour but of shallow wit, ¹⁸⁵
When thousands weep more than did laugh at
it. —

Convey them with safe conduct. — Fare ye
well. *[Exit Ambassadors.]*

Exc. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender thank
at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedient.

For we have now no thought in us but France.
Save those to God, that run before our bat-
tles.

Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought
upon

That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before.

We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought.

That this fair action may on foot be brought
[Exit]

[ACT II]

[PROLOGUE.]

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

[Chor.] Now all the youth of England are
fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's
thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse.

Following the mirror of all Christian kings.
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point

With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets.
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,

Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness.
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightest thou do, that honour would
do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found
 out 20

nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 with treacherous crowns; and three corrupted
 men,

as, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the
 second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
 are, for the gilt of France, — O guilt in-
 deed! — 25

confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 and by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 hell and treason hold their promises,
 and he take ship for France, and in South-
 ampton. 30

Engage your patience on, and we'll digest
 the abuse of distance, force a play.

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 the King is set from London; and the scene

now transported, gentles, to Southampton. 35

Here is the playhouse now, there must you sit;
 and thence to France shall we convey you safe,

and bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 to give you gentle pass; for, if we may,

I'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 Till the King come forth, and not till then,
 to Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.]

[SCENE I. London. A street.]

Enter CORPORAL NYM and LIEUTENANT BAR-
 DOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.
 Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you
 ands yet? 4

Nym. For my part, I care not. I say little;
 when time shall serve, there shall be

less; but that shall be as it may. I dare not
 t, but I will wink and hold out mine iron.

as a simple one, but what though? It will
 t cheese, and it will endure cold as another

's sword will; and there's an end. 11

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you
 ands; and we'll be all three sworn brothers

ance. Let it be so, good Corporal Nym. 14

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may.
 's the certain of it; and when I cannot

say longer, I will do as I may. That is my
 that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is mar-
 to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you

ing, for you were troth-plight to her. 21

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they
 Men may sleep, and they may have their

its about them at that time; and some say
 as have edges. It must be as it may.

ugh patience be a tired mare, yet she will
 There must be conclusions. Well, I can-
 ell. 27

Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS.

Bard. Here come Ancient Pistol and his
 Good corporal, be patient here. How
 mine host Pistol! 30

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
 Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. 33

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we
 cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen
 gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of
 their needles, but it will be thought we keep a
 bawdy house straight. [Nym and Pistol draw.]

O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!
 We shall see wilful adultery and murder com-
 mitted. 40

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer
 nothing here.

Nym. Hish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-
 ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour,
 and put up your sword. 45

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you
 solus.

Pist. "Solus," egregious dog! O viper
 vile!

The "solus" in thy most mervailous face; 50

The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
 perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow. 55

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot con-
 jure me. I have an humour to knock you indif-
 ferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol,

I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in
 fair terms. If you would walk off, I would

prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I
 may; and that's the humour of it. 60

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious
 wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is
 near,

Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say. He
 that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
 the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury
 shall abate. 70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give.

Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or
 other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. "Couple a gorge!" 75

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to
 get?

No! to the spital go,
 And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80
 Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse.

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
 For the only she; and — pauca, there's enough. 84

Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
 master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and
 would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face

between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue! ⁹⁰

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt [Hostess and Boy].*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. ¹⁰⁰

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. ¹⁰⁵

[*They draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. ¹⁰⁵

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithce, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won from you at betting? ¹¹¹

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. ¹¹⁵ Is not this just? For I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid. ¹²⁰

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. ¹²⁵

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right.

His heart is fracted and corroborate. ¹³⁰

Nym. The king is a good King; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. ¹³⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Southampton. A council-chamber.]

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Ere. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Eze. Nay, but the man that was his fellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with grace favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. *Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, and GREY.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we sail aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.

Think you not that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France,

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man be his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours.

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeld hearts

toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope.

To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter

Enlarge the man committed yesterday. That rail'd against our person. We compass

It was excess of wine that set him on, And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much second Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet pass too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy if you give him life After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
Of little faults, proceeding on distemper,
shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye

Then capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and
digested,

appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that
man,

bought Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
dear care

and tender preservation of our person,
could have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes.

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.

our Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;

here yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir
knight,

of Northumberland, this same is yours.

And them, and know I know your worthiness.

Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

will aboard to-night. — Why, how now,
gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose
much complexion? — Look ye, how they
change!

Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you
there,

at have so cowarded and chas'd your blood
of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault, I
did do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. { To which we all appeal.

Scroop. {
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but
late,

your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd. So
a must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,

your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

You, my princes and my noble peers,
see English monsters! My Lord of Cam-
bridge here,

I know how apt our love was to accord
furnish him with all appertinents

onging to his honour; and this man
th, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd

I sworn unto the practices of France
kill us here in Hampton; to the which

a knight, no less for bounty bound to us
in Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.

But, O

at shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou
cruel,

ateful, savage, and inhuman creature! So
u that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

t knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
t almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

didst thou have practis'd on me for thy
use, —

it be possible that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons

Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being

fetch'd
From glist'ring semblances of piety.

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do

treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win

A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and

learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble fam-
ily?

Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgement trusting nei-
ther?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot

To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.

Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Eze. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
[Henry] Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath dis-
cover'd,

And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended.

But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death,

The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance

Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt [Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded].*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothened on our way.

Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!
No king of England, if not king of France!

[*Flourish.*]

[SCENE III. *London. Before a tavern.*]

Enter PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, BOY, and HOSTESS.

Host. Prithee honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was

as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, [and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They said he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have been about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, bawdy women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That 's all the riches I got in his vice.

Nym. Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables.
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pry."

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are water cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *Caetano* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms.
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my love.

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, *Caetano* say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kisses her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss; that is the humors of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear. Keep close to the command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *France. The King's palace.*]

Flourish. *Enter* the FRENCH KING, the Dauphin, the DUKES OF BERRI and BRESTE, [the CONSTABLE, and others].

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with their power upon us.

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defence.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Burgundy,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;

For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fears may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; 15
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in
question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France.
And let us do it with no show of fear;
Or, with no more than if we heard that Eng-
land

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance; 25
Or, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
As sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king. 30
Attention your Grace the late ambassadors
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution, 35
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Here but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Overing discretion with a coat of folly,
Whose gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my Lord High Con-
stable;

At though we think it so, it is no matter.
Cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
The proportions of defence are fill'd; 45
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Which, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
Little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet
him.

A kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon
us; 50

And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Thence our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand 55
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
Wales;

Wiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
standing,

In the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
By his heroidal seed, and smil'd to see him,
Engle the work of nature and deface 60

The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England 65

Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain
Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for cow-
ard dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem
to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter EXETER.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your
Majesty: 75

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, longs 80
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may
know

'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim 85
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
days.

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree; 90
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger. 95

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head 105
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my mes-
sage; 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from Eng-
land? 116

Ere. Scorn and defiance. Slight regard,
contempt,

And anything that may not misbecome

The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: an if your father's High-
ness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your
mock 125

In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,

It is against my will; for I desire

Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130

I did present him with the Paris balls.

Ere. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found, 135

Between the promise of his greener days

And these he masters now. Now he weighs
time

Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full. [Flourish. 140]

Ere. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that
our king

Come here himself to question our delay;

For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions.

A night is but small breath and little pause 145
To answer matters of this consequence.

[Ereunt.]

ACT [III]

[PROLOGUE]

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

[Chor.] Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
seen

The well-appointed king at [Hampton] pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning.

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold

A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, fol-
low!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy.
And leave your England, as dead midnight

still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old wo-

men,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow

These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers
France?

Work, work your thoughts, and therein set
siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.

Suppose the ambassador from the French
comes back,

Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her

dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.

[Alarum, and chambers of.]
And down goes all before them. Still be kind

And eke out our performance with your
mind. [Exit.]

[SCENE I. France. Before] Harfleur.

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BED-
FORD, GLOUCESTER, [and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.]*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow ope

whelm it
As fearfully as does a galled rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every

To his full height. On, on, you noblest Eng-
lish,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,

Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheath'd their swords for lack of ar-

ment.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest

That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

See you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!

Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
I cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

[*Exeunt.*] *Alarum, and chambers go off.*

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and BOY.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not ease of lives. The humour of it is too hot; and is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound.

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I.

"If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough."

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould.

ate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

ate thy rage, great Duke!

od bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity,
sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! Your honour is bad humours.

Joy. As young as I am, I have observ'd
three swashers. I am boy to them all

we; but all they three, though they
uld serve me, could not be man to me; for

eed three such antics do not amount to a
n. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and

-fac'd; by the means whereof 'a faces it
, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a

killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*]

Enter GOWER [and FLUELLEN].

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and CAPTAIN JAMY.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? Have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. O, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and as we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all. So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and I'll pay 't as valourously as I may, that sall I snerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Ah! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded].

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. The same.] Before the gates.

[The GOVERNOR and some Citizens on the walls, the English forces below.] Enter KING HENRY and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit; Therefore to our best mercy give yourself. Or like to men proud of destruction Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier. A name that in my thoughts becomes me best. If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lies buried. The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, moving like grass

Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.

What is it then to me, if impious War, Array'd in flames like to the prince of heat Do with his smirch'd complexion all fall like Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil

As send precepts to the leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people. Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command.

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes. Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wife of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end. The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated

Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, kneel, King,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
to you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
and fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
I'll mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
the winter coming on, and sickness growing
upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-morrow in Harfleur will we be your guest;
to-morrow for the march are we address.
[*Flourish.* *[The King and his train*
enter the town.

[SCENE IV. *The French King's palace.*]

Enter KATHARINE and [ALICE] an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu m'as bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.
Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gué deux mots d'Anglois vitelement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je m'en prie bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon en Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. D' elbow.

Kath. D' elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: D' hand, de fingres, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.

Alice. D' elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D' arm. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de chin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, je prononcez les mots aussi droit que les Français d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: hand, de fingres, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; d' elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d' hand, de fingres, de nails, d' arm, d' elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The same.*]

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, [the DUKE OF BOURBON,] the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. An if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France; let us quit all And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions put in wild and savage stock, Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields! Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us, and plainly say Our mettle is bred oft, and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;

Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald?

Speed him hence.

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field !
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France ;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vandemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great
shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste
on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.

Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*]

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN [meeting].

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen ! come you
from the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe ?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous
as Agamemnon ; and a man that I love and
honour with my soul, and my heart, and my
duty, and my live, and my living, and my ut-
termost power. He is not—God be praised
and blessed !—any hurt in the world ; but
keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent
discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant
there at the bridge, I think in my very con-
science he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony ;
and he is a man of no estimation in the world,
but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him ?

Flu. He is called Auchinich Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-
vours.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God ; and I have merited
some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of
heart.

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Auchinich Pistol
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler over
his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind,
and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify
to you, which is the moral of it, that she is
turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and
variation ; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon
a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and
rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most
excellent description of it. Fortune is an excel-
lent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and from
on him ;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must
be,—

A damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free.

And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak ; the Duke will hear
your voice ;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will be
requite.

Flu. Auchinich Pistol, I do partly under-
stand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, auchinich, it is not a thing
to rejoice at ; for if, look you, he were my
brother, I would desire the Duke to let him
good pleasure, and put him to execution : his
discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd ! and *figo* for thy
friendship !

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit
cal. I remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as many
words at the bridge as you shall see in a car-
mer's day. But it is very well ; what he
spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when
time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that
now and then goes to the wars, to grace him-
self at his return into London under the form
of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the
great commanders' names ; and they will hang
you by rote where services were done ; at such
and such a scone, at such a breach, at such
a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot
who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood at,
and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war
which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : and
what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid
rid suit of the camp will do among fools.

bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know men's slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the bridge.

Drum and colours. Enter KING HENRY, [GLOUCESTER,] and his poor Soldiers.

God bless your Majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the bridge. The French is gone off, look you; and here is gallant and most brave passages. Marry, th' adversary was have possession of the bridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the bridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a brave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of the adversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for troubling a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red; but he is now executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French up-raided or abused in disdainful language; for such lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my King: Say thou to every of England: Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have sustained; which in weight to re-answer, his tushness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint number; and for our disgrace, his own per-

son, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy King I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus! This your air of France Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent. Go therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbour

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself. If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'ed, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle, as we are;

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.

So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*]

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. ¹⁰

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; [15] he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. ²⁰

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts. ²⁵

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. ³¹

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the [35] sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their [40] particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature."—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress. ⁴⁵

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress. ⁵⁰

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled. ⁵⁴

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship. ⁵⁹

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair. ⁶⁵

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. "*Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier.*" Thou mak'st use of anything. ⁷⁰

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mis-

tress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour and were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praise who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with us for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight; I'll go arm myself. ^[Exit]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow. He will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows to better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue of him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never as body saw it but his lackey. 'T is a hooded name; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. "Ill will never said well."

Con. I will cap that proverb with "There's flattery in friendship."

Orl. And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

Con. Well plac'd. There stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of the proverb with "A pox of the devil."

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were over shot.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Jon. Who hath measur'd the ground? ¹³⁷

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Jon. A valiant and most expert gentleman, would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do. ¹⁴¹

M. What a wretched and peevish fellow is a King of England, to mope with his fat-in'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Jon. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. ¹⁴⁶

M. That they lack; for if their heads had intellectual armour, they could never wear heavy head-pieces.

Sam. That island of England breeds very iant creatures. Their mastiffs are of un-
 tachable courage. ¹⁵²

M. Foolish curs, that run winking into the
 ut of a Russian bear and have their heads
 sh'd like rotten apples! You may as well
 , that's a valiant flea that dare eat his
 akfast on the lip of a lion. ¹⁵⁷

Jon. Just, just; and the men do sympathize
 h the mastiffs in robustious and rough com-
 on, leaving their wits with their wives; and
 a, give them great meals of beef and iron
 steel, they will eat like wolves and fight
 : devils. ¹⁶²

M. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out
 reef.

Jon. Then shall we find to-morrow they have
 y stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is
 time to arm. Come, shall we about it? ¹⁶⁷

M. It is now two o'clock; but, let me see,
 by ten

shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT [IV]

[PROLOGUE]

[*Enter CHORUS.*]

chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
 en creeping murmur and the poring dark
 : the wide vessel of the universe.

to camp to camp through the foul womb of
 night

hum of either army stilly sounds, ⁵

at the fix'd sentinels almost receive

secret whispers of each other's watch;

answers fire, and through their paly flames

a battle sees the other's umber'd face;

d threatens steed, in high and boastful
 neighs ¹⁰

ring the night's dull ear; and from the
 tents

armourers, accomplishing the knights,

a busy hammers closing rivets up,

a dreadful note of preparation.

country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, ¹⁵

the third hour of drowsy morning name.

id of their numbers and secure in soul,
 confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night ²⁰
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned Eng-
 lish,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, ²⁵
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to ³⁰
 tent,

Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
 men.

Upon his royal face there is no note ³⁵
 How dread an army hath enrouned him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watch'd night,
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; ⁴⁰
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal like the sun

His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all ⁴⁵
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly.
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils, ⁵⁰
 Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries
 be. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*]

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in
 great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out; ⁵
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end. ¹⁰
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. ¹⁵
Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me
 better,

Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their
 present pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eased ;
 And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers

both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
 I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
 Harry !

K. Hen. God - a - mercy, old heart ! thou
 speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là ?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?
 Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the
 King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of
 gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ;
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
 I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy ! a Cornish name. Art thou of
 Cornish crew ?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his
 pate
 Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in
 your cap that day, lest he knock that about
 yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then !

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen !

Flu. So ! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak
 lower. It is the greatest admiration in the
 universal world, when the true and aunchient
 prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept.
 If you would take the pains but to examine the
 wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I
 warrant you, that there is no tiddle tiddle
 nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant

you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars
 and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the
 sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, and
 otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear
 all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool as
 a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that
 we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool
 and a prating coxcomb ? In your own
 science, now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you
 will.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out
 fashion,

There is much care and valour in this
 man.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALKIN
 COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that
 morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be ; but we have no
 cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of
 day, but I think we shall never see the
 it. Who goes there ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.
Will. A good old commander and a
 kind gentleman. I pray you, what think
 our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a
 that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to
 King ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he should
 for, though I speak it to you, I think that
 is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to
 him as it does to me ; the element shows to
 him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but his
 conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in
 nakedness he appears but a man ; and that
 his affections are higher mounted than our
 yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the
 wing. Therefore, when he sees reason as
 as we do, his fears, out of doubt, he does
 same relish as ours are ; yet, in reason, he
 should possess him with any appearance of
 lest he, by showing it, should dishonour
 army.

Bates. He may show what outward
 he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as
 he could wish himself in Thames up to the
 and so I would he were, and I by him,
 adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak
 science of the King : I think he would as
 himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here
 should he be sure to be ransomed, and a
 poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him
 to wish him here alone, howsoever you
 this to feel other men's minds. Methinks

ld not die anywhere so contented as in the
g's company, his cause being just and his
rel honourable. 124

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek
; for we know enough, if we know we are
King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our
dience to the King wipes the crime of it out
2. 126

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King
self hath a heavy reckoning to make, when
those legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off
battle, shall join together at the latter day
cry all, "We died at such a place"; some
ring, some crying for a surgeon, some upon
wives left poor behind them, some [145
the debts they owe, some upon their chil-
dren left. I am afraid there are few die
that die in a battle; for how can they
itably dispose of anything, when blood is
argument? Now, if these men do not die
it will be a black matter for the King that
hem to it; who to disobey were against all
action of subjection. 128

Hen. So, if a son that is by his father
about merchandise do sinfully miscarry
the sea, the imputation of his wickedness,
his rule, should be imposed upon his father
sent him; or if a servant, under his mas-
command transporting a sum of money,
sailed by robbers and die in many ir- [140
cill'd iniquities, you may call the business
master the author of the servant's dam-
n. But this is not so. The King is not
l to answer the particular endings of
oldiers, the father of his son, nor the
r of his servant; for they purpose not [145
death, when they purpose their services.
es, there is no king, be his cause never
otless, if it come to the arbitrement of
s, can try it out with all unspotted sol-

Some peradventure have on them the
of premeditated and contrived mur- [170
some, of beguiling virgins with the
s seals of perjury; some, making the
their bulwark, that have before gored
attle bosom of Peace with pillage and rob-

Now, if these men have defeated the [175
nd outrun native punishment, though
an outstrip men, they have no wings to
en God. War is his beadle, war is his
nce; so that here men are punish'd for
breach of the King's laws in now the
quarrel. Where they feared the [180
they have borne life away; and where
ould be safe, they perish. Then if they
rovided, no more is the King guilty of
amination than he was before guilty of
npieties for the which they are now vis-
very subject's duty is the King's; [185
ry subject's soul is his own. Therefore
every soldier in the wars do as every sick
his bed, wash every mote out of his con-
; and dying so, death is to him advan-
x not dying, the time was blessedly [190
erein such preparation was gained;
im that escapes, it were not sin to think

that, making God so free an offer, He let him
outlive that day to see His greatness and to
teach others how they should prepare. 196

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill,
the ill upon his own head, the King is not to
answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for
me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for
him. 201

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he
would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheer-
fully; but when our throats are cut, he may be
ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust
his word after. 208

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous
shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a pri-
vate displeasure can do against a monarch!
You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice
with fanning in his face with a peacock's
feather. You'll never trust his word after!
Come, 'tis a foolish saying. 215

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too
round. I should be angry with you, if the
time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you
live. 220

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I
will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou
dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quar-
rel. 225

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of
thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap. If
ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow,
"This is my glove," by this hand, I will take
thee a box on the ear. 230

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will chal-
lenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take
thee in the King's company. 237

Will. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be
friends. We have French quarrels enow, if you
could tell how to reckon. [Exit soldiers. 241

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty
French crowns to one they will beat us, for
they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no
English treason to cut French crowns, and to-
morrow the King himself will be a clipper. 245
Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all. O hard condition, 250
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-
ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not
too, 255

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings
in?

O Ceremony, show me but thy worth! 261
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and
form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd 262
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-
ness,

And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out 270
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beg-
gar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; 272
I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King, 280
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony, —
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, 283
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful
bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night 290
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, 292
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the
peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages. 295

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent.
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. 302
[Exit.]

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts.

Possess them not with fear. Take from them
now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed armies
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day.

Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interr'd new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands bow
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built
Two chantries, where the sad and
priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do
Though all that I can do is nothing worth.
Since that my penitence comes after all.
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice!
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[SCENE II. The French camp.]

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMPELLE, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; and
lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!* My horse,
lackey! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! les eaux et la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis? L'air et le feu.*

Dau. *Ciel, cousin Orleans.*

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present
vice neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make in
their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English
And dout them with superfluous courage.

Ram. What, will you have them
horses' blood?

How shall we, then, behold their native
Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. The English are embattl'd, your
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes!
to horse!

Do but behold yond poor and starv'd
And your fair show shall suck away their
Leaving them but the shales and husks.

There is not work enough for all our
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain.

That our French gallants shall to-day
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let
blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'ertune
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, let

our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
in unnecessary action swarm
at our squares of battle, were now
urge this field of such a hilding foe,
ugh we upon this mountain's basis by 30
stand for idle speculation,
that our honours must not. What's to say?
ry little little let us do,
all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
tucket sonance and the note to mount; 35
our approach shall so much dare the field
England shall crouch down in fear and
yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

And. Why do you stay so long, my lords
of France?
island carrions, desperate of their bones,
souredly become the morning field. 40
ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
our air shakes them passing scornfully.
lars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
host
sistly through a rusty beaver peeps;
onsmen sit like fixed candlesticks 45
torch-staves in their hand; and their
poor jades
own their heads, drooping the hides and
tips,
um down-roping from their pale-dead
eyes,
their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
al with chew'd grass, still, and motion-
less; 50
our executors, the knavish crows,
them, all impatient for their hour.
tion cannot suit itself in words
onstrate the life of such a battle,
o lifeless as it shows itself. 55
They have said their prayers, and they
ay for death.
Shall we go send them dinners and
esh suits
e their fasting horses provender,
er fight with them?
I stay but for my guard; on to the
ld! 60
e banner from a trumpet take,
it for my haste. Come, come, away!
is high, and we outwear the day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The English camp.*

LOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ER-
LM, with all his host: SALISBURY and
DORLAND.

Where is the King?
The King himself is rode to view their
le.
Of fighting men they have full three-
hundred thousand.
here's five to one; besides, they all
fresh.
nd's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful
s. 5
you, princes all; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good
luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-
day!

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness, 15
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 25
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
land. 30

God's peace! I would not lose so great an
honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from
me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 35
Let him depart. His passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian. 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, 45
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's
day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages 50
What feats he did that day. Then shall our
names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed. 55
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. ⁸⁰
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not
 here, ⁸⁵
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
 speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.

The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us. ⁹⁰

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds
 be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is back-
 ward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
 England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and
 I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal
 battle! ⁹⁵

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
 thousand men,

Which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
 King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, ¹⁰⁰
 Before thy most assured overthrow;

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in
 mercy,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls ¹⁰⁵
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their
 poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer
 back: ¹¹⁰

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
 thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting
 him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt ¹¹⁵
 Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
 And those that leave their valiant bones in
 France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
 hills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall
 greet them, ¹²⁰

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke ¹²⁵
 clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague
 France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grange:

Break out into a second course of murther,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day.

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field:

There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—

And time hath worn us into slovenry;
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim.

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will ¹³⁵

The gay new coats o'er the French ¹⁴⁰
 heads

And turn them out of service. If they do
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ¹⁴⁵
 then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou
 labour.

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle ¹⁵⁰
 They shall have none, I swear, but their

joints;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em the

Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare ¹⁵⁵
 well;

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. ¹⁶⁰
K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come

for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my ¹⁶⁵
 beg

The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, ¹⁷⁰
 march away;

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the ¹⁷⁵
 [Exit]

[SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, ¹⁸⁰
SOLDIER, and BOY.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes le gentil
 de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualité calme custure me! Art
 a gentleman? What is thy name? ¹⁸⁵

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a
 man.

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and
 O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of ¹⁹⁰

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ¹⁹⁵
 moi!

Pist. May shall not serve; I will have
 moys,

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force
de ton bras ?

Pist. Brass, cur !

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 's
Mer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi !

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? Is that a ton of
moys ?

Come hither, boy ; ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Ecoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firke him,
nd ferret him. Discuss the same in French
nto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
urret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare ; for I will cut his
throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous
êtes vous prêt ; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout
cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
asant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns ;

emangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour le
ieu, me pardonner ! Je suis le gentilhomme de
une maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai
ux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life. He is a
ntleman of a good house ; and for his ransom
will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I 's
e crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de
redonner aucun prisonnier ; néanmoins, pour
écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de
e donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille
verciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis
ibé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense,
plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur
Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees, a thou-
d thanks ; and he esteems himself happy
t he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he
aks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-
thy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy
e. Follow me !

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [Exeunt
tol, and French Soldier.] I did never know
all a voice issue from so empty a heart ; but
saying is true, "The empty vessel makes
greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had
times more valour than this roaring devil i'
old play, that every one may pare his
with a wooden dagger ; and they are both
d ; and so would this be, if he durst steal
hing adventurously. I must stay with the
eys with the luggage of our camp. The

French might have a good prey of us, if he
knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but
boys. [Exit.]

[SCENE V. Another part of the field.]

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON,
DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est
perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !
Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante for-
tune !

Do not run away. [A short alarm.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame ! let's stab our-
selves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice
for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ran-
som ?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing
but shame !

Let's die in honour ! Once more back again !
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us
now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the
throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. Another part of the field.]

Alarm. Enter KING HENRY and his train,
with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant
countrymen.

But all's not done ; yet keep the French the
field.

Eze. The Duke of York commends him to
your Majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? Thrice
within this hour

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Eze. In which array, brave soldier, doth he
lie,

Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up.
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."

So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have
stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. Another part of the field.]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis
expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as
arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can
be offer'd; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left
alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from
the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides,
they have burned and carried away all that was
in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most
worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to cut his
prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain
Gower. What call you the town's name where
Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The
pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or
the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save
the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born
in Macedon. His father was called Philip of
Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexan-
der is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in
the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find,
in the comparisons between Macedon and
Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is
both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and
there is also moreover a river at Monmouth.
It is call'd Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of
my pbrains what is the name of the other
river; but 'tis all one. 'tis alike as my fingers
is to my fingers, and there is salmona in both.
If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of
Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent
well; for there is figures in all things.
Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his

cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures,
and his indignations, and also being a little
toxicates in his pbrains, did, in his ales and his
angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that. He
never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now,
take the tales out of my mouth, as it is
made and finished. I speak but in the figures
and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his
friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his
angers, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right
and his good judgements, turn'd away the
knight with the great belly doublet. He
was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, as
mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you there is
men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and
WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, &
prisoners. Flourish.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came
to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald.
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down.
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them.
And make them skirr away, as swift as
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have.
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French
my liege.

Glow. His eyes are humbler than they
be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
Know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for
som?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King.
I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes — woe the while! —
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild
Yerk out their armed heels at their
masters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave
King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
 for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
 fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
 't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle
 Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have
 read in the chronicles, fought a most prave
 battle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.
Flu. Your Majesty says very true. If your
 majesties is rememb'ed of it, the Welshmen
 did good service in a garden where leeks did
 grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;
 which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an
 honourable badge of the service; and I do be-
 lieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the
 cap upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
 or I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
 majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can
 tell you that. God bless it and preserve it, as long
 as it pleases His grace, and His majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jesu, I am your Majesty's country-
 man, I care not who know it. I will confess it
 to all the world. I need not to be ashamed of
 our Majesty, praised be God, so long as your
 majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!

Enter WILLIAMS.

Our heralds go with him;
 bring me just notice of the numbers dead
 on both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Exeunt Herald with Montjoy.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.
K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that
 cap in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your Majesty, 't is the gage
 one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your Majesty, a rascal
 it swaggar'd with me last night; who, if
 I live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I
 have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or if
 I see my glove in his cap, which he swore,
 he was a soldier, he would wear it alive, I
 will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen?
 't fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't
 see your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman
 great sort, quite from the answer of his de-
 v.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as
 devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself,
 't necessary, look your Grace, that he keep
 his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see
 now, his reputation is as arrant a villain
 as a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod

upon God's ground and His earth, in my con-
 science, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when
 thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good
 knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this
 favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When
 Alençon and myself were down together, I
 pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man
 challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and
 an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any
 such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great honours as
 can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I
 would fain see the man, that has but two legs,
 that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove;
 that is all. But I would fain see it once, an
 please God of His grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring
 him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my
 brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
 The glove which I have given him for a favour
 May haply purchase him a box o' the ear.

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
 By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
 For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*SCENE VIII. Before King Henry's pavilion.*]

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I
 beseech you now, come apace to the King.
 There is more good toward you peradventure
 than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a
 glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in
 the universal world, or in France, or in Eng-
 land!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give
 treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be God for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap. I promis'd to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.
"T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An it please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself. You appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him his crowns;
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'T is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter [an English] HERALD.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slain in French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquart;
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires.
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain; of princes, in the number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six; added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the

which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dadd knights;

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost.
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries.

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichart

Dauphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of

Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,

And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Fox.

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lastrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald shows him another page.]
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men

But five and twenty. — O God, thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss

On one part and on the other? Take it, God.
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village;

And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God

Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for us. 128

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites.

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,

And then to Calais; and to England then, 130

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

[PROLOGUE]

Enter CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them; and of such as have, I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the King Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach

Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys, 10

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought that even now

You may imagine him upon Blackheath, Where that his lords desire him to have borne

His bruised helmet and his bended sword Before him through the city. He forbids it,

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent Quite from himself to God. But now behold,

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens! The mayor and all his brethren in best sort, 25

Like to the senators of the antique Rome, With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in; As, by a lower but loving likelihood, 30

Were now the general of our gracious empress, As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, How many would the peaceful city quit,

To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him; 35

As yet the lamentation of the French Invites the King of England's stay at home, —

The Emperor's coming in behalf of France, To order peace between them; — and omit

All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40

Till Harry's back-return again to France.

There must we bring him; and myself have play'd

The interim, by rememb'ring you 't is past.

Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance

After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.] 45

[SCENE I. France. The English camp.]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock. 10

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurfy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Troyan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurfy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it. 30

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. (*Strikes him.*) Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it? 35

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. (*Strikes him.*) You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. 40

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him. 45

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb. 50

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Pist. Dost Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars.

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *France. A royal palace.*]

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, [GLOUCESTER,] WARWICK, [WESTMORELAND,] and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, [the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies;] the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met!
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting.
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them

Against the French that met them in their bent

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me.

If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage!
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow lies
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rests
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecks, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

Even so our houses and ourselves and children

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;

But grow like savages, — as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Bor. The King hath heard them; to the
which as yet

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanc'd the articles. Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,

Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the King;

And take with you free power to ratify,
Argument, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,

And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.
[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine [and Alice].*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I
cannot speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell what is
"like me."

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you
are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les
anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi
dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? That the
tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be
full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better English-
woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding. I am glad thou canst speak

no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou
wouldst find me such a plain king that thou

wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my
crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but

directly to say, "I love you"; then if you
urge me farther than to say, "Do you in
faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your
answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a
bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand
well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to
verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why
you undid me; for the one, I have neither
words nor measure, and for the other I have no
strength in measure, yet a reasonable mea-

sure in strength. If I could win a lady at
leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with
my armour on my back, under the correc-

tion of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly
leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for
my love, or bound my horse for her favours,

I could lay on like a butcher and sit like
a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God,

Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my
eloquence, nor I have no cunning in pro-

testation; only downright oaths, which I
never use till urg'd, nor never break for
urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this
temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-

burning, that never looks in his glass for love
of anything he sees there, let thine eye be
thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou
canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say
to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy
love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And
while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow
of plain and uncoined constancy; for he per-

force must do thee right, because he hath not
the gift to woo in other places; for these fel-

lows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme them-
selves into ladies' favours, they do always reason
themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A
good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop;
a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate
will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full
eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, [170]

Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? [170] Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France? [175]

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. [180]

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je [185] quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi, — let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! — donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to [190] speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.* [195]

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English: canst thou love me? [200]

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your [205] closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, [210] Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, [215] half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat. [220]

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin dresse?* [225]

Kath. Your Majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. [230]

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! E mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate, by which honour I dare not swear thou loves me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, I shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the older I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, as a no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me; thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, wilt you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not felloe with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer is broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me? [240]

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roi en pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, I warrant, it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez grandeur en baissant la main d'une indigne seigneur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what is she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour ladies of France, — I cannot tell wat is be en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty entendre better qu'en.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the ladies in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs come of great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, upholding the nice fashion of your country; denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and [250]

elling. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in
our lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a
gar touch of them than in the tongues of the
French council; and they should sooner per-
ade Harry of England than a general petition
monarchs. Here comes your father. 300

Enter the FRENCH POWER and the ENGLISH LORDS.

Bur. God save your Majesty! My royal
uncle, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair
uncle, how perfectly I love her; and that is
all English. 311

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my
addition is not smooth; so that, having neither
a voice nor the heart of flattery about me,
cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her,
as he will appear in his true likeness. 317

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if
I answer you for that. If you would conjure in
us, you must make a circle; if conjure up
love in her in his true likeness, he must appear
naked and blind. Can you blame her then,
for a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin
tarnish of modesty, if she deny the appearance
of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self?
were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid
to consign to. 326

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love
blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when
they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your
uncle to consent winking. 323

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord,
you will teach her to know my meaning; for
aids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like
roses at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they
have their eyes; and then they will endure
looking, which before would not abide looking.
328

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and
hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly,
our cousin, in the latter end, and she must be
ind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves. 343

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you,
rank love for my blindness, who cannot see
any fair French city for one fair French
maid that stands in my way. 346

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them per-
fectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for
they are all girdled with maiden walls that
have bath [never] ent'red. 350

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities
do talk of may wait on her; so the maid that
stood in the way for my wish shall show me
the way to my will. 355

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of
reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every arti-
cle;

His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures. 362

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
where your Majesty demands, that the King
of France, having any occasion to write for
matter of grant, shall name your Highness in
this form and with this addition, in French,
Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre,
Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, *Præ-*
clarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ,
et Hæres Franciæ. 370

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so
denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear
alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter. 375

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her
blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores
look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunc-
tion 380

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war ad-
vance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair
France.

Lords. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me
witness all, 385

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all mar-
riages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in
one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a
spousal, 390

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed mar-
riage,

Thrust in between the paction of these king-
doms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French English-

men, 395

Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on
which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 400

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous
be! [*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

[EPILOGUE]

Enter CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Thus far, with rough and all-unable
pen,

Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,

In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their
 glory.
 Small time, but in that small most greatly
 lived
 This star of England. Fortune made his
 sword,
 By which the world's best garden he achieved,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
 Of France and England, did this king suc-
 ceed ;
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France and made his England
 bleed ;
 Which oft our stage hath shown ; and for
 their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
 [Exit.]

THE THREE PARTS OF HENRY THE SIXTH

The three parts of *Henry VI* present a more difficult problem with regard to authorship than other group contained in the First Folio. The obscurities caused by the processes of revision and collaboration are increased by the fact that the plays belong to the period of Shakespeare's renticeship, when it is to be presumed that his style was less individual and more under the influence of his predecessors than it was later.

The *First Part of Henry VI* is not found in print till it appears in the First Folio. But on March 3, 159½, a play called *Henry VI* was acted at the Rose Theatre by Lord Strange's company, and had a successful run. From a reference by Nash we learn that Talbot had been a star figure in a recent play, and this may have been our *1 Henry VI*, either as we have it, or in an earlier form.

As to authorship, there is no external evidence but the fact of its inclusion in the First Folio. Internal evidence has led almost all critics to the conclusion that it is the work of several hands. There is little general agreement as to who the other dramatists were, and which parts ought to be assigned to each. Shakespeare is usually credited with the scene (ii. iv.) in the Temple gardens, in which the red and white roses are chosen as emblems of the rival houses; by many with the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (v. iii.); and by others, with the last fight of Talbot (i. vii.). His collaborators, or, according to others, his predecessors, in the construction of the play, are supposed to have been Marlowe and Greene, with less assurance Peele, and with still less. But the grounds of the assignment of the various passages to these authors are in the highest degree precarious.

The material for the plot was drawn chiefly from the *Chronicles of Holinshed*, or of Halle, and the narrative for this period Holinshed paraphrases. A few details may have been derived from Fabian. The material thus obtained was treated with great freedom. Verbal borrowings are very rare, and chronological sequence is often entirely disregarded. Thus the calamities of England reported by the First Messenger in i. i. as having occurred by the date of the funeral of Henry V in 1422 are either quite unhistorical, as in the case of the loss of Orleans and Poitiers, which were not held by the English at that time, or are antedated by from seven to twenty years, as in the case of the loss of Rheims, Guisors, Paris, and Guienne. Again, Talbot's death in the drama precedes the capture of Jeanne d'Arc; but in fact he lived till 1453, while she was laid to rest in 1431. The reconciliation which she is represented as bringing about between Burgundy and Charles VII did not occur till four years after her death. Nor is there any care for internal consistency. Paris is represented as lost by the English in i. i., yet in v. vi. is crowned there in iv. i., and in v. ii. the Parisians are revolting to the French. All picturesque incidents have no basis in the chronicle. Such are the interview of Talbot with the Countess of Auvergne in ii. iii., and the plucking of the roses in iii. iv. 28-45, with which in iv. i. 78-161. The device of disguising soldiers as countrymen bearing sacks for the capture of Rouen is unhistorical. Rouen was not lost by the English till 1449; but a trick similar to that in the play is described by Holinshed as having been used by the French for the recovery of Cornhill in 1441.

In the case of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*, the situation is complicated by the existence of two other plays on the same subject, which contain a large amount of matter in common with the two Shakespearean dramas. The *First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke* and *the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* appeared in quarto in 1594, reprinted in 1600, and again with alterations in 1619. The *Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* appeared in quarto in 1595, was reprinted in 1600,

and again with alterations in 1619. These two third editions formed a single quarto, called *The Whole Contention*. *The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI* are found first in the Folio of 1623: "Out of 3075 lines, there are in Part 2 some 1715 new lines; some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered); and some 520 old lines. In Part 3, out of 2902 lines, there are about 1100 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and about 1010 old lines." (J. Lee.) With regard to the authorship of these plays a great variety of views has been put forth, ranging from the ascription of all four to Shakespeare to the substantial denial of any significant Shakespearean element in any of them. As to chronological order, some have argued that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are corrupt transcripts of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*; others, and these greatly in the majority, that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* are founded upon the other two plays. The following positions may now be regarded as accepted by the safer modern critics: — (1) that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are the earlier plays; (2) that these are the work of several authors, including Marlowe and Greene, and perhaps Peele; (3) that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* are a revision by Shakespeare of the other two plays. Opinion is still divided on these points: — (1) whether Shakespeare had a hand in the earlier plays; (2) whether he had the assistance of Marlowe in the revision. Miss J. Lee's conclusion is as follows: — "I believe that Shakespeare was the author of *Henry VI*, Parts 2 and 3, and that there is some ground for concluding that Marlowe was his fellow-worker: that *Henry VI*, Parts 2 and 3, were written about the year 1590: that they were not original plays, but were founded on . . . *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*: and that Marlowe and Greene, and possibly Peele, were the writers of these older plays, which were written some time, perhaps some years, before 2 and 3 *Henry VI*."

The most important modification of this view by later critics is in the direction of finding Shakespearean elements in the two earlier plays, especially in the scenes in which Jack Cade plays a part. This may be accounted for by supposing either that Shakespeare had an incidental share in them when they were first composed, or (as is perhaps more likely) that "passages in the impressions of 1594 and 1595 of the two old plays were borrowed for use from the *Second* and *Third Parts*, as then performed on the stage." (Ward.) The chief objection to the former alternative lies in the charge of plagiarism implied in a famous passage in Greene's *Greenshadow of Wit*; which, being undoubtedly aimed at Shakespeare, tends, but not conclusively, to exclude him from collaboration in the plays to which Greene is supposed to allude as the source of the plagiarism.

The more general argument against Shakespeare's having had to do with the writing of any of these plays lies in the facts that the two earlier were acted by a company for whom he is not known to have written, and that the two later are not known to have been acted by his own company. These points seem more than counterbalanced, however, by the fact of their inclusion in the First Folio by Heminge and Condell.

The results of modern investigation, then, while far from conclusive, tend to the belief that there may be a slight Shakespearean element in the two older plays, that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* were produced by Shakespeare, working on the basis of the earlier plays, probably with the assistance of Marlowe, and that they were re-cast between 1590 and 1592.

The present text is based upon that of the First Folio, for all three parts.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HENRY VI.
 OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protec-
 tor.
 OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of
 France.
 OF BRADFORD, duke of Exeter, } great-
 OF BRADFORD, bishop of Winchester, } uncles to
 afterwards cardinal. } the King.
 OF BRADFORD, earl, afterwards duke, of Somerset.
 OF PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late earl of
 of Warwick, afterwards duke of York.
 OF WARWICK.
 OF SALISBURY.
 OF SUFFOLK.
 OF TALBOT, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury.
 OF TALBOT, his son.
 OF MORTIMER, earl of March.
 OF FASTOLFE.
 OF LUCY.
 OF GLANSDALE.
 OF GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.
 WOODVILLE, lieutenant of the Tower.
 VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction.
 BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.
 A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
 REIGNIER, duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
 DUKE OF ALENÇON.
 BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
 GOVERNOR OF PARIS.
 MASTER-GUNNER of Orleans and his Son.
 General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
 A French Sergeant. A Porter.
 An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married
 to King Henry.
 COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
 JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Wardens of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: Partly in England and partly in France.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Westminster Abbey.]

*d March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY
 OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF
 OF GLOUCESTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXE-
 OF THE EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF
 OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, etc.*

*d. Hung be the heavens with black, yield
 day to night!*

*ets, importing change of times and states,
 dish your crystal tresses in the sky,
 with them scourge the bad revolting stars
 have consented unto Henry's death!*

*Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
 and ne'er lost a king of so much worth.*

*u. England ne'er had a king until his
 time.*

*he had, deserving to command.
 randish'd sword did blind men with his
 beams;*

*rms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 parking eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 dazzled and drove back his enemies
 mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
 should I say? His deeds exceed all
 speech.*

*er lift up his hand but conquered.
 We mourn in black; why mourn we
 not in blood?*

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
 And death's dishonourable victory

We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him

By magic verses have contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of

kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day

So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;

The Church's prayers made him so prosper-
 ous.

Glou. The Church! where is it? Had not
 churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art

Protector
 And lookest to command the Prince and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the
 flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
 go'st

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace;
 Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us.
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms.
 Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
 Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead.
 Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make
 Than Julius Cæsar or bright —

Enter a MESSENGER.

1. Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture.
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
 Paris, Guvours, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
 Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?
 If Henry were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? What treachery was us'd?

1. Mess. No treachery, but want of men and money.
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
 That here you maintain several factions,
 And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 A third thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot.
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.

Give me my steeled coat; I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful walling robes!
 Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them a second MESSENGER.

2. Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import.
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
 The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part.
 The Duke of Alençon fieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! All fly him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of our forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third MESSENGER.

3. Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments
 Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight
 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame?
 Is't so?

3. Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown.

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of August last this dreadful day
 Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
 By three and twenty thousand of the French
 Was round encompassed and set upon.
 No leisure had he to enrank his men.

He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of
 hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking.
 More than three hours the fight continued.
 Where valiant Talbot above human thought
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
 him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he was
 The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms.
 All the whole army stood amaz'd on him.
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

"A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up;
 If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.

He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them.
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and mass

cre;
 Enclosed were they with their enemies.
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back.

Whom all France with their chief assembled strength

Durst not presume to look once in the face.
Bed. Is Talbot slain? Then I will slay myself

For living idly here in pomp and ease
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3. Mess. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner

nd Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford.

ost of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.

ll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
is crown shall be the ransom of my friend. 150
me of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
wewell, my masters! To my task will I.
mires in France forthwith I am to make,
keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
re they, so few, watch such a multitude. 155
hose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
quake.

1. Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besieged.

e English army is grown weak and faint.
e Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
d hardly keeps his men from mutiny. 160
re they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Re. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,

her to quell the Dauphin utterly,
bring him in obedience to your yoke.
led. I do remember it; and here take my
leave. 165

go about my preparation. [Exit.]
ous. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I
can,

view the artillery and munition;
I then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

ix. To Eltham will I, where the young
King is. 170
ng ordain'd his special governor,
I for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

in. Each hath his place and function to
attend.

1 left out; for me nothing remains.
long I will not be Jack out of office. 175
King from Eltham I intend to steal
sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. France. Before Orleans.]

ourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and
REIGNIER, marching with drum and Soldiers.

ar. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens
the earth, to this day is not known.
did he shine upon the English side;
we are victors, upon us he smiles.
t towns of any moment but we have? 180
treasure here we lie near Orleans;
whiles the famish'd English, like pale
ghosts,
ly besiege us one hour in a month.

n. They want their porridge and their fat
bull-beeves.

r they must be dieted like mules 185
have their provender tied to their mouths,
ceous they will look, like drowned mice.
g. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly
here?

t is taken, whom we wont to fear;

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury, 18
And he may well in fretting spend his gall.
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarm! We will rush
on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

[Exeunt.]

Alarm; they are beaten back by the English
with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? What men
have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have
fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; 25
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, re-
cords,

England all Olivers and Rolands bred 30

During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified,

For none but Samsons and Goliases

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er sup-
pose 35

They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are
hare-brain'd slaves.

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the
siege. 40

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or de-
vice

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so. 45

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have
news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to
us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your
cheer appall'd.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand. 50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege

And drive the English forth the bounds of
France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, 55

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;

What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.] But
first, to try her skill, 60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;

Question her proudly ; let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter [the BASTARD of Orleans, with] JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats ?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?
Where is the Dauphin ? Come, come from behind ;

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me.
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity.

Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success ;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me

That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name ; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ! Thou art an Amazon

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be.
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love.
For my profession's sacred from above.

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman as her smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we perceive do know.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? What dost thou on ?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreant !
Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm. We'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English saviour.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise.

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days.
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends ;

Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dream ?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Not yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the east,
How may I reverently worship thee except I die ?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.

Drive them from Orleans and be immortal.

Char. Presently we'll try ; come, let's see about it.

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*SCENE III. London. Before the Tower.*]

Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his children, and other
ING-MEN [in blue coats].

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower day ;

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is no more defence.

Where be these warders, that they wait here ?

Open the gates ; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

1. *Warder.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1. *Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

2. *Warder.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. *Warder.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him.

2. *Serv.* do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

Serv. are's none Protector of the realm, but I.

Glou. eak up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.

Serv. all I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.*]

Woodv. What noise is this? What traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Woodv. n the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble Duke, I may not open;

Glou. Cardinal of Winchester forbids.

Woodv. n him I have express commandment

Glou. s thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Woodv. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore me?

Glou. ant Winchester, that haughty prelate, n Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Woodv. u art no friend to God or to the King.

Glou. s the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. ring-men. Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,

Glou. e'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly. [*They rush again at the gates.*]

Serv. r to the Lord Protector at the Tower Gates

Glou. WINCHESTER and his men in tawny coats.

Woodv. in. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glou. u. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Woodv. in. I do, thou most usurping proditor, not Protector, of the King or realm.

Glou. u. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Woodv. that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.

Glou. u. anass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, u proceed in this thy insolence.

Woodv. u. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot.

Glou. u. e Damascus, be thou cursed Cain y thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Woodv. u. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

Glou. u. arlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth e to carry thee out of this place.

Woodv. u. Do what thou dar'st; I heard thee to thy face.

Glou. u. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?

Woodv. men, for all this privileged place;

Blue coats to tawny coats! Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat.

In spite of Pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, "A rope! a rope!"

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats! Out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his OFFICERS.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor, thou know'st little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens, One that still motions war and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines, That seeks to overthrow religion

Because he is Protector of the realm, And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king and suppress the Prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst, Cry.

[*Off.*] All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure.

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt [severally, Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men].*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
 Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
 I myself fight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*]

Enter [on the walls,] a MASTER GUNNER and his BOY.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
 And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
 Something I must do to procure me grace.
 The Prince's espials have inform'd me
 How the English, in the suburbs close in-

trench'd,
 Went through a secret grate of iron bars
 In yonder tower to overpeer the city
 And thence discover how with most advan-

tage
 They may vex us with shot or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
 And even these three days have I watch'd
 If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[Exit.]

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care.

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. *[Exit.]*

Enter, on the turret, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, [SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE,] and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner
 Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
 For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far
 Once in contempt they would have barter'd
 me;

Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
 Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all.

Here, said they, is the terror of the French.
 The scarecrow that affrights our children.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me.
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the

ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near for fear of sudden

death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant;
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
 That walk'd about me every minute while.
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you

dur'd,
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is super-time in Orleans.
 Here, through this secret grate, I count

ed
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
 Let us look in; the sight will much

dealee thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions
 Where is best place to make our battery

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for the
 stands lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of a
 bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be
 ish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[Shot [from the tower], and Salisbury

[and Gargrave] fall.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched
 sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly
 cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side are
 off!

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame.
 Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the war.

Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum
 up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy

doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for aid.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

sak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; so
 thou shalt not die whiles —
 beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
 who should say, "When I am dead and
 gone,
 member to avenge me on the French."
 Dauphin, I will; and like thee, [Nero,] 100
 yon the lute, beholding the towns burn.
 etched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and
 lightens.

at stir is this? What tumult's in the hea-
 vents?

ence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a MESSENGER.

My lord, my lord, the French have
 gather'd head. 100

Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 prophetic new risen up,
 me with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up
 and groans.

Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth
 groan!

his heart he cannot be reveng'd. 105

Oh, I'll be a Salisbury to you.
 He or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's
 heels,
 make a quagmire of your mingled
 brains.

by me Salisbury into his tent, 110
 then we'll try what these dastard French-
 men dare.

[Alarum. Exeunt [bearing out the
 bodies].

[SCENE V. The same.]

an alarum again; and TALBOT pursueth
 DAUPHIN, and driveth him. Then enter
 LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before
 [and exit after them]. Then re-enter TAL-

Where is my strength, my valour, and
 my force?

English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
 and clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

here she comes. I'll have a bout with
 thee;

or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee. 5

will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
 straightway give thy soul to him thou
 serv'st.

Come, come, 'tis only I that must dis-
 grace thee. [Here they fight.

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to pre-
 vail?

east I'll burst with straining of my
 courage 10

on my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet
 come.

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum: then La Pucelle
 enters the town with soldiers.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy
 strength. 15

Go, go, cheer up thy hungry, starved men;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament.

This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
 wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do. 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops and conquers as she
 lists;

So bees with smoke and doves with noisome
 stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. 25

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead.
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the
 wolf, 30

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be. Retire into your trenches.
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
 Pucelle is ent'red into Orleans 35

In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
 [Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat:
 flourish.

[SCENE VI. The same.]

Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES,
 REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the
 walls;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English!
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter.
 How shall I honour thee for this success? 5

Thy promises are like Adonis' garden
 That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious propheticess!
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans.

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud
 throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
 Alen. All France will be replete with mirth
 and joy, 15

When they shall hear how we have play'd the
 men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day
 is won;

For which I will divide my crown with her,

And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 10
A stately pyramid to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was.
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius, 15
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally, 20
After this golden day of victory.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [Before Orleans.]

Enter a [French] SERGEANT, with two SENTINELS.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]

Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and
cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, [and
forces,] with scaling-ladders, their drums beating
a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us, 10
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit

Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery. 15

Bed. Coward of France! how much he
wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so
pure? 20

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere
long,

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse
with spirits. 25

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
thee.

Tal. Not all together. Better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways; 30
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make
his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make a
sault!

[Cry: "St. George," "A Talbot!"
[The English scale the walls.]

The French leap over the walls in their sleep.
Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of (Alençon),
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready. 35
half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all armed
so?

Bast. Unready! Ay, and glad we escape
well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake: we
leave our beds,
Hearing alarms at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I took
arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a friend of
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, swear to
your him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel
he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his dearest
guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou dearest
dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times sound?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient of
his friend?

At all times will you have my power afield!
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail.
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch
good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your
fault,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as well
kept

As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lords.

Char. And, for myself, most part of the
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels.
Then how or which way should they first
in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of
case,

or or which way. 'Tis sure they found some place weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

Now there rests no other shift but this, to gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd, and lay new platforms to endanger them.

Enter an [English] SOLDIER, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword; I have loaden me with many spoils, being no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

[SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town.]

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY [a CAPTAIN, and others].

The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Our pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth. A sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, here advance it in the market-place, the middle centre of this cursed town.

I have I paid my vow unto his soul; every drop of blood was drawn from him ere hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

that hereafter ages may behold the ruin happened in revenge of him, in their chiefest temple I'll erect

an tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd; the which, that every one may read,

I have engrav'd the sack of Orleans, the treacherous manner of his mournful death,

that a terror he had been to France. lords, in all our bloody massacre,

as we met not with the Dauphin's grace, new-come champion, virtuous Joan of

Arc, my of his false confederates.

I. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

and on the sudden from their drowsy beds, did amongst the troops of armed men

over the walls for refuge in the field. Myself, as far as I could well discern

noke and dusky vapours of the night, ere I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,

arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

so a pair of loving turtle-doves could not live asunder day or night.

that things are set in order here, follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a MESSENGER.

All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

the warlike Talbot, for his acts which applauded through the realm of

France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown, By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies, That she may boast she hath beheld the man Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport, When ladies crave to be encount'ed with.

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit. Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world

of men Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd; And therefore tell her I return great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her. Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, 't is more than manners will; And I have heard it said, unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone. Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no

remedy, I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. Auvergne. The Countess's castle.]

Enter the COUNTESS [and her PORTER].

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Count. The plot is laid. If all things fall out right

I shall as famous be by this exploit As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight, And his achievements of no less account;

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter MESSENGER and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, According as your ladyship desir'd,

By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France? Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad

That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false. I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you ;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*]

Count. What means he now ? Go ask him
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot ; for my lady
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner ! To whom ?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs ;

But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,

And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha !

Count. Laughest thou, wretch ? Thy mirth
shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's
shadow

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man ?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself.
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;

For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame
here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce ;

He will be here, and yet he is not here.

How can these contrarities agree ?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up :*
a peal of ordnance. [The gates
are forced.]

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam ? Are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself ?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot ! pardon my abuse.
I find thou art no less than fame hath braited

And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;

For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady ; nor mis-
construe

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me ;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what caterers

have ;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve the
well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Scene IV. London. The Temple-garden.*

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK ; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of
GLoucester, and another Lawyer.]

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what
means this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were wont
to be loud ;

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
truth ;

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error.

Suf. Faith, I have been a traitor in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it ;

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick
then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch ;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth ;

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper ;

Between two horses, which doth bear his best
burden ;

Between two girls, which hath the merrier
eye ;

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment ;

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forwardness.

The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparent
that I need not speak.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and unable
to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with
his finger.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor a traitor
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with
his teeth.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour

f base insinuating flattery 35

pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset

and say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more

If you conclude that he upon whose side 40

the fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree

all yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected.

I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I. 45

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,

pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,

it bleeding you do paint the white rose red

fall on my side so, against your will. 51

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

my hand shall be surgeon to my hurt

I keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who else? 55

Suf. Unless my study and my books be

false,

no argument you held was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.]

sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argu-

ment?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that

I dye your white rose in a bloody red. 61

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit

our roses;

pale they look with fear, as witnessing

truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

not for fear but anger that thy cheeks 65

sh for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantage-

net?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain

his truth; 70

lest thy consuming canker eats his false-

hood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my

bleeding roses,

shall maintain what I have said is true,

no false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Som. Now, by this maiden blossom in my

hand, 75

to thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Ver. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantage-

net.

Som. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both

him and thee.

Ver. I'll turn my part thereof into thy

throat. 79

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!

face the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward King of England. 84

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege, Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted, 95

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension.

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

And know us by these colours for thy foes, 105

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever and my faction wear,

Until it wither with me to my grave, 110

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it! 115

War. This blot that they object against your house

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament

Call'd for the trace of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose;

And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden, 125

Shall send between the red rose and the white

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*]

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and*
GAOLERS.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying
age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening
grief,
And pitiless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is
numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. *Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
come.

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been ob-
scur'd.

Deprived of honour and inheritance.

But now the arbitrator of despair,

Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me
hence.

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1. *Gaol.* My lord, your loving nephew now is
come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he
come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd, as
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his
neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert de-
spis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against
mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and
me;

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that impo-
und'd me

And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine.
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause
that was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit.
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son.
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent;
During whose reign the Percies of the north
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
Was, for that — young King Richard the sev-
en mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
I was the next by birth and parentage;

For by my mother I deriv'd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree.
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir.

I lost my liberty and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York

Marrying my sister that thy mother was

Again in pity of my hard distress

Levied an army, weening to redeem

And have install'd me in the diadem.

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the

last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I so

have

And that my fainting words do warrant death

Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee faith

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with

me.

But yet, methinks, my father's execution

Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou polit

Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster

And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

but now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are
 cloy'd 108

With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my
young years

light but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that
slaughterer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will
kill. 110

Lourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

My give order for my funeral.

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes

And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

[*Dies.*]

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul! 115

Whom hast thou spent a pilgrimage

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.

Spears, convey him hence, and I myself 120

Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* [*Gaolers, bearing out the
body of Mortimer*].]

So dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

And with ambition of the meaner sort;

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, 125

Doubt not but with honour to redress.

Therefore haste I to the parliament,

That he be restored to my blood,

And make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [London. The Parliament-house.]

British. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER,
WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET
[and others]. Gloucester offers to
draw up a bill; Winchester snatches it, and
reads it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated
lines,

Thy written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
To spy of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,

Intend 'st to lay unto my charge,
Without invention, suddenly;

With sudden and extemporal speech
To answer what thou canst object.

Win. Presumptuous priest! this place com-
mands my patience,

Thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
And not, although in writing I prefer'd 10

In manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
Therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

At times to rehearse the method of my pen.
Relate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

And, pestiferous, and dissentionous pranks,
Thy infants prattle of thy pride. 15

Art a most pernicious usurer,
And by nature, enemy to peace;

Vicious, wanton, more than well beseems

A man of thy profession and degree; 20

And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

As well at London Bridge as at the Tower.

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt 25

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords,
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,

As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30

Or how happens it I seek not to advance

Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

And for dissension, who preferreth peace

More than I do? — except I be provok'd.

No, my good lords, it is not that offends; 35

It is not that that hath incens'd the Duke.

It is because no one should sway but he,

No one but he should be about the King;

And that engenders thunder in his breast

And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40

But he shall know I am as good —

Glou. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I
pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am I not Protector, saucy priest? 45

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps

And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloucester!

Glou. Thou art reverend

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. 50

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither, then.

[*Som.*] My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

[*War.*] Ay, see the Bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious

And know the office that belongs to such. 55

War. Methinks his lordship should be hum-
bler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King? 60

Plan. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold
his tongue,

Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you
should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Win-
chester, 65

The special watchmen of our English weal,

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell

Civil dissension is a viperous worm

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within.* "Down with the
tawny-coats!"

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant, 's
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.

[A noise again, "Stones! stones!"]

Enter the MAYOR [of London, attended].

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!

The Bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's
men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd
out.

Our windows are broke down in every street
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter [SERVING-MEN of both parties,] in skir-
mish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our-
self,
To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the
peace.

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

1. *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll
fall to it with our teeth.

2. *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as reso-
lute. [Skirmish again.]

Glou. You of my household, leave this peev-
ish broil

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be
a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his Majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight
And have our bodies slaught'ring by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our
nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[Begin again.]

Glou. Stay, stay, I say!

And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my
soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my Lord Protector; yield, Win-
chester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity.
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands
me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Beheld, my Lord of Winchester, the
Duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smooth'd brows it doth appear.

Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
you preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?

But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the Bishop hath a kind
gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield
to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glou. [Aside.] Ay, but, I fear me, with a
hollow heart.

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [Aside.] So help me God, as I wound
it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Glouc-
ster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what physic the
tavern affords.

[Exeunt [Serving-men, Mayor, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sover-
eign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick; let
sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told your Majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were
force.

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood.

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willethe Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that shall

But all the whole inheritance I give

That doth belong unto the house of York.

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience

And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee again
my foot;

And, in requerdon of that duty done,

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet.

And rise created princely Duke of York!

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy
may fall!

ad as my duty springs, so perish they 175
 at grudge one thought against your Majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke
 of York!

Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble
 Duke of York!

Glow. Now will it best avail your Majesty
 to cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
 The presence of a king engenders love 181
 amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
 it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King
 Henry goes;

r. friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 185
Now. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt [all but
 Exeter].*]

Ere. Ay, we may march in England or in
 France,

seeing what is likely to ensue.

is late dissension grown betwixt the peers
 under feigned ashes of forg'd love, 190

I will at last break out into a flame:

best'rd members rot but by degree,

bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

will this base and envious discord breed.

I now I fear that fatal prophecy 195

which in the time of Henry named the Fifth

is in the mouth of every sucking babe,

that Henry born at Monmouth should win all,

that Henry born at Windsor lose all.

which is so plain that Exeter doth wish 200

days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*France. Before Rouen.*]

r. LA PUCELLE disguised, with four SOL-
 DIERS with sacks upon their backs.

ac. These are the city gates, the gates of
 Rouen,

through which our policy must make a breach.

heed, be wary how you place your words;

like the vulgar sort of market men

come to gather money for their corn. 5

have entrance, as I hope we shall,

that we find the slothful watch but weak,

by a sign give notice to our friends,

Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the

city, 10

we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

before we'll knock. [*Knock.*]

ach. [*Within.*] Qui est là?

c. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;

market folks that come to sell their

corn. 15

ach. Enter, go in; the market bell is

rang.

c. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks

to the ground. [*Exeunt [to the town].*]

CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans,
 ALENÇON [*REIGNIER, and forces.*]

r. Saint Denis bless this happy strata-
 gem!

once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here ent'red Pucelle and her practi-
 sants. 20

Now she is there, how will she specify
 Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
 tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her mean-
 ing is,

No way to that, for weakness, which she en-
 t'red. 25

*Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a
 torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding
 torch

That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*]

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
 friend;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

Char. Now shine it like a comet of re-
 venge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
 ends.

Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently, 35

And then do execution on the watch.

[*Alarum. [Exeunt.]*]

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
 thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40

[*Exit.*]

*An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in
 sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY
 without: within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BAS-
 TARD, [ALENÇON,] and REIGNIER, on the
 walls.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn
 for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast

Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless cour-
 tezan! 45

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own

And make thee curse the harvest of that

corn.

Char. Your Grace may starve perhaps be-
 fore that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge

this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard?

Break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at Death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all de-
 spite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age

And twit with cowardice a man half dead? 55

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[The English whisper together in council.]

God speed the parliament! Who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! Base muleteers of France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

God b'uy, my lord! we came but to tell you

That we are here.

[Exeunt [La Pucelle, etc.], from the walls.]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in

France,

Either to get the town again or die:

And I, as sure as English Henry lives

And as his father here was conqueror,

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,

So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me.

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen

And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read

That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.

Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!

Then be it so. Heavens keep old Bedford safe!

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand

And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exeunt [into the town all but Bedford and Attendants].]

An alarm: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a CAPTAIN.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune be to thee!

[Exit [into the town].]

Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON and CHARLES [enter from the town and the castle].

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish men?

They that of late were daring with their swords

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Bedford dies, and is carried in on a bier.]

An alarm. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;

Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart and there craves

Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all amot? Rouen hangs her head forlorn!

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town.

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the King.

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseeth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased.

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen.

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never away in court.

But kings and mightiest potentates must die

For that's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The plains near Rouen.]

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE [and forces].

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident.

Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive.

For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while.

And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train.

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by these hairs.

And of thy cunning had no diffidence.

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
and we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

and have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint, to
employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan
devise:

By fair persuasions mix'd with sug'red words
I will entice the Duke of Burgundy

to leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do
that,

there were no place for Henry's warriors;
it should that nation boast it so with us,
it is extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd

from France

and not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will
work

bringing this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Alen. By the sound of drum you may per-
ceive

our powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Enter, and pass
over at a distance, TALBOT and his forces.*]

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
and all the troops of English after him.

[*Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY
and forces.*]

From the rearward comes the Duke and his
army in favour makes him lag behind.

Upon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

Alen. A parley with the Duke of Bur-
gundy!

Char. Who craves a parley with the Bur-
gundy?

Alen. The princely Charles of France, thy
countryman,

Char. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am
marching hence.

Alen. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with
thy words.

Alen. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
France!

Let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Char. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Alen. Look on thy country, look on fertile
France,

and the cities and the towns defac'd
by the wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

Behold the mother on her lowly babe

death doth close his tender dying eyes,

and the pining malady of France!

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural
wounds,

which thou thyself hast given her woeful
breast.

Behold thy edged sword another way;

those that hurt, and hurt not those that
help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's
bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of for-
eign gore.

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her
words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France ex-
claims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See, then, thou fight'st against thy country-
men

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-
men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering
lord!

Charles and the rest will take thee in their
arms.

Bur. I am vanquished. These haughty words
of hers

Have batt'rd me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace;

My forces and my power of men are yours.

So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside.*] Done like a Frenchman; turn,
and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friend-
ship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part
in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
powers,

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Paris. The palace.*]

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF
WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET,
WARWICK, EXETER [VERNON, BASSET, and
others]. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable
peers,

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have a while given truce unto my wars

To do my duty to my sovereign;

In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses,

Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lies fall his sword before your Highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your Grace.

[Kneels.]
King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glou. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been requerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? As good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye, not so; in witness, take ye that.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *[Paris. A hall of state.]*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the GOVERNOR of Paris [and others].

Glou. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take ye oath,

That you elect no other king but him;

[Governor kneels.]

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;

And none your foes but such as shall practise

Malicious practices against his state.

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Exeunt Governor &c.]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode to Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee

next,

To tear the Garter from thy craven's leg.

[Plucking it off.]

Which I have done, because unworthy

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.

This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers.

When but in all I was six thousand strong

And that the French were almost ten to one.

Before we met or that a stroke was given.

Like to a trusty squire did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men.

Myself and divers gentlemen beside

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss.

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear

This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was famous

And ill becoming any common man,

Much more a knight, a captain, and a lord.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd by lords,

Knights of the Garter were of noble birth

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.

Such as were grown to credit by the war.

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for danger.

But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight.

Profaning this most honourable order.

And should, if I were worthy to be judge,

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hast thy doom!

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[Exit Fastolfe.]

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter

Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he has chang'd his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, "The King!"

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

doth this churlish superscription
 pretend some alteration in good will?
 That's here?
 [Reads.] "I have, upon especial cause, as
 lord's with compassion of my country's wreck,
 together with the pitiful complaints
 [such as your oppression feeds upon,
 broken your pernicious faction
 and join'd with Charles, the rightful King of
 France." 60

monstrous treachery! can this be so,
 that in alliance, amity, and oaths,
 there should be found such false dissembling
 guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy re-
 volt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your
 foe. 65

King. Is that the worst this letter doth con-
 tain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
 writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall
 talk with him

and give him chastisement for this abuse.
 Now say you, my lord? Are you not content?

Glou. Content, my liege? Yes. But that I am
 prevented, 71

should have begg'd I might have been em-
 ploy'd.

King. Then gather strength and march unto
 him straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
 what offence it is to flout his friends. 75

Glou. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
 may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sov-
 ereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat
 too.

Ver. This is my servant; hear him, noble
 prince. 80

Bas. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour
 him.

Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them
 leave to speak.

gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
 wherefore crave you combat? or with
 whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done
 me wrong. 85

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me
 wrong.

Hen. What is that wrong whereof you
 both complain?

Ver. Let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
 France,

fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
 sided me about the rose I wear, 91

gave the sanguine colour of the leaves
 present my master's blushing cheeks,

stubbornly he did repugn the truth
 a certain question in the law 95

and betwixt the Duke of York and him;

With other vile and ignominious terms;
 In confutation of which rude reproach
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
 I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord.
 For though he seem with forged quaint conceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge, 105
 Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
 Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,

will out,
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in
 brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause
 Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good counsels both, of York and Somerset,
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace. 115

York. Let this dissension first be tried by
 fight,

And then your Highness shall command a peace.
 Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us

alone;
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Som-
 erset. 120

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
 Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your
 strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
 Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed 125

With this immodest clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the King and us?

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths 130
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.

Let me persuade you take a better course.
 Exe. It grieves his Highness. Good my lords,

be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be
 combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our fa-
 vour, 135

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;
 In France, amongst a fickle, wavering nation.

If they perceive dissension in our looks
 And that within ourselves we disagree, 140

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified

That for a toy, a thing of no regard, 145
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of
 France!

O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forgo

That for a trifle that was bought with blood! 150
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
 [Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York.
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both. 148
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 150
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our regent in these parts of France;
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of
foot; 155
And, like true subjects, sons of your progeni-
tors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourselves, my Lord Protector, and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais; 170
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous
rout.

[*Exeunt all but York, Warwick,
Exeter and Vernon.*]

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the
King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator. 175
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame
him not.
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no
harm.

York. An if I wist he did, — but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. 181

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging
broils, 185

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's
hands;

But more when envy breeds unkind division.
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II.] Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with trumpet and drum.

Tal. To the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-
peter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter GENERAL [and others,]
aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England,

And thus he would: Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours.
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants.
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing
fire;

Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers.
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl
death,

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge.
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons
pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee but to
dress

But death doth front thee with apparel
spoils,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sum-
ment

To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot's.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour.
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and
dead. [*Drum &c. &c.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a valiant
bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure.

[*Exeunt [Generals &c.]*]
Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.
Out, some light horsemen, and pursue these
wings.

O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale.
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French can-
if we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch.
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stars,
Turn on the bloody hounds with beak and
steel

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my
friends.

God and Saint George, Talbot and England
right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*]

York, with trumpet and many Soldiers:
to him a MESSENGER.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
it dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
less. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
it he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
fight with Talbot. As he march'd along, your espials were discovered
mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
ich join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset, it thus delays my promised supply
moremen, that were levied for this siege!
owned Talbot doth expect my aid,
I am louted by a traitor villain
I cannot help the noble chevalier.
comfort him in this necessity!
miscarry, farewell wars in France!

Enter another Messenger [SIR WILLIAM LUCY].
Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,

so needful on the earth of France,
to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
now is girdled with a waist of iron
hem'd about with grim destruction.

Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour!

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!

ould we save a valiant gentleman
effeiting a traitor and a coward.
re and wrathful fury makes me weep,
thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;

ourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;

ng of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,

in his son young John, who two hours since

in travel toward his warlike father!

even years did not Talbot see his son,
ow they meet where both their lives are done.

Lucy. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have

his young son welcome to his grave?

! vexation almost stops my breath,
und'red friends greet in the hour of death.

farewell; no more my fortune can,
re the cause I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away.

Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit [with his soldiers].*]

[*Lucy.*] Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectio doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*]

Enter SOMERSET, with his army [a CAPTAIN of Talbot's with him].

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? From bought and sold Lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away

The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,

Yield up his life unto a world of odds.

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims,

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,

But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight.
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue. He is ta'en or slain;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*]

Enter TALBOT and [JOHN] his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly.

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name. Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being dead.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of my blame?

No more can I be severed from your side.
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I.
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, my son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, aside by side together live and die.

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. *A field of battle.*]

Alarm: excursions, wherein JOHN TALBOT is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, or die, fight!

The Regent hath with Talbot broke his vet
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice as late a son!

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st me back.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's sword thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhead

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine.
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood

mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my boy."

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father

care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly?
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead.
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

to-morrow I shall die with mickle age. 25
 ly me they nothing gain an if I stay;
 'tis but the short'ning of my life one day.
 as thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 ly death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
 fame.

ll these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 ll these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made
 me smart;
 these words of yours draw life-blood from my
 heart.

as that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 save a paltry life and slay bright fame, 45
 fore young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 he coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 ad like me to the peasant boys of France,
 be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
 rely, by all the glory you have won, 50
 if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.

en talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
 Crete,
 ou learns. Thy life to me is sweet. 55
 thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 d, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. Another part of the field.]

*Trum : excursions. Enter old TALBOT led [by
 a SERVANT].*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is
 gone.
 where's young Talbot? where is valiant
 John?

umphant Death, smear'd with captivity,
 ing Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
 en he perceiv'd me sink and on my knee, 5
 bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 l, like a hungry lion, did commence
 gh deeds of rage and stern impatience;
 when my angry guardant stood alone,
 d'ring my ruin and assail'd of none, 10
 ry-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 denly made him from my side to start
 the clust'ring battle of the French;
 in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 over-mounting spirit, and there died, 15
 carus, my blossom, in his pride.

Tr [Soldiers,] with the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Tr. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is
 borne!

J. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us
 here to scorn,

from thy insulting tyranny,
 led in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 y despite shall scape mortality.

on, whose wounds become hard-favoured
 Death,

to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
 Death by speaking, whether he will or
 no; 25

me him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should
 say,

Had Death been French, then Death had died
 to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's
 arms.

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have.

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's
 grave. *[Dies.]*

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BAS-
 TARD, LA PUCELLE [and forces].*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought res-
 cue in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's,
 raging wood, 35

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encount'ed him, and thus I
 said:

"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a
 maid!"

But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
 He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not
 born 40

To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble
 knight.

See, where he lies inhers'd in the arms 45
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
 asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's won-
 der.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we
 have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY [attended; Herald
 of the French preceding].*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
 tent

To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou
 sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere
 French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means. 55
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our
 prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the
 field, 60

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
 Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Va-
 lence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of
 Alton, 65

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
 Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble Order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet. 75

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life! 81
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them
hence 85

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's
ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding
spirit.

For God's sake, let him have him. To keep
them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their
ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them
what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein; 95
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT V]

SCENE [I. London. The palace.]

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the
Pope,

The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is
this:

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of 5

Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only
means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And establish quietness on every side. 10

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural

That such inhumanity and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect 15
And surer bind this knot of amity,

The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
King. Marriage, uncle! Alas, my years are
young!

And sifter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please
So let them have their answers every one.

I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter WINCHESTER [in Cardinal's habit,
LEGATE, and two] Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester a
stall'd,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?

Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy.

"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

King. My lords ambassadors, your seven
suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which by my Lord of Winchester we must
Shall be transported presently to France. 25

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord's
master,

I have inform'd his Highness so at large;
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her doves,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. [To the Amb.] In argument and proof
of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them parted;

And safely brought to Dover; where, ~~unhappy~~
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 30

[*Exeunt* all but Winchester and
Legate].

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall
receive

The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's
leisure.

Win. [Aside.] Now Winchester will
omit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well
receive

That, neither in birth or for authority,
The Bishop will be overcome by thee.

I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE [II. France. Plains in Anjou.]

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALEXANDER, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE [and forces]

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer
drooping spirits.

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
 and keep not back your powers in dalliance. ^s
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn
 to us;
 so, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter SCOUT.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
 and happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pri-
 thee, speak. ¹⁰

Scout. The English army, that divided was
 to two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
 and means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warn-
 ing is;

and we will presently provide for them. ¹⁵

Bar. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not
 there.

For he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most ac-
 curs'd.

And mand the conquest, Charles, it shall be
 thine.

Henry fret and all the world repine. ²⁰

Mar. Then on, my lords; and France be
 fortunate! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Before Angiers.]

Alarum. Excursions. *Enter LA PUCKELLE.*

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the French-
 men fly.

Ye help, ye charming spells and periapts;

Ye choice spirits that admonish me

Give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*]

Speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 For the lordly monarch of the north,
 Hear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

Speedy and quick appearance argues proof
 Of our accustom'd diligence to me.

Ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd ¹⁰

Of the powerful regions under earth,

Inform me this once, that France may get the
 field. [*They walk, and speak not.*]

Hold me not with silence over-long!

For I was wont to feed you with my blood,

Or a member off and give it you ¹⁵

For need of a further benefit,

And do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]

How can I have redress? My body shall

Redeem me, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Not my body nor blood-sacrifice ²⁰

Can at you to your wanted furtherance?

Take my soul, my body, soul, and all,

And that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

Why forsake me! Now the time is come

When France must vail her lofty-plumed crest

And her head fall into England's lap. ²⁵

Her ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
 [*Exit.*]

Excursions. *Enter BURGUNDY and YORK fight-
 ing hand to hand. The French fly.* [*LA PU-
 CELLE is brought in captive.*]

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you
 fast. ³⁰

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms

And try if they can gain your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,

As if with Circe she would change my shape! ³⁵

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst
 not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper
 man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles
 and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd ⁴⁰

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold
 thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou com'st
 to the stake. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. *Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in
 his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly, ⁴⁵

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. ⁵⁰

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a
 king,

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me; ⁵⁵

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*]

O, stay! [*Aside.*] I have no power to let her
 pass; ⁶⁰

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak. ⁶⁵

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, De la Pole! disdain not thyself.

Hast not a tongue? Is she not here?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such. ⁷⁰

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses
 rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk — if thy name be
 so —

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king. Tush, that's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? He seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand

And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam, are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colonels forth.

And, madam, at your father's castle walk

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the rear.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough

lord.

Consent, and for thy honour give consent.

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king.

Whom I with pain have woo'd and was thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret know

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I demand

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the rear.]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER [below].

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories!

Command in Anjou what your honour please.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her

worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and

Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war.

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;

And those two counties I will undertake

Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's name,

As deputy unto that gracious king.

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king.

[Aside.] And yet, methinks, I could be content

o be mine own attorney in this case.
 'll over then to England with this news,
 and make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
 Farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
 golden palaces, as it becomes. 170
Reign. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

the Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers

all Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret; 175

princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,

virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.

at, madam, I must trouble you again; 180
 loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,

ever yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself; I will not so presume 185

send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay,

you mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
 are Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

icit Henry with her wondrous praise; 190

think thee on her virtues that surmount,

1 natural graces that extinguish art;

beat their semblance often on the seas,

at, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's

feet,

you mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.* 195

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK [and others].

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a SHEPHERD.

Yor. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!

Yor. I sought every country far and near,

now it is my chance to find thee out,

I behold thy timeless cruel death? 5

Joan. sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Yor. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

descended of a gentler blood.

art no father nor no friend of mine.

Yor. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 10

it is not so.

forget her, all the parish knows.

mother liveth yet, can testify

was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been, 15

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd

this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

The morn that I was wedded to her mother. 25

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her

breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs

a-field, 30

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, curs'd drab?

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd

too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities. 35

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have

condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace, 40

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits;

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, 45

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No; misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy, 50

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a

maid, 55

Spare for no faggots, let there be enow.

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting

hearts? 60

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides!

Murder not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid

with child! 65

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye

wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling.

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live,

Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his.

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel! It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you. 'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams

Upon the country where you make abode,

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves! [*Exit guarded*].

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL [BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, attended].

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence With letters of commission from the King.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

And here at hand the Dauphin and his train

Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered?

O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York. If we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER [and others].

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice.

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of mere compassion and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

You shall become true liegemen to his crown;

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear

To pay him tribute and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him.

And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority,

Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and unreasonable.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories.

And therein reverend for their lawful king:

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,

Detract so much from that prerogative

As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep

That which I have than, coveting for more,

Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

Used intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,

Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,

Of benefit proceeding from our king

And not of any challenge of desert,

Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in objecting nacy

To cavil in the course of this contract.

If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre

And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen

By our proceeding in hostility;

And therefore take this compact of a truce.

Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? Shall it condition stand?

Char. It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest

In any of our towns of garrison.

Fork. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey 170
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
(*Charles and his party give signs of
fealty.*)

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Lay up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. 178
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *London. The palace.*]

*Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING;
GLOUCESTER and EXETER following.*

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble
earl,

Thou beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.
Thy virtues graced with external gifts
Have breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Awakes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Thereto to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial
tale 10

Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
Her chief perfections of that lovely dame,
And I sufficient skill to utter them,
Could make a volume of enticing lines,
To delect and ravish any dull conceit; 15
And which is more, she is not so divine,
But full-replete with choice of all delights,
Content with as humble lowliness of mind
As is content to be at your command;
I mean, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
Love and honour Henry as her lord. 21
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin. 25
I know, my lord, your Highness is betroth'd
To another lady of esteem.

And shall we then dispense with that contract,
That not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; 30
And that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
Because of his adversary's odds.
So your earl's daughter is unequal odds,
Therefore may be broke without offence. 35
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
Than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Such in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
King of Naples and Jerusalem; 40
Of such great authority in France
His alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
For he is near kinsman unto Charles. 45
Beside, his wealth doth warrant a lib-
eral dower,
And the Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so
your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love. 50
Henry is able to enrich his queen

And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth 55
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
[*It*] most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
In our opinions she should be preferred.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace. 65

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70
More than in women commonly is seen,

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve 75
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be Queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your
report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attain'd

With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear, 85
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to
France;

Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England and be crown'd 90
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.

For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. 95

And you, good uncle, banish all offence.
If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company. 100
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*]

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
last. [*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus
he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love, 105
But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King;
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm.
[*Exit.*]

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VI.
 HUMPHREY, duke of Gloucester, his uncle.
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 LORD CLIFFORD.
 YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son.
 EARL OF SALISBURY.
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 LORD SCALLEN.
 LORD SAY.
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.
 SIR JOHN STANLEY.
 VAUX.
 MATTHEW GOFFE.
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Apprentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
 Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
 JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.
 ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.
 THOMAS HORNER, an armourer.
 PETER, his man.
 Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
 SIMPOOX, an impostor.
 JACK CADE, a rebel.
 GEORGE BRYE, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, etc., followers of Cade.
 Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
 ELEANOR, duchess of Gloucester.
 MARGERY JORDAN, a witch.
 Wife to Simpoox.

A Spirit.

SCENE: England.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [London. The palace.]

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter the KING, HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial Majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your Excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace, So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon, Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops, I have perform'd my task and was espous'd; And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England and her lordly peers, Deliver up my title in the Queen To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret!

I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind had

By day, by night, waking and in my dream,
 In courtly company or at my beads,
 With you, mine alder-liest sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping.
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome at love.

All (kneeling). Long live Queen Margaret!
 England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. *(Flourish.)*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace
 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.
Glou. (Reads.) "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador

Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and rusalem, and crown her Queen of England on the thirtieth of May next ensuing. *Item*, at the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father" — [*Lets the paper fall.*]

King. Uncle, how now!
Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord; me sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
King. dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Car. [*Reads.*] "*Item*, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."
King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down.

here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, I gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York, here discharge your Grace from being regent the parts of France, till term of eighteen months

full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester, Lancaster, York, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
thank you all for this great favour done entertainment to my princely queen.
ye, let us in, and with all speed provide see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]
Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief, for grief, the common grief of all the land.
it I did my brother Henry spend his youth, valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
he so often lodge in open field,
winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
conquer France, his true inheritance?
did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
keep by policy what Henry got?

ye you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

liv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
with mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
all the learned council of the realm,
ied so long, sat in the council-house
late, debating to and fro
France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe.

hath his Highness in his infancy
ned in Paris in despite of foes?
shall these labours and these honours die?

Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
re of England, shameful is this league,
this marriage, cancelling your fame,
ing your names from books of memory,
the characters of your renown,

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both.
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer;

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starv'd
in France,

Before —

Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot.

It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

Glou. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind.

'T is not my speeches that you do dislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*]
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.

'T is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown.
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords! Let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts. Be wise and circum-spect.

What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,

"Jesu maintain your royal Excellence!"

With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.]*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside.

If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protectors,

Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal,

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal.

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country!

York. *[Aside.]* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost!

That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,

And would have kept so long as breath did last!

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine.

Which I will win from France, or else be shamed. *[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to us French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's daughter.

I cannot blame them all; what is 't to them?

'T is thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of the pillage

And purchase friends and give to courtizans

Still revelling like lords till all be gone;

While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands

And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,

While all is shar'd and all is borne away.

Ready to starve and dare not touch his own.

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Metinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd

Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France.

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' part

And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey;

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown.

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right.

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist.

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fits not to a crown.

Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve

Watch thou and wake when others be asleep.

To pry into the secrets of the state;

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love

With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fallen in jars.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose.

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfume'd,
and in my standard bear the arms of York,
to grapple with the house of Lancaster;
and, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Those bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exit.

[SCENE II. *The Duke of Gloucester's house.*]

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEANOR.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
auging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
by doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,

frowning at the favours of the world?
hy are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
using on that which seems to dim thy sight?
hat seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
chas'd with all the honours of the world?
so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
stil thy head be circled with the same.
t forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
sat, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;

d, having both together heav'd it up,
'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
d never more abase our sight so low
to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Nell. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

nish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
I may that thought, when I imagine ill
inst my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
my last breathing in this mortal world!
troublesome dreams this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it

h sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
lou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge
in court,

broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
as I think, it was by the Cardinal;

on the pieces of the broken wand
e plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,

William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk,
was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

sch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's

grove
lose his head for his presumption.

list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet Duke.
ought I sat in seat of majesty

e cathedral church of Westminster,
in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

e Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me

on my head did set the diadem.

Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloucester [and Messenger].]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! Nay, fear not, man,

We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal Majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jordan, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. They they have promised, to show your Highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions

As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward. Make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch.
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast,
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of
Suffolk.

Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the Duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, "A crafty knave does need no
broker;"

Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wreck,
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

[SCENE III. The palace.]

Enter three or four PETITIONERS, [PETER] the
Armourer's man being one.

1. *Petit.* My masters, let's stand close. My
Lord Protector will come this way by and by,
and then we may deliver our supplications in
the quill.

2. *Petit.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for
he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

Peter. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the
Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2. *Petit.* Come back, fool. This is the Duke
of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything
with me?

1. *Petit.* I pray, my lord, pardon me. I took
ye for my Lord Protector.

Queen. [Reading.] "To my Lord Protec-
tor!" Are your supplications to his lordship?
Let me see them. What is thine?

1. *Petit.* Mine is, an 't please your Grace,
against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's
man, for keeping my house, and lands, and
wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, in-
deed. What's yours? What's here! [Reads.]
"Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing
the commons of Melford." How now, sir
knave!

2. *Petit.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner
of our whole township.

Peter. [Giving his petition.] Against my
master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the
Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of
York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth.
My master said that he was, and that the King
was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? (Enter Servant.) Take

this fellow in, and send for his master with a
pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of this
matter before the King.

[Exit [Servant with Pet.]

Queen. And as for you, that love to be pro-
tected

Under the wings of our Protector's grace.
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.
[Tears the supplicants.]

All. Come, let's be gone.

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style.

And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France:

I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion.

But all his mind is bent to holiness.
To number Ave-Maries on his beads.

His champions are the prophets and apostles.
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ.

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.

I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him Pope and carry him to

Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head.
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient. As I was car-
rying Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty Protector, how
we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bath-
ingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of
these

But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of
all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so
much

As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with treason-
ladies,

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's
wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the Queen.
She bears a duke's revenues on her back.

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemtpuous base-born callet as she is.
She vaunted 'mongst her minions 't other day

The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands.

Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daugh-
ter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
 and placed a quire of such enticing birds
 that she will light to listen to the lays,
 and never mount to trouble you again.
 Let her rest; and, madam, list to me, 98
 for I am bold to counsel you in this.
 though we fancy not the Cardinal,
 must we join with him and with the lords,
 we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.

for the Duke of York, this late complaint 100
 will make but little for his benefit.
 one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 and you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

and a sennet. *Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, [SOMERSET,] SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.*

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Somerset or York, all's one to me. 105

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

let him be deny'd the regentship.

York. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 York be Regent; I will yield to him.

York. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no, 110

is not that York is the worthier.

York. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak.

York. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

York. All in this presence are thy better, Warwick.

York. Warwick may live to be the best of all. 115

York. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,

Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

York. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

York. Madam, the King is old enough himself

to his censure. These are no women's matters. 120

York. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

protector of his Excellence?

York. Madam, I am Protector of the realm; to his pleasure, will resign my place.

Resign it then and leave thine innocence. 125

York. How wert king—as who is king but thou?—

Commonwealth hath daily run to wreck,
 upon him hath prevail'd beyond the seas,

the peers and nobles of the realm
 seen as bondmen to thy sovereignty. 130

The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

have taken and lean with thy extortions.

Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire

eat a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution 135
 Upon offenders hath exceeded law
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. 140

[*Exit Gloucester.* [*The Queen drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan. What, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I! Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 145

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.

Though in this place most masters wear no breeches, 149

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
 And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.

She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
 She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glouc. Now, lords, my choler being overblown 155

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law;

But God in mercy so deal with my soul, 160

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand.

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave 165

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place, 170

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost. 175

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter [HORNER, *the*] *Armourer, and his man*
[PETER, *guarded*].

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason.¹⁵⁰

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man That doth accuse his master of high treason.¹⁵⁵ His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown And that your Majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words? ¹⁶⁰

Hor. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords [*holding up his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.¹⁶⁵

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech. I do beseech your royal Majesty, Let him have all the rigour of the law.¹⁷⁰

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.¹⁷⁵

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge: Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion; ²¹⁰ And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place, For he hath witness of his servant's malice. This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.²¹⁵
Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevail-eth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!²²¹

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.²²⁵ [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. Gloucester's garden.]

Enter the witch [MARGERY JORDAN], *the two priests, HUME and SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

Hume. Come, my masters; the Duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore pro-

vided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? Fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her side while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jordan, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS aloft [HUME *following*].

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards have their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night. The time of night when Troy was set on fire. The time when screech-owls cry and bawled howl

And spirits walk and ghosts break up the graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you and fear not. Whom we name. We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies kneeling, and make the circle: Bolingbroke or Southwell read, "Conjuro te," etc. It thunders and lightens terribly; the Spirit riseth.*]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jord. Amath, By the eternal God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask: For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass thence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had and done!

Boling. "First of the King: what shall of him become?" [*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death. [*As the Spirit speaks, Bolingbroke writes the answer.*]

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him shun castles. Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*]

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

Madam, I think we watch'd you at an inch. 45
What, madam, are you there? The King and
commonweal

are deeply indebted for this piece of pains.

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

as you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's
king, 50

jealous duke, that threateth where's no
cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call
you this? [Showing the papers.]

Deal with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
and kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Afford, take her to thee. 55

[Exeunt above Duchess and Hume,
guarded.]

I'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
Away!

[Exeunt guard with Jordan, South-
well, etc.]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you
watch'd her well.

retty plot, well chosen to build upon! 60
I, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [Reads.]

10 duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
him outlive, and die a violent death. 65
This is just

o [te.] *Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.* 70
I, to the rest:

What me what fate awaits the Duke of Suf-
folk?

Water shall he die, and take his end.
It shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

him shun castles; 75

shall he be upon the sandy plains

where castles mounted stand."

Yes, come, my lords;

oracles are hardly attain'd,

hardly understood. 80

King is now in progress towards Saint Al-
ban's,

him the husband of this lovely lady.

er goes these news, as fast as horse can
carry them,

my breakfast for my Lord Protector.

k. Your Grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York, 85

the post, in hope of his reward.

k. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

with me to-morrow night. Away!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

[SCENE I. Saint Alban's.]

he KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDI-
NAL SUFFOLK, with Falconers, halloing.

1. Believe me, lords, for flying at the
rook,
not better sport these seven years' day;

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your fal-
con made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all His creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,

My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well. 10

They know their master loves to be aloft

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's
pitch.

Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much. He would be above
the clouds. 15

Glou. Ay, my Lord Cardinal? How think
you by that?

Were it not good your Grace could fly to hea-
ven?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy.

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart, 20

Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and common-
weal!

Glou. What, Cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peremptory?

Tantane animis celestibus ira?

Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, hide such
malice. 25

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glou. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly Lord-protectorship. 30

Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine
insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

King. I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth. 35

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I
make,

Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glou. [Aside to Car.] Faith, holy uncle,
would 't were come to that!

Car. [Aside to Glou.] Marry, when thou
dar'st.

Glou. [Aside to Car.] Make up no factious
numbers for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to Glou.] Ay, where thou dar'st
not peep. An if thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so sud-
denly, 45

We had had more sport. [Aside to Glou.] Come
with thy two-hand sword.

Glou. True, uncle.

[Car. Aside to Glou.] Are ye advis'd? The
east side of the grove.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this, Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] *Medice, teipsum* — Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter [a TOWNSMAN of Saint Alban's,] *crying,* "A miracle!"

Glou. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King and tell him what miracle.

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight; A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the MAYOR of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing the man [SIMPCOX] between two in a chair [SIMPCOX'S WIFE and others following].

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,

To present your Highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale.

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glou. Stand by, my masters. Bring him near the King;

His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your Grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep. By good Saint Alban, who said, "Simpcox come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee. Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many times and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glou. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glou. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desire some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thee eyes. Wink now: now open them.

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glou. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glou. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glou. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glou. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please your master.

Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightest as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish colours, but suddenly to nominate them all is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think it cunning to be great, that could restore the cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glou. My masters of Saint Alban's, have not beades in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glou. Then send for one presently. 129

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither
right. [*Exit [an Attendant].*]

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.
[*Stool brought.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to
re yourself from whipping, leap me over this
stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand
alone. 145

go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a BEADLE with whips.

Now. Well, sir, we must have you find your
sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over
the same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off
with your doublet quickly. 151

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am
not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once,
he leaps over the stool and runs
away; and they follow and cry,
"A miracle!"*]

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so
long? 150

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain
run. 155

Now. Follow the knave; and take this drab
away.

Life. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Now. Let them be whipp'd through every
ket-town, till they come to Berwick, from
thence they came. 160

[*Exeunt [Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.].*]

Now. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-
day.

Now. True; made the lame to leap and fly
away.

Now. But you have done more miracles
than I;

made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Now. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham? 165

Now. Such as my heart doth tremble to
unfold.

of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
of the countenance and confederacy
of Eleanora, the Protector's wife,
ingleader and head of all this rout, 170

practis'd dangerously against your state,
with witches and with conjurers;

we have apprehended in the fact,
up wicked spirits from under ground,

of King Henry's life and death, 175
of your Highness' privy-council,

re at large your Grace shall understand.

[*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my Lord Pro-
tector, by this means

is forthcoming yet at London.

ews, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
edge; 180

like, my lord, you will not keep your
hour.

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict
my heart.

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my
powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom. 185

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked
ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of
thy nest,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do
appeal. 190

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.

Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such 195

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company

And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonoured Gloucester's honest
name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us
here; 200

To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly

And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.* 205

[SCENE II. *London. The Duke of York's
garden.*]

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and
Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown. 5

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim
be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of
Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the
third,

Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of
Gloucester; 16

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father
And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd
as king. 20

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence
she came, 25

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not
by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without
an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from
whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
March;

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.

But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was
son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.

By her I claim the kingdom. She was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence;

So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of
Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the
third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign.
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;

And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be
stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days;

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Hum-
phrey.

'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your
mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of
Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself
Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-
wick

The greatest man in England but the King
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. A hall of justice.]

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING [the QUEEN,
GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALIS-
BURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MAR-
GERY JORDAN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and
BOLINGBROKE, under guard].*

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great.
Receive the sentence of the law for sins

Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again:

From thence unto the place of execution.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd

ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born.
Deprived of your honour in your life.

Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment.

With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome

were my death.
Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath

judged thee.
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other pro-
cessors, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart is grieved.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go.

Sorrow would solace, and mine age would cure.
King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester

Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff. Henry will to himself

Protector be; and God shall be my hope.
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet

And go in peace, Humphrey, no less belov'd
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.

God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm

Glou. My staff? Here, noble Henry, is
my staff.

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king! When I am dead and
gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne
[*Exeunt.*]

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
 and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
 at bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;

lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
 in staff of honour raught, there let it stand
 ere it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

us. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;

as Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
 York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,

is the day appointed for the combat;
 I ready are the appellant and defendant,
 armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 please your Highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
 King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit.

let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse beated
 were afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
 servant of this armourer, my lords.

at one door [HORNER,] the Armourer, and NEIGHBOURS, drinking to him so much that is drunk: and he enters with a drum before and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to and at the other door [PETER,] his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and PRENTICES walking to him.

Veigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour shall do well enough.

Veigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup rreco.

Veigh. And here's a pot of good double neighbour. Drink, and fear not your

Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge
 and a fig for Peter!

Ben. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and afraid.

Ben. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy Fight for credit of the 'prentices.

I thank you all. Drink, and pray for pray you; for I think I have taken my ought in this world. Here, Robin, an if I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou ave my hammer; and here, Tom, take money that I have. O Lord bless me! I did I for I am never able to deal with my he hath learnt so much fence already.
 Come, leave your drinking, and fall to Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter, forsooth.

Peter! What more?

Thump.

Thump! Then see thou thump thy self.

Masters, I am come hither, as it were, y man's instigation, to prove him a

knave and myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch. This knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[Alarum.] They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,

For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
 And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
 Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. A street.]

Enter GLOUCESTER and his SERVING-MEN, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
 Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
 To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.
 Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 The abject people gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER [bare-foot], in a white sheet [with verses pinned upon her back], and a taper burning in her hand; with [SIR JOHN STANLEY,] the SHERIFF, and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!

See how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine! 25
Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh 35
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 41
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess, 45
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York and impious Beaufort, that false

priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle 55
thee.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry.

I must offend before I be attained;
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scath
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away, 65
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a HERALD.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament, 70
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave; and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays,

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my wife here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse in this pray

You use her well. The world may laugh at
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell!

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me farewell!

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot say I speak.

[*Exeunt Gloucester [and several men].*]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort with thee,
For none abides with me. My joy is death
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid 75
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour.
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but a poor

proach;
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady.

According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell; and better than fare,

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, there is this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with a sheet.

No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exit*]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. The Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds.]

A sennet. *Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is come;

'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man.
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now

Queen. Can you not see, or will ye not observe the strangeness of his alter'd countenance? Is it that what a majesty he bears himself, insolent of late he is become, proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

I know the time since he was mild and affable,

if we did but glance a far-off look, immediately he was upon his knee, it all the court admir'd him for submission; meet him now, and, be it in the morn, on every one will give the time of day, knits his brow and shows an angry eye, passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, laying duty that to us belongs.

All curs are not regarded when they grin, great men tremble when the lion roars; Humphrey is no little man in England, note that he is near you in descent, should you fall, he is the next will mount, seemeth then it is no policy,

ecting what a rancorous mind he bears his advantage following your decease, he should come about your royal person admitted to your Highness' council.

attery hath he won the commons' hearts, when he please to make commotion, to be fear'd they all will follow him, 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;

them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden

boke the herbs for want of husbandry. everent care I bear unto my lord

me collect these dangers in the Duke. as fond, call it a woman's fear;

I fear if better reasons can supplant, subscribe and say I wrong'd the Duke,

rd of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, ve my allegation, if you can,

conclude my words effectual.

Well hath your Highness seen into this inke;

ad I first been put to speak my mind, I should have told your Grace's tale.

schess by his subornation, ny life, began her devilish practices;

ie were not privy to those faults, e reputing of his high descent,

t the King he was successive heir, ch high vaunts of his nobility,

tigate the bedlam brain-sick Duchess ked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

runs the water where the brook is deep; his simple show he harbours treason.

barks not when he would steal the lamb. my sovereign; Gloucester is a man

ded yet and full of deep deceit.

Did he not, contrary to form of law, strange deaths for small offences done?

And did he not, in his protectorship, eat sums of money through the realm

iers' pay in France, and never sent it, as whereof the towns each day revolted?

Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once; the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,

Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my conscience,

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent From meaning treason to our royal person

As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove. The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given

To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrow'd,

For he's disposed as the hateful raven. Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,

For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf. Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign! *King.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories

Is utterly bereft you. All is lost.

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

York. [Aside.] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England. Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud

And caterpillars eat my leaves away. But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the King! Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art. I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush

Nor change my countenance for this arrest; A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being Protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay, By means whereof his Highness hath lost

France.

Glou. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay, Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, Ay, night by night, in studying good for Eng-

land,

That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store, 115
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was Protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me; 125
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment. 130
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself. 135
I do arrest you in his Highness' name;
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect. 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand.
Foul subornation is predominant, 145
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness; 150
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate; 155
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life; 160

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles— 165
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt.

The ancient proverb will be well effected.
"A staff is quickly found to beat a dog."

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal peace
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech.

'T will make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
With ignominious words, though clerk
couch'd,

As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant. I have indeed.

Bestrew the winners, for they play'd me false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense and hold it here all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side

And wolves are gnawing who shall guard him first.

Ah, that my fear were false! Ah, that it were
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,

Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your Highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drawn with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes.
My body round engirt with misery.

For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.

What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor so much wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence.

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young ones went

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester; and

With sad unhelpful tears, and with downcast eyes

Look after him and cannot do him good.
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

is fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 y, "Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is
 none."

[*Exeunt [all but Queen, Cardinal,
 Suffolk, and York; Somerset
 remains apart].*]

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the
 sun's hot beams.

Why my lord is cold in great affairs,
 o full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
 guiles him as the mournful crocodile 230
 th sorrow snares relenting passengers
 as the snake roll'd in a flow'ring bank,
 th shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
 child

at for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230
 I love me, lords, were none more wise
 than I—

I yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
 s Gloucester should be quickly rid the
 world,

rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy, 235
 yet we want a colour for his death.

I meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy.

King will labour still to save his life,
 commons haply rise, to save his life; 240

yet we have but trivial argument,
 e than mistrust, that shows him worthy
 death.

ork. So that, by this you would not have
 him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
 rk. 'Tis York that hath more reason for
 his death. 245

my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of
 Suffolk,

as you think, and speak it from your souls,
 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 ard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 lace Duke Humphrey for the King's Pro-
 tector? 250

en. So the poor chicken should be sure of
 death.

Madam, 'tis true; and, were't not
 madness, then,

ake the fox surveyor of the fold?

being accus'd a crafty murderer,

uilt should be but idly posted over, 255

se his purpose is not executed.

et him die, in that he is a fox,

ur prov'd an enemy to the flock,

his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

umphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my
 liege. 260

o not stand on quilllets how to slay him;

y gins, by snares, by subtlety,

g or waking, 't is no matter how,

be dead; for that is good deceit

mates him first that first intends de-
 ceit. 265

n. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely

spoke.

Not resolute, except so much were

lone,

ngs are often spoke and seldom meant;

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord
 of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest.

Say you consent and censure well the deed, 275

And I'll provide his executioner,

I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
 doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke
 it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
 amain,

To signify that rebels there are up

And put the Englishmen unto the sword.

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage be-
 time, 285

Before the wound do grow uncurable;

For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedi-
 ent stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as Regent
 thither. 290

'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,

Had been the Regent there instead of me,

He never would have stay'd in France so
 long. 295

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
 done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes

Than bring a burden of dishonour home

By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin. 300

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a
 raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still.

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent
 there, 305

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? Nay, then,

a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest
 shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your for-
 tune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms 310

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,

Collected choicely, from each county some,

And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his Maj-
 esty. 315

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,

And what we do establish he confirms.

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 220

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him That henceforth he shall trouble us no more. And so break off; the day is almost spent. 225

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers; For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. *[Exeunt all but York.]* 230

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts, And change misdoubt to resolution. Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying. Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man, 235

And find no harbour in a royal heart. Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity. My brain more busy than the labouring spider

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done, 241

To send me packing with an host of men. I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'T was men I lack'd and you will give them me. 245

I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd. You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell; 250

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams, Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent, 255 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford, To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer. In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 260

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns, And fought so long, till that his thighs with

darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine; And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco, 265 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern, Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And undiscover'd come to me again And given me notice of their villainies. 270

This devil here shall be my substitute, For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble. By this I shall perceive the commons' mind. How they affect the house and claim of York. Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured, I know no pain they can inflict upon him. Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms. Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will. Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be. And Henry put apart, the next for me. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room in the state.*]

Enter two or three [MURDERERS] running on the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

1. *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk: let him know

We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. *Mur.* O that it were to do! What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd the thing?

1. *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed. The King and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well According as I gave directions?

1. *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. *[Exeunt Murderers.]*

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL, SOMERSET, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight.

Say we intend to try his Grace to-day, If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. *[Exit.]*

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester Than from true evidence of good esteem.

He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman! Pray God he may acquit him of suspicions.

King. I thank thee, [Meg;] thou art content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? What tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? What's the matter with folk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend !
 Car. God's secret judgement. I did dream
 to-night
 he Duke was dumb and could not speak a
 word. [The King swoons.
 Queen. How fares my lord ? Help, lords !
 the King is dead.
 Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the
 nose.
 Queen. Run, go, help, help ! O Henry, ope
 thine eyes !
 Suf. He doth revive again. Madam, be
 patient.
 King. O heavenly God !
 Queen. How fares my gracious lord ?
 Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry,
 comfort !
 King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk com-
 fort me ?
 ne he right now to sing a raven's note,
 ose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
 d thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
 crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 chase away the first-conceived sound ?
 e not thy poison with such sug' red words. 45
 or not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say !
 i touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
 u baleful messenger, out of my sight !
 n thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
 in grim majesty, to fright the world. 50
 k not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-
 ing.
 do not go away. Come, basilisk,
 kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;
 in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
 ife but double death, now Gloucester's
 dead. 55
 een. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk
 thus ?
 ough the Duke was enemy to him,
 e most Christian-like laments his death ;
 for myself, foe as he was to me,
 t liquid tears or heart-offending groans 60
 ood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 ald be blind with weeping, sick with
 groans,
 pale as primrose with blood-drinking
 sighs,
 ill to have the noble Duke alive.
 know I how the world may deem of me, 65
 is known we were but hollow friends ?
 r be judg'd I made the Duke away ;
 all my name with slander's tongue be
 wounded,
 rinces' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 et I by his death. Ay me, unhappy ! 70
 a queen, and crown'd with infamy !
 r. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester,
 wretched man !
 n. Be woe for me, more wretched than
 is.
 dost thou turn away and hide thy face ?
 o loathsome leper ; look on me. 75
 art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?
 onous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
 hy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb ?
 ben, Dame [Margaret] was ne'er thy joy.

Erect his statuë and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea
 And twice by awkward wind from England's
 bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime ?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind 85
 Did seem to say, " Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore " ?
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts
 And he that loos'd them forth their brazen
 caves ;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed
 shore, 90
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee.
 The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd
 on shore, 95
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkind-
 ness.
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking
 sands
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish [Margaret]. 100
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm ;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view, 105
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy land. The sea re-
 ceiv'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart. 106
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy, 115
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy !
 Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false
 like him ?
 Ay me, I can no more ! Die, [Margaret !] 120
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.
 Noise within. Enter WARWICK, [SALISBURY,]
 and many COMMONS.
 War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is
 murd' red
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees 125
 That want their leader, scatter up and down
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.
 King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is
 too true ; 130
 But how he died God knows, not Henry.
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. 125
[Exit Warwick and Salisbury, severally.]

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgement only doth belong to thee. 130
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies; 135

Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 140

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him

To free us from his father's wrathful curse, 145
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 150
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy; 155

Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 160
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdu'd.

Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged, 165

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murd'red here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection, 170
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep.

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead.

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak,
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?

Where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with war,
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart.

That slanders me with murder's crimson stain,
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if his Suffolk dares him?

Queen. He dares not calm his countenance's spirit

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern, untutor'd churl, and noble son
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder backs thee

And I should rob the deathsmen of his life,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames

And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,

I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech

And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:

And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell

Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence, 279

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's
ghost. [Exeunt [Suffolk and Warwick].

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart
untainted!

hrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
and he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Queen. What noise is this? [A noise within.] 286

Enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful
weapons drawn

are in our presence! Dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men
of Bury 290

call upon me, mighty sovereign.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [To the Commons.] Sirs, stand apart; the
King shall know your mind.

And lord, the commons send you word by
me,

less Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
banished fair England's territories, 295

by will by violence tear him from your palace
torture him with grievous lingering death.

by say, by him the good Duke Humphrey
died;

by say, in him they fear your Highness'
death;

by mere instinct of love and loyalty, 296

by from a stubborn opposite intent,
being thought to contradict your liking,

as them thus forward in his banishment.
by say, in care of your most royal person,

by say your Highness should intend to sleep,
charge that no man should disturb your
rest 298

by sin of your dislike or pain of death,
notwithstanding such a strait edict,

by there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
slyly glided towards your Majesty, 300

by re but necessary you were wak'd,
being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

by mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

by they will guard you, wh'er you will or no,
such fell serpents as false Suffolk is, 302

by whose envenomed and fatal sting,
loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

by say, is shamefully bereft of life.

mons. (Within.) An answer from the
King, my Lord of Salisbury! 310

'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
hands,

send such message to their sovereign.
on, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

ow how quaint an orator you are;
I the honour Salisbury hath won 312

at he was the lord ambassador
from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Commons. (Within.) An answer from the
King, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
me,

I thank them for their tender loving care; 310

And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat,

For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means; 312

And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]
Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle
Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle
Suffolk! 300

No more, I say! If thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

If, after three days' space, thou here be'st
found 302

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.
[Exeunt [all but Queen and Suffolk].

Queen. Mischance and Sorrow go along with
you! 300

Heart's Discontent and sour Affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!

There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execra-
tions, 302

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
groan, 310

I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave. 312

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burden'd heart would
break, 310

Should I not curse them. Poison be their
drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!

Their softest touch as smart as lizards'
stings! 312

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And boding screech-owls make the consort full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk! Thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief.
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.

O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;

Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence.
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more. Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air.

Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he calls the King
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul;
And I am sent to tell his Majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the King.

Ay me! what is this world! What news are these!

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee.
And with the southern clouds contend in tears
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now get thee hence; the King, thou know'st, is coming.

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live.
And in thy sight to die, what were it else?

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air.

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes.

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul.

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.

O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fearful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk! Let me hear from thee;

For whoso'er thou art in this world's globe
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful's case
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.
[*Exeunt* several.]

[SCENE III. London. Beaufort's bedchamber.]

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, & CARDINAL in bed.

King. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island.
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speak to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he be?

Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands up right,

like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
 Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
 bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !
 'Tis best away the busy meddling fiend
 that lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 and from his bosom purge this black despair !
War. See, how the pangs of death do make
 him grin !
Sal. Disturb him not ; let him pass peace-
 ably.
King. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
 sure be !
 And Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
 He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
 him !
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
 life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
 all.
 He up his eyes and draw the curtain close ;
 and let us all to meditation. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *The coast of Kent.*]

rum. Fight at sea. Ordinance goes off.
 Enter a LIEUTENANT, [a MASTER, a MAS-
 TER'S MATE, WALTER WHITMORE, and
 others ; with them] SUFFOLK [disguised, and
 other gentlemen, prisoners].
eu. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
 day
 swept into the bosom of the sea ;
 now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 drag the tragic melancholy night ;
 with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
 wings,
 lead men's graves, and from their misty
 jaws
 the foul contagious darkness in the air.
 Before bring forth the soldiers of our prize ;
 whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 shall they make their ransom on the
 sand,
 th their blood stain this discoloured shore.
 For, this prisoner freely give I thee ;
 how that art his mate, make boot of this ;
 then, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
ent. What is my ransom, master ? Let
 me know.
t. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
 your head.
*. And so much shall you give, or off
 goes yours.*
What, think you much to pay two
 thousand crowns,
 for the name and port of gentlemen ?
 For the villains' throats ; for die you shall
 of those which we have lost in fight
 interpoised with such a petty sum !
nt. I'll give it, sir ; and therefore spare
 my life.

2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it
 straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize
 aboard,
 And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die ;
[To Suffolk.]
 And so should these, if I might have my will.
Lieu. Be not so rash ; take ransom, let him
 live.
Suf. Look on my George ; I am a gentleman.
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I ; my name is Walter
 Whitmore.
 How now ! why start'st thou ? What, doth
 death affright ?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound
 is death.
 A cunning man did calculate my birth
 And told me that by water I should die :
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;
 Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gualtier, or Walter, which it is, I
 care not.
 Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot ;
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !
[Lays hold of Suffolk.]
Suf. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a
 prince,
 The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in
 rags !
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the
 duke :
[Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I ?]
Lieu. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt
 be.
Suf. Obscure and lousy swain, King Henry's
 blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
 Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my
 stirrup ?
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
 And thought thee happy when I shook my
 head ?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the
 board,
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret ?
 Remember it and let it make thee crest-fallen,
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride,
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
 And duly waited for my coming forth.
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the for-
 lorn swain ?
Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he
 hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt and so
 art thou.
Lieu. Convey him hence and on our long-
 boat's side
 Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

[*Lieu.* Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!]

Lieu. Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England
drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.

Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen shall sweep the
ground; 75

And thou that smil'd'st at good Duke Hum-
phrey's death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again;

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord 80

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart. 85
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in

vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms;

And now the house of York, thrust from the
crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king 95
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful col-
ours

Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ, "*Invitis nubibus.*"

The commons here in Kent are up in arms; 100
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges! 105
Small things make base men proud. This vil-
lain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives.

It is impossible that I should die 110
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me.
I go of message from the Queen to France;

I charge thee waft me safely cross the Chan-
nel.

Lieu. Walter, — 115

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to
thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: it is thee I
fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before
I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye
stoop?

1. *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him,
speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for
favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit. No, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to
Save to the God of heaven and to my king. 20

And sooner dances upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear;
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Lieu. Hail him away, and let him talk
more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty
can,

That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile besonians.

A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard had

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by 25

[*Exeunt Whitmore with Suffolk*
Lieu. And as for these whose ransom we have

set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;

Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman*

Re-enter WHITMORE with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body
lie,

Until the Queen his mistress bury it. 30
1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the King.
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the Queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

[SCENE II. Blackheath.]

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, thou
made of a lath. They have been up these
days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep
then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clown
means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it
and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 't is threaten'd.
Well, I say it was never merry world in En-
land since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not re-
garded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to wear
leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the King's council are
good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour is the
vocation; which is as much to say as, let
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's
better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand

Ioll. I see them! I see them! There's
it's son, the tanner of Wingham, —
Ieris. He shall have the skins of our ene-
s, to make dog's-leather of. 30

Ioll. And Dick the Butcher, —
Ieris. Then is sin struck down like an ox,
iniquity's throat cut like a calf. 30

Ioll. And Smith the weaver, —
Ieris. Argo, their thread of life is spun.
Ioll. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

m. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH
Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite num-
rs.

ade. We John Cade, so term'd of our sup-
d father, —

ick. [Aside.] Or rather, of stealing a cade
errings. 30

ade. For our enemies shall fail before us,
red with the spirit of putting down kings
princes, — Command silence.

ck. Silence! 40

ade. My father was a Mortimer, —
ck. [Aside.] He was an honest man, and
d bricklayer.

ade. My mother a Plantagenet, — 44
ck. [Aside.] I knew her well; she was a
ife.

ade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —
ck. [Aside.] She was, indeed, a pedler's
ater, and sold many laces. 40

ith. [Aside.] But now of late, not able to
l with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks
at home.

le. Therefore am I of an honourable

ck. [Aside.] Ay, by my faith, the field is
rable; and there was he born, under a
, for his father had never a house but the 50

le. Valiant I am.

th. [Aside.] 'A must needs; for beggary
ant.

e. I am able to endure much. 60

ck. [Aside.] No question of that; for I
een him whipp'd three market-days to-

e. I fear neither sword nor fire.

h. [Aside.] He need not fear the sword;
coat is of proof. 65

ck. [Aside.] But methinks he should stand
of fire, being burnt i' the hand for
g of sheep. 60

e. Be brave, then; for your captain is
and vows reformation. There shall be
land seven halfpenny loaves sold for a
the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten
and I will make it felony to drink small
all the realm shall be in common, and in
ide shall my palfrey go to grass; and
am king, as king I will be, — 70
God save your Majesty!

e. I thank you, good people, — there
no money. All shall eat and drink on
e; and I will apparel them all in one
that they may agree like brothers and
me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the
lawyers. 84

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a
lamentable thing, that of the skin of an inno-
cent lamb should be made parchment? that
parchment, being scribb'l'd o'er, should undo a
man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 't is
the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing,
and I was never mine own man since. How
now! who's there? 91

*Enter [some, bringing forward the] CLERK [of
Chatham].*

Smith. The clerk of Chatham. He can write
and read and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain! 96

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red
letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and
write court-hand. 101

Cade. I am sorry for 't. The man is a proper
man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty,
he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must
examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel. 106

Dick. They use to write it on the top of
letters; 't will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write
thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like
an honest plain-dealing man? 111

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well
brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd! Away with him!
He's a villain and a traitor. 115

Cade. Away with him, I say! Hang him
with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particuler fellow. 119

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford
and his brother are hard by, with the King's
forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee
down. He shall be encount'ed with a man as
good as himself. He is but a knight, is 'a? 125

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a
knight presently. [Kneels.] Rise up Sir John
Mortimer. [Rises.] Now have at him!

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his
BROTHER, with drum and soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum
of Kent, 130

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down!
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom!

The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to
blood,

If you go forward; therefore yield, or die. 135

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I
pass not.

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer, 160
And thou thyself a sheerman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl
of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did
he not? 165

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say,
't is true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse, 170
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall
be king. 175

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's
house, and the bricks are alive at this day to
testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's
words,

That speaks he knows not what? 180

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye
gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath
taught you this.

Cade. [Aside.] He lies; for I invented it
myself. — 185

Go to, sirrah, tell the King from me, that, for
his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose
time boys went to span-counter for French
crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll
be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord
Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine. 190

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is Eng-
land maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but
that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I
tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the
commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and
more than that, he can speak French, and
therefore he is a traitor. 177

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can. The French-
men are our enemies. Go to, then, I ask but
this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an
enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not pre-
vail, 194

Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every
town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors. 190

And you that be the King's friends, follow me.
[Exeunt the two Staffords, and
soldiers].

Cade. And you that love the commons, fol-
low me.

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman,
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoes; =
For they are thrifty honest men and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our part.

Dick. They are all in order and march
toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are
most out of order. Come, march forward. =
[Exeunt]

[SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath.]

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFF-
FORDS are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and
oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou
hadst been in thine own slaughter-house;
therefore thus will I reward thee: the less
shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a license to kill for a hundred lacking =

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserve
no less. This monument of the victory will I
bear [putting on Stafford's armour]; and thy
bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heels till I
do come to London, where we will have the
mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London. [Exeunt]

[SCENE IV. London. The palace.]

*Enter the KING with a supplication, and the
QUEEN with Suffolk's head; the Duke of
BUCKINGHAM and the Lord SAY.*

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens
the mind

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to
the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to extract
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short.
Will parley with Jack Cade their general
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath the
lovely face

Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn
to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall
have his.

King. How now, madam!

I lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

For me, love, if that I had been dead, you woudest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee. 25

Enter a MESSENGER.

King. How now! what news? Why comest thou in such haste?

Messenger. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer, sendeth from the Duke of Clarence's house, calls your Grace usurper openly, 30

his army is a ragged multitude of rascals and peasants, rude and merciless.

Lumpfrey Stafford and his brother's death given them heart and courage to proceed. 35

Doctors, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Queen. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth, 40

and power be rais'd to put them down.

King. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive, 45

Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

Queen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee; fore away with us to Killingworth.

So might your Grace's person be in danger. 50

Right of me is odious in their eyes; therefore in this city will I stay

ve alone as secret as I may.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge. Citizens fly and forsake their houses. 55

Scandalous people, thirsting after prey, call the traitor, and they jointly swear

of the city and your royal court.

Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

Come, Margaret. God, our hope, will succour us. 60

My hope is gone, now Suffolk is dead.

Farewell, my lord; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed. 65

The trust I have is in mine innocence, therefore am I bold and resolute. 70

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. London. The Tower.

OLD SCALES upon the Tower, walking.

Enter two or three CITIZENS below.

How now! is Jack Cade slain?

No, my lord, nor likely to be slain;

for they have won the Bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels. 5

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command, 6

But I am troubled here with them myself. The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head, 10

And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe. Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so, farewell, for I must hence again. 15

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. London. Cannon Street.]

Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer. 1

Enter a SOLDIER, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more. I think he hath a very fair warning. 12

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them. But first go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. 15

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. London. Smithfield.]

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter JACK CADE with his company.

Cade. So, sirs. Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word. 6

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. *[Aside.]* Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. 11

Smith. *[Aside.]* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm. My mouth shall be the parliament of England. 17

Holl. *[Aside.]* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common. 21

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Nor-^{so} mandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth ^{as} of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou ^{as} hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about ^{as} matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis "*bona terra, mala gens.*"

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil st place of all this isle.
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book prefer'd me to the King;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits.
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands. ^{as} I have I struck

Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! What, to cower behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and disease.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen candle and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended me?

Have I affected wealth or honour? Speak. Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it. He shall die.

It be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue.

he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently.

and then break into his son-in-law's house, to James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so odurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a sword on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute.

There shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it.

Men shall hold of me in capite; and in charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Chertsey side and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

ster one with the heads [of Say and Cromer].

le. But is not this braver? Let them kiss another, for they lov'd well when they alive. Now part them again, lest they it about the giving up of some more towns ace. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city night; for with these borne before us, of maces, will we ride through the; and at every corner have them kiss. [Exeunt. 145]

[SCENE VIII. Southwark.]

and retreat. Enter again CADE and all his rabblement.

Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Kill and knock down! Throw them smes! (Sound a parley.) What noise is ar? Dare any be so bold to sound re-parley, when I command them kill? *

BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD [attended].

Ay, here they be that dare and will turb thee.

Cade, we come ambassadors from the ng

commons whom thou hast misled; pronounce free pardon to them all forsake thee and go home in peace.

What say ye, countrymen? Will ye nt

to mercy whilst 't is offered you; bble lead you to your deaths?

the King and will embrace his par-

is cap, and say, "God save his Maj-ty!"

h him and honours not his father, Fifth, that made all France to quake,

is weapon at us and pass by. I save the King! God save the

! hat, Buckingham and Clifford, are e? And you, base peasants, do ye

? Will you needs be hang'd with ns about your necks? Hath my

fore broke through London gates, ould leave me at the White Hart

rk? I thought ye would never [s out these arms till you had recov-

ncient freedom. But you are all d dastards, and delight to live in

ie nobility. Let them break your urdens, take your houses over your

your wives and daughters before For me, I will make shift for one;

curse light upon you all! l follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

de the son of Henry the Fifth, n do exclaim you'll go with him?

duct you through the heart of

e meanest of you earls and dukes? no home, no place to fly to; 40

Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you? 45

Methinks already in this civil broil

I see them lording it in London streets,

Crying "Villiano!" unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. 50

To France, to France, and get what you have lost!

Spare England, for it is your native coast.

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! We'll follow the King and Clifford. 55

Cade. [Aside.] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The

name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me

desolate. I see them lay their heads together 60 to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils

and hell, have through the very midst of you! And heavens and honour be witness that no

want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me be-

take me to my heels. [Exit. 65]

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and fol-

low him; And he that brings his head unto the King

Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. [Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean 70

To reconcile you all unto the King. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IX. Kenilworth Castle.]

Trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle

But I was made a king, at nine months old.

Was never subject long'd to be a king 5

As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter [below,] multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; 10

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, Expect your Highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your
lives
And show'd how well you love your prince and
country.

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the
King!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power 25
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a
traitor. 30

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a
pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-
pers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him. 35
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in
terms;

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard lan-
guage. 45

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to
deal

As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched
reign. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

[SCENE X. *Kent. Iden's garden.*]

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! Fie on myself, that
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
These five days have I hid me in these woods
and durst not peep out, for all the country is
laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I
might have a lease of my life for a thousand
years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a
brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to
see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another
while, which is not amiss to cool a man's
stomach this hot weather. And I think this 10
word "sallet" was born to do me good; for
many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had

been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time,
when I have been dry and bravely marching, I
hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink
in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me
to feed on. 15

Enter IDEN.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the
court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me 20
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning.
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy.
Sufficieth that I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my
gate.

Cade. [*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the ac-
come to seize me for a stray, for entering his
fee-simple without leave. — Ah, villain, thou
wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns
the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll
make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow
my sword like a great pin, ere thou dost
part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou
be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray
thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden, 25
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds?
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner.
But thou wilt brave me with these saw-
terms?

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the best blade
that ever was broach'd, and heard thee say.
Look on me well. I have eat no meat these
five days; yet, come thou and thy five men,
and if I do not leave you all as dead as a dead-
nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while I
land stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine.
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the
lesser;

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this trunk.
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
hast;

And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words.
Let this my sword report what speech I
bear.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou
turn the edge, or cut not out the barley-head
clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in the
sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou never
be turn'd to hobnails.

[*Here they fight. Cade falls.*]
O, I am slain! Famine and no other had
slain me. Let ten thousand devils come against
me, and give me but the ten meals I have but

I'd defy them all. Wither, garden, and
 henceforth a burying-place to all that do
 in this house, because the unconquered
 of Cade is fled. ⁷⁰

n. Is't Cade that I have slain, that mon-
 strous traitor?

I, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 and these o'er my tomb when I am dead.
 Shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
 thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, ⁷⁵
 to blaze the honour that thy master got.

e. I den, farewell, and be proud of thy
 y. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her
 an, and exhort all the world to be cow-
 for I, that never feared any, am van-
 d by famine, not by valour. ^[Dies. 81]

t. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven
 be my judge.

unn'd wretch, the curse of her that bare
 thee;

I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 b I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. ⁸⁵

will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 dunghill which shall be thy grave,
 ere cut off thy most ungracious head;

I will bear in triumph to the King,
 g thy trunk for crows to feed upon. ⁹⁰

^[Exit.]

[ACT V]

I. Fields between Dartford and Black- heath.]

YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum
 and colours.

From Ireland thus comes York to
 claim his right.

ick the crown from feeble Henry's head.
 ells, aloud! burn, bonfires, clear and
 right,

tain great England's lawful king!
 cta majestas, who would not buy thee
 ear? ⁵

n obey that knows not how to rule;
 nd was made to handle nought but
 dd.

give due action to my words,
 e sword or sceptre balance it.

e shall it have, have I a soul. ¹⁰
 b I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

ave we here? Buckingham, to dis-
 mb me?

g hath sent him, sure. I must dis-
 nible.

York, if thou meanest well, I greet
 e well.

Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept
 r greeting. ¹⁵

a messenger, or come of pleasure?

A messenger from Henry, our dread
 c.

the reason of these arms in peace;
 hou, being a subject as I am,

by oath and true allegiance sworn, ²⁰

Should raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. ^[Aside.] Scarce can I speak, my
 choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
 I am so angry at these abject terms; ²⁵

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the King,
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

But I must make fair weather yet a while, ³⁰
 Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—

Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King. ³⁵
 Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy
 part;

But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The King hath yielded unto thy demand. ⁴⁰

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon this honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my
 powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves. ⁴⁵
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay and everything you wish.

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, ⁵⁰

As pledges of my fealty and love;

I'll send them all as willing as I live.

Land, goods, horse, armour, anything I have,

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submis-
 sion.

We twain will go into his Highness' tent. ⁵⁵

Enter KING and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no
 harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your Highness.

King. Then what intends these forces thou
 dost bring? ⁶⁰

York. To have the traitor Somerset from
 hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
 Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
 May pass into the presence of a king, ⁶⁵

Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade! Great God, how
 just art Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead,
 That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew
 him? ⁷¹

Iden. I was, an 't like your Majesty.

King. How art thou call'd, and what is thy
 degree?

Idea. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king. 75
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not
amiss

He were created knight for his good service.
King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise
up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80
Idea. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*]

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes
with the Queen.

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide
his head, 85

But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned
thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with
me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? No, thou art not King,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
traitor. 95

That head of thine doth not become a crown,
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of
mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles'
spear, 100

Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up

And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place! By heaven, thou shalt rule no
more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee,
York, 105

Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? First let me
ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.

[*Exit Attendant.*]
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

To say if that the bastard boys of York 115
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with forces.
See where they come; I'll warrant they'll
make it good.

Enter CLIFFORD [and his Son, YOUNG CLIFFORD, with forces].

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their
bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the
King! [*March.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what
news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not
take;

But thou mistakes me much to think I do.
To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown
mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower.

And chop away that factious pate of his.
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey.

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons
shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we
here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears.
That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-larking curs.
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY
[*with forces.*]

Clif. Are these thy bears? We'll bait up
bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains.
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening
cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld.
Who being suffer'd, with the bear's fell paw.

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and
cried;

And such a piece of service will you do.
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord War-

wick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you there, as anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,

mad misleader of thy brain-sick son !
 wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
 ruffian,
 ask for sorrow with thy spectacles ? 165
 is he faith ? O, where is loyalty ?
 banish'd from the frosty head,
 shall it find a harbour in the earth ?
 on go dig a grave to find out war,
 mine thine honourable age with blood ?
 thou old and want'st experience ? 171
 before dost abuse it, if thou hast it ?
 ne ! In duty bend thy knee to me
 ws unto the grave with mickle age.
 ly lord, I have considered with my- 175

of this most renowned duke ;
 y conscience do repute his Grace
 ful heir to England's royal seat.
 Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto
 ?

have. 180
 Canst thou dispense with heaven for
 an oath ?
 is great sin to swear unto a sin,
 er sin to keep a sinful oath.
 be bound by any solemn vow
 urd'rous deed, to rob a man, 185
 spotless virgin's chastity,
 he orphan of his patrimony,
 he widow from her custom'd right,
 no other reason for this wrong
 s was bound by a solemn oath ? 190
 A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
 all Buckingham, and bid him arm
 elf.
 all Buckingham, and all the friends
 hast,
 d for death or dignity.
 first I warrant thee, if dreams
 true. 195
 were best to go to bed and dream

s from the tempest of the field.
 resolv'd to bear a greater storm
 ou canst conjure up to-day ;
 I write upon thy burgonet, 200
 now thee by thy household badge.
 , by my father's badge, old Nevill's

bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 wear aloft my burgonet,
 tain top the cedar shows 205
 s leaves in spite of any storm,
 fit thee with the view thereof.
 rom thy burgonet I'll rend thy

nder foot with all contempt,
 ar-ward that protects the bear. 210
 d so to arms, victorious father,
 bels and their complices.
 charity, for shame ! speak not

up with Jesu Christ to-night.
 if stigmatic, that's more than
 st tell. 215
 in heaven, you'll surely sup in
 [Exeunt severally].

[SCENE II. *Saint Alban's, near the Castle inn.*]

[*Alarums to the battle.*] Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick
 calls !
 An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me. s
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord ! what, all afoot ?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
 steed,
 But match to match I have encount'ed him 10
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
 other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death. 15

War. Then, nobly, York ; 't is for a crown
 thou fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit.
 Clif. What seest thou in me, York ? Why
 dost thou pause ?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
 in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise
 and esteem,

But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy
 sword

As I in justice and true right express it. 25

Clif. My soul and body on the action both !

York. A dreadful lay ! Address thee in-
 stantly. [They fight, and Clifford falls.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
 thou art still.

Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will ! 30
 [Exit.]

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on the
 rout ;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of
 hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part 35

Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier fly.

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially but by circumstance
 The name of valour. [Seeing his dead father.]

O, let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day 40

Knit earth and heaven together !

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father, 45
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 't is
mine, 50

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes. Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax. 55
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. 65

[Exit, bearing off his father.]

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. [SOMERSET is killed.]

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still. 70

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[Exit.]

Fight: excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? Good
Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? You'll nor
fight nor fly.

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, 75
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape, 80
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mis-
chief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly. 85
But fly you must. Uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. Fields near Saint Alban's]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD
WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and
ours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of his
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse.
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him
off,

Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I was
him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house.
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
fought to-day;

By the mass, so did we all. I thank you
Richard.

God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd Him that three times to-
day

You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we
have.

'T is not enough our foes are this time fled.
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them.
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London.

To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.

What says Lord Warwick? Shall we seek
them?

War. After them? Nay, before them, if we
can.

Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious
day.

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound drum and trumpets, and to London a!
And more such days as these to us befall!

[Exeunt.]

HE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HENRY VI.
 ED, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.
 XI, KING OF FRANCE.
 OF SOMERSET.
 OF EXETER.
 OF OXFORD.
 OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
 OF WESTMORELAND.
 CLIFFORD.
 ED PLANTAGENET, duke of York.
 D, earl of March, afterwards King
 and IV,
 D, earl of Rutland,
 I, afterwards duke of Clarence,
 D, afterwards duke of Gloucester,
 OF NORFOLK.
 DSS OF MONTAGUE.
 OF WARWICK.
 F PEMEROKK.

LORD HASTINGS.
 LORD STAFFORD.
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } uncles to the duke of York.
 HENRY, earl of Richmond, a youth.
 LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
 Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
 Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
 Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
 A Son that has killed his father.
 A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
 LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
 BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*

ACT I

I. [*London. The Parliament-house.*]

Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, ED, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WAR- and Soldiers.

I wonder how the King escap'd our
 10 uds.

While we pursu'd the horsemen of
 north,
 stole away and left his men;
 the great Lord of Northumberland,
 arlike ears could never brook retreat,
 15 in the drooping army; and himself, o
 ford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
 our main battle's front, and breaking

the swords of common soldiers slain.
 Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buck-
 10 ham,
 slain or wounded dangerous;
 beaver with a downright blow.
 is true, father, behold his blood.
 And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wilt-
 e's blood,
 encount' red as the battles join'd. 15
 speak thou for me and tell them what
 d.

[*Showing the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

Richard hath best deserv'd of all my
 20 s.

17 Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
 such hope have all the line of John of
 int!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's
 head. 20

War. And so do I. Victorious prince of
 York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
 I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
 This is the palace of the fearful king, 25
 And this the regal seat. Possess it, York;
 For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and
 I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies
 shall die. 30

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me,
 my lords;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this
 night. [*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him
 no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The Queen this day here holds her
 parliament, 35

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within
 this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be
 call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
 And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be re-
 solute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[*York takes the throne.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest [wearing red roses].

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state. Belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he.
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

West. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down. He made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown.

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Contest thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster;

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. I will forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the field

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gate.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it is a grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons.

Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have as lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his weakness threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York.

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, with thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it and not I.

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet so thinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edu. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and hast our best arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first. Be him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too.
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave a kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

! First shall war unpeople this my realm ;
and their colours, often borne in France,
I now in England to our heart's great
sorrow,

ll be my winding-sheet. Why faint you,
lords ?

titles's good, and better far than his. 130

ar. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
King.

Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got
the crown.

rk. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

Hen. [Aside.] I know not what to say ;
my title's weak. —

ne, may not a king adopt an heir ? 135

rk. What then ?

Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful
king ;

Richard, in the view of many lords,
g'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

their my father was, and I am his. 140

t. He rose against him, being his sov-
ereign,

ade him to resign his crown perforce.
Suppose, my lords, he did it uncon-

train'd,

you 't were prejudicial to his crown ?
No ; for he could not so resign his

crown 145

at the next heir should succeed and

ign.

en. Art thou against us, Duke of

reter ?

His is the right, and therefore pardon

me.

Why whisper you, my lords, and an-
swer not ?

My conscience tells me he is lawful
king. 150

[Aside.] All will revolt from me,
turn to him.

Plantagenet, for all the claim thou

st,

that Henry shall be so depos'd.

depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

Thou art deceiv'd. 'Tis not thy

own power, 155

Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,

kees thee thus presumptuous and

I.

Duke up in despite of me.

g Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

d vows to fight in thy defence. 160

ound gape and swallow me alive,

ll kneel to him that slew my father !

O Clifford, how thy words revive

art !

ny of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

r you, or what conspire you, lords ?

right unto this princely Duke of 165

the house with armed men,

re chair of state, where now he

title with usurping blood.

He stamps with his foot, and the
Soldiers show themselves.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear but one
word. 170

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine
heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. 175

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince
your son !

War. What good is this to England and
himself !

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself
and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen
these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degener-
ate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of
York, 185

And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be over-
come,

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd !

[Exeunt North., Clif., and West.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will
not yield. 190

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick,
but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. [To York.] I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever,

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 195

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take and will
perform.

War. Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet,
embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy

forward sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are recon-
cil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make
them foes ! 205

[Sennet. Here they come down.]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to
my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I
came.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to
the court. 210

[Exeunt York and his sons, War-
wick, Norfolk, Montague, their
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Enter QUEEN MARGARET [and the PRINCE OF WALES].

Ere. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger.

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? 215

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-

blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir

And disinherited thine only son. 225

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.

If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son.

The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforce'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, 235
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm; 240
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act. 245
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour;

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce-myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away.
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them. 255

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke.
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty cup
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart. 260

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Ere. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Ere.*]

[SCENE II. Sandal Castle.]

Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother's a strife?

What is your quarrel! How began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? Not till King Henry is dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy now.

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should govern the reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.

I would break a thousand oaths to reign a year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll but me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

en, seeing 't was he that made you to de-
pose,
ur oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
erefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
w sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
hin whose circuit is Elysium 20
I all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
y do we linger thus? I cannot rest
il the white rose that I wear be dy'd
in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
rk. Richard, enough; I will be King, or
die. 25
ber, thou shalt to London presently,
whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
tell him privily of our intent.
Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 30
whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
m I trust; for they are soldiers,
, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
you are thus employ'd, what resteth
more
at I seek occasion how to rise, 35
et the King not privy to my drift,
y of the house of Lancaster?

Enter [a MESSENGER].

ay, — What news? Why com'st thou in
uch post?
The Queen with all the northern earls
nd lords
ere to besiege you in your castle. 40
ard by with twenty thousand men;
efore fortify your hold, my lord.
Ay, with my sword. What! think'st
ou that we fear them?
and Richard, you shall stay with me;
ier Montague shall post to London. 45
e Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
e have left protectors of the King,
erful policy strengthen themselves,
t not simple Henry nor his oaths.
Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it
50
most humbly I do take my leave.

[Exit.]

JOHN MORTIMER and SIR HUGH
MORTIMER.

Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
uncles,
me to Sandal in a happy hour;
of the Queen mean to besiege us.
She shall not need; we'll meet her
e field. 55

hat, with five thousand men?
, with five hundred, father, for a
general; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

ear their drums. Let's set our men
er,
rth and bid them battle straight. 70
e men to twenty! Though the odds
at,
uncle, of our victory.
e have I won in France

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success? 75
[Alarum. Ereunt.]

[SCENE III. *Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*]

[Alarums.] Enter RUTLAND and his TUTOR.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their
hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD [and Soldiers].

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves
thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die. 5

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent
child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[Exit [dragged off by soldiers].]

Clif. How now, is he dead already? Or is it
fear 10

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open
them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. 15

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. 20

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it
again.

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives
and thine 25

Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York 30

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore — *[Lifting his hand.]*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me! 35

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou
slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. 45

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

Rut. *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tue!*
[Stabs him.]
[Dies.]

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[Exit.]

[SCENE IV. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field.

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them;

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encount'ed him.

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"

And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"

With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We budg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numb'ed that makes up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTH-UMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, and Soldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning what'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? What! multitudes, and
fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly a further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons.
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives
Breathe out inventives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly so this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word to word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes

I would prolong a while the traitor's life.

Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;

And ten to one is no impeachment of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the snare.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you that would be English king?

Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament
And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigal

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling nose

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Brandon?

Look, York! I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails

at not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 By art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst
 be mad;

d I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. ⁹⁰
 mp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and
 dance.

Wouldest be fce'd, I see, to make me sport.
 k cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
 own for York! and, lords, bow low to him;
 d you his hands, whilst I do set it on. ⁹⁵

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]
 marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
 this is he that took King Henry's chair,
 this is he was his adopted heir.

how is it that great Plantagenet
 own'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 bethink me, you should not be King ¹⁰¹
 our King Henry had shook hands with
 death.

will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 rob his temples of the diadem,
 in his life, against your holy oath? ¹⁰⁵
 is a fault too too unpardonable!

ith the crown; and, with the crown, his
 head;
 whilst we breathe, take time to do him
 dead.

That is my office, for my father's sake.
 Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons
 he makes. ¹¹⁰

t. She-wolf of France, but worse than
 wolves of France,

tongue more poisons than the adder's
 tooth!

l-beseeming is it in thy sex
 mph, like an Amazonian trull,
 heir woes whom fortune captivates! ¹¹⁵
 at thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,

npudent with use of evil deeds,
 assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
 thee whence thou cam'st, of whom
 eriv'd,

ame enough to shame thee, wert thou
 st shameless. ¹²⁰

her bears the type of King of Naples,
 the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 so wealthy as an English yeoman.

at poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 s not, nor it boots thee not, proud
 een. ¹²⁵

he adage must be verifi'd,
 ggars mounted run their horse to death;
 uary that doth oft make women proud;
 l he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 ue that doth make them most
 ad'd; ¹³⁰

rary doth make thee wond'ring at.
 riment that makes them seem divine;
 : thereof makes thee abominable.

as opposite to every good
 ntipodes are unto us, ¹³⁵

south to the septentrion,
 heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
 dst thou drain the life-blood of the
 d.

e father wipe his eyes withal,
 ve seen to wear a woman's face? ¹⁴⁰

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-
 less.

Bid'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast
 thy wish.

Wouldest have me weep? Why, now thou hast
 thy will;

For raging wind blows up incessant showers, ¹⁴⁵
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false
 Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves
 me so ¹⁵⁰

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
 with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania. ¹⁵⁵
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
 boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, ¹⁶⁰

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
 my curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee ¹⁶⁵
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world.
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
 kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him, ¹⁷⁰
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What weeping-ripe, my Lord
 Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my
 father's death. [Stabbing him.] ¹⁷⁵

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
 hearted king. [Stabbing him.]

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
 Thee. [Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
 York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. ¹⁸⁰
 [Flourish. Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[SCENE I. A plain near Mortimer's Cross in
 Herefordshire.]

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their
 power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father
 scap'd,

Or whether he be scap'd away or no

From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become. 10
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs, 15
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father.

Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son. 20
See how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three 25
suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,

Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some leagu's inviolable. 30
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, 35
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters; by your leave I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter [a MESSENGER] blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on 45
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes, 50
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hews down and fells the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd; 55
But only slau'ght'ed by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,

Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheek
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain.
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay,
O Clifford, boast'rous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him.
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's nature

Scarcely serves to quench my furnace-burn'd heart;

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's grievous burden,

For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll vengeance take
Of death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle-bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say,

Either that is thine, or else thou wert no kin.

March. Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords! What intelligence
What news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if you shall recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's defence

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told.
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,

Which held thee dearly as his soul's reliance,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

17. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
 tears;
 Now, to add more measure to your woes,
 e to tell you things sith then befallen. 106
 the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 s your brave father breath'd his latest
 gasp,
 s, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 brought me of your loss and his depart.
 in London, keeper of the King, 111
 r'd my soldier's, gathered flocks of
 friends,
 ery well appointed, as I thought,]
 d toward Saint Alban's to intercept the
 Queen,
 g the King in my behalf along; 118
 my scouts I was advertised
 he was coming with a full intent
 h our late decree in parliament
 King Henry's oath and your succe-
 sion.
 ale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
 ttles join'd, and both sides fiercely
 ought. 121
 ether 't was the coldness of the King,
 ok'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 bb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
 ther 't was report of her success; 126
 s than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 nderers to his captives blood and death,
 : judge; but, to conclude with truth,
 eapons like to lightning came and went;
 iers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 n idle thrasher with a flail, 131
 ntly down, as if they struck their
 iends.
 l them up with justice of our cause,
 omise of high pay and great rewards.
 n vain; they had no heart to fight, 138
 in them no hope to win the day,
 ve fled; the King unto the Queen;
 orge your brother, Norfolk, and my-
 f,
 post-haste, are come to join with you;
 e marches here we heard you were, 140
 another head to fight again.
 Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
 Warwick?
 en came George from Burgundy to
 gland?
 Some six miles off the Duke is with
 soldiers;
 our brother, he was lately sent 148
 r kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
 of soldiers to this needful war.
 'T was odds, belike, when valiant
 Warwick fled.
 I heard his praises in pursuit,
 till now his scandal of retire. 150
 Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
 u hear;
 shalt know this strong right hand of
 e
 : the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 g the awful sceptre from his fist,
 s famous and as bold in war 158
 armed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame
 me not.

'Tis love I bear thy glories make me speak.
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords. 168

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
 you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford and the haught Northumber-
 land,

And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
 He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath and what beside 175
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
 Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
 March, 179

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, Via! to London will we march,
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry "Charge!" upon our foes,
 But never once again turn back and fly. 188

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great War-
 wick speak.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 That cries "Retire!" if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I
 lean;

And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the
 hour!— 190

Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of
 York;

The next degree is England's royal throne,
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along; 198

And he that throws not up his cap for joy
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
 as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums. God and Saint
 George for us!

Enter a MESSENGER.

War. How now! what news? 208

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word
 by me

The Queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts. Brave warriors,
 let's away. [Exeunt.

[SCENE II. *Before York.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy That sought to be encompass'd with your crown. Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infrin'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows;

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

My careless father fondly gave away?"

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear

That things ill-got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,

And would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirit.

Our foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a true prince.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

For with a band of thirty thousand men

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York

And in the towns, as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field;

The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords

And hearten those that fight in your defence.

Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry

"Saint George!"

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and others.

Edu. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou stand for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insupporting boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edu. I am his king, and he should bow to me.

I was adopted heir by his consent;

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too.

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I speak!

Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer
 thee, the proudest of thy sort.

'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
 is it not?

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
 For God's sake, lords, give signal to
 fight.

What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou
 d the crown?

Why, how now, long-tongu'd War-
 wick! dare you speak?

And I met at Saint Alban's last,
 did better service than your hands.
 When 't was my turn to fly, and now
 thou thinkest so much before, and yet you

'twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
 hence.

No, nor your manhood that durst
 you stay.

Northumberland, I hold thee rever-

end parley; for scarce I can refrain
 on of my big-swoln heart.

Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
 Now thy father, call'st thou him a

villain like a dastard and a treacherous

knight, that kill our tender brother Rutland;
 yet I'll make thee curse the deed.

I have done with words, my lords,
 as me speak.

Defy them then, or else hold close

your privities, give no limits to my

and privileg'd to speak.

Oge, the wound that bred this

here

'd by words; therefore be still.

Executioner, unsheathe thy

blade us all, I am resolv'd

manhood lies upon his tongue.

Henry, shall I have my right, or

have broke their fasts to-day,
 all dine unless thou yield the

deny, their blood upon thy

face puts his armour on.

That be right which Warwick

hath, but everything is right.

For got thee, there thy mother

thou hast thy mother's tongue.
 thou art neither like thy sire

nor shapen stigmatic,
 destinies to be avoided

or lizards' dreadful stings.
 Vapours hid with English guilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king, —
 As if a channel should be call'd the sea —

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art
 extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thou-

sand crowns

To make this shameless callet know herself.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
 Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 By that false woman, as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin

stoop;

And had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day;

But when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-

day,

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
 him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of
 France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy

pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had
 slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made
 thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root;

And though the edge hath something hit our
 selves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee

down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee,

Not willing any longer conference.
 Since thou denied'st the gentle king to speak.

Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colours wave!
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer
 stay.

These words will cost ten thousand lives this
 day.

[SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton
 and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a
 race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
 strength,

And spite of spite needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, un-
 gentle death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap?
What hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10
What counsel give you? Whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, 15
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood!

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, 25
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
—And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face, 35

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms. 45
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay, 50
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forswear no longer, make we hence again. *Exit*

[SCENE IV. Another part of the field.]

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York.
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge.
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee alone.

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father's side,
And this the hand that slew thy brother's life;
land;

And here's the heart that triumphs in thy death.

And cheers these hands that slew thy sweet brother.

To execute the like upon thyself.
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes: Clifford flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. *Exit*

[SCENE V. Another part of the field.]

Alarm. Enter KING HENRY alone

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light.

What time the shepherd, blowing of his call,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind.

Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;

Now one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast.

Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory.

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing that

They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so.

For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life.

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now.

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run.

How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours brings about the day.

How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the time,
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,

hours must I contemplate,
 hours must I sport myself;
 days my ewes have been with young, as
 weeks ere the poor fools will ean,
 years ere I shall shear the fleece.
 As, hours, days, months, and years,
 ere to the end they were created,
 long white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
 O a life were this! how sweet! how
 fly!
 the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 ere looking on their silly sheep,
 a rich embroider'd canopy
 hat fear their subjects' treachery? 45
 loth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 elude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 in drink out of his leather bottle,
 sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50
 nd a prince's delicacies, —
 sparkling in a golden cup,
 uched in a curious bed,
 Mistrust, and Treason waits on

Enter a SON that hath killed his father
 ragging in the dead body].

blows the wind that profits nobody.
 hom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 armed with some store of crowns; 55
 haply take them from him now,
 night yield both my life and them
 else, as this dead man doth me. 60
 O God! it is my father's face,
 s conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 s, begetting such events!
 by the King was I press'd forth;
 ing the Earl of Warwick's man,
 part of York, press'd by his mas- 65

his hands receiv'd my life,
 hands, of life bereaved him.
 ed, I knew not what I did!
 ather, for I knew not thee! 70
 wipe away these bloody marks;
 words till they have flow'd their

piteous spectacle! O bloody

ur and battle for their dens,
 ambs abide their enmity. 75
 d man, I'll aid thee tear for

rts and eyes, like civil war,
 tears, and break o'ercharg'd
 .

FATHER, bearing of his son.

hat so stoutly hast resisted me,
 d, if thou hast any gold, 80
 ht it with an hundred blows.
 is this our foeman's face?
 t is mine only son!
 ife be left in thee,
 eye! See, what showers 85
 windy tempest of my heart,

Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and
 heart!

O, pity, God, this miserable age!
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 90
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
 common grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthless
 deeds! 95

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses;
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, present- 100
 eth.

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's
 death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfi'd!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my
 son 105

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfi'd!

K. Hen. How will the country for these
 woeful chances

Misthink the King and not be satisfi'd!

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for sub-
 jects' woe? 111

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
 my fill. [Exit with the body.]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy
 winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, 115
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall

go;
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that

will,
 For I have murdered where I should not kill.
 [Exit (with the body).]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone
 with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MAR-
 GARET, the PRINCE, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
 are fled, 125

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Ber-
 wick post amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
 hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ; 135
Or else come after. I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward ; away !
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*]

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,

Which, whilst it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul !
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee ; 5
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melts.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud
York,

[The common people swarm like summer flies ;]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ? 10
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth !
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should
do,

Or as thy father and his father did, 15
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death ;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in
peace. 20

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold but too much
lenity ?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my
wounds.

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
The foe is merciless, and will not pity, 25
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the
rest ; 30

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*]

*Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Sol-
diers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune
bids us pause
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king, 35
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with
them ?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape ;
For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for a
grave ;

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans and dies.*]
Rich. Whose soul is that which takes
heavy leave ?

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And, now the battle's ended
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is
Clifford ;

Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth
But set his murthering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring,

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down
the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford paid
there ;

Instead whereof let this supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl
our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismal thrum
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall sound.

War. I think his understanding is broken.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speak
thee ?

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beamed face
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did ! and so perhaps
doth.

'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts.

Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with
words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain
grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penance.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for
thee.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and loved
to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland ; I will not
thee.

Geo. Where's that Captain Margaret, who
you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ; serve
thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? Nay, then
world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friend
an oath.

I know by that he's dead ; and, by my
oath, If this right hand would buy two hours' time

That I in all despite might rail at him.
This hand should chop it off, and with
issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanch'd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

Ay, but he's dead. Off with the
rator's head, 55
it in the place your father's stands.
w to London with triumphant march,
o be crowned England's royal king;
hence shall Warwick cut the sea to
rance,
the Lady Bona for thy queen. 60
thou sinew both these lands together;
ving France thy friend, thou shalt not
ead
tired foe that hopes to rise again;
gh they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
to have them buzz to offend thine
s. 65
I see the coronation;
to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
this marriage, so it please my lord.
Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let
e;
r shoulder do I build my seat, 100
r will I undertake the thing
hy counsel and consent is wanting.
I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
ge, of Clarence. Warwick, as ourself,
nd undo as him pleaseth best. 105
et me be Duke of Clarence, George
loucester;
eter's dukedom is too ominous.
ut, that's a foolish observation.
e Duke of Gloucester. Now to Lon-
se honours in possession. [*Exeunt.* 110

[ACT III]

A forest in the north of England.]

KEEPERS,] with cross-bows in their
hands.

Under this thick-grown brake
shroud ourselves,
h this laund anon the deer will
;
covert will we make our stand,
rincipal of all the deer.

I'll stay above the hill, so both
root. 5

That cannot be; the noise of thy
ow
e herd, and so my shoot is lost.
e both, and aim we at the best;
time shall not seem tedious,
what befell me on a day 10
lace where now we mean to stand.
ere comes a man; let's stay till
ast.

HENRY [*disguised*], with a prayer-
book.

om Scotland am I stolen, even of
e,
own land with my wishful sight.
arry, 't is no land of thine; 15
fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou was
anointed.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
keeper's fee.

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. *Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour Adver-
sity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25

2. *Keep.* Why linger we? Let us lay hands
upon him.

1. *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little
more.

K. *Hen.* My queen and son are gone to
France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's
sister 30

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving
words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much. 35

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40

To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd; 45
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's
place.

O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor
soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of
kings and queens? 55

K. *Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I
was born to.

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert
a king.

K. *Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
enough. 60

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is
thy crown?

K. *Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my
head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen. My crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. 65

2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath?

2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1. *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeys with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded;

And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

1. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the King,

King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,

If he were seated as King Edward is.

1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the King's

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's

name be obey'd.

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what He will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *London. The palace.*]

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,

His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror.

Her suit is now to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit.

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game

how true he keeps the wind!

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time to know our mind.

[*L. Grey.*] Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.

May it please your Highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? Then

I'll warrant you all your lands.

An if what pleases him shall please you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless

she chance to fall.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hath the widow? Tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, then what? he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have one if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant them.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave. I'll try the widow's wit.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave to you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to a crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. exit.*]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do mad as they do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would not do them some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's land to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Highness.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands shall be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me to give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that shall me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I can do it.

Edu. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Grey. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

us. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. ⁵⁰

ir. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.

Grey. Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

Edu. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

Edu. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee. ⁵⁵

Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

i. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

Edu. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving ieger.

Edu. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. ⁶⁰

ove, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

rey. My love till death, my humble hanks, my prayers;

ve which virtue begs and virtue grants.

du. No, by my troth, I did not mean uch love.

ey. Why, then you mean not as I ought you did. ⁶⁵

du. But now you partly may perceive y mind.

ey. My mind will never grant what I receive

ighness aims at, if I aim aright.

u. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with ee.

y. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in ison. ⁷⁰

u. Why, then thou shalt not have thy and's lands.

y. Why, then mine honesty shall be dower;

at loss I will not purchase them.

u. Therein thou wrong'st thy children ghly.

y. Herein your Highness wrongs both m and me. ⁷⁵

hty lord, this merry inclination ot with the sadness of my suit.

u dismiss me, either with ay or no.

v. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my rest;

u dost say no to my demand. ⁸⁰

Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an

Aside to Clar. The widow likes him she knits her brows.

Aside to Glou. He is the bluntest er in Christendom.

[Aside.] Her looks doth argue her ete with modesty;

doth show her wit incomparable; ⁸⁵

All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen. — Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord. ⁹⁰

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edu. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love. ⁹⁵

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edu. You cavil, widow. I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your Grace my sons should call you father. ¹⁰⁰

K. Edu. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children; And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing To be the father unto many sons. ¹⁰⁵

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edu. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. ¹¹⁰

K. Edu. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To who, my lord?

K. Edu. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes. ¹¹⁵

K. Edu. Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a NOBLEMAN.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edu. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower; ¹²⁰

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably. ¹²⁵

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, ¹³⁰

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Ed-
ward,

And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way.
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween's too
much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal
them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and
looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but
hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this
head

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the
thorns,

Seeking a way and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown;
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my
heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid
shall;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantage,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[SCENE III. France. The King's palace.]

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his
sister BONA, his Admiral, call'd BOURBON,
PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and
the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and rises
up again.*

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, welcome
Margaret,
Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis
doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; as
Margaret

Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground.
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, where
springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills my
eyes with tears

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd
in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still
thyself,

And sit thee by our side. (*Seats her by Lewis.*)
Yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief.
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive
drooping thoughts

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave
to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's son,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help

Our people and our peers are both misled.
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight

And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight

Lew. Renowned queen, with patience
 calm the storm,
 we bethink a means to break it off.
far. The more we stay, the stronger
 grows our foe. ⁴⁰
ew. The more I stay, the more I'll suc-
 our thee.
rr. O, but impatience waiteth on true
 rrow.
 where comes the breeder of my sor-
 w!

Enter WARWICK.

2. What's he approacheth boldly to
 presence?
1. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's
 steet friend. ⁴⁵
1. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
 igs thee to France?

[He descends. She ariseth.]

Ay, now begins a second storm to
 ;
 he that moves both wind and tide.
 rom worthy Edward, King of Al-

d sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 kindness and unfeigned love, ⁵⁰
 greetings to thy royal person;
 o crave a league of amity;
 o confirm that amity
 al knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 us Lady Bona, thy fair sister, ⁵⁵
 's king in lawful marriage.

[Aside.] If that go forward,
 's hope is done.

Bona.) And, gracious madam, in
 ng's behalf, ⁶⁰
 nded, with your leave and favour,
 iss your hand and with my tongue
 ession of my sovereign's heart;
 late entering at his heedful ears,
 hy beauty's image and thy virtue.
 ing Lewis and Lady Bona, hear
 ik ⁶⁵
 answer Warwick. His demand
 rom Edward's well-meant honest

sit bred by necessity;
 ynants safely govern home,
 they purchase great alliance? ⁷⁰
 tyrant this reason may suffice,
 uth still; but were he dead,
 e Edward stands, King Henry's

2. Lewis, that by this league and

on thy danger and dishonour; ⁷⁵
 rpers sway the rule a while,
 re just, and time suppresseth
 us Margaret!

And why not queen?
 e thy father Henry did usurp;
 re art prince than she is queen.
 arwick disannuls great John of
⁸⁰
 ie the greatest part of Spain;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all France. ⁸⁵
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
 discourse,
 You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? ⁹⁰
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at
 that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years; a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
 against thy liege. ⁹⁵

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
 right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward
 king. ¹⁰⁰

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious
 doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my
 father.

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of
 death? ¹⁰⁵

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,
 and Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, ¹¹⁰
 While I use further conference with Warwick.

[They stand aloof.]

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's
 words bewitch him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
 thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
 To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
 honour. ¹¹⁵

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's
 eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set
 aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love ¹²⁰
 Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
 As may beseem a monarch like himself.
 Myself have often heard him say and swear
 That this his love was an eternal plant,
 Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
 sun, ¹²⁵

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
 Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
 resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
 mine; ¹³⁰

Yet I confess that often ere this day, [*To War.*
When I have heard your king's desert re-
counted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister
shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn ¹⁵²
Touching the jointure that your king must
make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a wit-
ness

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English
king. ¹⁴⁰

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy
device

By this alliance to make void my suit.

Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Mar-
garet.

But if your title to the crown be weak, ¹⁴⁵
As may appear by Edward's good success,

Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his
ease, ¹⁵¹

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 't were you troubled him than
France. ¹⁵⁵

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless
Warwick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;

[*Post blows a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us
or thee. ¹⁶³

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you, [*To War.*

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
These from our king unto your Majesty: ¹⁶⁵

[*To Lewis.*
And, madam, these for you; from whom I
know not. [*To Margaret.*

[*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at
his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he
were nettled.

I hope all 's for the best. ¹⁷⁰

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and
yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with
unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-
content.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the
Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before.
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's
honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in aid
of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's

No more my king, for he dishonours me.
But most himself, if he could see his shame

Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on myself! for my desert is honest
And to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass.

And henceforth I am thy true servant.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have
my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults.
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend

War. So much his friend, ay, his true
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish
With some few bands of chosen soldiers

I'll undertake to land them on our coast
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'T is not his new-made bride shall succeed
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me

He's very likely now to fall from him
For matching more for wanton lust than

our,
Or than for strength and safety of our crown

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be
veng'd?

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen
are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins
yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thus
Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks to
at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger now
in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over

To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy
withal.

1. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a
widower shortly,
the willow garland for his sake.

ar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are
hid aside,

am ready to put armour on. 230

Tell him from me that he hath done
no wrong,

before I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
thy reward; be gone. [Exit Post.

21. But, Warwick,

at Oxford, with five thousand men,

oss the seas, and bid false Edward
stle; 235

occasion serves, this noble queen

we shall follow with a fresh supply.

thou go, but answer me one doubt,

edge have we of thy firm loyalty? 239

This shall assure my constant loyalty,

ur queen and this young prince agree,

mine eldest daughter and my joy

orthwith in holy wedlock bands.

. Yes, I agree, and thank you for

ur motion.

ard, she is fair and virtuous, 245

. delay not, give thy hand to War-

k;

thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Yes, I accept her, for she well de-

ces it;

to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250

[He gives his hand to Warwick.

Why stay we now? These soldiers

be levied,

Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

them over with our royal fleet.

Edward fall by war's mischance,

ig marriage with a dame of France, 255

[Exeunt all but Warwick.

came from Edward as ambassador,

n his sworn and mortal foe.

marriage was the charge he gave me,

ul war shall answer his demand.

e else to make a stale but me? 260

but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

rief that rais'd him to the crown,

chief to bring him down again;

ity Henry's misery,

venge on Edward's mockery. 265

[Exit.

[ACT IV]

SCENE I. London. The palace.]

CESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,
and MONTAGUE.

v tell me, brother Clarence, what

you

marriage with the Lady Grey?

. brother made a worthy choice?

., you know, 't is far from hence

ce;

. stay till Warwick made return? s

ords, forbear this talk; here comes

ag.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD [attended],
LADY GREY [as Queen], PEMBROKE, STAF-
FORD, HASTINGS [and others]. Four stand on
one side, and four on the other.

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like
you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the
Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without
a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick. I am

Edward, 15

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my

will.

Glou. And shall have your will, because our
king.

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you
offended too?

Glou. Not I. 20

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and

't were pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mis-
like aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey 25

Should not become my wife and England's
queen.

And you too, Somerset and Montague,

Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King
Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30

About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave
in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick
be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise? 35

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in
such alliance

Would more have strength'n'd this our com-
monwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred
marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of
itself

England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Mont. But the safer when 't is back'd with
France.

Hast. 'T is better using France than trusting
France.

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves. 45

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings
well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

Glou. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.

She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood. 55

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement, 61

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king, 65

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent; 70

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,

So your dialikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns. 75

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think

the more. [Aside.]

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France? 85

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few

words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,

Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess

them. 90

What answer makes King Lewis unto our let-

ters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very

words:

"Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over masquers

To revel it with him and his new bride." 95

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike he

thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, att'rd with mild disdain:

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say

little less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's

queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. "Tell him," quoth she, "my moss-

ing weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty

estry

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these

words:

"Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor break such

so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd!

They shall have wars and pay for their

sumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are

link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's

daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will be

the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit ye fast

For I will hence to Warwick's other despite

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset.]

Glou. [Aside.] Not I;

My thoughts aim at a further matter. I

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both go

Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can be

And haste is needful in this desperate case

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war

They are already, or quickly will be here

Myself in person will straight follow you

[Exit Pembroke and Stafford]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the men

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends

But if you mind to hold your true obediences

Give me assurance with some friendly words

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he is

true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward

cause!

Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us? ¹⁴⁵

W. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Therefore let us hence; and lose no hour, to meet Warwick with his foreign power. *[Exeunt.]*

CENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers.

Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well; common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

where Somerset and Clarence comes! suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Fear not that, my lord. ⁵

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick.

Come, Somerset! I hold it cowardice mistrustful where a noble heart wou'd an open hand in sign of love; 'tis I think that Clarence, Edward's other, ¹⁰

a feigned friend to our proceedings. Come, sweet Clarence; my daughter'll be thine.

What rests but, in night's coverture, ever being carelessly encamp'd, as lurking in the towns about, ¹⁵ attended by a simple guard, surprise and take him at our pleasure?

We have found the adventure very easy, yesses and stout Diomedes' flight and manhood stole to Rhesus' ²⁰

flight from thence the Thracian fatal stroke, will cover'd with the night's black

leopard, may beat down Edward's guard himself; I say not, slaughter him, but only to surprise him. ²⁵

Will you follow me to this attempt, my name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry, "Henry!"]

Let us be on our way in silent sort.

God and his friends, God and Saint George! *[Exeunt.]*

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

WATCHMEN, to guard the King's tent.

Come on, my masters, each man stand.

This is set him down to sleep.

What, will he not to bed?

Why, no; for he hath made a vow

not to take his natural rest or himself be quite suppress'd. ⁵

2. *Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

That with the King here resteth in his tent? ¹⁰

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the King

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. ¹⁵

3. *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. ²⁰

2. *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never! But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. ²⁵

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest!

[Warwick and the rest cry all, "Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, "Arm! arm!" Warwick and the rest following them.]

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter

WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair.

Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings. Let them go; here is

The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted, ³⁰

Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king.

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom, ³⁵

That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife,

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? ⁴⁰

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king. ⁴⁵
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: *[Takes off his crown.]*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request, ⁵¹
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer ⁵⁵
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

[They lead him out forcibly.]
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must
needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *[Exit (guarded).]*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to
do ⁶⁰

But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have
to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment
And see him seated in the regal throne. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. London. The palace.]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet
to learn

What late misfortune is befallen King Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle
against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal
person. ⁵

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares;

And, as I further have to understand, ¹⁰
Is new committed to the Bishop of York.

Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.
Riv. These news I must confess are full of
grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may.
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the
day. ¹⁵

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder
life's decay;

And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.

This is it that makes me bridle passion
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear ²¹
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then
become? ²⁵

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards
London

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends
must down,

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, —
For trust not him that hath once broken
faith, —

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary.
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE V. A park near Middleham Castle, Yorkshire.]

Enter GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, and Sir
WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king's
brother,

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And, often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a HUNTERMAN
him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way is
the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where
huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings
and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the Bishop's
deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case require
haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord, and shipp'd from thence, to Flanders.

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that
was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'Tis now
to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? What
thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hanged.

Glou. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell! Shield thee from
Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*]

ish. Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, LORD, MONTAGUE, and LIEUTENANT of Tower.

Ien. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

shaken Edward from the regal seat, turn'd my captive state to liberty, or to hope, my sorrows unto joys, enlargement what are thy due fees?

Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

an humble prayer may prevail,

crave pardon of your Majesty.

en. For what, lieutenant? For well sing me?

thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

it made my imprisonment a pleasure; a pleasure as incaged birds

when, after many moody thoughts,

by notes of household harmony

ite forget their loss of liberty.

urwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

effy therefore I thank God and thee.

the author, thou the instrument.

re, that I may conquer Fortune's spite

low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,

the people of this blessed land

be punish'd with my thwarting stars,

although my head still wear the

wn,

sign my government to thee,

art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Your Grace hath still been fam'd for

uous;

may seem as wise as virtuous,

and avoiding Fortune's malice,

ien rightly temper with the stars.

one thing let me blame your Grace,

ing me when Clarence is in place.

o, Warwick, thou art worthy of the

y, the heavens in thy nativity

an olive branch and laurel crown,

o be blest in peace and war;

fore I yield thee my free consent.

nd I choose Clarence only for Pro-

er.

Warwick and Clarence, give me

your hands.

your hands, and with your hands

hearts,

sensation hinder government.

Both Protectors of this land,

self will lead a private life

otion spend my latter days,

uke and my Creator's praise.

nat answers Clarence to his sover-

will?

at he consents, if Warwick yield

it;

fortune I repose myself.

y, then, though loath, yet must I

tent.

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow To Henry's body, and supply his place;

I mean, in bearing weight of government, While he enjoys the honour and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than need-ful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat, for I command no more,

That Margaret your queen and my son Edward

Be sent for, to return from France with speed;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. (Lays his hand on his head.) If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty,

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself

Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords, for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

In secret ambush on the forest side

And from the Bishop's huntamen rescu'd him;

For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did glad my heart with hope of this young

Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him to his harm and ours.

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown.
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall
down. 100

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. Before York.]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,
HASTINGS, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings,
and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the
seas 5

And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of
York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like
not this; 10

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. 'Tush, man, abodements must not
now affright us.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,

For hither will our friends repair to us. 15
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to
summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the MAYOR of York, and
his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be
your king, 20
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for
no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but
my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.

Glou. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once
got in his nose, 25

He'll soon find means to make the body fol-
low.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in
a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? The gates shall then
be opened. [*They descend.*]

Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon per-
suaded! 30

Hast. The good old man would fain that all
were well,

So 't were not long of him; but being ent'red,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the MAYOR and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates
must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the
keys; [*Takes his key.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee.
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drums and
SOLDIERS.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery.
Out trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But where
come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of
storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but
we now forget

Our title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will be-
again;

I came to serve a king and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march aw.

[*The drum begins to march.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and
we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be re-
cover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? In these
words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone.

To keep them back that come to succour me.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no tith?

Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you in
nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, and
we'll make our claim.

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our mean-
ing.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! Now we
must rule.

Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest to
crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand.
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis
right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh
himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be
proclaim'd.

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou procla-
mation. [*Giving him a paper.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, by
grace of God, King of England and France,
Lord of Ireland," etc.

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays, King
Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gun.*]

ll. Long live Edward the Fourth !

Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.

Fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness. For, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

when the morning sun shall raise his car 'bove the border of this horizon,

I'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Forward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,

after Henry and forsake thy brother! as
as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

On, brave soldiers! doubt not of the day, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. London. The palace.]

ish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, [EXETER,] and OXFORD.

Hen. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgium,

hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders, pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

with his troops doth march amain to London;

any giddy people flock to him.

Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

A little fire is quickly trodden out, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

timous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,

ir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, ghts and gentlemen to come with thee.

rother Montague, in Buckingham, Merton, and in Leicestershire, shalt

nd 15
I inclin'd to hear what thou command'st;

u, brave Oxford, wondrous well becom'd,

shire shalt muster up thy friends. reign, with the loving citizens,

his island girt in with the ocean, 20
st Dian, circled with her nymphs,

; in London till we come to him. s, take leave and stand not to reply.

my sovereign.

Farewell, my Hector, and my y's true hope. 25

n sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' d.

Well-minded Clarence, be thou unate!

omfort, my lord! and so I take my e.

nd thus [kissing Henry's hand] I seal truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords! Let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt [all but King Henry and Exeter].

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks the power that Edward hath in

field 35
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their suits with slow delays. 40

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears. I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, Nor forward of revenge, though they much

err'd. 45
Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace; And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50
[Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, [GLOUCESTER,] and soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us King of England. You are the fount that makes small brooks to

flow; Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry, 55

And swell so much the higher by their ebb. Hence with him to the Tower, let him not

speak. [Exeunt some with King Henry. And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our

course, Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join, And take the great-grown traitor unawares.

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Exeunt.]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. Coventry.]

Enter WARWICK, the MAYOR of Coventry, two MESSENGERS, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

[1.] *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague? Where is the post that came from Montague?

[2.] *Mess.* By this at Daintry with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum. [Drum heard.]

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? Belike unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 15

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd? That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee, Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, 25

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down, Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift. 35

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again, And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40

What is the body when the head is off?

Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cook.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face, Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wisdom tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off, Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster! [He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt Will issue out again and bid us battle.

If not, the city being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! [He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall be this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory.

My mind preageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! [He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York: And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle; With whom an upright zeal to right prevails.

More than the nature of a brother's love! Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[Taking his red rose out of his hat and putting it on his helmet.]

k here, I throw my infamy at thee.
 ll not rinate my father's house,
 gave his blood to lime the stones together,
 set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,
 Warwick,
 : Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
 end the fatal instruments of war
 nst his brother and his lawful king?
 aps thou wilt object my holy oath.
 eep that oath were more impiety
 Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daugh-
 ter.
 so sorry for my trespass made
 to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 : proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
 resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee —
 ill meet thee, if thou stir abroad —
 uge thee for thy foul misleading me.
 o, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 o my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
 n me, Edward, I will make amends; 100
 Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 will henceforth be no more unconstant.
 Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times
 more belov'd,
 f thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
 Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-
 like. 105
 : O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!
 dw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave
 he town and fight?
 I we beat the stones about thine ears?
 Alas, I am not coop'd here for de-
 fence!
 way towards Barnet presently, 110
 I thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
 dw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
 ands the way.
 o the field! Saint George and victory!
 [Exeunt (King Edward and his
 company). March. Warwick
 and his company follow.]

II. A field of battle near Barnet.]

and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD,
 inging forth WARWICK wounded.
 w. So, lie thou there. Die thou, and
 our fear;
 wick was a bug that fear'd us all.
 ntague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
 Warwick's bones may keep thine com-
 pany. [Exit.
 Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend
 foe, 5
 me who is victor, York or War-
 k?
 I that? My mangled body shows,
 my want of strength, my sick heart
 ws
 ist yield my body to the earth
 y fall, the conquest to my foe. 10
 is the cedar to the axe's edge,
 ns gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 ose shade the ramping lion slept,
 — branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
 wind. 15
 These eyes, that now are dimn'd with death's
 black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
 blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres; 20
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
 brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me, and of all my lands 25
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
 dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou
 as we are,
 We might recover all our loss again. 30
 The Queen from France hath brought a puis-
 sant power;
 Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou
 fly!
 War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Mon-
 tague,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul a while! 35
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
 That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
 Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath
 breath'd his last; 40
 And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
 And said, "Commend me to my valiant
 brother."
 And more he would have said, and more he
 spoke,
 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
 That might not be distinguish'd; but at last 45
 I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
 "O, farewell, Warwick!"
 War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and
 save yourselves;
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
 heaven. [Dies.]
 Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great
 power! 50
 [Here they bear away his body.
 Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. Another part of the field.]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph;
 with GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.
 K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
 ward course,
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun, 5
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed.

I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud

And blow it to the source from whence it came.
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou. The Queen is valued thirty thousand
strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her.
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
bury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way;
And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented

In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum! Cry, "Courage!" and
away. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.]

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea
And give more strength to that which hath too
much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaught'ring friends the tackles; what of
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tac-
klings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
sink.

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand.

If case some one of you would fly from us.
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the
brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and
rocks.

Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these
words,

Infuse his breast with magnanimity
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes.
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here — as God forbid! —
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a cour-
age,

And warriors faint! Why, 'twere perpetual
shame.

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee. Long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a
hope

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wond'ring at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less. It is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your
forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will
not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter KING EDWARD,
GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say

My tears gainsay; for, every word I speak.

Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your
sovereign

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

calm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
younder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
fight in justice; then, in God's name,
lords, 31
diant and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.*
Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

sh. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, RENCE, [and soldiers; with] QUEEN MARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET [prisoners].

Edu. Now here a period of tumultuous
broils,
with Oxford to Hamee Castle straight;
merset, off with his guilty head.
ar them hence; I will not hear them
peak.

For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
words. 5

Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
ortune.

[*Exeunt [Oxford and Somerset,
guarded].*]

ar. So part we sadly in this troublous
world,

t with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

ic. Is proclamation made, that who
nds Edward

ve a high reward, and he his life? 10

It is; and lo, where youthful Edward
mes!

r [soldiers, with] PRINCE EDWARD.

'w. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear
m speak.

an so young a thorn begin to prick?

what satisfaction canst thou make
ring arms, for stirring up my sub-
ts, 15

he trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Speak like a subject, proud am-
ious York!

hat I am now my father's mouth;
y chair, and where I stand kneel

u,
propose the self-same words to 20

aitor, thou wouldst have me answer

Ah, that thy father had been so
lv'd!

hat you might still have worn the
icoat,

have stolen the breech from Lan-
er.

Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's
t; 25

riddles sorts not with this place.

y heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for
word.

Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
en.

r God's sake, take away this cap-
scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-
back rather. 30

K. Edu. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm
your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undu-
tiful.

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all 35

I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edu. Take that, thou likeness of this
railer here. [*Stabs him.*]

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? Take that, to end
thy agony. [*Stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with
perjury. [*Stabs him.* 40

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edu. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have
done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world
with words?

K. Edu. What, doth she swoon? Use means
for her recovery. 45

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the King my
brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.* 50

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy
mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murder-
ers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at
all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it. 55

He was a man; this, in respect, a child,

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name
it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak;

And I will speak, that so my heart may
burst. 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up re-
morse;

But if you ever chance to have a child, 65

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young
prince!

K. Edu. Away with her! Go, bear her
hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dis-
patch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my
death. 70

What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it
thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much
ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence,
do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, Richard, Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edu. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! *[Exit [led out forcibly].]*

K. Edu. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edu. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence. Discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London

And see our gentle queen how well she fares. By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*]

Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather.

'T is sin to flatter; "good" was little better. "Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves. We must confer. *[Exit Lieutenant.]*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, Have now the fatal object in my eye Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl! And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that deni'd our course;

The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words! My breast can better brook thy dagger's point Than can my ears that tragic history. But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art. If murdering innocents be executing, Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear.

And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye—

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands

And orphans for their parents' timeless death—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top.

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain.

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump.

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born.

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;

And, if the rest be true which I have heard.

Thou cam'st—

Glou. I'll hear no more; die, prophet, in thy speech.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[Exit King Henry.]

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of a house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste?

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd and the women cried—

"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"

And so I was; which plainly signified

I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

since the heavens have shap'd my body

so, I'll make crook'd my mind to answer it.

no brother, I am like no brother;

his word "love," which greybeards call

livine,

dent in men like one another

t in me. I am myself alone.

e, beware! Thou keep'st me from the

ght,

ill sort a pitchy day for thee;

ill buzz abroad such prophecies

ward shall be fearful of his life,

m, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

enry and the Prince his son are gone.

e, thy turn is next, and then the rest,

g myself but bad till I be best.

w thy body in another room

umph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit (with the body).]

ENE VII. London. The palace.]

KING EDWARD, [upon the throne;]

ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,

ASTINGS, a Nurse [with the young]

and Attendants.

c. Once more we sit in England's

al throne,

as'd with the blood of enemies.

iant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

now'd down in tops of all their pride!

kes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

and undoubted champions;

ords, as the father and the son,

Northumberlands; two braver men

er'd their coursers at the trumpet's

id;

n, the two brave bears, Warwick and

atague,

eir chains fetter'd the kingly lion

the forest tremble when they roar'd.

we swept suspicion from our seat

our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's

night,

Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repose the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [Aside.] I'll blast his harvest, if your

head were laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my

back.

Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my

lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

[Q. Eliz.] Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy

brother, thanks.

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence

thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his

master,

And cried, "All hail!" when as he meant all

harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-

lights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with

Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence

to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the

time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell sour

annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt.]

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

THE only external evidence for the date of *Richard III* is the publication of the First Quarto in 1597. The marks of Shakespeare's early style, and especially of the influence of Marlowe, are, however, so pronounced as to have led to a general agreement that the play was composed some years before that date, probably about 1593.

The Quarto of 1597 was reprinted in 1598, with the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, but without further change. Other quartos appeared in 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1623, and 1634, but all derive ultimately from the text of 1597. The version in the First Folio is independent, and differs widely in detail from the text of the Quartos. The question of the comparative authority of these texts is exceedingly complicated. Each contains passages essential to the context but lacking in the other. The Folio has besides many additions quite apposite and in the manner of Shakespeare, though the corresponding place in the Quarto shows no lacuna. The difficulty is thus to determine which goes back to the earlier original, and whether Shakespeare himself is responsible for the variations. Opinions still differ widely on these points, but are for the most part agreed that the Folio is to be regarded as the more authentic version; and it is, accordingly, made the basis of the present text. A striking peculiarity of the case is that the variations are too numerous to be plausibly accounted for as mistakes of copyist or printer, and are often so slight in their effect on meaning or rhythm that it is hard to believe them the result of conscious revision. They are very frequently such differences as might be explained by lapse of memory; and it is probable that in the First Quarto we have an exceptionally correct short-hand writer's report of the play, the variations being largely due to the slips of the actors.

The chief basis of the action is, as usual, Holinshed, who, in dealing with the events of Acts I, II, III, and part of IV, follows the history of the reigns of Edward V and Richard III ascribed to Sir Thomas More, as it had been transmitted in the Chronicles of Hardyng and Halle; and who, in the story corresponding to the rest of Act IV and to Act V, follows Halle. But before Shakespeare's there had been two, if not more, dramatic treatments of the theme. The *Richardus Tertius* of Dr. Legge is a Latin chronicle play written, perhaps as early as 1573, for performance at the University of Cambridge. *The True Tragedie of Richard III* is anonymous and of uncertain date, but was apparently a sequel to *3 Henry VI*. Both of these contributed to the dramatic tradition of Richard, but whether they affected Shakespeare directly or through a lost intermediary remains to be proved. Details seem also to have been gathered from similar narratives as those in *The Mirror for Magistrates*.

But it was the Chronicles of Holinshed or Halle which supplied almost all the episodes and the outlines of most of the characters, especially the men. These outlines, however, are in every case filled in by Shakespeare, whose imagination caught up and vitalized the merest historical character. Most of the famous speeches are purely the invention of the dramatist. The opening soliloquy, the wooing of Anne, the two great cursing scenes in which Margaret of Anjou plays the chief part, the dream and the murder scene of Clarence, and the exchange of reports between Gloucester and the little Duke of York, are all without foundation in Holinshed. Gloucester's hypocritical pre-occupation with holy exercises on the occasion of the visit of the Mayor and Buckingham with the offer of the crown, is based on the parenthetical phrase "with a bishop on every hand of him." The substance and tone of the addresses of the new leaders to their armies in v. iii. are suggested by the Chronicle.

The historical accuracy, in its main lines, of the portrait of Richard is still a matter of dispute among historians. But the falsification, if such there be, is only in a small degree due to Shakespeare; it had already occurred in the authorities from whom he drew the facts for which he supplied a plausible psychological explanation.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD IV.
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards } sons to
KING EDWARD V. } the King.
RICHARD, duke of York, }
GEORGE, duke of Clarence, } brothers to
RICHARD, duke of Gloucester, afterwards } the King.
KING RICHARD III.
A young son of Clarence.
HENRY, earl of Richmond, afterwards KING HENRY VII.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his son.
EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.
MARQUESS OF DORSET, } sons to
JORD GREY, } Elizabeth.
EARL OF OXFORD.
JOHN HASTINGS.
JOHN STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.
JOHN LOVELL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest.
Another Priest.
TERRELL and BEREKLEY, gentlemen attending on the
Lady Anne.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.
MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.
LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to
King Henry VI; afterwards married to Richard.
A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

hosts of those murdered by Richard III; Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. A street.*]

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus*.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
ade glorious summer by this sun of York;
and all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;

our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Famine's pangs will war with smooth'd his wrinkled
front;

and now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
to fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
he capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
to the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
majesty

strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
limb'd and feature'd by dissembling nature,
arm'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
to this breathing world, scarce half made up,
that so lamely and unfashionable
I dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
I, in this weak piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other;
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul; here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed
guard

That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,
Tending my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.
Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent

That you should be new christ'ned in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know, for I protest

As yet I do not; but, as I can learn, He hearkens after prophecies and dreams, And from the cross-row plucks the letter G, ^{as} And says a wizard told him that by G His issue disinherited should be; And, for my name of George begins with G, It follows in his thought that I am he. These, as I learn, and such like toys as these ^{as} Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower; My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she That tempts him to this harsh extremity. ^{as} Was it not she and that good man of worship, Anthony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is delivered? We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. ^{as}

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure

But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.

Heard you not what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery? ^{as}

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what; I think it is our way, If we will keep in favour with the King, To be her men and wear her livery. ^{as}

The jealous o'erworn widow and herself, Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,

Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me;

His Majesty hath straitly given in charge ^{as}

That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glou. Even so? An't please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of anything we say.

We speak no treason, man. We say the King Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen ^{as}

Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous; We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,

A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

And that the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks. ^{as}

How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone. ^{as}

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glou. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glou. We are the Queen's subjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell! I will unto the King; And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister, I will perform it to enfranchise you. ^{as}

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you. ^{as} Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence [Brakenbury, and Guard].*]

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven.

If heaven will take the present at our hands, But who comes here? The new-delivered Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glou. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to the open air. How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his. ^{as} And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,

Whiles kites and buzzards play at liberty. *Glou.* What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:

The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy. And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long, And overmuch consum'd his royal person. ^{as}

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he? In his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you. ^{as} [Exit Hastings.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
 And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Clarence hath not another day to live ; 150
 Which done, God take King Edward to his

mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
 daughter.
 What though I kill'd her husband and her
 father ?

The readiest way to make the wench amends
 Is to become her husband and her father ; 155
 The which will I ; not all so much for love
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market. 160
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and
 reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my
 gains. [Exit.]

SCENE II. [The same. Another street.]

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY VI, [GENTLE-
 MEN] with halberds to guard it, [among them
 TRESSEL and BERKELEY ;] LADY ANNE
 being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
 load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

[The coffin is set down.]

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king ! 5
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaught'ered son, 10
 Itab'd by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds !

So, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do
 it ! 15
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from
 hence !

More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of
 thee,

Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives ! 20
 Never have heave child, abortive be it,
 Or odious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ; 25
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 Never have heave wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !
 Me, now towards Chertsey with your holy
 load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there ; 30
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 Set you, whilst I lament King Henry's corpse.
 [The bearers take up the coffin.]

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set
 it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
 fiend

To stop devoted charitable deeds ? 35

Glou. Villains, set down the corpse ; or, by
 Saint Paul,

I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
 pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I
 command.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The coffin is set down again.]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? Are you all
 afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. 45

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be
 gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so
 curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
 trouble us not ; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds 55

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;

For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood
 dwells.

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his
 death !

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
 death !

Either heaven with lightning strike the mur-
 derer dead,

Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick, 65

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for
 curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God 70

nor man.

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of
 pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am
 no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the
 truth !

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so
 angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75

Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave

By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defus'd infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair I should accuse myself. 85

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,

That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Then say they were not slain.

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest! Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast, 95

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamst on aught but butcheries. 100

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glou. I grant ye. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glou. The better for the King of heaven, that hath him. 105

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits 115

And fall something into a slower method,

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect. 120

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world.

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, beauty, 125

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by.
As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; that art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee. 135

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140

Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here. (She spits at him.) Why dost thou spit at me? 145

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler head
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glou. I would they were, that I might do at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn out tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childing drops. 155

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tears
No, when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160

Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks.

like trees bedash'd with rain, — in that sad time

manly eyes did scorn an humble tear; and what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

by beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

never sued to friend nor enemy; y tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

it, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, y proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. *[She looks scornfully at him.]*

ach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

thy revengful heart cannot forgive, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

hich if thou please to hide in this true breast, d let the soul forth that adareth thee,

is it naked to the deadly stroke, d humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open: she offers it with his sword.]

r, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry. t't was thy beauty that provoked me.

r, now dispatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward,

't was thy heavenly face that set me on. *[She falls the sword.]*

te up the sword again, or take up me. ne. Arise, dissembler! Though I wish thy death,

ll not be thy executioner. ou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ne. I have already. ou. That was in thy rage.

k it again, and, even with the word, hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

for thy love kill a far truer love; th their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

ne. I would I knew thy heart. u. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

ne. I fear me both are false. u. Then never man was true.

ne. Well, well, put up your sword. u. Say, then, my peace is made.

ne. That shalt thou know hereafter. u. But shall I live in hope?

e. All men, I hope, live so. u.] Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ne. To take is not to give. *[Puts on the ring.]*

. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

o thy breast encloseth my poor heart. oth of them, for both of them are thine.

thy poor devoted servant may g one favour at thy gracious hand,

ost confirm his happiness for ever. . What is it?

That it may please you leave these sad signs

that hath most cause to be a mourner, sently repair to Crosby House;

after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monastery this noble king, And wet his grave with my repentant tears, I will with all expedient duty see you. For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you, Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent. Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell. Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;

But since you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.]

[Glou. Sirs, take up the corpse.] Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. *[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate, With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by; Having God, her conscience, and these bars

against me, And I no friends to back my suit withal

But the plain devil and dissembling looks, And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Ha! Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months

since, Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, The spacious world cannot again afford.

And will she yet abase her eyes on me, That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet

prince, And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety? On me, that halts and am mishapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier, I do mistake my person all this while.

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot, Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass, And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body. Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost. But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave;

And then return lamenting to my love. Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *[The palace.]*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his Majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,

And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son

To be your comforter when he is gone. ¹⁰

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the King miscarry. ¹⁵

Enter BUCKINGHAM and DERBY.

Grey. Here comes the lords of Buckingham
and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal
Grace!

Der. God make your Majesty joyful as you
have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my
Lord of Derby, ²⁰

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord
of Derby? ²⁵

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham
and I

Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment,
lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you
confer with him? ³⁰

Buck. Ay, madam. He desires to make
atonement

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your
brothers,

And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will
never be. ⁴⁰

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter HASTINGS, AND DORSET.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not
endure it.

Who is it that complains unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly.
That fill his ears with such dissentionous rumour.
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and
coo;

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm.
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks!

Grey. To who in all this presence speak
your Grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast not honesty
grace.

When have I injur'd thee? When dost thou
wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal Grace—

Whom God preserve better than you would
wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while.
But you must trouble him with lewd
complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mislead
the matter.

The King, on his own royal disposition.
And not provok'd by any suitor else,

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself

Against my children, brothers, and myself
Makes him to send that he may learn the
ground.

Glou. I cannot tell. The world is grown
bad

That wrens make prey where eagles dare
perch.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your
meaning, brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends;
God grant we never may have need of you.

Glou. Meantime, God grants that I
need of you.

Our brother is imprison'd by your means.
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were
noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this
ful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd
I never did incense his Majesty

Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury.
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspicions.

Glou. You may deny that you were
mean

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for—

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! Why
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that
She may help you to many fair preferments

And then deny her aiding hand therein.

ad lay those honours on your high desert.
hat may she not? She may, ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! Marry with a king,

bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.

Riv. your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

our blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.

heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty

those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.

rather be a country servant-maid

as a great queen, with this condition,

be thus baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.

all joy have I in being England's Queen. 110

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET.

Mar. And less'n'd be that small, God I beseech Him!

honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the King?

ll him, and spare not. Look, what I have said]

ll avouch't in presence of the King. 115

re adventure to be sent to the Tower.

time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

a kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

ow. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

a pack-horse in his great affairs;

eder-out of his proud adversaries,

eral rewarder of his friends.

yalize his blood I spent mine own. 125

Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his

or thine.

u. In all which time you and your husband Grey

fractious for the house of Lancaster;

Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

argaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130

ie put in your minds, if you forget,

you have been ere this, and what you are;

J. what I have been, and what I am.

Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

t. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,

Warwick;

ad forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Mar. Which God revenge!

To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

r his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;

Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine.

childish-foolish for this world.

Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

codemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days 145

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king.

So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a

pedlar.

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose 151

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy you may suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless. 155

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160

If not that I am queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st

thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast

marr'd; 165

That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of

death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in

banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 170

And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance.

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on

thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with

paper, 175

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his

eyes,

And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-

land,—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon

thee; 180

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody

deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the inno-

cent.

Hast. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that

babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was

reported. 185

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept

to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before

I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with

heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,

And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many length'n'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'T is done by me, and ends in "Margaret."

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottl'd spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish to be me.

To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, and thy frace curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should be me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves my duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is hasty.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blows to shake them;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glou. Good counsel, marry; learn it, master marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the rain.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cruel wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it!
As it is won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are battered.

My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow.

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll be thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses pass.

The lips of those that breathe them in the sky,
Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
[Aside to Buck.] O Buckingham, take heed of
yonder dog!

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he
bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

Have not to do with him, beware of him;
his death, and hell have set their marks on
him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

But remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!

And each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's
at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her. By God's holy
mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her.

Eliz. I never did her any, to my know-
ledge.

Now. Yet you have all the vantage of her
wrong.

As too hot to do somebody good,

As too cold in thinking of it now.

For, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains.

And pardon them that are the cause thereof!

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclu-
sion,

Pray for them that have done scath to us.

Now. So do I ever, being well advis'd.

[Speaks to himself.

Had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

tes. Madam, his Majesty doth call for
you;

for your Grace; and yours, my noble lord.

Eliz. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you
go with me?

Now. We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

u. I do the wrong, and first begin to
brawl.

secret mischiefs that I set abroad

into the grievous charge of others.

Now. who I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

and sweep to many simple gulls,

ly, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham;

And all them 't is the Queen and her allies

stir the King against the Duke my
brother.

They believe it; and withal whet me

reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.

But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS.

But, soft! here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates!

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1. Murd. We are, my lord; and come to
have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here
about me.

[Gives the warrant.]
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not
stand to prate.

Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd

We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
eyes fall tears.

I like you, lads; about your business straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

1. Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [London. The Tower.]

Enter CLARENCE and KEEPER.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-
day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,

So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my lord? I

pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from

the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester,

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches. There we look'd toward

England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befallen us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and, in

falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to

drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatt'ed in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in the
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, as
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatt'ed
by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of
death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? ³⁵

Clar. Methought I had. And often did I
strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, ⁴⁰
Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life.

O, then began the tempest to my soul.
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood, ⁴⁵
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick;

Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury ⁵⁰
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clar-
ence?"

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabb'd in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd
Clarence, ⁵⁵

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury.
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise ⁶⁰
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Keep. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. ⁶⁵

Clar. Ah! Keeper, Keeper, I have done
these things

That now give evidence against my soul
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites
me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds, ⁷⁰
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone!

O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor chil-
dren!

Keeper. I prithee, sit by me a while.

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my lord. God give your Grace
good rest! [Clarence sleeps.] ⁷⁵

Enter BRAKENBURY, the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing
hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories.
An outward honour for an inward fall;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares.
So that, between their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward name.

Enter the two MURDERERS.

1. Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow, and be-
cam'st thou hither?

2. Murd. I would speak with Clarence, as I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1. Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.
Let him see our commission, and talk to
more. [Brakenbury reads.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there he lies
I'll to the King, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [Exit with keys.]

1. Murd. You may, sir, 'tis a point of re-
dem. Fare you well.

2. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he
sleeps?

1. Murd. No; he'll say 't was done cowardly
when he wakes.

2. Murd. Why, he shall never wak' and
the great judgement-day.

1. Murd. Why, then he'll say we stab-
him sleeping.

2. Murd. The urging of that word "judg-
ment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. Murd. What, art thou afraid?

2. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant
but to be damn'd for killing him, from
which no warrant can defend me.

1. Murd. I thought thou hadst been re-
lute.

2. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1. Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Glou-
cester and tell him so.

2. Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little. [He
this passionate humour of mine will change
was wont to hold me but while our
twenty.]

1. Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1. Murd. Remember our reward, when
deed's done.

2. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies! I had forgot
reward.

1. Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2. Murd. O, in the Duke of Gloucester's
purse.

1. Murd. When he opens his purse to give
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go. The
few or none will entertain it.

1. Murd. What if it come to thee again?

2. Murd. I'll not meddle with it. 'Tis a
dangerous thing; it makes a man a villain.

can cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man
not swear, but it checks him; a man cannot
with his neighbour's wife, but it detects [140
'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit that
inies in a man's bosom. It fills a man full of
acles. It made me once restore a purse of
that by chance I found. It begs any
that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns [145
cities for a dangerous thing; and every
that means to live well endeavours to trust
myself and live without it. [Zounds,] 't is
now at my elbow, persuading me not to
the Duke. 150

Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and
ve him not; he would insinuate with thee
o make thee sigh.

Murd. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot
il with me. 155

Murd. Spoke like a tall man that respects
putation. Come, shall we fall to work?

Murd. Take him on the costard with the
of thy sword, and then throw him into
almsey-butt in the next room. 161

Murd. O excellent device! and make a
him.

Murd. Soft! He wakes.

Murd. Strike!

Murd. No, we'll reason with him. 165
'Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a
cup of wine.

Murd. You shall have wine enough, my
lord, anon.

'In God's name, what art thou?

Murd. A man, as you are. 170

'But not, as I am, royal.

Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

'Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks
are humble.

Murd. My voice is now the King's, my
looks mine own.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou
peak! 175

'How do menace me. Why look you pale?
nt you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Murd. To, to, to—

To murder me?

Ay, ay.

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me
, 180

efore cannot have the hearts to do it.
y friends, have I offended you?

Murd. Offended us you have not, but the
ing.

I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare
die. 185

Are you drawn forth among a world of
en

he innocent? What is my offence?

'the evidence that doth accuse me?
wful quest have given their verdict

, 190

frowning judge? or who pronounce'd
r sentence of poor Clarence' death?

'he convict by course of law,

en me with death is most unlawful.

you, as you hope [to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous
sins,] 195

That you depart and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon com-
mand.

2. *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is
our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of
kings 200

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you, then,
Spurn at His edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for He holds vengeance in His
hand, 204

To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth He
hurl on thee

For false forswearing and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of
God, 210

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacher-
ous blade

Unripp'd'st the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish
and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dread-
ful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill
deed? 215

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I. 220

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, He doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;

He needs no indirect or lawless course

To cut off those that have offended Him. 225

1. *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody
minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my
rage.

1. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and
thy faults 230

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me!

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

Who shall reward you better for my life 235

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd. Your brother
Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me
dear.

Go you to him from me.

1. *Murd.* Ay, so we will. 240

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

[And charg'd us from his soul to love each
other,]

He little thought of this divided friendship.
 Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep. ²⁴⁶

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest.

Come, you deceive yourself;

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here. ²⁵⁰

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs

That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven. ²⁴⁶

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
 That you will war with God by murdering me? ²⁵⁰

O, sirs, consider, they that set you on
 To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent! No! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish. ²⁴⁶

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks. ²⁷⁰

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord. ²⁷⁸

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that. If all this will not do, ^[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. ^[Exit (with the body).]

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous murder! ²⁸⁰

Re-enter FIRST MURDERER.

1. *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the Duke shall know how slack you have been!

2. *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the Duke is slain. ²⁸⁸ ^[Exit.]

1. *Murd.* So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole
 Till that the Duke give order for his burial;

And when I have my meed, I will away:
 For this will out, and then I must not stay. ^[Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [London. The palace.]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD sick. QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, WOODVILLE [GREY, and others].

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league.

I every day expect an embassy
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven
 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand.
 Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is parg'd for
 grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear to do.

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not
 your king.

Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
 Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with perfect heart!

K. Edw. Madam, your self is not absent
 from this,

Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you.
 You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your
 hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never
 remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings
 love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here
 Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. ^[They embrace.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal
 thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's alliance.
 And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth
 hate

Upon your Grace ^[to the Queen], but with
 dutious love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
 With hate in those where I expect most love.

When I have most need to employ a friend,
 And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
 Be he unto me! This do I beg of Heaven.

When I am cold in love to you or yours. ^[They embrace.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

ere wanteth now our brother Gloucester
 here,
 make the blessed period of this peace.
 fact. And, in good time,
 re comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER and RATCLIFF.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king
 and queen;

K. princely peers, a happy time of day!

Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent
 the day.

Glou. Yesterday, we have done deeds of charity;
 e peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
 ven these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Edw. A blessed labour, my most sovereign
 lord.

Glou. This princely heap, if any here,
 else intelligence, or wrong surmise,

me a foe;
 unwittingly, or in my rage,

ought committed that is hardly borne
 ay in this presence, I desire

concile me to his friendly peace.
 death to me to be at enmity;

se it, and desire all good men's love.

madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 h I will purchase with my duteous ser-

vice;
 a, my noble cousin Buckingham,

r any grudge were lodg'd between us; as
 i and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset;

all without desert have frown'd on me;
 a, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of

you;
 , earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.

ot know that Englishman alive
 whom my soul is any jot at odds

han the infant that is born to-night.
 k my God for my humility.

Viz. A holy day shall this be kept here-
 after.

d to God all strifes were well com-
 mended.

oreign lord, I do beseech your High-
 ness

our brother Clarence to your grace.
 Why, madam, have I off'red love for

his,
 o flouted in this royal presence?

ows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
(They all start.)

him injury to scorn his corpse.
Edw. Who knows not he is dead! Who

ows he is?
Viz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is

is!
Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the

st?
Ay, my good lord; and no man in the

essence
 ed colour hath forsook his cheeks.

Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was
 ers'd.

But he, poor man, by your first order
 d,

a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.
 God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence
 did,

And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service
 done! *[Kneels.]*

K. Edw. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of
 sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your Highness
 hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou
 requests.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
 life,

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my
 brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother kill'd no man; his fault was

thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of
 love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a
 king"?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments, and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pa-
 don;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
[Derby rises.]

But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah,

poor Clarence!
[Exeunt some with King and Queen.]

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd
 you not

How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence'

death?
 O, they did urge it still unto the King!

God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your Grace. 140
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The palace.*]

*Enter the old DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two
CHILDREN of Clarence.*

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Girl. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your
breast,

And cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake
your head, 5

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
both.

I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost. 11

Boy. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is
dead.

The King mine uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect. 15

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth
love you well.

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's
death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle
Gloucester 20

Told me the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him.

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father, 25
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such
gentle shape,

And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is
this?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about
her ears; RIVERS and DORSET after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail
and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself? 35
I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impa-
tience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. 40

Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,

That our swift-winged souls may catch the
King's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in
sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death.

And liv'd with looking on his images;

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death.

And I for comfort have but one false glass

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother.

And hast the comfort of thy children left.

But death hath snatch'd my husband from

mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble

hands.

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I

Thine being but a moiety of my moon.

To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries!

Boy. Ah! aunt, you wept not for our father's

death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left us

moan'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwep'd.

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation.

I am not barren to bring forth complaints.

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes.

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the

world!

Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah for our father, for our dear lord

Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and

Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward's death

he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence's death

he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they

are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!

Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;

These babes for Clarence weep, [and so do I;

I for an Edward weep,] so do not they.

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's store.

And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother. God is true

displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness His death

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful.

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent.

Much more to be thus opposite with heaviness.

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a good

mother,

the young prince your son. Send straight for him;
 him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
 own desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 d plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

ter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY,
 HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

Hou. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause 101

wail the dimming of our shining star;
 none can help our harms by wailing them.
 lam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
 d not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee
 ave your blessing. 108

uch. God bless thee; and put meekness in
 thy breast,
 e, charity, obedience, and true duty!
 low. [*Aside.*] Amen; and make me die a
 good old man!

t is the butt-end of a mother's blessing. 110
 rvel that her Grace did leave it out.

uch. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrow-
 ing peers,

t bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
 cheer each other in each other's love.

ugh we have spent our harvest of this king,
 ure to reap the harvest of his son. 116

broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,
 lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
 semeth good, that, with some little train,

with from Ludlow the young prince be
 fet 121

ur to London, to be crown'd our king.

. Why with some little train, my Lord
 of Buckingham?

ck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
 ew-heal'd wound of malice should break
 out; 125

h would be so much the more dangerous,
 ow much the estate is green and yet un-
 govern'd.

e every horse bears his commanding rein
 may direct his course as please himself,

ll the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 130
 opinion, ought to be prevented.

. I hope the King made peace with all
 of us;

be compact is firm and true in me.

. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.
 nce it is but green, it should be put 135

apparent likelihood of breach,
 haply by much company might be urg'd;

ore I say with noble Buckingham,
 is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

. And so say I. 140

. Then be it so; and go we to determine
 hey shall be that straight shall post to
 Ludlow.

. and you, my sister, will you go
 your censures in this business?

liz. } With all our hearts. 145

. } [*Exeunt all but Buckingham and
 Gloucester.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the
 Prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
 For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,
 To part the Queen's proud kindred from the
 Prince. 150

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
 My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
 Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay be-
 hind. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*London. A street.*]

Enter one CITIZEN at one door, and another at
 the other.

1. Cit. Good morrow, neighbour; whither
 away so fast?

2. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
 Hear you the news abroad?

1. Cit. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes
 the better.

I fear, I fear 't will prove a giddy world. 5

Enter another CITIZEN.

3. Cit. Neighbours, God speed!

1. Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

3. Cit. Doth the news hold of good King
 Edward's death?

2. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the
 while!

3. Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous
 world.

1. Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son
 shall reign. 10

3. Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by
 a child!

2. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
 That in his nonage, council under him,

And in his full and ripened years himself,
 No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

1. Cit. So stood the state when Henry the
 Sixth 15

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good
 friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
 With politic grave counsel; then the King 20

Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1. Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father
 and mother.

2. Cit. Better it were they all came by his
 father,

Or by his father there were none at all;

For emulation, who shall now be nearest, 25

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,

And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and
 proud!

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
 This sickly land might solace as before. 30

1. Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all
 will be well.

3. Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put
 on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth. 35
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread. 40

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away? 45

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I. I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*London. The palace.*]

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night.
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince.

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. 5

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. "Ay," quoth my uncle

Gloucester,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace;"

And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds
make haste. 15

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched 'at thing when he was

young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

[*Arch.*] And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been rememb'ed,

I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine. 25

Duch. How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grow a fast

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy! Go to, you are a shrewd.

Duch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Enter a MESSENGER.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are come to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoner.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty duke
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have declare'd.

Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and aweless throne.
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the crown.
And often up and down my sons were sent

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss.
And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors
Make war upon themselves, brother to brother

Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spite.
Or let me die, to look on earth no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [*To the Queen.*] My gracious lady,
And thither bear your treasure and your gold

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exit*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*London. A street.*]

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the DUKES OF GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL [BOURCHIER, CATESBY,] and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.

A weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy. I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

has not yet divid'd into the world's deceit. I more can you distinguish of a man

than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

more or never jumpeth with the heart.

Prince. Uncles which you want were dangerous;

for Grace attended to their sug'red words, look'd not on the poison of their hearts.

Keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR [and his train].

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all. [*Mayor and train retire.*]

I might my mother and my brother York

so long ere this have met us on the way. What a slug is Hastings, that he comes not

to us whether they will come or no!

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Glou. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

Glou. On what occasion, God he knows, not I, between your mother, and your brother

York,

taken sanctuary. The tender prince

shall have come with me to meet your Grace,

his mother was perforce withheld.

Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

be the Queen to send the Duke of York

his princely brother presently?

Prince. Lord Hastings, go with him, for his jealous arms pluck him perforce.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak authority

in his mother win the Duke of York,

Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God [in heaven] forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional.

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the

place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it,

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where think'st best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower;

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edifi'd.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not regist'rd,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say,
do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glou. [Aside.] Short summers lightly have
a forward spring.

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the
Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our
noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call
you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is
yours.

Too late he died that might have kept that
title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of
York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? ¹⁰⁵

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you
than I.

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glou. My dagger, little cousin? With all my
heart. ¹¹¹

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will
give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to
give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my
cousin. ¹¹⁵

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword
to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with
light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too weighty for your Grace to
wear. ¹²⁰

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon,
little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as
you call me.

Glou. How?

York. Little. ¹²⁵

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross
in talk.

Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear
with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.

Because that I am little, like an ape, ¹³⁰

He thinks that you should bear me on your
shoulders.

Buck. [Aside to Hastings.] With what a
sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glou. My lord, will 't please you pass along
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower?
lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have
it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the
Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry
ghost.

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not
fear.

But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart.

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Ezeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prince
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt. O, 't is a princeling
boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.

He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither.
Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we
tend

As closely to conceal what we impart.

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the
way;

What think'st thou? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
Prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?

Will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings do.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this
gentle Catesby.

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower.

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons.

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk.

And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils.

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glou. Commend me to Lord William. I'll
him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle.

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
 Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
 Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
 soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
 I can.

How. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
 we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

How. At Crosby House, there shall you find
 us both. [Exit Catesby.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if
 we perceive

That Hastings will not yield to our complots?
 How. Chop off his head; something we will
 determine.

Buck. Look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 earldom of Hereford, and all the movables

Proof the King my brother was possess'd.
 Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's

hand.

How. And look to have it yielded with all
 kindness.

Buck. Let us sup betimes, that afterwards
 may digest our complots in some form.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How. My lord! my lord!

How. [Within.] Who knocks?

How. One from the Lord Stanley.

How. [Within.] What is 't o'clock?

How. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

How. Can't my lord Stanley sleep these
 tedious nights?

How. So it appears by that I have to say.

How. He commends him to your noble self.

How. What then?

How. Then certifies your lordship that this
 night

That the boar had razed off his helm.

How. He says there are two councils kept;

That may be determin'd at the one

That may make you and him to rue at the
 other.

How. Ere he sends to know your lordship's
 pleasure,

That all speed post with him toward the
 north,

That the danger that his soul divines.

How. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

That not fear the separated councils.

How. Your and myself are at the one,

That the other is my good friend Catesby;

Nothing can proceed that toucheth us

That I shall not have intelligence.

How. His fears are shallow, without in-
 fence;

That his dreams, I wonder he's so simple

That the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

How. The boar before the boar pursues,

That incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

How. Bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what

you say. [Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

How. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early
 stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tott'ring
 state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
 And, I believe, will never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

How. How! wear the garland! Dost thou
 mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

How. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
 my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
 forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof;

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pom-
 fret.

How. Indeed, I am no mourner for that
 news,

Because they have been still my adversaries;

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
 mind!

How. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-
 month hence,

That they which brought me in my master's
 hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious
 lord,

When men are unprepar'd and look not for
 it.

How. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
 it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do
 With some men else, that think themselves as
 safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
 To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The Princes both make high account
 of you,

[Aside.] For they account his head upon the
 bridge.

How. I know they do; and I have well de-
 serv'd it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

—Come on, come on [to Stanley]; where is your
 boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow ; good morrow,
Catesby.

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as
yours ;

And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were
sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
What, shall we toward the Tower ? The day
is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you
what, my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better
wear their heads

Than some that have accus'd them wear their
hats.

But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good
fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*]

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with
thee ?

Purs. The better that your lordship please
to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me
now

Than when thou met'st me last where now we
meet.

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good
content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that
for me. [*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit.*]

Enter a PRIEST.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see
your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all
my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content
you.

Priest. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord
Chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the
priest ;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay
there.

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner
there.

Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although
thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Pomfret [Castle].

*Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds,
carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to
death.*

[*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.]

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee
this :

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the Prince from all the pain
of you !

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for us
hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is set.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou black
prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death.
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall's upon
our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd
she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings. O, remember that
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.

And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true blood.

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be shed.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is
nigh.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us
here embrace.

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [The Tower of London.]

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS,
BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVELL, and
others, [and take their seats] at a table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we
are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Is all things ready for the royal triumph ?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's
mind herein?

Who is most inward with the royal Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest
know his mind.

Buck. [Who, I, my lord?] 10

know each other's faces; for our hearts,
knows no more of mine than I of yours,
of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Hastings, you and he are near in love.

ast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves
me well; 15

for his purpose in the coronation,
we not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
gracious pleasure any way therein:

you, my honourable lords, may name the
time;

in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20

th, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

In happy time, here comes the Duke
himself.

u. My noble lords and cousins all, good
morrow.

been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
sence doth neglect no great design 25

a by my presence might have been con-
cluded.

k. Had not you come upon your cue, my
lord,

m Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your
part, —

a, your voice, — for crowning of the King.

t. Than my Lord Hastings no man might
be bolder; 30

rdship knows me well, and loves me well.
d. I thank your Grace.]

My Lord of Ely!

My lord?

When I was last in Holborn,
ood strawberries in your garden there.

speech you send for some of them. 35

Marry, and will, my lord, with all my
heart. [Exit.]

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with
ou. [Drawing him aside.]

hath sounded Hastings in our busi-
ness,

ds the testy gentleman so hot

will lose his head ere give consent 40

ter's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

se the royalty of England's throne.

Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go
ith you.

[Exeunt [Gloucester and Bucking-
ham].]

We have not yet set down this day of
umph.

ow, in my judgement, is too sudden;
self am not so well provided 45

would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Where is my Lord, the Duke of
er? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth
this morning.

There's some conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids good morrow with such
spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his
heart. 50

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his
face

By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is
offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

[Der. I pray God he be not, I say.] 55

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they de-
serve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have pre-
vail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace,
my lord, 60

Makes me most forward in this princely
presence

To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be.

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of their
evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up. 65

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous
witch,

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked
me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord, — 70

Glou. If! Thou protector of this damned
strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a
traitor!

Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done. 75

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff,
and Lovel.]

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for
me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the bear did raze our helms,

And I did scorn it and disdain to fly. 80

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble,

And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me;

I now repent I told the pursuivant, 85

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head! 90

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable Eng-land!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*]

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the MAYOR and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor, —
Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent —
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings' head.

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife.
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st and t'red traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good lord of Gloucester?

May. Had he done so?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or fidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death.
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

And your good Graces both have well proceeded

To warn false traitors from the like attempt.
I never look'd for better at his hands.
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends
Something against our meanings, have prevented;

Because, my lord, I would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason.
That you might well have signifi'd the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve

As well as I had seen and heard him speak.
And do not doubt, right noble princes, but
That I'll acquaint our dutious citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late at our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall bids him a post.

There, at your meetest vantage of the time
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his brother.
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed —
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury.
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control, lusted to make a prey.

ay, for a need, thus far come near my person:

all them, when that my mother went with child

that insatiate Edward, noble York, princely father then had wars in France;

and, by true computation of the time, and that the issue was not his begot;

which wall appeared in his lineaments, being nothing like the noble Duke my father.

I touch this sparingly, as 't were far off; cause, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator

if the golden fee for which I plead were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

How. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,

where you shall find me well accompanied with reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock

look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[Exit.]
How. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

Cate. Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

be with me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[Exit.]
How. I will I go to take some privy order,

draw the brats of Clarence out of sight; to give notice, that no manner person

at any time recourse unto the princes.

[Exit.]
[SCENE VI. The same. A street.]

Enter a SCRIVENER with a paper in his hand.
How. Here is the indictment of the good

Lord Hastings,

which in a set hand fairly is engross'd, it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.

mark how well the sequel hangs together: an hours I've spent to write it over,

last night by Catesby was it sent me; precedent was full as long a-doing;

yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd, inted, unexamind, free, at liberty.

's a good world the while! Who is so gross

cannot see this palpable device? who so bold, but says he sees it not?

's the world; and all will come to nought, such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[Exit.]
[SCENE VII. Baynard's Castle.]

How. Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

How. Now, how now, what say the citizens?

How. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord, citizens are mum, say not a word.

How. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France;

The unsatiate greediness of his desire, And his enforcement of the city wives;

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy, As being got, your father then in France.

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke. Withal I did infer your lineaments,

Being the right idea of your father, Both in your form and nobleness of mind;

Laid open all your victories in Scotland, Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility; Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose

Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse. And when my oratory drew toward end,

I bid them that did love their country's good Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

How. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones, Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale;

Which when I saw, I reprehended them, And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful

silence. His answer was, the people were not used

To be spoke to but by the Recorder. Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,

"Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;"

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine

own, At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"

And thus I took the vantage of those few, "Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;

"This general applause and cheerful shout Argues your wisdom and your love to Rich-

ard:" And even here brake off, and came away.

How. What tongueless blocks were they! Would they not speak?

[Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.]
How. Will not the Mayor then and his

brethren come? Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend

some fear; Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand, And stand between two churchmen, good my

lord, — For on that ground I'll make a holy descent — And be not easily won to our requests.

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

How. I go; and if you plead as well for them

As I can say nay to thee for myself, No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the Lord Mayor knocks.

[Exit Gloucester.]

Enter the MAYOR and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord ! I dance attendance here ;
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY [from the castle].

[Here comes his servant.]

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day.

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;

And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,

To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke ;

Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,

But on his knees at meditation ;

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,

But meditating with two deep divines ;

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof ;

But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay !

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace ?

Cate. [My lord,]

He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,

His Grace not being warn'd thereof before.

He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should

Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.

By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;

And so once more return and tell his Grace.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men

Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them

thence,

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.

[*CATESBY returns.*]

May. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity ;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornaments to know a holy man.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests ;

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glow. My lord, there needs no such apology.

I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glow. I do suspect I have done some offence

That seems disgracious in the city's eye.

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord. Would it might please your Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glow. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that we resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestical.

The scap'tred office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth.

The lineal glory of your royal house,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;

Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

Which here we waken to our country's good,

The noble isle doth want his proper limbs.

His face defac'd with scars of infamy,

His royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost should' red in the swallowing gulf

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land.

Not as protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor for another's gain ;

But as successively from blood to blood.

Your right of birth, your empery, your own

For this, consorted with the citizens,

Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,

In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

Glow. I cannot tell if to depart in silence.

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best fitteth my degree or your condition.

If not to answer, you might haply think

Tongue-ti'd ambition, not replying, yielded

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty.

Which fondly you would here impose on me.

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,

So season'd with your faithful love to me,

Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends

Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first.

And then, in speaking, not to incur the law.

Definitively thus I answer you :

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away.

And that my path were even to the crown,

As my right revenue and due of birth ;

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

So mighty and so many my defects,

at I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 ing a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 in my greatness covet to be hid,
 d in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 t, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 d much I need to help you, were there
 need. 100

royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 ich, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 d well become the seat of majesty,
 I make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170

him I lay that you would lay on me,
 ight and fortune of his happy stars,
 eh God defend that I should wring from
 him!

uck. My lord, this argues conscience in
 your Grace;
 the respects thereof are nice and trivial, 175
 circumstances well considered.
 say that Edward is your brother's son:
 ay we too, but not by Edward's wife;
 first was he contract to Lady Lucy —
 mother lives a witness to his vow — 180
 afterward by substitute betroth'd
 ona, sister to the King of France.
 e both put off, a poor petitioner,
 re-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 auty-waning and distressed widow, 185
 in the afternoon of her best days,
 prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 d'd the pitch and height of his degree
 se declension and loath'd bigamy.
 ar, in his unlawful bed, he got 190
 Edward, whom our manners call the
 Prince.
 bitterly could I expostulate,
 that, for reverence to some alive,
 a sparing limit to my tongue.
 good my lord, take to your royal self 195
 proffer'd benefit of dignity;
 to bless us and the land withal,
 draw forth your noble ancestry
 the corruption of abusing times,
 a lineal true-derived course. 200

. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat
 you.
 c. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
 love.
 . O, make them joyful, grant their law-
 ful suit!

. Alas, why would you heap this care on
 ne?
 nfit for state and majesty. 205
 eech you, take it not amiss;
 t nor I will not yield to you.
 . If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,
 to depose the child, your brother's
 on;
 we know your tenderness of heart 210
 ntle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 we have noted in you to your kindred,
 rally indeed to all estates, —
 ow, whe'er you accept our suit or no,
 other's son shall never reign our king;
 will plant some other in the throne, 215
 disgrace and downfall of your house;

And in this resolution here we leave you. —
 Come, citizens! ['Zounds!] we'll entreat no
 more.
 [Glou. O, do not swear, my Lord of Buck-
 ingham.] 220
 [Exit Buckingham [with the Citi-
 zens].
 Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept
 their suit.
 If you deny them all the land will rue it.
 Glou. Will you enforce me to a world of
 cares?
 Call them again. [Catesby goes to the Mayor, and
 exit.] I am not made of stones,
 But penetrable to your kind entreaties, 225
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, [CATESBY] and the rest.
 Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
 Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load. 230
 But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
 For God doth know, and you may partly see, 235
 How far I am from the desire of this.
 May. God bless your Grace! we see it, and
 will say it.
 Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the
 truth.
 Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title:
 Long live King Richard, England's worthy
 king! 240
 All. Amen.
 Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be
 crown'd?
 Glou. Even when you please, for you will
 have it so.
 Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your
 Grace;
 And so most joyfully we take our leave. 245
 Glou. [To the Bishops.] Come, let us to our
 holy work again.
 Farewell, my cousins; farewell, gentle friends.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Before the Tower.]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, the DUCHESS OF
 YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET at one
 door; ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,
 [leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET,
 Clarence's young Daughter] at another door.
 Duch. Who meets us here? My niece Plan-
 tagenet
 Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
 Now, for my life, she's wandering to the
 Tower,
 On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince.
 Daughter, well met.
 Anne. God give your Graces both
 A happy and a joyful time of day! 6

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister!
Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I
guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all
together.

Enter the lieutenant [BRAKENBURY].

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of
York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King! Who's that?

Brak. [I cry you mercy!] I mean the Lord
Protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that
kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from
them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see
them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their
mother;

Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy
blame

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave
it so.

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[Exit.]

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
hence,

And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother
And reverend looker on of two fair queens.

[To Anne.] Come, madam, you must straight
to Westminster.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace asunder, that my
pent heart

May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon as
With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing
news!

Dor. Be of good cheer. Mother, how fares
your Grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
gone!

Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, bid thee, bid thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my brother
In your behalf, to meet you on the way.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste
was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will
O, would to God that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain

Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, "God save the
Queen!"

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy
glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm;
Anne. No! why? When he that is my brother

band now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corpse,

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from
his hands

Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dear saint which then I weep'd to
low'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: "Be thou," quoth I, "a
curse'd,

For making me, so young, so old a widow
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow have the
bed;

And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
More miserable by the life of thee

Than thou hast made me by my dear brother's
death!"

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And prov'd the subject of mine own self's
curse,

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from
For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awake.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick's
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy
plaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I love
for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcome
glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy
of it!

Duch. [To Dorset.] Go thou to Richard,
and good fortune guide thee!

[To Anne.] Go thou to Richard, and
angels tend thee!

[To Queen Eliz.] Go thou to sanctuary;
good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie
me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a wreck
teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

ty, you ancient stones, those tender babes
hom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
ugh cradle for such little pretty ones!
ide ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
e tender princes, use my babies well!
foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [London. The palace.]

*met. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY [a PAGE, and
thers].*

L. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buck-
ingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

L. Rich. Give me thy hand. (*Here he as-
cendeth the throne. Sound.*) Thus high,
by thy advice

thy assistance, is King Richard seated;
shall we wear these glories for a day?
shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them
last!

L. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play
the touch,

ry if thou be current gold indeed.

ng Edward lives: think now what I would
speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

L. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would
be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned
lord.

L. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so: but Ed-
ward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

L. Rich. O bitter consequence,
Edward still should live! "True, noble
prince!"

n, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

I would have it suddenly perform'd.
say'st thou now? Speak suddenly; be
brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

L. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kind-
ness freezes.

ave I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some
pause, dear lord,

e I positively speak in this.

resolve you herein presently.

[Aside to a stander by.] The King is
angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

L. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted
fools

nspective boys; none are for me
ook into me with considerate eyes.

eaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

L. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom cor-
rupting gold

upt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
spirit.

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call
him hither.

[Exit Page.]
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my coun-
sels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

[Stands apart.]

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby. Rumour
it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daugh-
ter;

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out

That Anne my queen is sick and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage
me.

[Exit Catesby.]
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin!
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter [Page, with SIR JAMES] TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend
of mine?

Tyr. Please you;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it; two deep
enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturb-
ers

Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrrel. I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to
them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark,
come hither, Tyrrel.

Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear.

[Whispers.]
There is no more but so; say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel,
ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord.] [*Exit.* 98

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look unto it. 99

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the movables

Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife. If she convey 99

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100

A king, perhaps, [perhaps, —

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, — 105

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And call'd it Rougemont; at which name I started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? 115

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no. 120

K. Rich. Tut, tut,]

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*

Buck. And is it thus? Repays he my deep service

With such contempt? Made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone 125 To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody
Melted with tenderness and mild

sion,
Wept like two children in their death

story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the

babes;"

"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdle
another

Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd

other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost

my mind;
But O! the devil" — there the villain

When Dighton thus told on: "We smel'd
The most replenished sweet work of Nature
That from the prime creation e'er she sent
Hence both are gone with consciences

more;
They could not speak; and so I laid

both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes. All health, my son,
lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in
news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath
them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their
Meantime, but think how I may do thee

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I
close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd
riage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's
And Anne my wife hath bid this world

night.

Now, for I know the Breton Richmond
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

l. My lord!
Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st
in so bluntly? 45
l. Bad news, my lord. Morton is fled to
Richmond;
Buckingham, back'd with the hardy
Welshmen,
the field, and still his power increaseth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me
more near 48
Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
I have learn'd that fearful commenting
den servitor to dull delay;
leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
fiery expedition be my wing,
Mercury, and herald for a king! 45
muster men! My counsel is my shield;
must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. *Before the palace.*]

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET.

far. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
rop into the rotten mouth of death.
In these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
tch the waning of mine enemies.
induction am I witness to, 5
ill to France, hoping the consequence
ove as bitter, black, and tragical.
aw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes
ere? [Retires.]

QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF
YORK.

liz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender
sides!
lawn flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10
our gentle souls fly in the air
not fix'd in doom perpetual,
bout me with your airy wings
or your mother's lamentation!
r. Hover about her; say, that right
r right 15
nm'd your infant morn to aged night.
So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
r. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
for Edward pays a dying debt. 20
r. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such
rle lambs,
w them in the entrails of the wolf?
ist thou sleep when such a deed was
re? 25
r. When holy Harry died, and my
et son.
Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal
ng ghost,
ne, world's shame, grave's due by life
rp'd,
ract and record of tedious days,
nnrest on England's lawful earth,
y made drunk with innocent blood! 30

[*Sitting down.*]

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford
a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
here.

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward.*] If ancient sorrow
be most reverend, 35
Give mine the benefit of senjory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

[*Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.*]
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd
him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst
kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him. 45

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death.
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God, 55
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my
woes!

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for re-
venge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss: 65
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my
Edward;

And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. 75
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time
would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
That bottl'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd
toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of
my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy
brothers?

Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou
joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says, "God save the
Queen"?

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou
art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd
yoke,

From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
chance;

These English woes shall make me smile in
France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay
a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they
were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is.

Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken
them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp,
and pierce like mine. *[Exit.]*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client
woes,

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries,
Let them have scope! though what they will
impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tid'd; go with
me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclaim-

Enter KING RICHARD and his train, marching with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expec-
tion?

Duch. O, she that might have intercept-
ed thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb.
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with
golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were
right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd us
crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and
brothers?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my
children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy
brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Riva-
vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale
wags
Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Strike. I say!*

[Flourish. Alarum.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father. And
yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatient

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your
condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproach.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am
in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd
thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort
you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st
well,

Thou can'st on earth to make the earth my bed.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and ven-
turous,

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and
bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind, and
hatred.

it comfortable hour canst thou name
ever grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,
that call'd your Grace

reakfast once forth of my company.

be so disgracious in your eye.

ne march on, and not offend you, madam.
e up the drum.

ch. I prithee, hear me speak.

Rich. You speak too bitterly.

ch. Hear me a word,

shall never speak to thee again.

Rich. So.

h. Either thou wilt die by God's just
ordinance,

om this war thou turn a conqueror,

with grief and extreme age shall perish

ever more behold thy face again.

fore take with thee my most grievous
curse,

in the day of battle, tire thee more

all the complete armour that thou
wear'st!

ayers on the adverse party fight;

here the little souls of Edward's chil-
dren

er the spirits of thine enemies

romise them success and victory.

thou art, bloody will be thy end;

serves thy life and doth thy death
attend.

liz. Though far more cause, yet much

ess spirit to curse

in me; I say amen to her.

ich. Stay, madam; I must talk a word

with you.

liz. I have no more sons of the royal

lood

e to slaughter; for my daughters, Rich-
rd,

shall be praying nuns, not weeping
ueens;

efore level not to hit their lives.

ch. You have a daughter call'd Eliza-
beth,

s and fair, royal and gracious.

iz. And must she die for this? O, let

er live,

ll corrupt her manners, stain her
auty,

myself as false to Edward's bed,

ver her the veil of infamy.

ay live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

ness she was not Edward's daughter.

h. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal
incess.

z. To save her life, I'll say she is not

h. Her life is safest only in her birth.

r. And only in that safety died her
others.

h. Lo, at their birth good stars were
omise.

z. No, to their lives ill friends were
strary.

h. All unavoids is the doom of
tiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes
destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain
my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and
blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief
tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my
boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enter-
prise

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face
of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose
their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of for-
tune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of
it;

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself
and all

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of
thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I
love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it
with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul.

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her
brothers,

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for
it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my
meaning.

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter.

And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen. Who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. Even so. How think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
 A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave Edward and York; then haply will she weep. Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
 Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,— A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother's body; And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a letter of thy noble deeds.
 Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence, Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake, Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
 To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way; Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
 Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended.
 Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after hours gives leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter. If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase, I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter. A grandam's name is little less in love Than is the doting title of a mother;
 They are as children but one step below, Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
 Your children were vexation to your youth, But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss you have is but a son being king, And by that loss your daughter is made queen. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity. The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content. What! we have many goodly days to see. The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl Advantaging their loan with interest Of ten times double gain of happiness. Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go: Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale; Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the process With the sweet silent hours of marriage; And when this arm of mine hath chas'd The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come. And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed. To whom I will retail my conquest won. And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Case.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? He father's brother
 Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle? Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncle? Under what title shall I woo for thee, That God, the law, my honour, and her love Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with a lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her the King, that may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the King's king forbids.
K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her number doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that "ever" last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven and earth lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard's life of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes your sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest in too hard a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
 Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves

Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ;
that is past.

Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-
strings break.

Rich. Now, by my George, my Garter,
and my crown, —

Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the
third usurp'd.

Rich. I swear —

Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.
George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly
honour ;

Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly
virtue ;

rown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
nothing thou wouldst swear to be be-
liev'd,

then by something that thou hast not
wrong'd.

Rich. Now, by the world —

Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

Rich. My father's death —

Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

Rich. Then, by myself —

Eliz. Thyself thyself misuseth.

Rich. Why then, by God —

Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

I did'st fear to break an oath with Him,

ity the King my husband made

adest not broken, nor my brothers died.

hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

perial metal, circling now thy head,

ac'd the tender temples of my child,

th the Princes had been breathing here,

now, two tender bedfellows for dust,

roken faith hath made the prey for

forms.

anst thou swear by now ?

Rich. The time to come.

Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the

me o'erpast ;

yself have many tears to wash

er time, for time past wrong'd by thee.

ildren live, whose fathers thou hast

ughter'd,

ru'd youth, to wail it with their age ;

unts live, whose children thou hast

itcher'd,

en plants, to wail it with their age.

ot by time to come ; for that thou

st

re us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,

I in my dangerous affairs

e arms ; myself myself confound ;

and fortune bar me happy hours ;

ld me not thy light, nor, night, thy

t ;

ite all planets of good luck

ceeding, if, with dear heart's love,

ate devotion, holy thoughts,

ot thy beauteous princely daughter !

ists my happiness and thine ;

er, follows to myself and thee,

he land, and many a Christian soul,

olation, ruin, and decay.

be avoided but by this ;

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother, — I must call you
so —

Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil
thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do
good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be my-
self ?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance
wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I
bury them ;

Where in that nest of spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy
will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the
deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and
so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF [*CATESBY following*].

How now ! what news ?

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
Duke of Norfolk ;

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient
haste.

K. Rich. [*Ratcliff*], come hither. Post to
Salisbury.

When thou com'st thither, — [*To Catesby.*] Dull
unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
Duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your High-
ness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby. Bid him
levy straight

The greatest strength and power that he can
make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at
Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there
before I go ?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but may well be reported.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?

Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me! What do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.

Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace

Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond;

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men; but leave behind

Your son, George Stanley. Look your best
firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove you.

Enter a MESSENGER.

1. *Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in
vanishure,

As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another MESSENGER.

2. *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guild
are in arms;

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power

strong.

Enter another MESSENGER.

3. *Mess.* My lord, the army of great
ingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but
of death? *[He strikes]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring
news.

3. *Mess.* The news I have to tell your
esty

Is that by sudden floods and fall of water
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and sent

And he himself wand'ring away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy!
There is my purse to cure that blow of shame

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim?
Reward to him that brings the traitor in.

3. *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made
my lord.

Enter another MESSENGER.

4. *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord
quis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms
But this good comfort bring I to your Grace

The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a band

Unto the shore, to ask those on the bank
If they were his assistants, yea or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Basing
ham

Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,
Hoist'd sail and made his course again for Bre-
tany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we
up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham
taken;

That is the best news. That the Earl of Bu-
mond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford.
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury! While we reason here, royal battle might be won and lost. I take order Buckingham be brought to Salisbury; the rest march on with me. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE [V. *Lord Derby's house.*]

r. DERBY and *SIR CHRISTOPHER [URSWICK].*

r. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me, in the sty of the most deadly boar in George Stanley is frank'd up in hold; revolt, off goes young George's head. Fear of that holds off my present aid. I t'hee gone; commend me to thy lord. I say that the Queen hath heartily consented could espouse Elizabeth her daughter. Tell me, where is princely Richmond now? is. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

What men of name resort to him? Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier; Sir Talbot, Sir William Stanley, I, redoubt'd Pembroke, Sir James Blunt, Sir ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, many other of great name and worth; towards London do they bend their power, he way they be not fought withal.

Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand. He will resolve him of my mind. *[Gives letter, and] exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Salisbury. An open place.*]

[The SHERIFF, and] BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution.

Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

No, my good lord; therefore be patient. Hastings, and Edward's children, my lord Rivers,

my lord Henry and thy fair son Edward, and all that have miscarried, and hand corrupted foul injustice, our moody discontented souls, which the clouds behold this present hour, revenge mock my destruction! All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not? It is [my lord].

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's commodity.

One day which, in King Edward's time, might fall on me, when I was found his children and his wife's allies; one day wherein I wish'd to fall, I lose faith of him whom most I trusted; All-Souls' day to my fearful soul termin'd respite of my wrongs.

That high All-Seer, which I dallied with, Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest; Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck: "When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margaret was a prophetess." Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. [*The camp near Tamworth.*]

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we march'd on without impediment; And here receive we from our father Stanley Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine Is now even in the centre of this isle, Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn. From Tamworth thither is but one day's march. In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends, To reap the harvest of perpetual peace By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men, To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march!

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*]

Enter KING RICHARD, in arms, with NORFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, RATCLIFF [and others].

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia treble that account;
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction;
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter [on the other side of the field] RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, DORSET [BLUNT, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent].

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him.

And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

Which well I am assur'd I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt.
Come, gentlemen, *[Exit Blunt.]*
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.

Into my tent; the dew is raw and cold.
[They withdraw into the tent.]

Enter [to his tent] KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY [and others].

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, bid thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, good Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

K. Rich. *[Catesby!]*

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at once
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrise, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[Exit Catesby.]
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troops to troops
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave no
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[Exeunt Ratcliff [and the other attendants. Richard sleeps.]

Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent. [Lords and others attending.]

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from the mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that. The silent hours stand out
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, — for so the season bids us be, —
Prepare thy battle early in the morning.

And put thy fortune to the arbitrament
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.

I, as I may — that which I would I could —
With best advantage will deceive the time.

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward.

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell! The leisure and the fearful war
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse.

rich so long sund' red friends should dwell
upon. 100

I give us leisure for these rites of love !
Be more, adieu ! Be valiant, and speed well !
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regi-
ment.

strive with troubled thoughts, to take a
nap, 104

I leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
as I should mount with wings of victory.
Be more, good-night, kind lords and gentle-
men. [Exeunt all but Richmond.

Richm. whose captain I account myself,
on my forces with a gracious eye ! 109
In their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
they may crush down with a heavy fall
usurping helmets of our adversaries !
as thy ministers of chastisement
we may praise Thee in the victory !
Thee I do commend my watchful soul 115
Let fall the windows of mine eyes.
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

[Sleeps.

the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to
Henry the Sixth.

Richm. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow !

Richm. how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of
youth

Richm. Despair, therefore, and die !
(To Richard.) Be cheerful, Richmond ; for
the wronged souls 121

Richm. d' princes fight in thy behalf.
Richm. Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY THE SIXTH.

Richm. (To Richard.) When I was mortal,
my anointed body

was punched full of deadly holes. 125
on the Tower and me. Despair, and die !

Richm. the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
(To Richmond.) Virtuous and holy, be thou
conqueror !

Richm. that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
comfort thee in sleep. Live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Richm. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy in thy
soul to-morrow ! 131

Richm. was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
and hence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
Richm. row in the battle think on me,
Richm. If thy edgeless sword. Despair, and
die !

Richm. (To Richmond.) Thou offspring of the house of
Ancestor, 136

Richm. aged heirs of York do pray for thee.
Richm. angels guard thy battle ! Live, and
flourish !

the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and
VAUGHAN.

Richm. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy
thy soul to-morrow,

Richm. that died at Pomfret ! Despair, and
die ! 140

Ghost of G. [To Richard.] Think upon Grey,
and let thy soul despair !

Ghost of V. [To Richard.] Think upon
Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die !

All. [To Richmond.] Awake, and think our
wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! Awake, and win the day !

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. [To Richard.] Bloody and guilty,
guiltily awake, 145

And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair, and die !

(To Richmond.) Quiet untroubled soul, awake,
awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
sake ! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. (To Richard.) Dream on thy cousins
smothered in the Tower.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and
death !

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !
(To Richmond.) Sleep, Richmond, sleep in
peace, and wake in joy ; 155

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.

Ghost. (To Richard.) Richard, thy wife,
that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die !

(To Richmond.) Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a
quiet sleep ;

Dream of success and happy victory ! 165
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. (To Richard.) The first was I that
help'd thee to the crown ;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and
death ;

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
(To Richmond.) I died for hope ere I could
lend thee aid ;

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,

And Richard fall in height of all his pride ! 175
[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard
starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse ! Bind up
my wounds !

Have mercy, Jesu ! — Soft ! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead mid-
night. 180

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What! do I fear myself? There's none else by.

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.

Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good

That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself! 180
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well; fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. 185

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me. 201

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent; and every one did threat 205
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. ['Zounds!'] who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. [O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.]

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows. 215

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; 220

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the LORDS to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here. 225
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams

That ever ent'red in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory.
I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and go in direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen.
The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember that
God and our good cause fight upon our side.

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our

faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against.
Had rather have us win than him they lie

low.

For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen.
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the bed of
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set.

One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain.
If you do fight against your country's foe,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains and hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quits it in your age.

Then, in the name of God and all these right
Advance your standards, draw your victor

swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

*Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, CAITH
[Attendants and Forces].*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what Surrey then?

at. He smil'd and said, "The better for our purpose."

Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. *[Clock strikes.]* 175

the clock there. Give me a calendar.

I saw the sun to-day?

Not I, my lord.

Rich. Then he disdains to shine, for by the book

should have brav'd the east an hour ago.

Each day will it be to somebody. 230

liff!

t. My lord?

Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

And these dewy tears were from the ground.

hine to-day! Why, what is that to me 235

than to Richmond? for the self-same

frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.

Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

Lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 291

us my battle shall be ordered:

eward shall be drawn out all in length,

ing equally of horse and foot;

chers shall be placed in the midst; 295

Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Sur-

ey,

ave the leading of this foot and horse.

us directed, we will follow

main battle, whose puissance on either

de

well winged with our chiefest horse.

id Saint George to boot! What think'st

ou, Norfolk? 301

A good direction, warlike sovereign.

and I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

ich. *Reads.* "Jockey of Norfolk, be

not so bold,

for thy master is bought and sold." 305

devised by the enemy.

lemen, every man to his charge.

our babbling dreams affright our souls,

ience is a word that cowards use,

at first to keep the strong in awe; 310

ing arms be our conscience, swords our

er.

join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

ll I say more than I have inferr'd?

r whom you are to cope withal; 315

vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

Bretons, and base lackey peasants,

ir o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

ate ventures and assur'd destruction.

ing safe, they bring you to unrest; 320

ng lands, and blest with beauteous

ss,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life 325

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-

selves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretons; whom our

fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and

thump'd,

And on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our

wives? 335

Ravish our daughters? *(Drum afar off.)* Hark!

I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeo-

men!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in

blood; 340

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his

power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;

After the battle let George Stanley die. 345

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within

my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! 350

Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. *Excursions. Enter [NORFOLK and*

forces fighting; to him] CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue,

rescue!

The King enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. 355

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for

a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to

a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a

cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die. 360

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight; Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, [enjoy it,] and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as become their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction.
That long have frown'd upon their enemy!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son.
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire.
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced
Peace,

With smiling Plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say amen!

[*Exeunt*]

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH

PLAY called *Henry VIII* or *All is True* was being played in the Globe Theatre on June 29, when the theatre caught fire and was burned down. Contemporary descriptions of this fit the present history so exactly that there remains little doubt that the Shakespearean play is meant. We have here, then, a later limit for its composition. Wotton, writing of the closing of the Globe, calls *All is True* "a new play." The chief reason urged against taking this play lies in the reference to Elizabeth in III. ii. 50-52, and in the eulogy in V. v. 18-39, 58-63, in which the praise of James may have been added later. But eulogies of the great queen did not cease with her death; and there is much in the treatment of her parents that could hardly have been pleasing to her. In the style and metre of the undoubted Shakespearean part of the play we find nothing pointing to a date before 1603, but much to the latest years of his life; and it is a fairly safe conclusion that in the parts of the present play written by him we have the last of his extant work.

The edition of *Henry VIII* appeared till it was published in the First Folio, and on that version the present text is based.

The chief historical basis for the play is Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Some details seem to have been direct from Halle; and the scenes presenting the attempt to crush Cranmer (V. i., ii., iii.) are taken from Foxe's *Actes and Monuments*, better known as *The Book of Martyrs*. These sources are followed at times almost slavishly, much of the actual diction being derived from the prose versions. Yet with all this borrowing of detail, much freedom is used in the selection and arrangement of incident, historical time is disregarded, and even the identity of personages is changed.

The characterization of Queen Katherine alone shows any great creative imagination. Though much of her language is taken from the *Chronicles*, the dramatist has bestowed on her a pathetic dignity which elevates her to such a pitch that in spite of her passive rôle she stands out as the real heroine of the play. Wolsey's farewell speech (except III. ii. 455-457) is inserted; but his other important utterances and almost all his actions are based directly on the *Chronicles*, who here drew from a variety of sources varying much in their estimate of the king. Some details seem to have been suggested by Samuel Rowley's *When You See Me You Will Know Me* (printed 1605). The low comedy scenes in the palace yard and Cranmer's closing scenes are, of course, without historical basis.

The drama is singularly lacking in unity. The material is simply translated into dialogue or prose, and there results a succession of brilliant stage pictures, sketches of character, and fine passages, entirely without dramatic coherence. Buckingham, Katherine, the King, Wolsey, and Cranmer hold in succession the centre of the stage, but no causal connection is apparent in the action; nor is there consistency in the demand for sympathy with men or factions. This literary quality alone is sufficient to suggest a doubt as to the unity of authorship; and examination of the technical qualities of style and metre has confirmed this suspicion. It is now fairly generally, though not universally, conceded that the greater number of scenes are to be credited to Fletcher, and to Shakespeare only I. i., ii.; II. iii., iv.; III. ii. 1-203; and with less of purity, V. i.

Attempts have been made to deny to Shakespeare any share in the authorship, and to assign the play to other authors, especially to Massinger. But various internal reasons, besides the uncharacteristic appearance of the play in the First Folio, prevent the acceptance of this extreme view.

The explanation on the method of collaboration has resulted in anything more than mere conjecture. The pronunciation of "Abergavenny" is indicated by the spelling found in the Folio, "Abergavenny."

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VIII.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPTIVUS, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDYS (called also SIR WILLIAM SANDYS).
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DERNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

CROWWELL, servant to Wolsey.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, gentleman usher to Queen Katherine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and
Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHERINE, wife to King Henry. afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katherine.

Spirits.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

THE PROLOGUE

I COME no more to make you laugh: things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye; think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery;

And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met since
have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely agree
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guyenne and the
I was then present, saw them salute each other
back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they shined
In their embracement, as they grew together
Which had they, what four thron'd ones
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you look'd
The view of earthly glory. Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now man

ne above itself. Each following day
me the next day's master, till the last
former wonders its. To-day the French,
liquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
e down the English; and, to-morrow,
they

Britain India: every man that stood
'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages
were

erubins, all gilt; the madams too,
'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
bride upon them, that their very labour
to them as a painting. Now this masque
ried incomparable; and the ensuing night
it a fool and beggar. The two kings,

in lustre, were now best, now worst,
eence did present them; him in eye,
um in praise; and, being present both,
s said they saw but one; and no dis-
corner

wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns —

o they phrase 'em — by their heralds
challeng'd

ble spirits to arms, they did perform
d thought's compass, that former fabu-
lous story,
now seen possible enough, got credit,
bevis was believ'd.

O, you go far.

As I belong to worship and affect
our honesty, the tract of everything
by a good discourser lose some life,
action's self was tongue to. All was
oyal;
disposing of it nought rebell'd,
ave each thing view; the office did
tly his full function.

Who did guide, as
who set the body and the limbs
great sport together, as you guess?

One, certes, that promises no element
a business.

I pray you, who, my lord?
All this was ord red by the good dis-
etion

ight reverend Cardinal of York.

The devil speed him! no man's pie is
eed

s ambitious finger. What had he
these fierce vanities? I wonder
h a keech can with his very bulk
the rays o' the beneficial sun
p it from the earth.

Surely, sir,
in him stuff that puts him to these
gs;

g not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
cessors their way, nor call'd upon
feats done to the crown; neither al-
d

nt assistants; but, spider-like,
e self-drawing web, he gives us note,
of his own merit makes his way;
at heaven gives for him, which buys
next to the King.

I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, — let some graver
eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the King, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file

Of all the gentry, for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private differ-
ence

Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you —
And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you

Honour and plenteous safety — that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together, to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, 't may be
said,

It reaches far, and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
that rock

That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two SECRETARIES, with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,
ha?

Where's his examination?

1. Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1. Secr. Ay, please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best

Not wake him in his alumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object. At this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the
King;

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run
o'er,

In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be ad-
vis'd.

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fel-
low,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not "treasonous."

Buck. To the King I'll say 't, and make
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, — for he is equal reven-
ge
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and plac-
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally —
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King our mind
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and his
glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This
ning Cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our
cardinal

Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy W-
sey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follow-
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason, — Charles the Em-
peror,

Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt —
For 't was indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey, — here makes victims
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through our
amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from the
league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well, for I am sure the Emper-
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit
granted

Ere it was ask'd — but when the way was made
And pay'd with gold, the Emperor thus
sir'd,

That he would please to alter the King's
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King
know,

As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, with
him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg.

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I do
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

ran. I am sorry
 ee you ta'en from liberty, to look on³⁰⁸
 business present. 'Tis his Highness' plea-
 sure
 shall to the Tower.

ck. It will help me nothing
 lead mine innocence; for that dye is on
 me
 sh makes my whit'st part black. The will
 of Heaven

one in this and all things! I obey.²¹⁰
 Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

21. Nay, he must bear you company.
 The King [To Abergavenny.]
 as'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
 he determines further.

22. As the Duke said,
 will of Heaven be done, and the King's
 pleasure²¹⁵
 e obey'd!

23. Here is a warrant from
 King to attach Lord Montacute, and the
 bodies

1 Duke's confessor, John de la Car,
 ilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

24. So, so;
 are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I
 hope?²²⁰

25. A monk o' the Chartreux.
 26. O, [Nicholas] Hopkins?

27. He.
 28. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
 Cardinal
 show'd him gold; my life is spann'd
 already.

29. shadow of poor Buckingham,
 figure even this instant cloud puts on,
 k'ning my clear sun. My lord, fare-
 well. [Exeunt.²²⁵

II. [The same. The council-chamber.]

30. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDI-
 nal's shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS
 31. LL.; the Cardinal places himself under
 King's feet on his right side.

My life itself, and the best heart of it,
 you for this great care. I stood i' the
 vel
 l-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
 that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
 ntleman of Buckingham's; in person
 32. him his confessions justify,
 nt by point the treasons of his master
 again relate.

33. within, crying, "Room for the Queen!"
 QUEEN KATHERINE, ushered by the
 OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUR-
 she kneels. The King riseth from his
 akes her up, kisses and placeth her by

34. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am
 uitor.

35. Arise, and take place by us. Half your
 it¹⁰
 me to us, you have half our power;

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given.
 Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your Majesty.
 That you would love yourself, and in that love
 Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor¹⁵
 The dignity of your office, is the point
 Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
 And those of true condition, that your subjects
 Are in great grievance. There have been com-
 missions²⁰

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
 heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
 My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you, as putter on
 Of these exactions, yet the King our master —²⁵
 Whose honour Heaven shield from soil! — even
 he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
 In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not "almost appears,"
 It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,³⁰
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many to them longing, have put off
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-
 roar,³⁵

And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
 Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord
 Cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,⁴⁰
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that
 file

Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord?
 You know no more than others? But you frame
 Things that are known alike, which are not
 wholesome⁴⁵
 To those which would not know them, and
 yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
 tions,
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
 are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say⁵⁰
 They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know.
 Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience; but am bold'n'd
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
 grief⁵⁵

Comes through commissions, which compels
 from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied

Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes
bold mouths ;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did ; and it 's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber ;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary, aside.]
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter SURVEYOR.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham

Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker ;

To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teach-
ers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing cor-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more
Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the grace
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall
hear—

This was his gentleman in trust — of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recuse
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he swore
ac'd

Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high pleasure
His will is most malignant ; and it strikes
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown ?
Upon our fail ? To this point hast thou been
him

At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to us
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreuse friar
His confessor ; who fed him every morn-
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou that ?

Surv. Not long before your Highness came
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the porch
Saint Lawrence Poultnry, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey. I reply'd
Men fear the French would prove perfidious.
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that
doubted

'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, "that oft," says he,

h sent to me, wishing me to permit
de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
ar from him a matter of some moment ;
n after under the confession's seal
lennly had sworn, that what he spoke
plain to no creature living but
should utter, with demure confidence
ansingly ensu'd : ' Neither the King nor's
heirs,
on the Duke, shall prosper. Bid him
strive
n the love o' the commonalty. The Duke
overn England.' "

ath. If I know you well,
ere the Duke's surveyor, and lost your
office
complaint o' the tenants. Take good
heed
arge not in your spleen a noble person
oil your nobler soul ; I say, take heed ;
artily beseech you. Let him on.

ard. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
ny lord the Duke, by the devil's illu-
ons
nk might be deceiv'd ; and that 't was
angerous for him
inate on this so far, until
d him some design ; which, being be-
ev'd,
uch like to do. He answer'd, " Tush,
o me no damage ; " adding further
ad the King in his last sickness fail'd,
dinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
ave gone off.

Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah ha !
mischief in this man. Canst thou say
rther ?
I can, my liege.

Proceed.

Being at Greenwich,
ur Highness had reprov'd the Duke
r William Bulmer, —

I remember
time ; being my sworn servant,
ce retain'd him his. But on ; what
ice ?

" If," quoth he, " I for this had been
mitted,"
the Tower, I thought, — " I would
e play'd
my father meant to act upon
er Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
t to come in's presence ; which if
ted,
le semblance of his duty, would
his knife into him."

A giant traitor !
ow, madam, may his Highness live
edom,
nan out of prison ?

God mend all !
here's something more would out of
: what say'st ?
fter " the Duke his father," with
knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd.
Call him to present trial. If he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. [An ante-chamber in the palace.]

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD
SANDYS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France
should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?

San. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our Eng-
lish

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd
ones ;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear di-
rectly

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

San. They have all new legs, and lame ones.
One would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for ?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gal-
lants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 't is there. Now I would
pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blist'ed breeches, and those types of
travel,

And understand again like honest men,

Or pack to their old playfellows. There, I take it,

They may, "*cum privilegio*," wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

San. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies. ⁴⁰
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

San. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they
are going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em. Now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song ⁴⁵

And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r Lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sandys;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

San. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true: ⁵¹
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed, ⁵⁵
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

San. He may, my lord; has wherewithal; in
him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-
trine. ⁶⁰

Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge
stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be, as
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be compellers.

San. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [A Hall in York Place.]

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the
Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then
enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies
and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at an-
other door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
Grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates*

To fair content and you. None here, he hopes
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad. He would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good
come,

Can make good people.

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDYS,
and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

O, my lord, you're welcome.
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry,
Guildford.

San. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they reach
I think would better please 'em. By my life
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but a
confessor

To one or two of these!

San. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy!
San. As easy as a down-bed would afford a

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you
Sir Harry,

Place you that side; I'll take the other
this.

His Grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must
freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold
weather.

My Lord Sandys, you are one will keep
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, or
too;

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad; is he
too;

But he would bite none. Just as I do now.
He would kiss you twenty with a breath

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

San. For my little care.
Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and his
his state.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests. That
noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome
And to you all, good health. [*Drum.*]

San. Your Grace is welcome.
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sandys
I am beholding to you; cheer your neighbor

es, you are not merry. Gentlemen,
se fault is this?

s. The red wine first must rise
eir fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall
ave 'em
us to silence.

ue. You are a merry gamester,
ord Sandys.

s. Yes, if I make my play. 48
s to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
is to such a thing, —

ie. You cannot show me.
I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet, chambers dis-
charged.*]

What's that?

m. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit Servant.*]

o what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear
not;
the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Re-enter SERVANT.

s. How now! what is 't?

A noble troop of strangers,
they seem. They've left their barge and
anded,
ther make as great ambassadors 48
oreign princes.

Good Lord Chamberlain,
e 'em welcome; you can speak the
rench tongue;
ay, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
presence, where this heaven of beauty
ine at full upon them. Some attend
m. 50

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended.*] All
rise, and tables remov'd.

ve now a broken banquet; but we'll
end it.
ligestion to you all; and once more
a welcome on ye. Welcome all!

s. Enter the KING and others, as
rs, habited like shepherds, usher'd by
RD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly
he Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

ompany! What are their pleasures?

Because they speak no English, thus
y pray'd 55

our Grace, that, having heard by fame
noble and so fair assembly
ht to meet here, they could do no

e great respect they bear to beauty,
e their flocks; and, under your fair
duct, 70
ve to view these ladies and entreat
if revels with 'em.

Say, Lord Chamberlain,
e done my poor house grace; for
ch I pay 'em
id thanks, and pray 'em take their
sures.

[*They choose Ladies [for the dance].
The King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O
beauty, 75

Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his per-
son,

More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers [the Masquers].*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll
make 85

My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, Cardinal.
[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad 90

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter, —

The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness'
women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.
Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out 95
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet
ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths 105

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Westminster. A street.*]

Enter two GENTLEMEN at several doors.

1. Gent. Whither away so fast?

2. Gent. O, God save ye!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the
ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gent.* Were you there?

1. *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2. *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1. *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2. *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1. *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon 't.

2. *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

1. *Gent.* So are a number more.

2. *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great
Duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's attorney on the contrary

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the Duke desir'd

To have brought *viva voce* to his face;

At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John
Car,

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1. *Gent.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
could not.

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2. *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear him-
self?

1. *Gent.* When he was brought again to the
bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty.

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1. *Gent.* Sure, he does not;

He never was so womanish. The cause

He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gent.* Certainly

The Cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,

Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,

Lest he should help his father.

2. *Gent.* That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gent.* At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

And generally, whoever the King favours,

The Cardinal instantly will find employment,

And far enough from court too.

2. *Gent.* All the common
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep. This duke as much
They love and dote on; call him courteous
Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy, —

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment: up
staves before him; the axe with the edge toward
him; halberds on each side: accompanied with
SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VANE,
Sir [William] Sandys, and common people

1. *Gent.* Stay there.
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2. *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buck.

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and love
me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die; yet, Heaven be
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me.

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful

The law I bear no malice for my death;

'T has done, upon the premises, but justice

But those that sought it I could wish were
Christians.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.

Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief.

Nor build their evils on the graves of good
men,

For then my guiltless blood must cry against
'em.

For further life in this world I neither hope

Nor will I sue, although the King have mercy

More than I dare make faults. You for the
lov'd me

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham.

His noble friends and fellows, whom to have

Is only bitter to him, only dying.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end.

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice.

And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace, for charity

If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me
frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you

As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to
Grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him

You met him half in heaven. My very
prayers

Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake

Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years.

Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be.

And when old Time shall lead him to his end

Goodness and he fill up one monument.

To the water side I must conduct your Grace;
give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
undertakes you to your end.

Prepare there,
Duke is coming. See the barge be ready;
it with such furniture as suits
readiness of his person.

Nay, Sir Nicholas,
alone; my state now will but mock me.
I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun.

Am richer than my base accusers,
never knew what truth meant. I now
seal it;
with that blood will make 'em one day
roan for 't.

My father, Henry of Buckingham,
first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
for succour to his servant Banister,
mistress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
without trial fell; God's peace be with
him!

The Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
my loss, like a most royal prince,
led me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
my name once more noble. Now his

the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
made me happy, at one stroke has taken
from the world. I had my trial,
must needs say, a noble one; which
makes me

happier than my wretched father.
Far we are one in fortunes: both
our servants, by those men we lov'd
set;
unnatural and faithless service.

As an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
as a dying man receive as certain:
you are liberal of your loves and coun-

you be not loose; for those you make
ends

your hearts to, when they once per-

rub in your fortunes, fall away
er from ye; never found again
e they mean to sink ye. All good
ple,

me! I must now forsake ye. The
hour

g weary life is come upon me.

you would say something that is

I fell. I have done; and God for-
me!
O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
many curses on their heads
the authors.

If the Duke be guiltless,
f woe; yet I can give you inking
ing evil, if it fall,
an this.

1. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

2. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will re-
quire

A strong faith to conceal it.

1. Gent. Let me have it.
I do not talk much.

2. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katherine?

1. Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. Gent. But that alander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for cer-
tain

The King will venture at it. Either the Cardi-
nal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scru-
ple

That will undo her. To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1. Gent. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. Gent. I think you have hit the mark; but
is 't not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The
Cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [An ante-chamber in the palace.]

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading this
letter:

[Cham.] "My lord, the horses your lordship
sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well
chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were
young and handsome, and of the best breed in
the north. When they were ready to set out for
London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by [s
commission and main power, took 'em from
me, with this reason: His master would be
serv'd before a subject, if not before the King;
which stopp'd our mouths, sir." 10
I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter, to the Lord Chamberlain, the DUKES OF
NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces. 14

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal.
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,

Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair; and all these for his marriage.

And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the King. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The King has sent me elsewhere. Besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain; [Norfolk draws the curtain, and discovers the King reading prayer.]

Suf. How sad he looks! Sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences

Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty the way

Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience.
Thou art a cure-fit for a king. [To Cardinal]

You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom.

Use us and it. [To Wol.] My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but a hour
Of private conference.

King. [To Nor. and Suf.] We are busy; go.
Nor. [Aside to Suf.] This priest has so grab in him?

Suf. [Aside to Nor.] Not to speak of.
I would not be so sick, though, for his place.

But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to Suf.] If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [Aside to Nor.] I another.
[Exit Nor. and Suf.]

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry now? What easy rest you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to be
Must now confess, if they have any goodness.
The trial just and noble. All the clerks

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices. Rome, the same judgement,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man.

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,

Whom once more I present unto your Highness

g. And once more in mine arms I bid
him welcome,
hank the holy conclave for their loves.
have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for. 101

l. Your Grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,
e so noble. To your Highness' hand
r my commission; by whose virtue,
part of Rome commanding, you, my
Lord 106
al of York, are join'd with me their ser-
vant
unpartial judging of this business.

. Two equal men. The Queen shall be
acquainted
ith for what you come. Where's Gardi-
er? 108

I know your Majesty has always lov'd
er 110
in heart not to deny her that
in of less place might ask by law,
s allow'd freely to argue for her.

Ay, and the best she shall have, and
y favour
that does best; God forbid else. Car-
nal, 115
call Gardiner to me, my new secretary.
m a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

[Enter [WOLSEY, with] GARDINER.

[Aside to Gard.] Give me your hand.
uch joy and favour to you;
the King's now.

[Aside to Wol.] But to be commanded
by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd
120

Come hither, Gardiner.

[Walks and whispers.
My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
se
an's place before him?

Yes, he was.
Was he not held a learned man?

Yes, surely.
Believe me, there's an ill opinion
and then 125
ourselves, Lord Cardinal.

How! of me?
They will not stick to say you envi'd
ng he would rise, he was so virtuous,
a foreign man still; which so griev'd
in mad and died.

Heaven's peace be with him!
ristian care enough. For living mur-
ers 131
aces of rebuke. He was a fool,
ld needs be virtuous. That good fel-

and him, follows my appointment;
none so near else. Learn this, bro-

135
t to be grip'd by meaner persons.
Deliver this with modesty to the
in. [Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness. 140

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O, 't is a tender place; and I must leave her.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. [An ante-chamber of the Queen's
apartments.]

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY.

Anne. Not for that neither. Here's the pang
that pinches:
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and
she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing — O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire, — after this pro-
cess,

To give her the avault, it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will, much better
She ne'er had known pomp! Though 't be
temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging us
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would
you, 25

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts, 30

Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would re-
ceive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth. You would
not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under
heaven. 35

Old L. 'T is strange. A three-pence bow'd
would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? Have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; pluck
off a little.

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing. I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't
worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becom-
ing
The action of good women. There is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Maj-
esty

Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender.
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedi-
ence,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perus'd
her well.

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the King; and who
knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Anne. My honour'd lord
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court.
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here — fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune! — have your maid
fill'd up

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Fie,
pence, no.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story.
That would not be a queen, that would she not.
For all the mud in Egypt. Have you heard 't?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I need
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect.
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises me thousands; Honour's name
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess.
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lord,
Make yourself mirth with your particular
fancy,

And leave me out on 't. Would I had no less
If this salute my blood a jot. It faints me.
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgo
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. [*A hall in Black-Friars.*]

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Ye-
gers, with short silver wands; next three
SCRIBES, in the habit of doctors; after them
[ARCH]BISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; then
him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, BURE-
ESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next three men
some small distance, follows a Gentleman bear-
ing the purse, with the great seal, and car-
dinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each
silver cross; then a GENTLEMAN USHER be-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms
bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen
bearing two great silver pillars; after
side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Nob-
men with the sword and mace. The King
place under the cloth of state; the two Car-
inals sit under him as judges. The Queen
takes place some distance from the King. The
Bishops place themselves on each side the
in manner of a consistory; below them
Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops.
The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient
about the stage.*

Vol. Whilst our commission from His
read,

Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the news?

ath already publicly been read,
on all sides the authority allow'd ;
may, then, spare that time.

ol. Be't so. Proceed.
ribe. Say, Henry King of England, come
the court.

ier. Henry King of England, etc.

ng. Here.

ribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
into the court.

ier. Katherine Queen of England, etc.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises
out of her chair, goes about the
court, comes to the King, and
kneels at his feet ; then speaks.]*

Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and
justice,

to bestow your pity on me ; for

a most poor woman, and a stranger,

out of your dominions, having here

dge indifferent, nor no more assurance

nal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

at have I offended you ? What cause

my behaviour given to your displeasure,

so thus you should proceed to put me off

ake your good grace from me ? Heaven

witness,

been to you a true and humble wife,

times to your will conformable ;

n fear to kindle your dislike,

subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

aw it inclin'd. When was the hour

contradicted your desire,

de it not mine too ? Or which of your

friends

not strove to love, although I knew

re mine enemy ? What friend of mine

ad to him deriv'd your anger, did I

ie in my liking ? nay, gave notice

s from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to

mind

have been your wife in this obedience

l of twenty years, and have been blest

any children by you. If, in the course

ocess of this time, you can report,

ove it too, against mine honour aught,

d to wedlock, or my love and duty,

your sacred person, in God's name,

e away ; and let the foul't contempt

or upon me, and so give me up

harp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,

ig, your father, was reputed for

the most prudent, of an excellent

match'd wit and judgement ; Ferdi-

and,

er, King of Spain, was reckon'd one

est prince that there had reign'd by

any

before ; it is not to be question'd

they had gather'd a wise council to

em

realm, that did debate this business,

m'd our marriage lawful ; wherefore I

mblly

you, sir, to spare me, till I may

y friends in Spain advis'd, whose coun-

I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,

And of your choice, these reverend fathers ;

men

Of singular integrity and learning,

Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled

To plead your cause. It shall be therefore

bootless

That longer you desire the court ; as well

For your own quiet, as to rectify

What is unsettled in the King.

Cam.

His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly ; therefore,

madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed,

And that, without delay, their arguments

Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath.

Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath.

Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that

We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,

certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears

I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay,

before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,

Induced by potent circumstances, that

You are mine enemy, and make my challenge

You shall not be my judge ; for it is you

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,

Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say

again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once

more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not

At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

I do profess

You speak not like yourself, who ever yet

Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do

me wrong.

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice

For you or any. How far I have proceeded,

Or how far further shall, is warranted

By a commission from the consistory,

Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You

charge me

That I have blown this coal. I do deny it.

The King is present : if it be known to him

That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,

And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much

As you have done my truth. If he know

That I am free of your report, he knows

I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him

It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to

Remove these thoughts from you ; the which

before

His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking

And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, 105
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his Highness' fa-
vours, 111
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are
mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your
words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you, 115
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness, 120
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again. 125
Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come
into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? Pray you,
keep your way;
When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you,
pass on. 130
I will not carry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate.
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, 135
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble
born; 141

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, — for, where I am robb'd and
bound, 146
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once and fully satisfi'd, — whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know
Why they are so, but, like to village-cooks,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You're excus'd.
But will you be more justifi'd? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; and yet
desir'd

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hind' red, etc.
The passages made toward it. On my honour
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point:
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd
to 't,

I will be bold with time and your attention
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came
give heed to 't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches sent:
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the Bishop, did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advise
Whether our daughter were legitimate.
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me.
Yea, with a splitting power, and made me tre-
ble

The region of my breast; which forc'd me
way,

That many maz'd considerations did throak
And press'd in with this caution. First, I
thought

I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male seed
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took
thought

This was a judgement on me; that my lux-
dom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not

Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realm stand
in

By this my issue's fall; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience. — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well. —
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private

th you, my Lord of Lincoln. You remember
under my oppression I did reek,
en I first mov'd you.

in. Very well, my liege.
ing. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say 210
far you satisfi'd me.

in. So please your Highness,
question did at first so stagger me,
ring a state of mighty moment in 't
consequence of dread, that I committed
daring st counsel which I had to doubt; 215
did entreat your Highness to this course
ch you are running here.

ng. I then mov'd you,
ord of Canterbury; and got your leave
take this present summons. Unsolicited
no reverend person in this court; 220
by particular consent proceeded
r your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
to dislike i' the world against the person
e good queen, but the sharp thorny points
y alleged reasons, drives this forward. 225
but our marriage lawful, by my life
kingly dignity, we are contented
ar our mortal state to come with her,
erine our queen, before the primeat crea-
ture
s paragon'd o' the world.

4. So please your Highness, 230
Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
we adjourn this court till further day.
while must be an earnest motion
to the Queen, to call back her appeal
tends unto his Holiness.

7. [Aside.] I may perceive
Cardinals trifle with me; I abhor 235
ilatory sloth and tricks of Rome,
r'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
s, return. With thy approach, I know,
omfort comes along. — Break up the
multitude! 240
et on.

[Exeunt in manner as they enter'd.]

ACT III

I. [London. The Queen's apartments.]

QUEEN and her women, as at work.

245. Take thy lute, wench; my soul
rthw. sad with troubles.
id disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave
orking.

SONG.

250. rphens with his lute made trees
nd the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing. 5
his music plants and flowers
er sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

255. everything that heard him play,
en the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Q. Kath. How now! 15

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great
Cardinals

Wait in the presences.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me? 20

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their Graces
To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from
favour? 25

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as
righteous.

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAM-
PEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part of a
housewife;

I would be at, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords? 30

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 35

Deserves a corner. Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em, 40

I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, re-
gina serenissima,* — 45

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious; 50

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will
thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'
sake.

Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord
Cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 55

I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his Majesty and you,

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; 60

You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty differ-
ence

Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me. —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills.
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove
so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine hon-
our, —

More near my life, I fear, — with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows,
looking 75

Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been, — for I feel
The last fit of my greatness — good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love
with these fears.

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness'
pleasure, 85

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth; my friends,
They that much weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace 91
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's
protection;

He's loving and most gracious. 'T will be much
Both for your honour better and your cause; 95
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
— my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! Holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords! Is this your
comfort, 105

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,

A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd!
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once 110

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing! We
upon ye

And all such false professors! Would you have
me —

If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits —
Put my sick cause into his hands that has
me?

Alas, he's banish'd me his bed already.
His love, too, long ago! I am old, my lord.
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? All your
studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are weak.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — let me
speak myself, 120

Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections

Still met the King? loved him next Heaven
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded! 'T is not well, lord.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband.

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-
sure;

And to that woman, when she has done most.

Yet will I add an honour, — a great patien-

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself
so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title

Your master wed me to. Nothing but death

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this En-
lish earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fe-
tures!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity.

No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me.

Almost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field and then
ish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest,

I'd feel more comfort. Why should we,
 good lady, ¹⁵⁵
 in what cause, wrong you? Alas, our
 places,
 way of our profession is against it;
 are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly ¹⁶⁰
 from the King's acquaintance, by this
 carriage.
 hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 such they love it; but to stubborn spirits
 swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 now you have a gentle, noble temper, ¹⁶⁵
 as even as a calm; pray, think us
 we profess, peacemakers, friends, and
 servants.
 m. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
 your virtues
 these weak women's fears. A noble
 spirit
 ours was, put into you, ever casts ¹⁷⁰
 doubts, as false coin, from it. The King
 loves you;
 re you lose it not. For us, if you please
 set us in your business, we are ready
 e our utmost studies in your service.
 Kath. Do what ye will, my lords; and,
 pray, forgive me ¹⁷⁵
 ave us'd myself unmannerly.
 now I am a woman, lacking wit
 like a seemly answer to such persons.
 do my service to his Majesty;
 as my heart yet, and shall have my
 prayers ¹⁸⁰
 I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers,
 your counsels on me. She now begs,
 little thought, when she set footing here,
 ould have bought her dignities so dear.
 [Exeunt.]

II. [Ante-chamber to the King's apart-
 ment.]

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
 OLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the
 CHAMBERLAIN.

If you will now unite in your com-
 plaints
 ee them with a constancy, the Cardinal
 stand under them. If you omit
 or of this time, I cannot promise
 t you shall sustain moe new disgraces, s
 ee you bear already.

I am joyful
 the least occasion that may give me
 brance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
 veng'd on him.

Which of the peers
 condemn'd gone by him, or at least ¹⁰
 y neglected? When did he regard
 of nobleness in any person
 himself?

My lords, you speak your pleasures.
 deserves of you and me I know;
 can do to him, though now the time ¹⁵

Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the King, never attempt
 Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the King in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
 His spell in that is out. The King hath found ²⁰
 Matter against him that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
 I should be glad to hear such news as this
 Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true. ²⁵
 In the divorce his contrary proceedings
 Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
 As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
 His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope mis-
 carried, ³⁰
 And came to the eye o' the King; wherein was
 read,

How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
 To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
 It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
 My king is tangled in affection to ³⁵
 A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how
 he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
 After his patient's death. The King already ⁴⁰
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
 lord!

For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy ⁴⁵
 Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation.
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which
 shall ⁵⁰

In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the King
 Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be moe wasps that huzz about his nose
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
 Campeius ⁵⁵

Is stolen away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave;
 He 's left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
 Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you ⁶⁰
 The King cried "Ha!" at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce, 66
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'T is so.

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

The Cardinal!

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody. 75

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit Cromwell.*]
[*Aside.*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alen- 85
con.

The French king's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for
him;

There's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of 90
Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late queen's gentlewo-
man, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's 95
queen!

This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff
it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung 101
up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule [and LE
ELL].*

Sur. I would 't were something that
fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Suf. The King, the King
King. What piles of wealth hath he ac-
lated

To his own portion! and what expense by
hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the same
thrift,

Does he rake this together! Now, my lord,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange
motion

Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground.
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again.
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange
tures

We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, — on my conscience, put unwittingly
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household 105
which

I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will!
Some spirit put this paper in the packet.
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not words
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat: whistles Le-
ell, who goes to the Cardinal.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your Highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear it in
ventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er. You have scan-
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief space
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. *Sur.*
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.
Vol. And ever may your Highness yoke to-
gether, 180

I will lend you cause, my doing well
in my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
'Tis a kind of good deed to say well;
yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd
you;

said he did; and with his deed did crown
word upon you. Since I had my office, 186
we kept you next my heart; have not alone
joy'd you where high profits might come
home,

par'd my present havings, to bestow
bounties upon you.

ol. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?
r. [*Aside.*] The Lord increase this busi-
ness!

ng. Have I not made you 191
prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
me,

at I now pronounce you have found true;
if you may confess it, say withal,
we are bound to us or no. What say you?

l. My sovereign, I confess your royal
graces, 196
er'd on me daily, have been more than
could

edied purposes requite, which went
id all man's endeavours. My endeavours
ever come too short of my desires, 170
I'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
been mine so that evermore they pointed
e good of your most sacred person and
rofit of the state. For your great graces
d upon me, poor undeserver, I 178
othing render but allegiant thanks,
ayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
ever has and ever shall be growing,
ath, that winter, kill it.

r. Fairly answer'd.
I and obedient subject is 180
n illustrated. The honour of it
ay the act of it, as i' the contrary,
ulness is the punishment. I presume
us my hand has open'd bounty to you,
rt dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
nore 186

than any, so your hand and heart,
rain, and every function of your power,
notwithstanding that your bond of
uty;
ere in love's particular, be more
your friend, than any.

I do profess 190
r your Highness' good I ever labour'd
an mine own, that am, have, and will
—

all the world should crack their duty
you,

ow it from their soul; though perils
d

as thick as thought could make 'em,
d 196

n forms more horrid, — yet my duty,
a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal
Wolsey: the Nobles throng after
him, smiling and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? How have I reap'd
it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin 208
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this
paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so!
This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account 210
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-
gether

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
dom

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet 216
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? "To
the Pope!" 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall 226
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to Wolsey, the DUKES OF NORFOLK
and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and
the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal!
who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay!
Where 's your commission, lords? Words can-
not carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth ex-
pressly? 236

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to
do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice !
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal 245
You ask with such a violence, the King,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave
me,

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who'll take
it ? 250

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest !
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land 255
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound to-

gether,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit, 265
I answer is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour, 270
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, 275
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou
shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My
lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility ! Let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets 285
You writ to the Pope against the King. Your
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state 290
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brave
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could desire
this man.

But that I am bound in charity against it !
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
King's hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fair

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot serve you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry " guilty," (r-
dinal,

You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir.

I dare your worst objections. If I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my hat
Have at you !

First, that, without the King's assent
knowledge,

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome
else

To foreign princes, "*Ego et Rex meus*"
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought up
King

To be your servant.
Sur. Then, that, without the knowledge

Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bid
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the state's allow-
ance,

A league between his Highness and Ferrara.
Sur. That, out of mere ambition, you be-
cause'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance —

By what means got, I leave to your own
science —

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the way
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are :

Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord

Press not a falling man too far ! 't is virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them.

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Sur. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pro-
sure is,

Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,

t therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
 forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 tlels, and whatsoever, and to be
 of the King's protection. This is my charge.
 or. And so we'll leave you to your medita-
 tions 345
 to live better. For your stubborn answer
 at the giving back the great seal to us,
 King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
 thank you.
 re you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

4. So farewell to the little good you bear
 me. 350
 vell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blow-
 some,
 bears his blushing honours thick upon
 him ;
 third day comes a frost, a killing frost, 355
 when he thinks, good easy man, full
 surely
 eatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 hen he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 ittle wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 many summers in a sea of glory, 360
 ar beyond my depth. My high-blown
 pride
 gth broke under me, and now has left
 ne.

and old with service, to the mercy
 de stream, that must for ever hide me.
 omp and glory of this world, I hate ye ! 365
 ny heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 ; poor man that hangs on princes' fa-
 ours !
 s, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 veet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 angs and fears than wars or women
 ave ; 370
 en he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 o hope again.

fter CROMWELL, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell !

I have no power to speak, sir.

What, amaz'd
 misfortunes ? Can thy spirit wonder
 man should decline ? Nay, an you
 sep. 375
 len indeed.

How does your Grace ?

Why, well,
 truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 myself now ; and I feel within me
 above all earthly dignities,
 nd quiet conscience. The King has
 'd me, 380
 r thank his Grace ; and from these
 ulders,
 n'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 ould sink a navy, too much honour.
 burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 y for a man that hopes for heaven ! 385
 I am glad your Grace has made that
 it use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, me-
 thinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries and greater far
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
 Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
 chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden ;
 But he's a learned man. May he continue 395
 Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his
 bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in bless-
 ings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
 'em !

What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with
 welcome,
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. 400

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open as his queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now 405
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
 down. O, Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me ! All my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
 well !

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the King !
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told
 him 415

What and how true thou art. He will advance
 thee ;

Some little memory of me will stir him —

I know his noble nature — not to let

Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Crom-
 well,

Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord, 420

Must I, then, leave you ? Must I needs forgo
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The King shall have my service ; but my pray-
 ers 425

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me,
 Cromwell ;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
 tion

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last. Cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King!
And, prithee, lead me in.

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A street in Westminster.]

Enter two GENTLEMEN meeting one another.

1. Gent. You're well met once again.

2. Gent. So are you.

1. Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2. Gent. 'Tis well. The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

1. Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

1. Gent. Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2. Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known
those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,

The Princess Dowager? How goes her business?

1. Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill where the Princess lay;
which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not.

And, to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd.
And the late marriage made of none effect.

Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2. Gent. Alas, good lady!
[Trumpets]

The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen's
coming. [Heralds]

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of Trumpets.

2. Then, two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and orb
before him.

4. Choristers, singing. [Music.]

5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. The
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his
head he wore a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold
on his head a demi-coronet of gold. Before
him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of
silver with the dove, crowned with an ermine
coronet. Collars of SS.

7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate,
coronet on his head, bearing a long wand,
as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk,
with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinquepoys
under it, the QUEEN in her robe, richly adorned
with pearls, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and
Winchester.

9. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronet
gold, wrought with flowers, bearing
Queen's train.

10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with
circlets of gold without flowers.

Exeunt, first passing over the stage in robes
and state, and then a great flourish of
trumpets.

2. Gent. A royal train, believe me. They
know.

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

Gent. Marquess Dorset;
that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That
should be 40
Duke of Suffolk?

Gent. 'Tis the same: High Steward.
Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

Gent. Yes.
Gent. Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the Queen.*]
hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

I have a soul, she is an angel;
ing has all the Indies in his arms, 45
more and richer, when he strains that
lady.
t blame his conscience.

Gent. They that bear
th of honour over her, are four barons
Cinque-ports.

Gent. Those men are happy; and so are
ll are near her. 50

t, she that carries up the train
old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Gent. Their coronets say so. These are
ars indeed;
netimes falling ones.

Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit the last of the procession.*]

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

Gent. God save you, sir! Where have you
en broiling? 55

Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey,
ere a finger
t be wedg'd in more. I am stifled
e mere rankness of their joy.

Gent. You saw
mony?

Gent. That I did.

Gent. How was it? 60

Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Gent. As well as I am able. The rich

am
und ladies, having brought the Queen

ar'd place in the choir, fell off

e from her; while her Grace sat down

while, some half an hour or so, 65

chair of state, opposing freely

ty of her person to the people. —

e, sir, she is the goodliest woman

lay by man; — which when the people

ull view of, such a noise arose 70

ouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

nd to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks, —

I think, — flew up; and had their

s
y, this day they had been lost. Such joy

w before. Great-belli'd women, 75

ot half a week to go, like rams

time of war, would shake the press

'em reel before 'em. No man living

"This is my wife" there; all were 80

ly in one piece.

But what follow'd?

3. *Gent.* At length her Grace rose, and with
modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and
saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd de-
voutly;

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people,
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury 85

She had all the royal makings of a queen,

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems

Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom, 90

Together sung "Te Deum." So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gent.* Sir,

You must no more call it York Place, that's
past; 95

For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost.

'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3. *Gent.* I know it;

But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2. *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the 100

Queen?

3. *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner; the one of

Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the King's secretary,

The other, London.

2. *Gent.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gent.* All the land knows that.

However, yet there is no great breach; when 105

it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from

him.

2. *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the King, and

truly

A worthy friend. The King has made him 110

master

O' the jewel house,

And one, already, of the privy council.

2. *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my 115

guests;

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [Kimbolton.]

Enter KATHERINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PA-
TIENCE, her woman.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the
earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wol-
sey,

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died.

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
ward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill 15
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend
abbot,

With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O, father
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this, 20

About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him! 25

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking 30

Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom. Simony was fair-play;

His own opinion was his law; i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double

Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful. 40

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your High-
ness 45

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly

Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; 50

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,

But to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in ye
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell out
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous.

So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself.

And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honours to his age

Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other bend
No other speaker of my living actions.

To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made us
With thy religious truth and modesty.

Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower

I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note

I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's
down quiet,

For fear we wake her; softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six personages, clad in white robes,*

wearing on their heads garlands of bay, and

*golden vizards on their faces; branches of her-
oak palm in their hands. They first come to-
gether, then dance; and, at certain changes, the*

first two hold a spare garland over her head

at which the other four make reverent curtsies.

Then the two that held the garland deliver it

over her head; which done, they deliver the same

garland to the last two, who likewise observe the

same order; at which, as it were by inspiration,

she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and

holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in the

dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them.

The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? A-
ye all gone.

And leave me here in wretchedness behind?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, whilst I
feel

I am not worthy yet to wear. I shall, assuredly.

if, I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams
ess your fancy.

th. Bid the music leave, ⁹⁴
are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

th. Do you note
much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
long her face is drawn! How pale she
looks,

of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!

f. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

t. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER.

us. An 't like your Grace, —

th. You are a saucy fellow. ¹⁰⁰
ve we no more reverence?

f. You are to blame,
ing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

s. I humbly do entreat your Highness'
pardon;

ste made me unmannerly. There is stay-
ing ¹⁰⁶

tleman, sent from the King, to see you.

i. Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this
fellow

ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
ould be lord ambassador from the Em-
peror,

al nephew, and your name Capucius. ¹¹⁰
Madam, the same; your servant.

O, my lord,
ees and titles now are alter'd strangely
e since first you knew me. But, I pray
ou,
your pleasure with me?

Noble lady,
nine own service to your Grace; the
ext, ¹¹⁸

g's request that I would visit you;
ieves much for your weakness, and by

ou his princely commendations,
artily entreats you take good comfort.

O my good lord, that comfort comes
o late; ¹²⁰

e a pardon after execution.
tle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
s his Highness?

Madam, in good health.
So may he ever do! and ever flourish

shall dwell with worms, and my poor
me ¹²⁶

the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
you write, yet sent away?

No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katherine.*]

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
y lord the King.

Most willing, madam.
In which I have commended to his

adness ¹³¹

The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter;

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breed-
ing, —

She is young, and of a noble modest nature, ¹³⁸
I hope she will deserve well, — and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor peti-
tion

Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long ¹⁴⁰

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage, ¹⁴⁸
A right good husband; let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
'em.

The last is, for my men, — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me —

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by. ¹⁵¹

If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer
life

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents; and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world, ¹⁵⁸
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
King

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
me ¹⁶⁰

In all humility unto his Highness.
Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd
him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience, ¹⁶⁸

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good

wench,
Let me be us'd with honour. Strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet

like ¹⁷¹
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katherine.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*London. A gallery in the palace.*]

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a
PAGE with a torch before him, met by SIR
THOMAS LOVELL.*

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Page. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at
primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter?

It seems you are in haste. An if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that
walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's
in labour,

They say in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas. You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, so
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
she,

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for
Cromwell,

Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the King's secretary; further,
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferences,
With which the time will load him. The Arch-
bishop

Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
tur'd
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this
day,

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is,
For so I know he is, they know he is,
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they
moved

Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell machinings
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good-night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good-nights, my lord! I rest your
servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter the King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night.
My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your
Highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suf-
ference made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles:
Prithce, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone:
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good-night
[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Arch-
bishop,

As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true; where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to me.

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which I
bishop spake.

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to
stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]
Cran. [*Aside.*] I am fearful; wherefore
frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

g. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
before I sent for you.

n. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
end your Highness' pleasure.

7. Pray you, arise,
good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
you and I must walk a turn together;
news to tell you. Come, come, give me
your hand.

r good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
a right sorry to repeat what follows.

and most unwillingly, of late
many grievous, I do say, my lord,
is complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

lov'd us and our council, that you shall
bring come before us; where, I know,
nnot with such freedom purge your-
self

t, till further trial in those charges
will require your answer, you must
ke

tience to you, and be well contented
e your house our Tower. You a brother

us,
e thus proceed, or else no witness
ome against you.

[*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your
ghness;

right glad to catch this good occa-
n

roughly to be winnowed, where my
aff

shall fly asunder; for, I know,
none stands under more calumnious
gues

myself, poor man.

Stand up, good Canterbury!
and thy integrity is rooted

y friend. Give me thy hand, stand
115

et's walk. Now, by my holidame,
nner of man are you? My lord, I

d have given me your petition, that
have ta'en some pains to bring to-
ter

nd your accusers; and to have heard
120

ndurance, further.

Most dread liege,
stand on is my truth and honesty.

ll fail, I, with mine enemies,
ph o'er my person; which I weigh
124

ose virtues vacant. I fear nothing
be said against me.

Know you not
state stands i' the world, with the
world?

es are many, and not small; their
ices

be same proportion; and not ever
and the truth o' the question car-
130

he verdict with it. At what ease

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as cor-
rupt

To swear against you? Such things have been
done.

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. When you of better luck,

I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Mas-
ter,

Whose minister you are, whiles here He liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to!

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way
to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties

Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. (*Exit Cranmer.*) He
has strangled

His language in his tears.

Enter OLD LADY [LOVELL following].

Gent. (*Within.*) Come back! What mean
you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that
I bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven

Both now and ever bless her! 't is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen

Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger. 'T is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
the Queen. (*Exit.*)

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light,
I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. [*Lobby before the council-chamber.*]

[*Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending.*] Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily; the King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*]
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The King's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice— 15
To quench mine honour; they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your Grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed. 25
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour, 30
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*] 35

[SCENE III. *The council-chamber.*]

A council-table brought in with chairs and stools and placed under the state. Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's; the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARMENT seat themselves in order on each side. CRANWELL at lower end, as secretary. [Kneels at the door.]

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary.

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honour,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop
And has done half an hour, to know his pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter—

CRANMER [*enters and*] approaches the council table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty; but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of that frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little
Toward the King first, then his laws, is fill'd.
The whole realm, by your teaching and our chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be saddle
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness
Farewell all physic! And what follows the
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state; as, of late days, our neighbours

The upper Germany, can dearly witness.
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end

ver, to do well; nor is there living,
 k it with a single heart, my lords,
 that more detests, more stirs against,
 in his private conscience and his place, 40
 of a public peace, than I do.
 heaven, the King may never find a heart
 less allegiance in it! Men that make
 and crooked malice nourishment
 ate the best. I do beseech your lord-
 ships, 45
 in this case of justice, my accusers,
 at they will, may stand forth face to
 ace,
 rely urge against me.

Nay, my lord,
 cannot be. You are a counsellor,
 that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50
 My lord, because we have business of
 ore moment,
 be short with you. 'Tis his Highness'

leasure
 consent, for better trial of you,
 ence you be committed to the Tower;
 being but a private man again. 55
 ll know many dare accuse you boldly,
 an, I fear, you are provided for.

Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
 ank you.

always my good friend; if your will
 ss,
 oth find your lordship judge and juror,
 so merciful. I see your end; 61
 undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
 a churchman better than ambition.
 ying souls with modesty again,
 e away. That I shall clear myself, 65
 e weight ye can upon my patience,
 a little doubt as you do conscience
 daily wrongs. I could say more,
 ence to your calling makes me mod-

y lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70
 e plain truth. Your painted gloss dis-
 ers,
 at understand you, words and weak-

My Lord of Winchester, you are a
 e,
 good favour, too sharp; men so no-

aulity, yet should find respect 75
 hey have been. 'Tis a cruelty
 alling man.

Good master secretary,
 honour mercy. You may, worst
 table, say so.

Why, my lord?
 not I know you for a favourer 80
 sect? Ye are not sound.

Not sound?

t sound, I say.
 Would you were half so honest!
 ers then would seek you, not their
 all remember this bold language.

Do.
 your bold life too.

[Chan.] This is too much. 85
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

[Chan.] Then thus for you, my lord: it
 stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain till the King's further plea-
 sure 90

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other

Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
 some. 95

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my
 lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100

To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Chan. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told
 ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-roll-
 ing,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The King will suffer but the little finger 105

Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain.

How much more is his life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out on't!

Crom. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations 110

Against this man, whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at
 ye!

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we
 bound to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; 115

Not only good and wise, but most religious;

One that, in all obedience, makes the Church

The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120

The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden com-
 mendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my pres-
 ence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. 125

To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[To Cranmer.] Good man, sit down. Now let
me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee
not.

Sur. May it please your Grace, —

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, — few of you deserve that
title, —

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my com-
mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him, —
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
pose'd

Concerning his imprisonment was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of
it.

I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him.
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
tism.

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons. You shall have two noble partners
with you, the old Duchess of Norfolk and Lady
Marquess Dorset. Will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge
you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my
Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I had
To have this young one made a Christian
As I have made ye one, lords, one ready
So I grow stronger, you more honour

SCENE [IV. The palace yard]

Noise and tumult within. Enter POINCE
his MAN.

Port. You'll leave your noise as-
cals; do you take the court for Parsy
Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Voice.] [Within.] Good master port
long to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be
ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? For
a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones
are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch
heads. You must be seeing christenings
you look for ale and cakes here, ye
rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient. 'Tis im-
possible —

Unless we sweep 'em from the door and
nons —

To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em do
On May-day morning; which will never
We may as well push against Paul's.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd!

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets he
in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four
You see the poor remainder — could dash
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir George
Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me; but if I
any

That had a head to hit, either young or old
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker.

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again.
And that I would not for a cow, (dash
her!

[Voice.] [Within.] Do you hear, master
ter?

Port. I shall be with you presently; I
master puppy. — Keep the door close.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock
down by the dozens? Is this Moorish
muster in? Or have we some strange
with the great tool come to court, the
so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of
tion is at door! On my Christian conscience
this one christening will beget a thousand
I will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the barge.
There is a fellow somewhat near the door
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my
science, twenty of the dog-days now run
nose; all that stand about him are under

SCENE [V. *The palace.*]

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, GARTER, CRANMER, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal Grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop. What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.

[The King kisses the child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 11

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, 14
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant—Heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be— 21

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue 25
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her. 30
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing 35

ye need no other penance: that fire-
id I hit three times on the head, and [as
nes was his nose discharged against me;
is there, like a mortar-piece, to blow
r was a haberdasher's wife of small
r him, that rail'd upon me till her
porringer fell off her head, for kin- [so
ch a combustion in the state. I miss'd
or once, and hit that woman; who
t "Clubs!" when I might see from far
ty truncheoners draw to her succour,
ere the hope o' the Strand, where [as
quartered. They fell on; I made good
e; at length they came to the broom-
me; I den'd 'em still; when suddenly
boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd
shower of pebbles, that I was fain to
ne honour in, and let 'em win the work.
il was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 63
These are the youths that thunder at
use, and fight for bitten apples; that
nee but the tribulation of Tower-hill
abs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,
to endure. I have some of 'em in
trum, and there they are like to dance
se days; besides the running banquet
adles that is to come. 70

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Mercy o' me, what a multitude are
e!

'e still too; from all parts they are
ing
kept a fair here! Where are these
ters,

'knaves? Ye have made a fine hand,
ows;

trim rabble let in. Are all these 75
ful friends o' the suburbs? We shall

'e of room, no doubt, left for the
s,

'pass back from the christening.

An't please your honour,
t men; and what so many may do,
corn a-pieces, we have done. 80
unnot rule 'em.

As I live,
blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
eels, and suddenly; and on your

l fines for neglect. Ye're lazy
es;

lie baiting of bombards, when
do service. Hark! the trumpets

;ne already from the christening.
among the press, and find a way

oop pass fairly; or I'll find
ea shall hold ye play these two
sa.

ce way there for the princess. 90

You great fellow,
up, or I'll make your head ache.

the camlet, get up o' the rail;
o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant, " "
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
land,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must
die,

She must, the saints must have her; yet a vir-
gin,

A most unspeckled lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! Never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me.
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much behav-
ing;

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence.
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords.

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank
ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man that
Has business at his house; for all shall stay.
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exit.

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their
ease,

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, so
clear,

They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear us
city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That's witty
Which we have not done neither: that, if so,

All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in

The merciful construction of good women.
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they should

And say 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill had
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap

TRAGEDIES

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

In Henslowe's Diary, under the date April 11, 1591, is recorded the performance of a play called "*titus and Vespacia*," marked "ne," i. e., new, or newly revised. Among the plays in the volume of *Englische Comedien und Tragedien* (1620), performed by English actors in Germany, there is a tragedy of *Tito Andronico*, which is apparently a degraded form of some version of the present play. In it Lucius is named Vespasian, and this affords a hint, corroborated by other evidence, that this German play is based on "*titus and Vespacia*."

In 1641 there appeared in Holland a Dutch play by Jan Vos, entitled *Aran en Titus*, the plot of which is essentially that of *Titus Andronicus*. Both this and a lost German play, acted in 1699, of which only a program is preserved, seem to be based on a Dutch translation of an English original. A comparison of the extant German, Dutch, and English plays points to the conclusion that the Shakespearean tragedy was a recasting of two English originals, on which directly or indirectly, *Tito Andronico* and *Aran en Titus* were respectively founded.

On January 23, 1593, Henslowe records that a "new" play, "*Titus and Ondronicus*," was produced by the servants of the Earl of Sussex. On February 6, 1593, there was entered in the Stationers' Register to J. Danter "A Noble Roman Historie of Tytus Andronicus." Later in the same year appeared a quarto edition of our *Titus Andronicus*, "as it was plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex their servants," printed by John Danter." A second quarto with some changes appeared in 1600, and a third quarto, printed from the second, appeared in 1611. On none of these Quartos does the name of Shakespeare appear; nor is there any external evidence to connect the play with him before its inclusion in the First Folio, except its occurrence in Meres's list of Shakespeare's tragedies in *Palladis Tamia* (1598). The text of the First Folio is derived from the Third Quarto; and the text of the present edition is based on the Second Quarto, the unique copy of the second discovered First Quarto being inaccessible.

It is not agreed whether Henslowe's "*Titus and Ondronicus*" was the present play or one of its predecessors; but if the play entered to Danter on February 6, 1593, was, as seems most likely, the First Quarto, printed by him in the same year, it places the date of the composition of *Titus Andronicus* not later than 1593. From the evidence gathered from the German and Dutch versions, it becomes apparent that the question of Shakespeare's authorship narrows itself down to one of the amount of re-writing implied in the re-casting of the older dramatic versions of the story. The main features of the Shakespearean play which cannot be proved to have existed in the earlier dramas are the rivalry between Saturninus and Bassianus for the throne; the fate of Titus's sons killed in war; the sacrifice of Alarbus; the kidnapping of Lavinia by Bassianus with the death of Mutius; the sending of young Lucius with presents to the sons of Tamora at the whole of III. ii., which appears only in the First Folio, and is, perhaps, a later addition. These, with some minor details, and a revision of phraseology and metre which cannot be exactly estimated, seem to indicate the extreme limit of Shakespeare's responsibility. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that other hands may have worked on the play between the stages represented by the Continental versions and that in which it is here printed; and some students still leave Shakespeare's share to "some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters," according to the late seventeenth-century tradition, reported by Ravenscroft, that this was all Shakespeare added to the work of "a private author."

Evidences of the authorship of the earlier dramatic versions are purely internal. Attempts have been made to associate the play with nearly every contemporary dramatic author of the time, but traces of the style of Peele and Greene point to the possibility of these writers' having had a share in it, although at what stage it is not possible to determine.

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TITUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and
wards declared Emperor.

Lucius, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the
Goths.

ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother
us.

Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
Lucius, a noble Roman.
Lucius, son to Marcus the Tribune.

SEMPRONIUS, }
CAIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.

VALENTINE, }
ALARBUS, } sons to Tamora.

DEMETRIUS, }
CHIRON, }
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Clown.
A Captain, Tribune, and Messenger.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*]

ACT I

I. [*Rome. Before the Senate-house. The
omb of the Andronici appearing.*]

he TRIBUNES and Senators aloft, and
nter SATURNINUS and his Followers at
oor, and BASSIANUS and his Followers
other; with drums and trumpets.

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
the justice of my cause with arms,
ntrymen, my loving followers,
y successive title with your swords.

first-born son, that was the last
re the imperial diadem of Rome;
my father's honours live in me,
ng mine age with this indignity.

Romans, friends, followers, favourers
my right,
Bassianus, Caesar's son,

icious in the eyes of royal Rome,
n this passage to the Capitol,
er not dishonour to approach
rial seat, to virtue consecrate,
e, continence, and nobility;
esert in pure election shine,
nans, fight for freedom in your choice.

ARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the
crown.

Princes, that strive by factions and
friends

sly for rule and empery,
t the people of Rome, for whom we
id

party, have, by common voice,
r for the Roman empery,
ndronicus, surnamed Pius
good and great deserts to Rome.
nan, a braver warrior,

Lives not this day within the city walls.

He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride; five times he hath re-
turn'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your
strength,

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm
my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,

And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,

That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt soldiers [of Bassianus].*]
Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward
in my right,

I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt soldiers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.]

Enter a CAPTAIN.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded, and then enter two of Titus's sons [MARTIUS and MUTIUS]; and then two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then two other sons [LUCIUS and QUINTUS]. Then TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths with her [three] sons [Alarbus,] DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON; AARON the Moor, and others as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight

Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchor-
age,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love,
These that I bring unto their latest home
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Give me a queror,

Victorious Titus, see the tears I shed.
A mother's tears in passion for her son.
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee.
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return.
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the air?
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the god?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son!

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and make me.

These are their brethren, whom your Goths held

Alive and dead; and for their brethren so
Religiously they ask a sacrifice.

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a path straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood.
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean cut.

[Exit Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was never Scythia half so barbarous.

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope with

The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent.

May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—
When Goths were Goths and Tamora queen—

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS [with their swords bloody].

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are left
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the rest laid in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons:
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here and rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells.

grow no damned drugs; here are no
storms,
ise, but silence and eternal sleep. 185
ice and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour live Lord Titus
long,
ble lord and father, live in fame!
this tomb my tributary tears
ar, for my brethren's obsequies; 190
; thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
n the earth for thy return to Rome.
s me here with thy victorious hand,
fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!
Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly re-
erv'd 195
dial of mine age to glad my heart!
i, live; outlive thy father's days
me's eternal date, for virtue's praise!
. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved
rother,
s triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170
Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
larcius.

And welcome, nephews, from success-
al wars,
t survive, and you that sleep in fame!
ds, your fortunes are alike in all,
a your country's service drew your
rds; 175
er triumph is this funeral pomp,
th aspir'd to Solon's happiness
umphs over chance in honour's bed.
ndronicus, the people of Rome,
riend in justice thou hast ever been, 190
e by me, their tribune and their trust,
liament of white and spotless hue;
e thee in election for the empire,
se our late-deceased emperor's sons.
datus then, and put it on, 185
o to set a head on headless Rome.
better head her glorious body fits
that shakes for age and feebleness.
ould I don this robe, and trouble you?
n with proclamations to-day, 190
w yield up rule, resign my life,
broad new business for you all?
have been thy soldier forty years,
my country's strength successfully,
ed one and twenty valiant sons, 195
in field, slain manfully in arms,
nd service of their noble country.
a staff of honour for mine age,
sceptre to control the world;
e held it, lords, that held it last. 200
Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
ery.
oud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
?

tience, Prince Saturninus.

Romans, do me right.
, draw your swords, and sheathe them

ninus be Rome's emperor. 205
s, would thou were shipp'd to hell,
an rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to
thee 210

The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die.

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men 215
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages.

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope, 225
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.

Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every
sort, 230

Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day, 235

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress, 240

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this
match

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace: 245

And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,

The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord. 250

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I do forget 255

The least of these unspeakable deserts,

Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora.*] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,

Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy counte-
nance;

Though chance of war hath wrought this
change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way. 205
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts
you

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this? 210

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us
go;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum. 215

[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora
in dumb show.*]

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing Lavinia.]

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. "*Suum cuique*" is our Roman justice;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own. 221

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius
live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emper-
or's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd!

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away. 225

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with
Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Mar-
tius.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! 230
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
[*Titus kills him.*]

[*During the fray, exeunt Saturninus,
Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and
Aaron.*]

[*Re-enter LUCIUS.*]

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and, more
than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me. 235

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his
wife

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Re-enter aloft SATURNINUS with TAMORA and
her two sons, and AARON.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the Emperor needs her
not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me:
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stake
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag
thine,

That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hand.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words
are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that dan-
ging piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy.

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Que-
en of Goths,

That like the stately Phœbe amongst
nymphs

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome:
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice.

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride.
And will create thee Empress of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near

And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, I swear,
I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires.

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon; here
accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride.
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine.

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd.
There shall we consummate our espousal now.

[*Exeunt all (but Titus).*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone?

Dishonoured thus, and challenged of wrongs!
Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast
done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribe, no; no son of mine.
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed.

That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in the
tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stand
Which I have sumptuously re-edified.

none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
him where you can; he comes not here.
c. My lord, this is impiety in you. 255
phew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
ast be buried with his brethren.

a. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
t. "And shall!" What villain was it
spake that word?

1. He that would vouch it in any place
but here. 260

What, would you bury him in my de-
spite?

c. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
don Mutius and to bury him.

Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my
rest,
with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded. 265

s I do repute you every one;

able me no more, but get you gone.

He is not with himself; let us with-
draw.

Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Brother, for in that name doth nature
lead, — 270

Father, and in that name doth nature
speak, —

speak thou no more, if all the rest will
need.

Renowned Titus, more than half my
ul, —

Dear father, soul and substance of us
l, —

Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter 275

e nephew here in virtue's nest,

d in honour and Lavinia's cause.

t a Roman, be not barbarous.

eks upon advice did bury Ajax

w himself; and wise Laertes' son 280

iously plead for his funerals.

young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
d his entrance here.

Rise, Marcus, rise.

all'st day is this that e'er I saw,

honoured by my sons in Rome! 285

ry him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Here lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with

friends,

with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*Knelling.*] No man shed tears for noble

titus;

n fame that died in virtue's cause. 290

[*Exeunt all but Marcus and Titus.*]

My lord, to step out of these dreary

ops,

es it that the subtle Queen of Goths

iden thus advanc'd in Rome?

now not, Marcus, but I know it is;

by device or no, the heavens can tell.

then beholding to the man 295

ight her for this high good turn 300

will nobly him remunerate.]

*Flourish. Re-enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON at one
door; enter, at the other door, BASSIANUS, LA-
VINIA, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your
prize.

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no
more, 401

Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my
own, 405

My true betrothed love and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with
us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I
may

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your Grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here, 415

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;

That in the rescue of Lavinia

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave. 420

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my
deeds; 425

'T is thou and those that have dishonoured me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honoured Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all; 430

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonoured openly

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome
forfend

I should be author to dishonour you! 435

But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Loss not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won
at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest, then, the people, and patricians too, 445

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all 450

And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

[*Again speaking openly to Sat.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor; — come, Andro-
nicus; —

Take up this good old man, and cheer the
heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath pre-
vail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the Emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the Emperor

That you will be more mild and tractable.

And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the others
kneel.*]

[*Luc.*] We do, and vow to heaven and to his
Highness,

That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do pro-
test.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no
more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all
be friends;

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.

I will not be denied; sweetheart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up! [*Marcus and the others rise.*]

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two
brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace

bonjour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[*SCENE I. Rome. Before the palace.*]

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,

Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash.
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn.
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams.
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy
thoughts

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress.
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph
long

Hast prisoner held, fett'ring in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold

To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? To wanton with this queen

This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph

This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnus

And see his shipwreck and his commotion!

Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, brothers.

Dem. Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy
wants edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:

And may, for aught thou know'st, affect me.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween a little

And so in this, to bear me down with brave

'T is not the difference of a year or two

Makes me less gracious or thee more for-
nate.

I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace.

And that my sword upon thee shall approve.

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs! these boys
will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother
advic'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side.

Are you so desperate grown, to threaten
friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill
have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I can

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

Aar. [*Coming forward.*] Why, boys, are
lords!

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw.

And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grade

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most re-
cerns;

Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

those reproachful speeches down his
throat
hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
For that I am prepar'd and full re-
solv'd.
Oken coward, that thund'rest with thy
tongue,
h thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!
Away, I say!
the gods that warlike Goths adore,
thy brabble will undo us all.
rds, and think you not how dangerous
et upon a prince's right?
Lavinia then become so loose,
anus so degenerate,
her love such quarrels may be broach'd
controlment, justice, or revenge?
ords, beware! an should the Empress
ow
cord's ground, the music would not
ase.
care not, I, knew she and all the
rld;
vinia more than all the world.
Youngling, learn thou to make some
aner choice;
thine elder brother's hope.
Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
me
ous and impatient they be,
ot brook competitors in love?
lords, you do but plot your deaths
vice.

Aaron, a thousand deaths
propose to achieve her whom I love. so
o achieve her! how?

Why makes thou it so strange?
oman, therefore may be woo'd;
oman, therefore may be won;
inia, therefore must be lov'd.
n! more water glideth by the mill so
the miller of; and easy it is
af to steal a shive, we know.

Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
n he have worn Vulcan's badge.
side.] Ay, and as good as Saturninus

hen why should he despair that
vs to court it
s, fair looks, and liberality?
not thou full often struck a doe,
her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
ty, then, it seems, some certain
h or so so
e your turns.

Ay, so the turn were served.
ron, thou hast hit it.

Would you had hit it too!
I not we be tir'd with this ado.
ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
or this? Would it offend you, then,
ould speed?
h, not me.

Nor me, so I were one.
shame, be friends, and join for that
ar.
and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve 108
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path. 111
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand:

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop;
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are 115

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words.

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate, 121

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the house of
Fame, 125

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's
eye, 130

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt. 135

[SCENE II. A forest near Rome.]

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, and his three sons
[LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS], making a
noise with hounds and horns, and MARCUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,

The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,

And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal
That all the court may echo with the noise. 140
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To attend the Emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd. 145

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal.
Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and At-

tendants.

Many good morrows to your Majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies. 150
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let
us have,

And to our sport. [*To Tamora.*] Madam, now shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord, 20
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, 25

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE III. A lonely part of the forest.*]

Enter AARON [with a bag of gold].

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none

To bury so much gold under a tree

And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem, 5

Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy.

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad 10

When everything doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush,

The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, 15

And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;

And, after conflict such as was suppos'd 21

The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,

When with a happy storm they were surpris'd

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms, 25

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;

Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song

Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30

Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,

My silence and my cloudy melancholy,

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls

Even as an adder when she doth unroll 35

To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40

Which never hopes more heaven than rest to thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus.

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day.

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter? Take it up. I pray me

And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.

Now question me no more; we are espied.

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty

Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress; Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy son
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

Enter

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's

Empress,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private step

Had I the power that some say Dian had

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actaeon's; and the

Should drive upon thy new-transformed

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle

Empress,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in hand.

And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments.

Jove shield your husband from his home

day!

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth

merian

Doth make your honour of his body's

Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequest'ed from all your

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly

And wand'ring hither to an obscure plot

Accompanied but with a barbarous

If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your

Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence.

And let her joy her raven-coloured love;

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King, my brother, shall have

of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him

long,

Good king, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure

this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and

gracious mother!

Why doth your Highness look so pale and

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to

pale?

wo have 'tic'd me hither to this place ;
in detested vale, you see it is ;
yes, though summer, yet forlorn and
an,

re with moss and baleful mistletoe. ⁹⁸
ver shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
he nightly owl or fatal raven ;
en they show'd me this abhorred pit,
d me, here, at dead time of the night, ⁹⁹
und fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
isand swelling toads, as many urchins,
ake such fearful and confused cries
ortal body hearing it
traight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
r had they told this hellish tale, ¹⁰⁰
ght they told me they would bind me

body of a dismal yew,
e me to this miserable death.

they call'd me foul adulteress,
us Goth, and all the bitterest terms ¹¹⁰
ear did hear to such effect ;
you not by wondrous fortune come,
eance on me had they executed.
it, as you love your mother's life,
not henceforth call'd my children. ¹¹⁵
his is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

nd this for me, struck home to show
strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*]

y, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous
ora,
ne fits thy nature but thy own !
ive me thy poniard ; you shall know,
ays, ¹²⁰
er's hand shall right your mother's
ig.
ay, madam ; here is more belongs to

the corn, then after burn the straw.
n stood upon her chastity,
uptial vow, her loyalty, ¹²⁵
hat painted hope braves your might-

he carry this unto her grave ?
if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
her husband to some secret hole,
his dead trunk pillow to our lust, ¹³⁰
t when ye have the honey ye desire,
wasp outlive us both to sting.
arrant you, madam, we will make
ure.

ess, now perforce we will enjoy
reserved honesty of yours. ¹³⁵
[*Amora ! thou bear'st a woman's*

ill not hear her speak ; away with
et lords, entreat her hear me but a
ten, fair madam : let it be your

ears ; but be your heart to them ¹⁴⁰
rig flint to drops of rain.

en did the tiger's young ones teach
rn ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee ;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble ;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. ¹⁴⁵
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike,
[*To Chiron.*] Do thou entreat her show a wo-
man's pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove my-
self a bastard ?

Lav. 'T is true ; the raven doth not hatch a
lark.

Yet have I heard, — O, could I find it now ! —
The lion mov'd with pity did endure ¹⁵¹
To have his princely paws par'd all away ;
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children
The whilst their own birds famish in their
nests ;

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no, ¹⁵⁵
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with
her !

Lav. O, let me teach thee ! For my father's
sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. ¹⁶⁰

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended
me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent. ¹⁶⁵
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place !
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long ; ¹⁷⁰
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then ? Fond wo-
man, let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg, and one thing
more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ¹⁷⁵
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee.

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. ¹⁸⁰
Dem. Away ! for thou hast stay'd us here
too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah,
beastly creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring
thou her husband ; ¹⁸⁵

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Demetrius throws the body of Bas-
sianus into the pit ; then exeunt
Demetrius and Chiron, drag-
ging off Lavinia.*]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make
her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 100
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.
[Exit.]

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before.

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes. 105

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[Falls into the pit.]
Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers, 110

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt

That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the King to find them here, 115

That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out 120

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den, 125
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O, tell me who it is; for ne'er till now 130
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies emburied here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he? 135

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit. 140
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —
Out of this fell devouring receptacle, 145
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not leave again

Till thou art here aloft or I below.

Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. 150
[Falls.]

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Sat. Along with me; I'll see what he's here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus.
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost jest.

He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase.
'T is not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them alive;

But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA [with Attendants]; Titus ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search a wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this false writ,

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can hold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a look.]
Sat. (Reads.) "An if we miss to meet
handsomely —

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy ward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman
That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. [To Titus.] Two of thy whelps, full of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for these

What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing! 280
 sily murder is discovered!
 High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
 is boon, with tears not lightly shed,
 is fell fault of my accursed sons, 290
 d, if the fault be prov'd in them, —
 f it be prov'd! You see it is apparent.
 and this letter? Tamora, was it you?
 Andronicus himself did take it up.
 did, my lord; yet let me be their bail,
 ny father's reverend tomb, I vow 295
 ll be ready at your Highness' will
 r their suspicion with their lives.
 'hou shalt not bail them; see thou
 low me.
 ng the murdered body, some the mur-
 ers. 300
 not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
 ny soul, were there worse end than
 th,
 upon them should be executed.
 Andronicus, I will entreat the King.
 thy sons; they shall do well enough.
 me, Lucius, come; stay not to talk
 h them. [Exeunt. 305]

E IV. *Another part of the forest.*

DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
 's her hands cut off, and her tongue cut

o, now go tell, an if thy tongue can
 k,
 s that cut thy tongue and ravish'd
 .
 rite down thy mind, bewray thy
 ning so,
 stumps will let thee play the scribe.
 e, how with signs and tokens she
 scowl. 5
 home, call for sweet water, wash
 ands.
 e hath no tongue to call, nor hands
 sh;
 s leave her to her silent walks.
 't were my case, I should go hang
 lf.
 thou hadst hands to help thee knit
 ord. 10

[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.

ded. Enter MARCUS from hunting.
 io is this — my niece? — that flies
 so fast?
 ord; where is your husband?
 n, would all my wealth would wake

e, some planet strike me down,
 slumber in eternal sleep! 15
 le niece, what stern ungentle hands
 and hew'd and made thy body bare
 branches, those sweet ornaments
 ing shadows kings have sought to
 in,
 ot gain so great a happiness 20
 love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath. 25
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
 And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy
 tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
 Blushing to be encount'ed with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 't is so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind! 35
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, why, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met, 40
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute, 45
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss
 them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his
 life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
 asleep. 50

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant
 meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's
 eyes? 55

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with
 thee.

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
 [Exeunt. 60]

ACT III

[SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*]

Enter Judges, Senators [and Tribunes], with
 Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on the
 stage to the place of execution; TITUS going
 before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,
 stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst thou securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd; 5
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Lieth down; the Judges, etc., pass
 by him [and exeunt].

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad
tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face.
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! O gentle, aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain.
The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
plead.

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you, —
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man ; if they did
hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the trib-
unes,

For that they will not intercept my tale.

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard
than stones ;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
death ;

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended
thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?

Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine. How happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished !

But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break.

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? Let me see it,
then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so wert

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look at
her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight
What fool hath added water to the sea.

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy
My grief was at the height before thou camest
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding him

In bootless prayer have they been held up
And they have serv'd me to effectless use
Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath marr'd
thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done
deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the
park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded
her

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow with the
wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man
And here my brother, weeping at my woe

But that which gives my soul the greatest
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have maddened me ; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath marr'd thee
Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by the law

Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gath'ring lily almost withered.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because thou
kill'dst her husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then is
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them

they would not do so foul a deed ;
 as the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips, 120
 to see some sign how I may do thee ease.
 My good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 and all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 as they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
 with lime left on them by a flood ? 125
 The fountain shall we gaze so long
 fresh taste be taken from that clear-

ness,
 as a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 we cut away our hands, like thine ? 130
 we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? Let us that have our
 tongues

as a device of further misery,
 as we wond'ring at in time to come. 135
 Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at
 my grief,
 my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
 Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry
 your eyes.

Alas, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I
 know
 that you cannot drink a tear of mine, 140
 you, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
 own.

Alas, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
 Alas, Marcus, mark ! I understand her
 words.

As a tongue to speak, now would she say
 to her brother which I said to thee : 145
 Alas, with his true tears all bewet,
 as a service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 As a sympathy of woe is this,
 as a help as Limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON the Moor.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the Em-
 peror 150
 says this word, — that, if thou love thy

sons, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 as a part of you, chop off your hand
 as a gift to the King ; he for the same
 shall be the ransom for their fault. 155
 Merciful emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
 as a sweet singing so like a lark
 as a sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
 My heart, I'll send the Emperor 160

thy heart, wilt thou help to chop it off ?
 Yes, father ! for that noble hand of
 mine
 as a thrown down so many enemies, 165
 as a sent. My hand will serve the turn.
 as a better spare my blood than you ;
 as a fore mine shall save my brothers'

high of your hands hath not de-
 stroy'd Rome,
 as aloft the bloody battle-axe,
 as a destruction on the enemy's castle ? 170

O, none of both but are of high desert.
 My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go
 along, 175

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !
Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such with red
 herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
 son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mo-
 ther's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my
 hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe. 185

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt [Lucius and Marcus].*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
 both.

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be call'd deceit, I will
 be honest.

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so ; 190

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife ; what shall be is
 dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand.

Tell him it was a hand that ward'd him 195

From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it :

More hath it merited ; that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ; 200

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this
 villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it ! 205

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call ! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou
 kneel with me ? 210

Do, then, dear heart ; for Heaven shall hear
 our prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime
 clouds

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibility, 215

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bot-
 tom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
overflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-awoln
face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth;

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;

For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter
tongues.

*Enter a MESSENGER, with two heads and a
hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-
paid

For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent
back.

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mook'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal,

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to
breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfort-
less

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery; die, Androni-
cus.

Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons'
heads,

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.

Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes.

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me.
And threaten me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed
them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy people, circle me about,

That I may turn me to each one of you

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a hand.

And in this hand the other will I bear.

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these
things!

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight.

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;

And, if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt [Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father.

The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.

Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again.

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives

But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs:

And make proud Saturnine and his empire

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power

To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. A room in Titus's house. A very
quiet set out.]

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and
LUCIUS.*

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look you at me
more

Than will preserve just so much strength as

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreath thou

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our
hands,

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief

With folded arms. This poor right hand of
mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia.*] Thou map of woe, that thou dost

talk in signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with
groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth.

against thy heart make thou a hole,
the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
into that sink, and soaking in
the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 30
Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus
lay
lent hands upon her tender life.
How now! has sorrow made thee dote
easy?

How, no man should be mad but I,
lent hands can she lay on her life? 25
Before dost thou urge the name of hands,
Læneas tell the tale twice o'er,
why was burnt and he made miserable?
Not the theme, to talk of hands
remember still that we have none. 30
How frantically I square my talk,
should forget we had no hands
did not name the word of hands!
's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Do drink! Hark, Marcus, what she
s; 35

Interpret all her martyr'd signs:
He drinks no other drink but tears
with her sorrow, mash'd upon her
lips.

Complainer, I will learn thy thought;
No action will I be as perfect 40
hermits in their holy prayers.
I not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
en,
nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
these will wrest an alphabet
I practice learn to know thy mean- 45

Luc. Good grandsire, leave these
deep laments.

Unt merry with some pleasing tale.
Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
to see his grandsire's heaviness.
O, tender sapling; thou art made 50

ill quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
?

that that I have kill'd, my lord;

on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my

eye cloy'd with view of tyranny. 55
Worth done on the innocent

'Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I not for my company.

Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
"How, if that fly had a father
other?" 60

He hang his slender gilded wings,
venting doings in the air!

As fly,
is pretty buzzing melody,
to make us merry! and thou hast
him. 65

Don me, sir, it was a black ill-fa-
fly,
'mpress' Moor; therefore I kill'd

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me. —
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah! 75

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with
me.

I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to daz-
zle.] *[Exeunt. 85]*

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *Rome. Titus's garden.*]

*Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running
after him, and the boy flies from her, with his
books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and
MARCUS.*

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt
Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear
thine aunt. 5

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee
harm.

Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in
Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by
these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth
she mean.

[*Marc.*] See, Lucius, see how much she
makes of thee; 10

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
thus? 15

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can
I guess.

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft

Extremity of griefs would make men mad,

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20

Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and 25

fly, —

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet

aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

*[Lavinia turns over with her stumps
the books which Lucius has let
fall.]*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were
more than one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for re-
venge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth
so?

Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Meta-*
morphoses;

My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her.

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit
down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

*[He writes his name with his staff,
and guides it with feet and mouth.]*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me. I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this
shift!

Write thou, good niece; and here display at
last

What God will have discovered for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrow
plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!
*[She takes the staff in her mouth and
guides it with her stumps, and
writes.]*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

"*Stuprum*—Chiron—Demetrius."

Marc. What, what! the lustful man and
Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed!

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus veres!

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I
know

There is enough written upon this earth

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclaim.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman heart

hope;

And swear with me, as, with the woeful father

And father of that chaste dishonoured dam.

Lord Junius Brutus swears for Lucrece' rape.

That we will prosecute by good advice

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Geta

And see their blood, or die with the re-
proach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, as you knew before.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, the re-
ward!

The dam will wake; and, if she waken

once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league.

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.

And when he sleeps will she do what she
list.

You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone.

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass.

And with a gad of steel will write these wrongs

And lay it by. The angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's hair,

abroad,

And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what
say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a

man,

Their mother's bed-chamber should not be
safe

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! Thy father had

full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, as I
live.

live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armour;

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy

Shall carry from me to the Empress some

Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou
not?

not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in the
bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my horse.

and I'll go brave it at the court.
try, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Ereunt [Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius].*]

O heavens, can you hear a good man
relent or not compassion him?
attend him in his ecstasy,
th more scars of sorrow in his heart
men's marks upon his batt'rd shield;
so just that he will not revenge.
the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*]

II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

ARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at
r; and at another door, young LUCIUS,
other, with a bundle of weapons, and
rit upon them.

emetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
ome message to deliver us.
y, some mad message from his mad
ndfather.

Luc. My lords, with all the humble-
I may,
ur honours from Andronicus.
and pray the Roman gods confound
both!

ramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the
?

Luc. [*Aside.*] That you are both
pher'd, that's the news.
s mark'd with rape. — May it please

ire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
eat weapons of his armoury
your honourable youth,
f Rome; for so he bid me say;
p, and with his gifts present
rips, that, whenever you have need,
e armed and appointed well:
ave you both — [*Aside*] like bloody
ns.

[*Ereunt [young Lucius and Atten-
dant].*]

at's here? A scroll; and written
about.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.
t is a verse in Horace; I know it

he grammar long ago.
just; a verse in Horace; right,
ve it.

w, what a thing it is to be an ass!
und jest! The old man hath found
uilt;
hem weapons wrapp'd about with

beyond their feeling, to the quick.
witty empress well afoot,
plaud Andronicus' conceit;
est in her unrest a while. —
ung lords, was't not a happy star
me, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good to see so great a
lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman
dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thou-
sand more.

Dem. Come, let us go and pray to all the
gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods
have given us over.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]
Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flour-
ish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a NURSE, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords.
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at
all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou
keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine
arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from hea-
ven's eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's dis-
grace!

She is delivered, lords; she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What
hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a
joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue!

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy
seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's
point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a
hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom,
sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the Empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,

The vigour and the picture of my youth.

This before all the world do I prefer;

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of thy heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer;

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,

And from that womb where you imprisoned were

He is enfranchised and come to light.

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side.

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done. And we will all subscribe to thy advice.

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you; Keep there. Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Dem. How many women saw this child a his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join a league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor.

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;

And no one else but the delivered empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away. Go to the Empress, tell her this I said.

Weke, weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy. Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? No, lords.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed:

His child is like to her, fair as you are.

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold.

And tell them both the circumstance of all.

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd.

And be received for the Emperor's heir.

And substituted in the place of mine.

To calm this tempest whirling in the court.

And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her phrase.

[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral:

The fields are near, and you are gallant gentlemen.

This done, see that you take no longer days.

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away.

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the us

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,

Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt Dem. and Chi., leaving off the Nurse's body.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow

flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms.

And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll head you

hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts.

e you feed on berries and on roots,
d on curds and whey, and suck the
it.
n in a cave, and bring you up ¹⁷⁹
warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

III. *The same. A public place.*

us, bearing arrows with letters at the
them: with him, MARCUS, young LU-
CILIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS] and
ntlemen, with bows.

me, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is
way.

t me see your archery.
draw home enough, and 't is there
ight.

reæa reliquit;
nemb'red, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's ⁵

ou to your tools. You, cousins, shall
he ocean, and cast your nets;
u may catch her in the sea;
s as little justice as at land.
us and Sempronius, you must do it;
must dig with mattock and with ¹¹

the inmost centre of the earth;
you come to Pluto's region,
deliver him this petition.
is for Justice and for aid, ¹⁵
comes from old Andronicus,
h sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Well, well; I made thee miserable
I threw the people's suffrages
thus doth tyrannize o'er me. ²⁰
gone; and pray be careful all,
ou not a man-of-war unsearch'd.
l emperor may have shipp'd her
;
n, then we may go pipe for Justice.
Publius, is not this a heavy case, ²⁵
oble uncle thus distract?
efore, my lords, it highly us con-

ight to attend him carefully,
humour kindly as we may,
et some careful remedy. ³⁰
smen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Goths; and with revengeful war
on Rome for this ingratitude,
ce on the traitor Saturnine.
is, how now! how now, my mas- ³⁵

ou met with her?
ay good lord; but Pluto sends you

ve Revenge from hell, you shall.
stice, she is so employ'd,
th Jove in heaven, or somewhere ⁴⁰

ce you must needs stay a time.
h me wrong to feed me with de-

the burning lake below,
out of Acheron by the heels.
e but shrubs, not cedars we, ⁴⁵

No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs
can bear.

And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods ⁵⁰
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
Marcus; [*He gives them the arrows.*]
"Ad Jovem," that 's for you; here, "Ad
Apollinem;"

"Ad Martem," that 's for myself;
Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury; ⁵⁵
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine.
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited. ⁶⁰

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court;

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O,
well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the
moon; ⁶⁵

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord. When
Publius shot, ⁷⁰

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the
court;

And who should find them but the Empress'
villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present. ⁷⁵

Tit. Why, there it goes; God give his lord-
ship joy!

*Enter a CLOWN, with a basket, and two pigeons
in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter? ⁸⁰

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must
not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? ⁸⁵

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else. ⁹⁰

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came
there. God forbid I should be so bold to pres-
sue to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take
up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one
of the imperial's men. ⁹⁵

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to
serve for your oration; and let him deliver the
pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the Emperor.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. *[Exit.]*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON [Lords, and others]; SATURNINUS brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these!

Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, [as know] the mightyful gods,

However these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress.

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;

This to Apollo; this to the god of war;

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice everywhere?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages;

But he and his shall know that justice lives

In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,

He'll so awake as he in fury shall

Cut off the proud conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine, Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant son. Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight Than prosecute the meanest or the best For these contempts. *(Aside.)* Why, thus shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all; But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick. Thy life-blood out, if Aaron now be wise, Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress be a emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen bless you god-den. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[Saturninus reads the letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrong! Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? As if his traitorous son That died by law for murder of our brother

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterer.

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me!

Enter Nuntius ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never was in more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and wait for power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil.

They hither march again, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threatens, in course of this revenge,

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach.

'Tis he the common people love so much:

Myself hath often heard them say,

When I have walk'd like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully

And they have wish'd that Lucius were the emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not your strength strong?

ly, but the citizens favour Lucius,
revolt from me to succour him. 80
King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
y name.

n dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
e suffers little birds to sing
st careful what they mean thereby,
that with the shadow of his wings 85
t pleasure stint their melody;
nayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
er thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
hant the old Andronicus
ds more sweet, and yet more danger-

s to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
he one is wounded with the bait,
rotted with delicious feed.

it he will not entreat his son for us.
Tamura entreat him, then he will; 90
smooth and fill his aged ears
en promises; that, were his heart
pregnable, his old ears deaf,
both ear and heart obey my tongue.
us.] Go thou before, be our ambas- 100
r.

ie Emperor requests a parley
Lucius, and appoint the meeting
father's house, the old Andronicus.
ilius, do this message honourably;
tand on hostage for his safety, 105
emand what pledge will please him

our bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Erit.*

w will I to that old Andronicus,
him with all the art I have
oud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
weet emperor, be blithe again, 111
ll thy fear in my devices.
a go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

NE I. Plains near Rome.]

s with an army of GOTHs, with drums
and [colours].

roved warriors, and my faithful
ed letters from great Rome,
ies what hate they bear their em-
irous of our sight they are.
reat lords, be, as your titles wit- 5

d impatient of your wrongs,
Rome hath done you any scath,
e treble satisfaction.
Brave slip, sprung from the great
icus,
was once our terror, now our com- 10

xploits and honourable deeds
me requites with foul contempt,
; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
bees in hottest summer's day

Led by their master to the flow' red fields, 15
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

[*All the Goths.*] And as he saith, so say we all
with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you
all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a GOTH, leading of AARON with his Child
in his arms.

[2.] Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops
I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard 25
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy
dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor. 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-
white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!" — even thus he rates
the babe, —

"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the Empress'
babe, 35

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon
him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him
hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate
devil 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou
convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face? 45
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a
word?

A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal
blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. 50
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is
made to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear. 55
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but "Vengeance rot you
all!"

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! Why, assure thee,
Lucius,
 'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd.
 And this shall all be buried in my death
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? Thou believ'st no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious

And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,

Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know

An idiot holds his bauble for a god

And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,

To that I'll urge him. Therefore thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou adorest and hast in reverence,

To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart

And almost broke my heart with excessive laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall
 When, for his hand, he had his two eyes

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily.
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.

And when I told the Empress of this sport,
 She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale.

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
 [1.] *Goth.* What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these base deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day — and yet, I think
 Few come within the compass of my care —

Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death.

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it.
 Accuse some innocent and forswear myself.

Set deadly enmity between two friends.
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks.

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night.
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Often have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' door,

Even when their sorrows almost was forgot:
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees.

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly.

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil.

To live and burn in everlasting fire.
 So I might have your company in hell.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

[Enter a GOTH.]

[3.] *Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! What's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman Emperor greets you all by name:
 And, for he understands you are in arms.

He craves a parley at your father's house.
 Willing you to demand your hostages.

And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What says our general?

Emilius, let the Emperor give his
pledges

my father and my uncle *Marcus*,

will come. March away. ¹⁶⁵
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

NE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*

LAMORA, *DEMETRIUS*, and *CHIRON*, dis-
guised.

Thus, in this strange and sad habili-
ent,

encounter with *Andronicus*

I am *Revenge*, sent from below
with him and right his heinous wrongs.

At his study, where, they say, he keeps
state strange plots of dire revenge;

Revenge is come to join with him,
to confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

TITUS [above] opens his study door.

Who doth molest my contemplation?

What trick to make me ope the door
my sad decrees may fly away

my study be to no effect?
I receive'd; for what I mean to do

in bloody lines I have set down;
it is written shall be executed. ¹⁵

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
O, not a word; how can I grace my

task,
a hand to give it action?

What the odds of me; therefore no more.
If thou didst know me, thou would'st

come with me. ²⁰
I am not mad, I know thee well enough;

this wretched stump, witness these
reason lines;

These trenches made by grief and care;
The tiring day and heavy night;

My sorrow, that I know thee well ²⁵
Oud empress, mighty *Tamora*.

Coming for my other hand?
Now, thou sad man, I am not

Tamora;
enemy, and I thy friend.

Woe, sent from the infernal kingdom
to gnawing vulture of thy mind

to wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Now, and welcome me to this world's

house;
to me of murder and of death.

Not a hollow cave or lurking-place, ³⁰
to security or misty vale,

to bloody murder or detested rape
for fear, but I will find them out;

For ears tell them my dreadful name,
which makes the foul offender quake.

Thou *Revenge*? and art thou sent to ³⁵

to mine enemies?

Now; therefore come down, and wel-
come me.

For some service, ere I come to ⁴⁰

Lo, by thy side where *Rape* and *Murder* stands;

Now give some surance that thou art *Revenge*;

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away, ⁴⁵

And find out murderers in their guilty caves;

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

Trot, like a servile footman, all day long, ⁵⁰
Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east

Until his very downfall in the sea;

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy *Rapine* and *Murder* there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with
me. ⁵⁵

Tit. Are these thy ministers? What are they
call'd?

Tam. *Rape* and *Murder*; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of

men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the *Empress's* sons
they are!

And you, the *Empress*! but we worldly men ⁶⁰
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet *Revenge*, now do I come to thee;

And, if one arm's embracement will content
thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, ⁶⁵

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for *Revenge*;

And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius* his son; ⁷⁰

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

[*Enter TITUS below.*]

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for
thee. ⁷⁵

Welcome, dread *Fury*, to my woeful house;

Rapine and *Murder*, you are welcome too.
How like the *Empress* and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor; ⁸⁰
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the *Empress* never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil. ⁸⁵

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with
him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. ⁹⁰

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done
thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.

Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor; 105

Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house;

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, 115

I will bring in the Empress and her sons,

The Emperor himself and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths. 125

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.

Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too

Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,

As he regards his aged father's life. 130

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. *[Exit.]*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business, And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again, 135

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. *[Aside to her sons.]* What say you, boys? Will you abide with him

Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor

How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140

And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. *[Aside.]* I know them all though they suppose me mad,

And will o'erreach them in their own devices.

A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here. 145

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus! Revenge now goes

To lay a plot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. *[Exit Tamora.]*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine: 150

[Enter PUBLIUS and others.]

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius. 155

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived.

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name; And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them. 160

Of have you heard me wish for such an hour.

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure.

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[Exit Titus. Publius, etc., lay hands on Chiron and Demetrius.]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS with a knife, and Lavinia with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak a word.

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile feat

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death.

My hand cut off and made a merry jest;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity.

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd

What would you say if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats.

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste.

And of the paste a coffin I will rear

And make two pasties of your shameful heads.

And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,

Like to the earth swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to.

the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
than Philomel you us'd my daugh-

er than Progne I will be reveng'd.
prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
he blood; and when that they are

l,
grind their bones to powder small
this hateful liquor temper it ;
it paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
e, be every one officious
his banquet; which I wish may prove
and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*
ing them in, for I'll play the cook,
hem ready against their mother
s.

[*Exeunt [bearing the dead bodies].*]

RE III. *Court of Titus's house.*

IUS, MARCUS, and GOTHs [*with*
AARON prisoner].

le Marcus, since 't is my father's

ir to Rome, I am content.

And ours with thine, befall what

le will.

d uncle, take you in this barbarous

us tiger, this accursed devil ;

live no sustenance, fetter him,

ought unto the Empress' feast,

y of her foul proceedings.

ambush of our friends be strong ;

nperor means no good to us.

a devil whisper curses in mine

me, that my tongue may utter

us malice of my swelling heart !

y, inhuman dog ! unhallowed

uncle to convey him in.

Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. *Flour-*

ish [within].

show the Emperor is at hand.

ts. *Enter SATURNINUS and TA-*

ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, [*Senat-*

iers.

hath the firmament moe suns

a ?

boots it thee to call thyself a

e's emperor, and nephew, break

e ;

s must be quietly debated.

ady, which the careful Titus

to an honourable end,

r love, for league, and good to

efore, draw nigh, and take your

we will.

outboys. A table brought in. [The

company sit down.]

Sound trumpets. Enter TITUS like a cook, plac-
ing the meat on the table ; Lavinia with a veil
over her face ; [young LUCIUS and others].

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome,
dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all ! Although the cheer be
poor,

'T will fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all
well,

To entertain your Highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andro-
nicus.

Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart,
you were.

My lord the Emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflow-
er'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

[*Kills Lavinia.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and

unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have

made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage ; and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? Tell who did

the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat ? Will 't please

your Highness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daugh-
ter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue ;

And they, 't was they, that did her all this

wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that

pie ;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true ; witness my knife's sharp

point.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed

deed !

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father

bleed ?

There 's need for meed, death for a deadly

deed !

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult.*

Lucius, Marcus, and others go

up into the balcony.]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatt' red corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,
[*To Lucius.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as

erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night

When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's
Troy;

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him

speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,

And they it were that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were be-

headed;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel
out

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.

I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise them-

selves.
Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]
Of this was Tamora delivered,

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,

And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs unspeakable, past patience.
Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say ye
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us where
And, from the place where you behold a man

The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down

And on the ragged stones beat forth our bones
And make a mutual closure of our bones

Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say
I shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall
[*Emil.* Come, come, thou reverend man

Rome,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand

Lucius our Emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

[*All.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Em-
peror!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house.
[*To Attendants.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor.
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughter

As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the others descend
[*All.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious Em-

peror!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; may I go

so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her

woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while.

For nature puts me to a heavy task.
Stand all aloof, but, uncle, draw you near.

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lip

[*Kissing Titus.*]
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd

face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lip.

O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, come
learn of us

To melt in showers; thy grandsire lov'd us
well.

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow

Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy.

In that respect, then, like a loving child
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender

spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;

Friends should associate friends in grief and
woe.

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave.
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him

Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even
all my heart
ere dead, so you did live again!
cannot speak to him for weeping;
ill choke me, if I ope my mouth. 178

Enter Attendants with AARON.

You sad Andronici, have done
woes.

ce on this execrable wretch
een breeder of these dire events.
him breast-deep in earth, and fam-
m;

him stand and rave and cry for 180

believes or pities him,

ice he dies. This is our doom.

see him fast'ned in the earth.

why should wrath be mute, and
umb?

I, that with base prayers 185
nt the evils I have done.

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Em-
peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora, 195

No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds;

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds to
prey.

Her life was beastly, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their begin-
ning.

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[Exeunt.]

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

THE First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* appeared in 1597, printed, it is inferred from internal evidence, from copy made up on the basis of a shorthand writer's imperfect report taken at the theatre. The title-page of this edition states that "it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants." This proves it to have been on the stage between July, 1596, and April, 1597, the months during which the "Lord Hunsdon's servants" were so named. Further evidence of date is purely internal, the most definite being the Nurse's reference to the earthquake of eleven years before (1. iii. 22, 23). If, as is often assumed, this refers to the earthquake of 1580, it places the play in its first form as early as 1591; but the ground of the inference is very weak. The frequency of rime, especially alternate, the lyrical quality of the poetry, and the abundance of verbal quibbling, all point to an early date; but in the absence of any external evidence, or of an authentic copy of the play in its first form, no certain statement can be made as to exact date.

The Second Quarto, published in 1599, claims to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," and a comparison of this text with that of the First Quarto confirms this, indicating that the play was subjected to revision and enlargement by Shakespeare about 1597-98, though not all the additional passages in the Second Quarto are due to the revision. The Third Quarto (1609) was printed from the Second, the Fourth (undated) from the Third, and the Fifth (1616) from the Fourth. The First Folio text follows the Second Quarto, which is thus the oldest authority, and forms the basis of the present edition.

The device of escaping from an unwelcome marriage by means of a sleeping potion is found as early as the mediæval Greek romance of *Abrocomas and Anthia* by Xenophon of Ephesus. Masuccio (1476) tells a tale having many points of similarity to the present tragedy; but the earliest known version which is an undoubted direct ancestor of Shakespeare's plot is the history of *Romeo and Giulietta* narrated by Luigi da Porto, and published in Venice about 1580. The progress of the story towards the Shakespearean form continues through a version in *Bambollet Novelle* (1554), Boisteau's translation of the same (1559), the English poem of *Romeus and Juliet* by Arthur Brooke (1562), and Painter's translation of Boisteau in his *Palace of Pleasure* (1576). In Brooke's address "To the Reader" he states that he "saw the same argument lately set forth on stage;" but no copy of the play alluded to is known to have survived in English. About 1630, however, Jacob Struips wrote a *Romeo and Juliette* in Dutch hexameters; and this drama is to be regarded with practical certainty as an adaptation of a lost play used by Shakespeare as a basis, and in all probability that to which Brooke refers (H. deW. Fuller).

The main lines of the dramatic action and of the chief characters were thus already laid down before Shakespeare worked on the story; and he borrowed also a large amount of detail both from the old play and from Brooke. The episode of the Apothecary and the order of events at the catastrophe go back to Boisteau, but to this last Shakespeare himself added the death of Paris at Juliet's tomb. The Nurse as a great comic figure is first developed by Brooke. The death of Mercutio is due to the old dramatist, but the elaboration of his character and his opening of the action with the conflict of the factions. The genius of Shakespeare is more pervasive in the extraordinarily intense quality of the great lyric speeches, and in the representation of the growth and enriching of the lovers in passion and character.

The story was dramatized, before Shakespeare, in Italy, Spain, and France, as well as in England; and many collateral versions in narrative form exist. Shakespeare's tragedy was produced in a corrupt German version in the seventeenth century; and it has been adapted and translated by many hands and in many countries. In Shakespeare's own time the story passed from legend into "history," and the events were stated to have actually occurred in Venice in the first years of the fourteenth century.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Prince of Verona.
A nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
Heads of two houses at variance with each other.
Of the Capulet family.
Montague.
A man to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

Hebrew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
Sister to Lady Capulet.

Capulet, } Franciscana.

Servant to Romeo.
Attendant to Montague.

Monks; several Men and Women, kinsfolk to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }
PETRA, servant to Juliet's nurse.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page.
An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Chorus.

SCENE: Verona; Mantua.]

PROLOGUE

Olds, both alike in dignity,
In a fair city, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where blood makes civil hands unclean.
The fatal loins of these two foes
Produce far-cross'd lovers take their life;
The ventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth cover their death-mark'd parents'

passage of their death-mark'd

continuance of their parents' rage, so
that their children's end, nought could

two hours' traffic of our stage;
You with patient ears attend,
All this, our toil shall strive to

ACT I

[Verona. A public place.]

and GREGORY, of the house of
with swords and bucklers.

By, on my word, we'll not carry

then we should be colliers.

And, an we be in choler, we'll

While you live, draw your neck out

as quickly, being mov'd.

You art not quickly mov'd to

of the house of Montague moves

10

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is
to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou
run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid
of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the
weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being
the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall;
therefore I will push Montague's men from the
wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and
us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a
tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I
will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off
their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their
maidenheads; take it in what sense thou
wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel
it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to
stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of
flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou
hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy
tool; here comes two of the house of Mon-
tagues.

Enter two other serving-men [ABRAHAM and
BALTHASAR].

Sam. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I
will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

5

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. Say "better"; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*]

Enter three or four Citizens [and OFFICERS], with clubs or partisans.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

M. M. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, as let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, — Will they not hear? — What, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins. On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cank'rd with peace, to part your canker'd hate;

If ever you disturb our streets again Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away. You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon To know our farther pleasure in this case. To old Free-town, our common judgment place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [*Exeunt [all but Montague, La. Montague, and Benvolio.]*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel on abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began? *Ben.* Here were the servants of your lady's

sary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them. In the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd, Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head and cut the winds. Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows Came more and more and fought on part and part,

Till the Prince came, who parted either way. *La. Mon.* O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray. *Ben.* Madam, an hour before the wedding shipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east. A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad. Where, underneath the grove of sycamores That westward rooteth from the city's side So early walking did I see your son. Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood. I, measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might be found,

Being one too many by my weary self. Pursued my humour not pursuing his. And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew

to clouds more clouds with his deep
 his;
 soon as the all-cheering sun 140
 the farthest east begin to draw
 y curtains from Aurora's bed,
 m light steals home my heavy son,
 ste in his chamber pens himself,
 his windows, looks fair daylight out,
 as himself an artificial night. 145
 portentous must this humour prove
 d counsel may the cause remove.
 y noble uncle, do you know the
 150
 neither know it nor can learn of him.
 ave you importun'd him by any
 ns? 151
 both by myself and many other
 ids;
 s own affections' counsellor,
 lf—I will not say how true—
 self so secret and so close, 155
 a sounding and discovery,
 ud bit with an envious worm
 spread his sweet leaves to the air
 his beauty to the sun.
 but learn from whence his sorrows
 160
 is willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

, where he comes! So please you,
 side;
 is grievance, or be much demi'd.
 ould thou wert so happy by thy
 rue shrift. Come, madam, let's
 [Exeunt (Montague and Lady). 165
 d morrow, cousin.

Is the day so young?
 new struck nine.

Ay me! sad hours seem long.
 r father that went hence so fast?
 as. What sadness lengthens Ro-
 hours?

having that which, having, makes
 short. 170
 ve?

ve?
 of her favour, where I am in love.
 that love, so gentle in his view, 175
 tyrannous and rough in proof!
 , that love, whose view is muffled

ut eyes, see pathways to his will!
 ve dine? O me! What fray was

ot, for I have heard it all. 180
 to do with hate, but more with

brawling love! O loving hate!
 f nothing first create!
 nees! serious vanity! 185
 aos of well-seeming forms!
 ad, bright smoke, cold fire, sick

leep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. 191

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preest
 With more of thine. This love that thou hast
 shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine
 own. 195

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.
 What is it else? A madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. 200
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have left myself; I am not
 here.

This is not Romeo; he's some otherwhere.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you
 love? 205

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his
 will,—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you
 lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's
 fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest
 hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not
 be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit; 215
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd.

'Gainst Love's weak childish bow she lives un-
 harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. 220

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
 live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
 huge waste;

For beauty starv'd with her severity 225

Cute beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow 230

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to
 think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the wild 235

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. A street.]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and the Clown [a SERVANT].

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be.
Which on more view of, many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [To Servant.] Go, sirrah,
trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[Exeunt [Capulet and Paris].]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person

hath here writ. I must to the learned.—Is good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;

One pain is less'n'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning:
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it by vain book. But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Reads.] "Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beautiful sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena." A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[Exit Servant.]
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Supper the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st. With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show. And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn away;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first the world began.

'ut, you saw her fair, none else being
 ois'd with herself in either eye; ¹⁰⁸
 at crystal scales let there be weigh'd
 's love against some other maid
 ll show you shining at this feast,
 shall scant show well that now seems
 'll go along no such sight to be
 vn, ¹⁰⁹
 nce in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

III. *A room in Capulet's house.*

LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call
 orth to me.
 Now, by my maidenhead at twelve
 old,
 come. What, lamb! What, lady-
 !—Where's this girl? What, Ju-

Enter JULIET.

now! Who calls?

Your mother.

Madam, I am here.

ir will?

This is the matter. — Nurse, give
 a while,
 alk in secret. — Nurse, come back
 ;
 nb'red me, thou 's hear our counsel.
 at my daughter's of a pretty age. ¹⁰
 uth, I can tell her age unto an

She 's not fourteen.

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
 my teen be it spoken, I have but

urteen. How long is it now
 tide?

A fortnight and odd days. ¹⁵
 en or odd, of all days in the year,
 as-eve at night shall she be four-

e — God rest all Christian souls! —
 ge. Well, Susan is with God;
 ood for me. But, as I said, ²⁰
 ve at night shall she be fourteen;
 s, marry; I remember it well.
 earthquake now eleven years;
 wean'd, — I never shall forget

s of the year, upon that day. ²⁵
 n laid wormwood to my dug,
 sun under the dove-house wall;
 ou were then at Mantua; —
 r a brain; — but, as I said,
 aste the wormwood on the nipple
 d felt it bitter, pretty fool, ³⁰
 y and fall out wi' the dug!
 the dove-house; 't was no need,

ige.

And since that time it is eleven years; ³⁵
 For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by
 the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;
 For even the day before, she broke her brow;
 And then my husband — God be with his soul!
 'A was a merry man — took up the child. ⁴⁰

"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy
 face?"

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more
 wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying and said, "Ay."
 To see, now, how a jest shall come about! ⁴⁵
 I warrant, as I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not,
 Jule?" quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said, "Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
 thy peace.

Nurse. Yea, madam; yet I cannot choose
 but laugh, ⁵⁰

To think it should leave crying and say, "Ay."
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
 A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy
 face?" ⁵⁵

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to
 age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said,
 "Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee
 to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
 An I might live to see thee married once, ⁶⁰
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very
 theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your dispositions to be married? ⁶⁵

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
 nurse,

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from
 thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;
 younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, ⁷⁰
 Are made already mothers. By my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! Lady, such a
 man ⁷⁵

As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
 flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
 flower.

La. Cap. What say you? Can you love the
 gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; ⁸⁰
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament
 And see how one another lends content,
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
 For fair without the fair within to hide.
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow
 by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of
 Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
 serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for,
 the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything
 in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech
 you, follow straight. *[Exit.*

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County
 stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
 days. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. A street.]

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five
 or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for
 our excuse?
 Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Searing the ladies like a crow-keeper;
 [Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance;]
 But let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this
 ambling;
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
 dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing
 shoes
 With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
 And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore pierc'd with his shaft
 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
 love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
 Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like
 thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough
 with love;
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
 down. —

Give me a case to put my visage in,
[Puts on a mask.]

A visor for a visor! what care I
 What curious eye doth quote deformities?
 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and
 sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wanton light
 heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase.
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's
 own word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the
 mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in dark
 day.

We waste our lights in vain, light lights
 day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgement
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to the
 mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers dream
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream
 things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been
 with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies

Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 Her traces of the smallest spider web.

Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of file.

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmaker.

And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream

of love;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers'

straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream

of fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues

their breath with sweetmeats tainted

she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
dreams he of smelling out a suit;
time comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
dreams of another benefice.
she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
as, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
five fathom deep; and then anon
his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
thus frighted swears a prayer or two
again. This is that very Mab
the manes of horses in the night,
the elf-looks in foul sluttish hairs,
as untangled, much misfortune bodes.
hag, when maids lie on their backs,
as them and learns them first to bear,
as women of good carriage.

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! ⁷⁰
st of nothing.

True, I talk of dreams,
the children of an idle brain,
something but vain fantasy.
thin of substance as the air
inconstant than the wind, who woos
he frozen bosom of the north, ¹⁰¹
anger'd, puffs away from thence,
face to the dew-dropping south.
s wind you talk of blows us from
ves.
ne, and we shall come too late. ¹⁰⁵
ear, too early; for my mind mis-

quence yet hanging in the stars
y begin his fearful date
ght's revels, and expire the term
l life clos'd in my breast ¹¹⁰
forfeit of untimely death.
hath the steerage of my course
il! On, lusty gentlemen!
se, drum.

[*They march about the stage.*
[*Exeunt.*]

V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

sitting.] Enter SERVING-MEN, with
napkins.

Where 's Potpan, that he helps not
? He shaft a trencher! He scrape

When good manners shall lie all in
on's hands, and they unwash'd too,
ng.

Away with the joint-stools, remove
board, look to the plate. Good
a piece of marchpane; and, as
ne, let the porter let in Susan
d Nell. Antony and Potpan! ¹¹
boy, ready.

ou are look'd for and call'd for,
sought for, in the great cham-

cannot be here and there too.

Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer
liver take all. [*They retire.*]

Enter [CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his
house, meeting] the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have
their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all ²⁰
Will now deny to dance? She that makes
dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near
ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is
gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musi-
cians, play.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables
up, ²⁵

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years. ³⁰

Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not
so much.

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

2. Cap. 'T is more, 't is more. His son is
elder, sir; ³⁵
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Serving-man.*] What lady's that
which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir. ⁴⁰

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, ⁴⁵
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of

stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. ⁵⁰

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Mon-
tague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, ⁵⁵
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore
storm you so?

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus be-
screen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dis-
like.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine
eye

Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest
sea,

I should adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on
my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say
"Ay,"

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my love
light;

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must
confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was warn'd,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the in-
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Least that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I see
thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden.

Too like the lightning, which doth ease
to be

Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's rising
breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose
rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did
quest it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am almost
Being in night, all this is but a dream.

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[Re-enter JULIET, above.]

Three words, dear Romeo, and good-
night indeed.

By bent of love be honourable,
Dose marriage, send me word to-mor-

row,
That I'll procure to come to thee, 145
And what time thou wilt perform the

rites;
My fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
Down thee my lord throughout the world.

[Within.] Madam!
Come, anon. — But if thou mean'st
well, 150

Wait on thee —
[Within.] Madam!

By and by, I come: —
Thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

Now will I send.

So thrive my soul —
Thousand times good-night! 155

[Exit above.]
Thousand times the worse, to want
light.

Toward love, as schoolboys from their
books, 160

From love, toward school with heavy
sides. [Retiring.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

What! Romeo, hie! O, for a falconer's
eye, 165

That tassel-gentle back again!
Hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

I tear the cave where Echo lies,
Her airy tongue more hoarse than

My own, in imitation of my [Romeo's name.]

Is my soul, that calls upon my name.
Sweet sound lovers' tongues by 170

Music to attending ears!
O!

My dear?

What o'clock to-morrow
to thee?

By the hour of nine.
I'll not fail; 'tis twenty year till 175

That I'll do thee back.
I'll stand here till thou remember

Me, I'll forget, to have thee still stand
By me how I love thy company.

I'll still stay, to have thee still
With me 180

My other home but this.
Almost morning, I would have thee

—
Farther than a wanton's bird;
Toop a little from her hand,

Prisoner in his twisted gyves, 185
Ilken thread plucks it back again,
Lous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet
sorrow, 185

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
[Exit, above.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. 190
[Exit.]

[SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR [LAURENCE], with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the
frowning night,

Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of
light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb; 195

And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true quali-
ties; 200

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair
use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. 205
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Enter ROMEO.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers
each part; 210

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worse is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 215
Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed,

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, 220
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd

brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign;

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature;

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse;—behind the abbey wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

"Two may keep counsel, putting one away"?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? Both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *[Exit Romeo.]*
Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.]

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over louring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;
But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead.
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE [and PETER].

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news!
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man even.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I the news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! Can you not stir a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that.

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo, no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no! But all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!

Bestrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art so well.

weet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says
love?

Your love says, like an honest gen-
and a courteous, and a kind, and a
e, and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where
mother?

Where is my mother! why, she is
thin;

ould she be? How oddly thou re-
set!

ve says, like an honest gentleman,
s your mother? "

O God's lady dear!
o hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
e poultice for my aching bones?

ward do your messages yourself.

ere's such a coil! — Come, what says
neo?

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-
?

ave.
Then hie you hence to Friar Lau-
e's cell;

s a husband to make you a wife.
s the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
s in scarlet straight at any news.

church; I must another way,
ladder, by the which your love

s a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
rudge and toil in your delight,

all bear the burden soon at night.
dinner; hie you to the cell.

s to high fortune! Honest nurse,
well. [Exeunt.]

CE VI. Friar Lawrence's cell.]

FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

o smile the heavens upon this holy

hours with sorrow chide us not!
nen, amen! but come what sorrow

untervail the exchange of joy
ort minute gives me in her sight.

close our hands with holy words,
evouring Death do what he dare;

I may but call her mine.
hese violent delights have violent

triumph die, like fire and powder,
hey kiss consume. The sweetest

s in his own deliciousness
aste confounds the appetite;

ve moderately; long love doth so;
rives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

the lady. O, so light a foot
ear out the everlasting flint.

bestride the gossamer
the wanton summer air,

fall; so light is vanity.

even to my ghostly confessor.
omeo shall thank thee, daughter,
both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.

They are but beggars that can count their
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. A public place.]

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and men.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps
me his sword upon the table and says, "God
send me no need of thee!" and by the opera-
tion of the second cup draws him on the drawer,
when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard,
than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man
for cracking nuts, having no other reason
but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye
but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel?
Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full
of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as
addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast
quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street,
because he hath awakened thy dog that hath
lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out
with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before
Easter? with another, for tying his new
shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor
me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my
life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise Till thou shalt know the reason of my love; And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *Alla stoccata* carries it away. [*Draws.*]

Tyb. Thou, rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your *passado*. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath Forbid this bandying in Verona streets. Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio, and flies.*]

Mer. I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; nay, 't is enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor wide as a church-door; but 't is enough. 't will serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a bragging, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I am hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. I have it, And soundly too. Your houses!

[*Exeunt [Mercutio and Benvolio]*]

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal bed In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander. — Tybalt, that slave Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on me still doth depend;

This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio dead! Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine it. [*They fight; Tybalt*

Romeo, away, be gone!
 zens are up, and Tybalt slain.
 ot amard; the Prince will doom thee
 ath
 art taken. Hence, be gone, away! 140
 O, I am fortune's fool!

Why dost thou stay?
 [Exit Romeo.]

Enter CITIZENS.

Which way ran he that kill'd Mer-
 tio?
 hat murderer, which way ran he?
 Here lie that Tybalt.

Up, sir, go with me;
 thee in the Prince's name, obey. 148

RINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their*
WIVES, and all.

Where are the vile beginners of this
 y?

noble Prince, I can discover all
 sky manage of this fatal brawl.
 the man, slain by young Romeo,
 thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 150
 Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
 d!

O cousin! husband! O, the blood is
 t

r kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
 of ours, shed blood of Montague.

cousin! 152
 benolio, who began this bloody fray?
 balt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
 slay!

it spoke him fair, bid him bethink
 the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

displeasure; all this uttered 156
 le breath, calm look, knees humbly

d,
 take trace with the unruly spleen
 deaf to peace, but that he tilts

ing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
 s hot, turns deadly point to point, 158

a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 aside, and with the other sends

Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Romeo he cries aloud,

sends! friends, part!" and, swifter
 his tongue, 170

m beats down their fatal points,
 : them rushes; underneath whose

thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 rcutio, and then Tybalt fled;

by comes back to Romeo, 178

et newly entertain'd revenge,
 ey go like lightning, for, ere I

to part them, was stout Tybalt

fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
 ruth, or let Benolio die. 180

He is a kinsman to the Montague;
 akes him false; he speaks not true.

ty of them fought in this black

se twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 182

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend;

His fault concludeth but what the law should
 end, 190

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
 Immediately we do exile him hence.

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-

ing;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 198

That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 200
 Bear hence this body and attend our will.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
 [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.]

Enter JULIET, alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phaëbus' lodging; such a waggoner

As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately. 4

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaway's eyes may wink; and, Romeo,

Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,

And by their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,

Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love grow
 bold, 15

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day

in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd

night, 20

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun. 25

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,

Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my

nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that
 speaks

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. ⁵⁰
[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo! ⁴¹
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more ⁴⁵
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not I, if there be such an ay;
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no. ⁵⁰

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —

God save the mark! — here on his manly breast.
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse!
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, ⁵⁵

All in gore-blood; I swoonded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! ⁶⁰

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaught' red, and is Tybalt dead? ⁶⁵
My dearest cousin, and my dearest lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. ⁷⁰

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! ⁷⁵

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish ravenous lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, ⁸⁰
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissembling.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some ⁸⁵
vice;

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be seen;
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my band?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have made it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my band.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native eye!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would but

slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's

death,

That murd' red me; I would forget it, but
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished."

That "banished," that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's

death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woes delights in fellowship

And needfully will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said, "Tybalt's

dead,"

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have wrought?

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished," to speak that word.

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe

sound.

Where is my father and my mother, ⁸⁵
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's

corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears.
Mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are be-
guil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.

you for a highway to my bed,
said, die maiden-widowed. 15
de, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-
; not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Ro-

t you; I wot well where he is.
your Romeo will be here at night. 16
; he is hid at Laurence's cell.
find him! Give this ring to my true
ht,
im come to take his last farewell.

[*Ereunt.*]

TE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

AR LAURENCE, ROMEO [*following*].

Romeo, come forth; come forth,
fearful man:

s enamour'd of thy parts,
rt wedded to calamity.
ther, what news? What is the
e's doom?

w craves acquaintance at my hand,
know not?

Too familiar
son with such sour company.

tidings of the Prince's doom.
hat less than dooms-day is the
e's doom?

gentler judgement vanish'd from
e, 10

death, but body's banishment.
banishment! Be merciful, say

;
th more terror in his look,
than death. Do not say banish-

ere from Verona art thou ban- 15

or the world is broad and wide.
are is no world without Verona

y, torture, hell itself.
ed is banish'd from the world,
exile is death; then "banished" 20
-term'd. Calling death "banish-

ny head off with a golden axe,
upon the stroke that murders me.
deadly sin! O rude unthankful-

r law calls death; but the kind 25

art, hath rush'd aside the law,
that black word death to banish-

eracy, and thou seest it not.
torture, and not mercy. Heaven

lives; and every cat and dog 30

use, every unworthy thing,
eaven and may look on her;

ay not. More validity,
ble state, more courtship lives 35

s than Romeo; they may seize 35

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished. 40

This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished:

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so
mean, 45

But "banished" to kill me? — "Banished"?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word "banished"?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little
speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish-
ment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off
that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 55
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished"? Hang up philoso-
phy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no
ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy
estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 65
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me and like me banished
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou

tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[*Knocking within.*]
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo,
hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's
there? Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. — Stay a while! — Stand
up; [*Knocking.* 75

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,
What simpleness is this! — I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*]
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you?

What's your will?

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! 85

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blub-
b'ring.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Death's the end of
all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with
her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 95

With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what
says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps
and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, 100

And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell
me, 105

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may
sack

The hateful mansion.

*[He offers to stab himself, and the
Nurse snatches the dagger
away.]*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand!

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts de-
note 110

The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd. 115

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thy-
self,

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet 120

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst
lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy
wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit. 125

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both.

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismemb'red with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive. 130

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill the.

But thou slowest Tybalt: there art thou happy.
The law that threat'ned death becomes thy

friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. 135

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in his best array;

But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserably.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed; 140

Ascend her chamber; hence! and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set.

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua, 145

Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee husband.
With twenty hundred thousand times more
joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady; 150

And bid her hasten all the house to bed.
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all
the night

To hear good counsel. O, what learning's! 155

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
chide.

*[Nurse offers to go in, and now
again.]*

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by
this! *[Exit Nurse.]*

Fri. L. Go hence; good-night; and be-
stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man.
And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 't is late. Farewell; good-
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me.
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

Farewell. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt
ly,
I. Well, we were born to die.
ate, she'll not come down to-night;
you, but for your company,
ve been a-bed an hour ago.
ese times of woe afford no times to

ood-night; commend me to your
hter.

I will, and know her mind early
orrow;
e's mewed up to her heaviness.

Paris, I will make a desperate
r
l's love. I think she will be rul'd
acts by me; nay, more, I doubt it

u to her ere you go to bed;
r here of my son Paris' love;
— mark you me? — on Wednesday
— what day is this?

Monday, my lord.
day! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday
soon,
let it be, — o' Thursday, tell her,
married to this noble earl.

ready? Do you like this haste?
no great ado, — a friend or two;
u, Tybalt being slain so late,
ought we held him carelessly,
insman, if we revel much;
e'll have some half a dozen friends,
a end. But what say you to Thurs-

lord, I would that Thursday were
row.

I, get you gone; o' Thursday be
n.
liet ere you go to bed;
wife, against this wedding-day.
r lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
is so very late that we
arly by and by. Good-night.
[Exeunt.

sc V. Capulet's orchard.]

ROMEO and JULIET, aloft.

thou be gone? it is not yet near

ghtingale, and not the lark,
the fearful hollow of thine ear;
ngs on yond pomegranate-tree.
ve, it was the nightingale.
as the lark, the herald of the

le. Look, love, what envious

vering clouds in yonder east.
ss are burnt out, and jocund day
on the misty mountain tops.
e and live, or stay and die.
ight is not day-light, I know it, I;
eor that the sun exhales,
this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay than will to go.

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is 't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathed toad change

eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting harsh hence with hunt's-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and

dark our woes!

Enter NURSE [from the chamber].

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your

chamber.

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life

out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll

descend. [He goeth down.]

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, hus-

band, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. [From below.] Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet

again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes

shall serve

For sweet discourses in our times to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes do you;

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[Exit.]

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee

fickle;

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [Aside.] Villain and he be many miles asunder. —

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —

Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin [Tybalt]
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are these, beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to me.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate.

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drink dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? What, still tears?

Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitst a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body

is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wilt

Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? Doth she not give thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thank's that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant to be.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not;"

And yet "not proud." Mistress minion, you
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no

prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday

next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church.

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you

baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

od father, I beseech you on my knees,
with patience but to speak a word. 100
ang thee, young baggage! disobedient
ch!
what: get thee to church o' Thurs-

fter look me in the face.
reply not, do not answer me!
itch. Wife, we scarce thought us 105

ad lent us but this only child;
see this one is one too much,
e have a curse in having her.
hilding!

God in heaven bless her!
blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170
d why, my lady wisdom? Hold
tongue,
nce; amatter with your gossips, go.
speak no treason.

O, God ye god-den.
lay not one speak?

Peace, you mumbling fool!
gravity o'er a gossip's bowl; 175
need it not.

You are too hot.
's bread! it makes me mad.
hour, tide, time, work, play,
mpany, still my care hath been
r match'd; and having now pro- 180

of noble parentage,
snes, youthful and nobly train'd,
ey say, with honourable parts,
as one's thought would wish a

have a wretched puling fool, 185
ammot, in her fortune's tender
'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
ng; I pray you, pardon me."
will not wed, I'll pardon you.
you will, you shall not house with 190

sink on 't, I do not use to jest.
near; lay hand on heart, advise.
ine, I'll give you to my friend;
ot, hang, beg, starve, die in the

oul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
ine shall never do thee good. 195
ethink you; I'll not be forsworn.
[Exit.]

re no pity sitting in the clouds,
the bottom of my grief?
nother, cast me not away! 200
rriage for a month, a week;
not, make the bridal bed
onument where Tybalt lies.
'alk not to me, for I'll not speak

it, for I have done with thee. 205

[Exit.]
I — O nurse, how shall this be
ed?

on earth, my faith in heaven;
t faith return again to earth,
sband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me!
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strat-
agems. 211

Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of
joy?

Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to no-
thing. 215

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman! 220

Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beahrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not, 225
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beahrew
them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvel-
lous much. 230

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely
done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked
fiend! 235

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above com-
pare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy; 241
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? The time is very
short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's
mind.

Uneven is the course, I like it not. 245

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 250
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15

Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him. 25

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that, 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears,
with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it. 35

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help! 45

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this, 50

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; 55

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60

Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope, 65

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame

That cop'st with Death himself to scape him,
if it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of any tower,

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring

bears,

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rusty

bones,

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.

Or bid me go into a new-made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,

Things that, to hear them told, have made me

tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then. Go home, be marry, 70

consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;

Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall

run

A cold and drowsy humour; for no paine

Shall keep his native progress, but success.

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest.

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To pale ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like

death:

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning

comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou

dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes uncovered on the bier

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this groaning

shame;

constant toy, nor womanish fear,
 y valour in the acting it. 120
 ive me, give me! O, tell not me of
 r!
 Hold; get you gone, be strong and
 sperous
 solve. I'll send a friar with speed
 is, with my letters to thy lord.
 ove give me strength! and strength
 ll help afford. 125
 dear father! [Exeunt.]

NE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

PULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and
 SERVING-MEN, two or three.

many guests invite as here are writ.
 [Exit 1. Servant.]

hire me twenty cunning cooks.
 You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll
 can lick their fingers.

ow canst thou try them so?
 Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that can-
 s own fingers; therefore he that can-
 s fingers goes not with me.

, be gone. [Exit 2. Servant.]
 e much unfurnish'd for this time. 10
 y daughter gone to Friar Laurence?
 ay, forsooth.

all, he may chance to do some good
 r.
 self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

ee where she comes from shrift with
 r look. 15
 w now, my headstrong! where have
 een gadding?
 re I have learn'd me to repent the

ent opposition
 your behests, and am enjoin'd
 rence to fall prostrate here, 20
 r pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
 rd I am ever rul'd by you.
 i for the County; go tell him of

is knot knit up to-morrow morn-
 t the youthful lord at Laurence's 25

m what becomed love I might,
 o'er the bounds of modesty.
 , I am glad on't; this is well;
 ap.

ould be. Let me see the County;
 o, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
 od! this reverend holy friar,
 e city is much bound to him.
 , will you go with me into my

ort such needful ornaments
 fit to furnish me to-morrow? 35
 No, not till Thursday; there is
 ough.
 urse, go with her; we'll to church
 ow. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
 'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, 40
 wife;

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
 I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
 I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
 They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
 To County Paris, to prepare up him 45
 Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous
 light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
 [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*]

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle
 nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of 5
 sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need
 you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
 saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you; 10
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night.
 Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
 [Exeunt (Lady Capulet and Nurse).]

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall
 meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my
 veins, 15

That almost freezes up the heat of life.
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.
 Nurse! — What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone. 20
 Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
 No, no; this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[Laying down her dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minist'ered to have me dead, 25
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not.
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
 in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like, 35
 The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

*[She falls upon her bed, within the
curtains.]*

[SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick to-mor-
row
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit! What! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt
in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four [SERVING-MEN,] with spits,
logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there?

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit 1. Serv.]*
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Cap. Maas, and well said; a merry wha-
son, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 't is
day. *[Music within.]*

The County will be here with music straight.
For so he said he would. I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, say!

Re-enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste.
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come a-
ready.

Make haste, I say. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*]

[Enter NURSE.]

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! —
Fast, I warrant her, she. —

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slugs! —
Why, love, I say, madam! sweetheart! —
bride!

What, not a word? You take your past
worths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I ver-
rant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive a-
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, awake
madam!

Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[Draws back the curtain.]

What, dress'd, and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! —
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her bed
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead;
alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to
te me wail,
y tongue, and will not let me speak.

IAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with
MUSICIANS.

Come, is the bride ready to go to
ch?

ady to go, but never to return.
night before thy wedding-day
h lain with thy wife. There she lies,
she was, deflowered by him.
y son-in-law, Death is my heir;
er he hath wedded. I will die
him all; life, living, all is Death's.
ve I thought long to see this morn-
face

give me such a sight as this?
Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,
ul day!

able hour that e'er time saw
about of his pilgrimage!
or one, one poor and loving child,
ng to rejoice and solace in,
eath hath catch'd it from my sight!
woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful

able day, most woeful day,
ver, I did yet behold!
y! O day! O hateful day!
een so black a day as this.
y, O woeful day!
uill'd, divorced, wronged, spited,

ble Death, by thee beguil'd,
el thee quite overthrow'n!
e! not life, but love in death!
is'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,

le time, why cam'st thou now
urder our solemnity?
ild! my soul, and not my child!
al! Alack! my child is dead;
child my joys are buried.
ace, ho, for shame! Confusion's
es not

usions. Heaven and yourself
his fair maid; now heaven hath

etter is it for the maid.
er you could not keep from death,
eeps his part in eternal life.
sought was her promotion,
r heaven she should be advanc'd;
ow, seeing she is advanc'd
uds, as high as heaven itself?
you love your child so ill,
nad, seeing that she is well.
married that lives married long;
st married that dies married

ars, and stick your rosemary
se; and, as the custom is,
array bear her to church;
d nature bids us all lament,
ars are reason's merriment.
ngs that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with
him;

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high
will.

[*Exeunt [Capulet, Lady Capulet,
Paris, and Friar].*]

1. Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put
up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

1. Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

[*Enter [PETER].*]

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's
ease, Heart's ease!" O, an you will have me
live, play "Heart's ease."

1. Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself
plays "My heart is full of woe." O, play me
some merry dump to comfort me.

1. Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to
play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1. Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1. Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek;
I will give you the minstrel.

1. Mus. Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's
dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets;
I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

1. Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note
us.

2. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger. Answer me like men:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
[And doleful dumps the mind oppress,]
Then music with her silver sound" —

why "silver sound"? Why "music with her
silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a
sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. Mus. I say "silver sound," because musi-
cians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James
Soundpost?

3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer.
I will say for you. It is "music with her silver

sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress."

[Exit.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[Exeunt. 100

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. Mantua. A street.]

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, his man, bootied.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts 'a dwells, — which late I noted
In tatt'ring weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of resin,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
"An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need.
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!"

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear,
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may full dead,
And that the trunk may be discharge'd of blood
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou sell'st
not sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell! Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[Exit.]

[SCENE II. Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, be

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of
Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Going to find a bare-foot brother

order, to associate me,
is city visiting the sick,
him, the searchers of the town,
that we both were in a house
infectious pestilence did reign,
he doors, and would not let us forth;
speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Who bare my letter, then, to Ro-

I could not send it,—here it is
—
messenger to bring it thee,
were they of infection.
Unhappy fortune! By my brother-

was not nice but full of charge
ort, and the neglecting it
ch danger. Friar John, go hence;
ron crow, and bring it straight
ll.

Brother, I'll go and bring it

How must I to the monument alone;
three hours will fair Juliet wake.
brow me much that Romeo
notice of these accidents;
rite again to Mantua,
at my cell till Romeo come;
corse, clos'd in a dead man's

*A churchyard; in it a tomb belong-
ing to the Capulets.]*

and his PAGE with flowers and
weet water [and a torch].

me thy torch, boy. Hence, and
loof.

t, for I would not be seen.
ew-trees lay thee all along,
ear close to the hollow ground;
ot upon the churchyard tread,
nfirm, with digging up of graves,
t hear it. Whistle then to me,
thou hear'st something approach.
flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
de.] I am almost afraid to stand

churchyard; yet I will adven-

ower, with flowers thy bridal bed

canopy is dust and stones—
weet water nightly I will dew,
that, with tears distill'd by

that I for thee will keep
ve to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whistles.
warning something doth ap-

not wanders this way to-night,
sequies and true love's rite?
orch! Muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, a
mattock, and a crow of iron.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrench-
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge
thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead
finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy
limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.

Take thou that;
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. [Aside.] For all this same, I'll hide me
hereabout.

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of
death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Mon-
tague,

That murd'ring my love's cousin, with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursued further than
death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obay, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence, and leave me; think upon these
gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! *[They fight.]*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. *[Exit.]*

Par. O, I am slain! *[Falls.]* If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaught'ring youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death. O, how may I

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial Death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again. Here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,

here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars,

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your

last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! *[Drinks.]* O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with lantern, crow,

and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft

to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's

there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,

It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,

One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear

comes upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree,

I dreamt my master and another fought.

And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enter the monk.]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris?

And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an untimely

hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. *[Juliet rises.]*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be.

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come thou

that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come!

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of them

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

Come, go, good Juliet *[Noise again.]* I dare no

longer stay. *[Exit Fri. L.]*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not stir

What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true

hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them.

To make me die with a restorative.

Thy lips are warm.

Enter WATCH, with the PAGE of Paris.

1. *Watch.* Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief.

happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.]

sheath (*Stabs herself*); there rust,
let me die. ¹⁷⁰

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies*.]
This is the place; there, where the
both burn.

The ground is bloody; search
it the churchyard.

If you, whose'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

But here lies the County slain;

bleeding, warm, and newly dead, ¹⁷⁵

hath lain this two days buried.

Prince; run to the Capulets;

the Montagues; some others search.

[*Exeunt others.*]

On ground whereon these woes do

On ground of all these piteous woes
without circumstance descry. ¹⁸¹

[*Enter of the WATCH, with*] BALTHASAR.

Here's Romeo's man; we found
in the churchyard.

Hold him in safety till the Prince
hither.

[*Enter*] WATCHMAN, with FRIAR LAU-
RENCE.

Here is a friar, that trembles,
and weeps.

His mattock and this spade from ¹⁸⁵

coming from this churchyard side.

A great suspicion. Stay the friar

the PRINCE [*and Attendants*].

What misadventure is so early up,
for person from our morning rest?

LET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Should it be, that they so shriek
? ¹⁹⁰

Oh! the people in the street cry

and some Paris; and all run,

tery, toward our monument.

What fear is this which startles in

?

Sovereign, here lies the County

in; ¹⁹⁵

dead; and Juliet, dead before,

kill'd.

Search, seek, and know how this

order comes.

Here is a friar, and slaughter'd

man,

fits upon them, fit to open ²⁰⁰

men's tombs.

Ay, O wife, look how our

bleeds!

What mista'en, — for, lo, his house

is back of Montague, —

hath in my daughter's bosom!

me! this sight of death is as a ²⁰⁵

old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE [*and others*].

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early
up.

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-
night; ²¹⁰

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

What further wo conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in

this, ²¹⁵

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a

while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true

descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death. Meantime for-
bear, ²²⁰

And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,

Yet most suspected, as the time and place ²²⁵

Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost

know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of

breath ²³⁰

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful

wife.

I married them; and their stolen marriage-day

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this

city, ²³⁵

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

To County Paris. Then comes she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage, ²⁴¹

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect ²⁴⁵

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, ²⁵⁰

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, ²⁵⁵

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;

But when I came, some minute ere the time

Of her awakening, here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, ²⁶⁰

And bear this work of heaven with patience.

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage 263
 Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy 270
 man.
 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to
 this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
 death;
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father, 278
 And threat'ned me with death, going in the
 vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the
 watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his 281
 lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And by and by my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch. 285

Prince. This letter doth make good the
 friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death.
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate.
 That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with
 love.

And I for winking at your discords too
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
 That whiles Verona by that name is known.
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie.
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
 brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his face
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
 For never was a story of more woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exit]

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

gedy of *Julius Cæsar* was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The earlier limit for the composition is presumably fixed by its absence from the list given in Meres's *Palladis* 598; and a later limit is found in an allusion to the speeches of Brutus and Antony ens in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, published in 1601. But Weever states in his that his work "some two years ago was made fit for the print"; and this piece of strengthened by an apparent reference in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* this play (III. i.) Clove, a talker of fustian, is made to quote, "reason long since is als," which may, perhaps, derive its point from *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii. 109. With the uggested, 1599, the metrical tests and the characteristics of style are in sufficient and few modern critics place the play later than 1601. An argument has been based f the word "eternal" in I. ii. 160. In 1600, it is urged, Shakespeare was still using in such passages, but after that date he substituted "eternal," apparently out of the Puritan agitation which culminated in legislation against profanity and other e stage. But this loses its force when it is observed that the change may here, as tances, have been made at a later date, and that it is by no means certain that wished to say "infernal."

y of *Julius Cæsar* had been treated on the Elizabethan stage before Shakespeare agedy, but it has not yet been shown that he made use of any earlier version, scholars have argued that the present play is the result of the combination of two as dealing respectively with the death and the avenging of *Julius Cæsar*. The evi-n extant Dutch play of foreign origin has not yet been brought to bear on the prob-ot questioned, however, that Shakespeare drew heavily on Plutarch's lives of Cæsar, Antony, which he read in Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's French ver-e portion of the play consists merely of North's language turned into blank verse, tle heightening of the imaginative quality which Shakespeare habitually added to and much that has puzzled readers in the unheroic character of Cæsar finds its ex-he text of Plutarch. Cæsar's great exploits are narrated in Plutarch's *Life*, but part which Shakespeare did not use; and the later section taken alone conveys e same impression of Cæsar's pomposity and weaknesses as is given by the earlier lay. The characters of Casca and Lepidus are hardly hinted at by Plutarch. ngthened by changing him from a man who was "too familiar with his friends, t too broadly with them," to one who smiles seldom, and by the omission of the f his hatred of Cæsar. Brutus is still more idealized. Several details that might rm his dignity are omitted, and the boy Lucius is invented that by the picture of might be emphasized the tenderness of Brutus's disposition. The soliloquy of h the workings of his mind before the assassination are laid bare, the scene in at in which the conspirators bathe their arms in Cæsar's blood, and the speech of Cæsar's dead body are wholly Shakespeare's; while the orations of Brutus and ar's funeral are elaborated from the slightest hints.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs after the death of
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Julius Cæsar.
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }
 CICERO, } senators.
 PUBLIUS, }
 POPILIUS LENA, }
 MARCUS BRUTUS, }
 CASSIUS, }
 CASCIA, }
 TREBONIUS, } conspirators against Julius
 LIGARIUS, } Cæsar.
 DECIVS BRUTUS, }
 METELLIVS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }
 FLAVIVS and MARVLLVS, tribunes.
 ANTEPIDORVS of Cnidus, a teacher of Rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.
 CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.
 LUCILIUS, }
 TITINIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius
 MESSALA, }
 YOUNG CATO, }
 VOLVMENTVS, }
 VARRO, }
 CLITVS, } servants to Brutus.
 CLAVDIUS, }
 STRATO, }
 LUCIVS, }
 DARDANIUS, }
 PINDARVS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.
 PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.]*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Rome. A street.*]

Enter FLAVIVS, MARVLLVS, and certain COMMONERS over the stage.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they

are in great danger, I re-cover them. As poor men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoon; I get myself into more work. But, indeed, as we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than common less things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The five-long day, with patient expectation To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome And when you saw his chariot but appear Have you not made an universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
 all the poor men of your sort ;
 em to Tiber banks, and weep your
 channel, till the lowest stream
 be most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
 ar their basest metal be not mov'd ;
 ah tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 own that way towards the Capitol ;
 will I. Diarobe the images
 find them deck'd with ceremonies. 70
 ay we do so ?

it is the feast of Lupercal.
 t is no matter ; let no images
 ith Cæsar's trophies. I'll about
 away the vulgar from the streets ; 75
 too, where you perceive them thick.
 wing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's

him fly an ordinary pitch,
 ould soar above the view of men
 is all in servile fearfulness. 80

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

AR ; ANTONY, *for the course* ; CAL-
 Portia, Decius, Cicero, BRUTUS,
 and CASCIA ; [*a great crowd follow-
 ing them*] a SOOTH-SAYER : *after them*
 and Flavius.

urnia !

Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

Calpurnia !

ay, my lord.

ou directly in Antonius' way
 th run his course. Antonius !
 ar, my lord ?

et not, in your speed, Antonius,
 urnia ; for our elders say,
 touched in this holy chase,
 eir sterile curse.

I shall remember :

says, " Do this," it is perform'd.
 on ; and leave no ceremony out. 11

[*Flourish.*]

ar !

who calls ?

d every noise be still ; peace yet

is it in the press that calls on

ie, shriller than all the music,
 ! " Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to

are the ides of March.

What man is that ?
 thsayer bids you beware the ides
 th.

im before me ; let me see his

v. come from the throng ; look
 esar.

ay'st thou to me now ? Speak
 ain.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him.
 Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and
 Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some
 part

'Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ; 30
 I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late ;
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness
 And show of love as I was wont to have.

You bear too stubborn and too strange a
 hand 35

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
 Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
 Of late with passions of some difference, 40

Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil perhaps to my behav-
 iours ;

But let not therefore my good friends be
 griev'd —

Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
 Nor construe any further my neglect, 45

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
 your passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
 buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just ;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus, 55
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have

heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,

Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus 60
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
 Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me ? 65

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
 hear ;

And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.

Were I a common laughier, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard 75

And after scandal them, or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.]
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I love death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;

We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake—'t is true, this god did
shake.

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world

Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the
Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their
books,

Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone. *[Shout. Flourish.]*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
"Cæsar"?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name
Sound them, it doth become the mouth

well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble blood
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with
man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd
of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but
man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have

brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am not
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have not
aim.

How I have thought of this and of these times
I shall recount hereafter; for this present
I would not, so with love I might entreat you

Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his train.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Cæsar by the
sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cæsar
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow.

rest look like a chidden train.
 cheek is pale; and Cicero
 such ferret and such fiery eyes
 seen him in the Capitol,
 'd in conference by some senators.
 ca will tell us what the matter is.
 onius!

ar? me have men about me that are

d men and such as sleep o' nights.
 s has a lean and hungry look,
 too much; such men are dan-

him not, Cæsar; he's not dan-

Roman and well given.
 ld he were fatter! but I fear him

me were liable to fear,
 w the man I should avoid
 at spare Cassius. He reads much;
 observer, and he looks
 h the deeds of men. He loves no

Antony; he hears no music;
 uiles, and smiles in such a sort
 k'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
 e mov'd to smile at anything.

he be never at heart's ease
 behold a greater than themselves,
 e are they very dangerous.

hee what is to be fear'd
 fear; for always I am Cæsar.
 ight hand, for this ear is deaf,
 ruly what thou think'st of him.
Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his
train [but Casca].

pull'd me by the cloak; would
 h me?

asca; tell us what hath chanc'd

oks so sad.

r, you were with him, were you

ld not then ask Casca what had

r, there was a crown offer'd him;
 r'd him, he put it by with the
 and, thus; and then the people

was the second noise for?
 , for that too.

shouted thrice; what was the
 or?

, for that too.

ie crown offer'd him thrice?
 marry, was't, and he put it by
 time gentler than other; and
 ng-by mine honest neighbours

fer'd him the crown?

Antony.

s the manner of it, gentle

as well be hang'd as tell the

it was mere foolery; I did not

mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown
 — yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one
 of these coronets — and, as I told you, he put
 it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking,
 he would fain have had it. Then he of-
 fered it to him again; then he put it by again;
 but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay
 his fingers off it. And then he offered it the
 third time; he put it the third time by; and
 still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted
 and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw
 up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a
 deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd
 the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar,
 for he swoounded and fell down at it; and for
 mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
 opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Cæsar
 swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place,
 and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling
 sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
 And honest Casca, we have the falling sick-
 ness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that,
 but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag
 people did not clap him and hiss him, according
 as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use
 to do the players in the theatre, I am no true
 man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto him-
 self?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he
 perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd
 the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and
 offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been
 a man of any occupation, if I would not have
 taken him at a word, I would I might go to
 hell among the rogues. And so he fell.
 When he came to himself again, he said, if he
 had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd
 their worships to think it was his infirmity.
 Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried,
 "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all
 their hearts. But there's no heed to be
 taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their
 mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad,
 away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er
 look you i' the face again; but those that
 understood him smil'd at one another and shook
 their heads; but, for mine own part, it was
 Greek to me. I could tell you more news too.
 Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off
 Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you
 well. There was more foolery yet, if I could
 remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold
and your dinner worth the eating. 296

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution 301

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite. 302

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you;

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you. 310

Cus. I will do so; till then, think of the
world. [*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? 315

Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw, 320

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure, 325

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE III. *The same. A street.*]

Thunder and lightning. Enter [from opposite sides] CASCA [with his sword drawn] and CICCERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca; brought you Cæsar
home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen 330

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 340

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonder-
ful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him
well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and
burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion, 350

Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore that
saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the street.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodges

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

"These are their reasons; they are natural"

For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time

But men may construe things after their bias

Clear from the purpose of the things that

themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Casca; this disturbed

sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. 360

[*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your name.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, this

night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens

so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth's

full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets

Submitting me unto the perilous night.

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-storm.

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd

open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much vent

the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those spirit

of life

That should be in a Roman you do want.

Or else you use not. You look pale and

And put on fear and cast yourself in weakness

To see the strange impatience of the heavens.

But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind

Why old men, fools, and children calculate

Why all these things change from their ordi-

nance

Their natures and preformed faculties

To monstrous quality, why, you shall find

That Heaven hath infus'd them with these

spirits,

them instruments of fear and warn-

e monstrous state.

I I, Casca, name to thee a man

this dreadful night,

nders, lightens, opens graves, and

se lion in the Capitol,

mightier than thyself or me

l action, yet prodigious grown

il, as these strange eruptions are.

'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,

ius?

t it be who it is; for Romans now

and limbs like to their ancestors,

the while! our fathers' minds are

govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

nd sufferance show us womanish.

Indeed, they say the senators to-

ow

ablish Cæsar as a king;

ll wear his crown by sea and land,

ace, save here in Italy.

now where I will wear this dagger

n bondage will deliver Cassius.

gods, you make the weak most

gods, you tyrants do defeat;

ower, nor walls of beaten brass,

lungeon, nor strong links of iron,

stive to the strength of spirit;

ng weary of these worldly bars,

power to dismiss itself.

is, know all the world besides,

tyranny that I do bear

off at pleasure. *[Thunder still.*

So can I;

man in his own hand bears

cancel his captivity.

why should Cæsar be a tyrant

know he would not be a wolf,

ees the Romans are but sheep;

ion, were not Romans hinds.

with haste will make a mighty

weak straws: what trash is Rome,

and what offal, when it serves

matter to illuminate

as Cæsar! But, O grief,

hou led me? I perhaps speak this

ng bondman; then I know

ust be made. But I am arm'd,

are to me indifferent.

I speak to Casca, and to such a

ring tell-tale. Hold, — my hand.

r redress of all these griefs,

this foot of mine as far

arthest.

There's a bargain made.

1. Casca, I have mov'd already

of the noblest-minded Romans

th me an enterprise

dangerous consequence;

And I do know, by this they stay for me

In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;

And the complexion of the element

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes
one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;

He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus

Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate

To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night

is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange

sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this

paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw

this

In at his window; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find

us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's

gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's

hearts;

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need

of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,

For it is after midnight; and ere day

We will awake him and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

[SCENE I. Rome.]

Enter BRUTUS in his orchard.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot by the progress of the stars

Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What,

Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius. When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Bru. It must be by his death; and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with:
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me
word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy-
self!

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?
What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knocking.]

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; *[Exit Luc.]*
knocks.

Since Cassius first did whet me against it,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of it
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know 'em?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd
their ears

And half their faces buried in their cloaks.
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter.

[Exit Luc.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous
night,

When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek
Conspiracy!

Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DENTUS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon you.
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake
night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and some
here

But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this
Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[They retire.]

here lies the east; doth not the day
speak here?

No.
O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey

the clouds are messengers of day.
You shall confess that you are both
equiv'd.

I point my sword, the sun arises,
a great way growing on the south,
the youthful season of the year.
Months hence up higher toward the

resents his fire; and the high east
the Capitol, directly here.
Give me your hands all over, one by

and let us swear our resolution.
O, not an oath! If not the face of

ance of our souls, the time's abuse,
— motives weak, break off betimes, ¹¹⁵
man hence to his idle bed;
— sighted tyranny range on,
can drop by lottery. But if these,
re they do, bear fire enough ¹²⁰
wards and to steel with valour
g spirits of women, then, country-

we any spur but our own cause,
to redress? what other bond
st Romans, that have spoke the

st palter? and what other oath
ty to honesty engag'd,

shall be, or we will fall for it?
ts and cowards and men cautious,

arriors and such suffering souls ¹³⁰
ne wrongs; unto bad causes swear
res as men doubt; but do not stain

truce of our enterprise,
ppressive mettle of our spirits,

at or our cause or our performance
oath; when every drop of blood ¹³⁵

Roman bears, and nobly bears,
several bastardy,

the smallest particle
ise that hath pass'd from him. ¹⁴⁰

what of Cicero? Shall we sound

ill stand very strong with us.
t us not leave him out.

No, by no means.
us have him, for his silver hairs

us a good opinion ¹⁴⁵
s voices to commend our deeds.

d, his judgement rul'd our hands;
ad wildness shall no whit appear,

ried in his gravity.
ne him not; let us not break with

ver follow anything
en begin. ¹⁵⁰

Then leave him out.
eed he is not fit.

no man else be touch'd but only

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not
meet, ¹⁵⁵

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent, ¹⁶⁰
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar. ¹⁶⁵
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, ¹⁷⁰

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, ¹⁷⁵
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. ¹⁸⁰
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of
him. ¹⁸⁵

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar;

And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not
die; ¹⁹⁰

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[Clock strikes.]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late, ¹⁹⁵

Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day. ²⁰⁰

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glassess, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers; ²⁰⁵
But when I tell him he hates flatterers
He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent, ²¹⁰

And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour ; is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then. 214

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey. I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him. He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus,

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.

Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber. 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit 235
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed ; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ; 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungente looks.
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted ; yet you answer'd not, 245

But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, 254
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical 261
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Bruns,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of ; and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended bow
By all your vows of love and that great love
Which did incorporate and make us one.
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you ; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia

Por. I should not need, if you were past Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in
suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman ; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy.
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh ; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[Knocking near.]
Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in and see.
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee.
All the charactery of my sad brow.
Leave me with haste. *[Exit Portia.]*

Lucius, who's that knocks ?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of ?
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out
brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were
sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 a healthful ear to hear of it.
 y all the gods that Romans bow before,
 scard my sickness! Soul of Rome! 221
 a, deriv'd from honourable loins!
 e an exorcist, haast conjur'd up
 fied spirit. Now bid me run,
 ll strive with things impossible; 225
 the better of them. What's to do?
 piece of work that will make sick
 whole.
 it are not some whole that we must
 re sick?
 hat must we also. What it is, my
 18,
 old to thee, as we are going 230
 it must be done.

Set on your foot,
 a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
 now not what; but it sufficeth
 us leads me on.

[Thunder.
 Follow me, then.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

nd lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
 night-gown.

r heaven nor earth have been at
 to-night.
 Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
 "O! they murder Cæsar!" Who's
 n?

Enter a SERVANT.

lord?
 bid the priests do present sacrifice
 ne their opinions of success.
 ill, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

at mean you, Cæsar? Think you
 k forth?
 t stir out of your house to-day.
 ar shall forth. The things that
 en'd me 10
 but on my back; when they shall

Cæsar, they are vanished.
 r, I never stood on ceremonies,
 r fright me. There is one within,
 things that we have heard and 15
 st horrid sights seen by the watch.
 h helped in the streets;
 ave yawn'd, and yielded up their

arriors fight upon the clouds,
 d squadrons and right form of 20

d blood upon the Capitol;
 attle hurtled in the air,
 igh, and dying men did groan,
 id shriek and squeal about the
 se things are beyond all use, 25
 them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets
 seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
 of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
 deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should
 fear, 35

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Re-enter SERVANT.

What say the augurers?
 Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
 to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of coward-
 ice;

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he. 45
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible;
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear 50
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
 And he shall say you are not well to-day.
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well; 55
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy
 Cæsar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy
 time 60

To hear my greetings to the senators
 And tell them that I will not come to-day.
 Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, false;
 I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.
 Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie? 65
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?
 Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
 cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not
 come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.
 But for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know:
 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. 75

She dreamt to-night she saw my statu's,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents

And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not
come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CÆSCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Cæscæ. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within;
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will; [aside] and so near will
I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and take some
wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go
together.

Bru. [Aside.] That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon
[Exit]

[SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.]

Enter ARTEMIDORUS [reading a paper].

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed
of Cassius; come not near Cæscæ; have an eye
to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Y-
tellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not,
thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is
but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look
about you; security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
[Exit]

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along.
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live.
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[SCENE IV. Another part of the same street before the house of Brutus.]

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house.
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and be
again.

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do, do thou
O constancy, be strong upon my side.
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel.
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thou
look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good heed.
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray.

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow; which way hast
thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Madam, not yet; I go to take my
and,

in pass on to the Capitol.
How hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
?

That I have, lady; if it will please
her

Good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I teach him to befriend himself.

Why, know'st thou any harm's in-
tended towards him?

None that I know will be, much that
it may chance.

Now to you. Here the street is nar-
row;

that follows Cæsar at the heels,
sons of prætors, common suitors,

I a feeble man almost to death.
To a place more void, and there
meets Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.
Must go in. Ay me, how weak a

of woman is! O Brutus,

I speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. [To Lu-

Brutus hath a suit
I will not grant. O, I grow faint.

And commend me to my lord;
Erry. Come to me again,

One word what he doth say to thee.
[Exeunt severally].

ACT III

I. Rome. Before the Capitol.]

people; among them] ARTEMIDO-
PHES, SOOTHSAYER. *Flourish.* Enter
CASSIUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS,
TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY,
PUBLIUS [and POPILIUS].

[The Soothsayer.] The ides of March
are due.

Cæsar; but not gone.
Cæsar! read this schedule.

Publius doth desire you to o'er-read,
in leisure, this his humble suit.

Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a
more important matter.

Cæsar nearer. Read it, great
Cassius.

That touches us ourselves shall be last
read.

Not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Is the fellow mad?

Sirrah, give place.
I urge you your petitions in the

Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-House,
the rest following.]

1. your enterprise to-day may
be successful.

enterprise, Popilius?

Pop.

Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark
him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear preven-
tion.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant;

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look
you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most
puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,—

[Kneeling.]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordnance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crooked curtsies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without
cause

Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon!
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cas. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move
me;

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world ; 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehen-

sive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion ; and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this :
That I was constant Cimber should be ban-

ish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar, —

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar, —

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands for me !

[*They stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar !

[*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry
out,

" Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! "

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still ; ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mu-
tiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good
cheer ;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the
people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mis-
chief.

Bru. Do so : and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and
run,

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit ;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans,
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, " Peace, freedom, and liberty ! "

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his lead
With the most boldest and best hearts
of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend
of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid
me kneel,

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant
man ;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

Bru. I know that we shall have him
friend.

Cas. I wish we may ; but yet have I
that fears him much, and my mingling
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome,
Mark Antony !

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well !
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rack'd.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, each
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 and myself so apt to die; 100
 I please me so, no mean of death,
 Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 and master spirits of this age.
 Antony, beg not your death of us.
 We must appear bloody and cruel,
 and thus our present act, 105
 lo, yet see you but our hands
 bleeding business they have done.
 You see not; they are pitiful;
 the general wrong of Rome — 110
 is out fire, so pity pity —
 is deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 swords have leaden points, Mark
 Antony; strength of malice, and our hearts
 temper, do receive you in 115
 I love, good thoughts, and rever-

voice shall be as strong as any

ing of new dignities.

be patient till we have appeas'd
 us, beside themselves with fear, 120
 will deliver you the cause
 I did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 ceased.

I doubt not of your wisdom.
 render me his bloody hand.
 Brutus, will I shake with you; 125
 Cassius, do I take your hand;
 Brutus, yours; now yours, Metel-

and, my valiant Casca, yours;
 or least in love, yours, good Tre-

— alas, what shall I say? 130
 stands on such slippery ground
 or bad ways you must conceit me,
 or a flatterer.

to thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true;
 I rit look upon us now, 135
 I eave thee dearer than thy death,
 I only making his peace,
 I nobody fingers of thy foes,
 I the presence of thy curse?

eyes as thou hast wounds, 140
 as they stream forth thy blood,
 I e me better than to close
 I ndship with thine enemies.
 I ilius! Here wast thou bay'd,
 I t;

u fall; and here thy hunters 145

oil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 I ast the forest to this hart;
 I l, O world, the heart of thee.
 I , stricken by many princes,
 I ie!

Antony. — 150

Pardon me, Caius Cassius!
 Cæsar shall say this;
 I l, it is cold modesty.
 I you not for praising Cæsar so;
 I act mean you to have with 155

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was,
 indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
 Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all, 160
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar, 165
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
 And am, moreover, suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral. 170

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
 [Aside to Bru.] You know not what you do.
 Do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd
 By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon.
 I will myself into the pulpit first, 175
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall 180
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
 Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
 body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame
 us, 185

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do 't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 190
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
 [Exeunt all but Antony.]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
 earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these
 butchers! 195

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
 lips, 200

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use 205
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. 275

Enter Octavius' SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth — 280
 O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming? 285

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 Into the market-place. There shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse 295
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt [with Cæsar's body].*]

[SCENE II. *The Forum.*]

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with the PLEB-
 BRIANS.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; 300
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1. *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 310

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*] *Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

3. *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; be sure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any

in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend doth answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar ever living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a base traitor? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is ask'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, when he was worthy, nor his offences enlarg'd for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY [and others], with Cæsar's body.
 Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall speak with this I depart, that, as I slew my best friend for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1. *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home into his house.

2. *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *Pleb.* Cæsar's better part shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen —

2. *Pleb.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Pleb.* Peace.

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart home. And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace to his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart. Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. 320

1. *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public place. We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes into the pulpit.*]

4. *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

'T were best he speak no harm of us here.

This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Nay, that 's certain :
st that Rome is rid of him. 75
Peace ! let us hear what Antony can

gentle Romans, —

Peace, ho ! let us hear him.
And, Romans, countrymen, lend me ears !

Why praise you Cæsar, not to praise him.

And men do lives after them, 80

oft interred with their bones ;

With Cæsar. The noble Brutus

you Cæsar was ambitious ;

and it was a grievous fault,

which hath Cæsar answer'd it. 85

And leave of Brutus and the rest —

As an honourable man ;

And all, all honourable men —

Speak in Cæsar's funeral.

Friend, faithful and just to me ; 90

And says he was ambitious,

And is an honourable man.

And ought many captives home to Rome,

And as did the general coffers fill ;

And Cæsar seem ambitious ? 95

And he poor have cried, Cæsar hath

And would be made of sterner stuff :

And says he was ambitious,

And is an honourable man.

And so that on the Lupercal 100

And nointed him a kingly crown,

And I thrice refuse. Was this ambi-

And says he was ambitious,

And is an honourable man.

And to disprove what Brutus spoke, 105

And I to speak what I do know.

And ve him once, not without cause ;

And withholds you then to mourn for

And thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And lost their reason. Bear with me ;

And the coffin there with Cæsar, 111

And use till it come back to me.

And thinks there is much reason in

And words.

And thou consider rightly of the mat-

And great wrong.

Has he, masters ?

And ll a worse come in his place. 116

And k'd ye his words ? He would not

And crown ;

And certain he was not ambitious,

And t be found so, some will dear

And soul ! his eyes are red as fire

And ping. 120

And re 's not a nobler man in Rome

And only.

And mark him, he begins again to

And terday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence. 125

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose 130

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;

I found it in his closet ; 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament — 135

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's

wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4. *Pleb.* We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark

Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's

will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must

not read it ; 145

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it ! 151

4. *Pleb.* Read the will ; we 'll hear it, An-

tony.

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a

while ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. 156

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear

it.

4. *Pleb.* They were traitors ; honourable

men !

All. The will ! the testament !

2. *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers. The

will ! read the will. 160

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the

will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down. 165

2. *Pleb.* Descend.

3. *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down from the pulpit.]

4. *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

1. *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from

the body.

2. *Pleb.* Room for Antony, most noble An-

tony. 170

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far

off.

All. Stand back ; room ; bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them

now.

You all do know this mantle ; I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on. 178
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 181
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd 184
 him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty 190
 heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar 193
 fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 198
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but be- 201
 hold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
 here: [Lifting Cæsar's mantle.] 200
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1. *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3. *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4. *Pleb.* O traitors, villains! 205

1. *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2. *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd!

[*All.*] Revenge! About!

Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
 Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen. 210

1. *Pleb.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2. *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
 we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 215
 They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know
 not,

That made them do it; they are wise and hon-
 ourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is; 221

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
 That love my friend; and that they know full
 well

That gave me public leave to speak of him; 224

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth.
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor,
 dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I
 tus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put avenge
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1. *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Pleb.* Away, then! come, seek the
 spirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
 speak.

All. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble
 Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you but
 not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your hate?
 Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's say
 hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's
 seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachms.

2. *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge
 his death.

3. *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you a
 will,

His private arbours and new-planted orchard
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you.

And to your heirs forever, common pleasure
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1. *Pleb.* Never, never! Come, away, away.
 We'll burn his body in the holy place.

And with the brands fire the traitors' bones.
 Take up the body.

2. *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows,
 things. [*Exeunt Plebeians with the benches.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou
 art foot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a SERVANT.

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to
 him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry
 And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and
 Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the streets of
 Rome.

Ant. Believe they had some notice of
 people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[SCENE III. *A street.*]

A the poet, and after him the PLE-
BEIANS.

am't to-night that I did feast with

unluckily charge my fantasy.

ll to wander forth of doors,

ng leads me forth.

/hat is your name? 5

/hither are you going?

/here do you dwell?

re you a married man or a bach-

nswer every man directly. 10

y, and briefly.

y, and wisely.

y, and truly, you were best.

is my name? Whither am I

do I dwell? Am I a married [is

elior? Then, to answer every man

riefly, wisely and truly: wisely I

achelor.

at's as much as to say, they are

rry. You'll bear me a bang for

Proceed; directly. 21

ly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

a friend or an enemy?

riend.

at matter is answered directly. 25

your dwelling, — briefly.

r, I dwell by the Capitol.

r name, sir, truly.

my name is Cinna.

r him to pieces; he's a con- 31

inna the poet, I am Cinna the

r him for his bad verses, tear

verses. 35

t Cinna the conspirator.

no matter, his name's Cinna.

ame out of his heart, and turn 39

him, tear him! Come, brands,

! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn

ecius' house, and some to Cas-

igarius'. Away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

I. *A house in Rome.*

TIVUS, and LEPIDUS [seated at a
table].

nany, then, shall die; their

prick'd.

other too must die; consent

us?

ent, —

Prick him down, Antony.

dition Publius shall not live,

r's son, Mark Antony. 5

not live; look, with a spot I

you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,

The threefold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to

die, 15

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than

you;

And though we lay these honours on this man

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we

will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears 25

And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that

I do appoint him store of provender. 30

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;

He must be taught and train'd and bid go

forth; 35

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On subjects, orts, and imitations,

Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,

Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him

But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40

Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers; we must straight make

head;

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;

And let us presently go sit in council 45

How covert matters may be best disclos'd

And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;

And some that smile have in their hearts, I

fear, 50

Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Bru-*
tus's tent.]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, [LUCIUS,
and the army. Titinius and PINDARUS meet
them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master. 5

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pin-

darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect 15
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

[*Low march within.*]
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? 25

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd.

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Enter CASSIUS and his Powers.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd. 30
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[*1. Sol.*] Stand!

[*2. Sol.*] Stand! 35

[*3. Sol.*] Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs; 40

And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away; 45
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. [Lucius], do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our confer-
ence. 51

[Lucilius] and Titinius, guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*]

[*Enter*] BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pels
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted of —

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak
this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your's.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours the
ruption,

And Chastisement doth therefore hide his
Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March,
remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did so
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large hands
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me.
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not. *Cas.*

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
ther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will
Must I give way and room to your rash
Shall I be frighted from a madman's stare?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure
this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your
heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. What
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you; for, from this day
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my sport,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

I wrong me every way ; you wrong
 Brutus ;
 I'er soldier, not a better.
 better ?"

If you did, I care not.
 en Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus
 nor'd me.
 ce, peace ! you durst not so have
 ed him.
 rst not !

it, durst not tempt him !
 For your life you durst not.
 not presume too much upon my

t I shall be sorry for.
 have done that you should be
 or.
 error, Cassius, in your threats,
 'd so strong in honesty
 as by me as the idle wind,
 set not. I did send to you
 ums of gold, which you deni'd me ;
 e no money by vile means. —
 had rather coin my heart,
 blood for drachmas, than to wring
 d hands of peasants their vile

tion. — I did send
 d to pay my legions,
 ni'd me. Was that done like

answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 Brutus grows so covetous
 ascal counters from his friends,
 , with all your thunderbolts ;
 eces !

I deni'd you not.
 d.
 not. He was but a fool that

k. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
 I bear his friend's infirmities,
 kes mine greater than they are.
 t, till you practise them on me.
 e me not.

I do not like your faults.
 dly eye could never see such
 erer's would not, though they

Olympus.
 Antony, and young Octavius,

ves alone on Cassius,
 reary of the world ;
 loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 bondman ; all his faults ob-

k, learn'd and conn'd by rote
 eeth. O, I could weep
 nine eyes ! There is my dag-

ed breast ; within, a heart
 us' mine, richer than gold.
 a Roman, take it forth ;
 e gold, will give my heart.

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
 him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger.
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
 too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your
 hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with
 me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave
 me

Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
 When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
 so.

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the
 generals ;

There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not
 meet

They be alone.

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay
 me.

Enter POET [followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
 and LUCIUS].

Cas. How now ! what's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! what do
 you mean ?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
 be ;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic
 rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow,
 hence !

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 't is his fash-
 ion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
 his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling
 fools ?

Companion, hence !

Cas. Away, away, be gone !

[Exit Poet.]
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
 manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Mes-
 sala with you
 Immediately to us.

[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine !

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils. 146

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia !

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd
you so ? 150

O insupportable and touching loss !

Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark An-
tony

Have made themselves so strong, — for with
her death

That tidings came, — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. 154

Cas. And died so ?

* *Bru.* Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter Boy [Lucius], with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge. 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius ! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities. 163

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same
tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators. 175

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one !

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her
in yours ? 182

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth !
tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange means.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must
Messala.

With meditating that she must die once.

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you.
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This : —

'Tis better that the enemy seek us.

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection.

For they have grudg'd us contribution.

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up.

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and more
ag'd ;

From which advantage shall we cut him off ?

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good Brutus,
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.

The enemy increaseth every day ;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;

And we must take the current when it serves

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on.

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon us ;

And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good-night.

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence
go.

Bru. Lucius ! (*Re-enter Lucius.*) My wife

[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala.

Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius.

Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear Brutus,

This was an ill beginning of the night.

Never come such division 'tween our souls

Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Everything is well.

Good-night, my lord.

Good-night, good brother.

Good-night, Lord Brutus.

Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* all but Brutus and Lucius.]

gown. Where is thy instrument?
in the tent.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
d.

and some other of my men;
in sleep on cushions in my tent.
and Claudius!

VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

my lord?

you, sirs, lie in my tent and

shall raise you by and by

my brother Cassius.

ase you, we will stand and watch
assure.

not have it so: lie down, good

all otherwise bethink me.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down.*]
here's the book I sought for so;
pocket of my gown.

sure your lordship did not give it

with me, good boy, I am much

id up thy heavy eyes a while,

instrument a strain or two?

lord, an't please you.

It does, my boy.

oo much, but thou art willing.

duty, sir.

ld not urge thy duty past thy

doods look for a time of rest.

dept, my lord, already.

well done; and thou shalt sleep

hee long. If I do live,

thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

tune. O murderous slumber,

leaden mace upon my boy,

music? Gentle knave, good-

hee so much wrong to wake

, thou break'st thy instrument.

n thee; and, good boy, good-

ne see; is not the leaf turn'd

ding? Here it is, I think.

the GHOST of Cæsar.

per burns! Ha! who comes

weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil.

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to

stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Phi-

lippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou

so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yea, that thou didst. Didst thou see

anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your

sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay. Saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother

Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

[SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.]

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions.

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn us at Philippi here,

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it. They could be content

To visit other places, and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-

age;

But 't is not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals.

The enemy comes on in gallant show;

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately. 18

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20
[*March.*]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
army [LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and
others].

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words. 25

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words; 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too?

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too; 35
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar. 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself; 45

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause! If arguing
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look! 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands. 55

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy
strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honour-
able.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and
army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billos, and
swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. (Standing forth.) My lord.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. (Standing forth.) What says my ge-
neral?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd;

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands:

Who to Philippi here consorted us.

This morning are they fled away and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us

As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly.

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain

Let's reason with the worst that may befall

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together.

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself, — I know not how

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life: — arming myself with pa-

tience

To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle

You are contented to be led in triumph

Thorough the streets of Rome?

Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble
 Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 O great a mind. But this same day
 at work the ideas of March begun;
 and we shall meet again I know not,
 or everlasting farewell take. 116
 Farewell, Cassius!
 And again, why, we shall smile;
 then, this parting was well made.
 ever, and for ever, farewell, Bru-

120
 And again, we'll smile indeed;
 And this parting was well made.
 Then, lead on. O, that a man
 know
 this day's business ere it come!
 And that the day will end, 125
 And end is known. Come, ho! away!
 [Exeunt.]

The same. The field of battle.

Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Ride, Messala, ride, and give
 Ills
 on the other side.

[Loud alarm.
 on at once; for I perceive
 honour in Octavius' wing.
 And gives them the overthrow. 130
 Messala: let them all come down.
 [Exeunt.]

I. Another part of the field.]

Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Mine own turn'd enemy.
 He of mine was turning back;
 And did take it from him.
 And, Brutus gave the word too 135

Some advantage on Octavius,
 Early. His soldiers fell to spoil,
 And Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Her off, my lord, fly further off;
 In your tents, my lord; 140
 Noble Cassius, fly far off.
 It is far enough. Look, look,

And where I perceive the fire?
 My lord.

Titinius, if thou lovest me,
 Horse, and hide thy spurs in
 145
 Fight thee up to yonder troops,
 That I may rest assur'd
 Who are friend or enemy.
 Be here again, even with a
 [Exit.]

And, get higher on that hill;
 Or thick; regard Titinius, 150
 And thou not 'st about the field.
 [Pindarus ascends the hill.]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end;
 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. (Above.) O my lord! 155

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the
 spur;

Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
 Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights
 too. 160

He's ta'en. (Shout.) And, hark! they shout
 for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face! 165
 [Pindarus descends.]

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
 thine oath; 170

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
 bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts,
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.]

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd, 175
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have
 been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. 180
 [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but chance, Titinius; for Octavius
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
 Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. 185

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the
 ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
 190
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
 The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
 done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 195

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
 deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
 men

The things that are not? O error, soon con-
 ceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 200
 But kill'st the mother that engend'red thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears; I may say, "thrusting" it; For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala.]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods! — this is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *[Kills himself.]*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMINIUS, LUCILIUS [and others].

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. *[Low alarums.]*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wh'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body; His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, Messala, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter SOLDIERS, and fight.

[Bru.] And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, Brutus, my country's friend; know me but Brutus! *[Exit.]*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius. And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

[1.] Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to thee. There is so much that thou wilt kill as straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death. *[Offering name.]*

[1.] Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter ANTONY.

2. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;

The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I am sure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe. Give him all kindness; I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go, and see wh'er Brutus be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is chanc'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. [Another part of the field.]

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMINIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clit. Statilius show'd the torchlight, but no lord,

He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is no word.

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. *[Whisper.]*

Clit. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words. *Clit.* I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. *[Whisper.]*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed? *Clit.* O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Clit. What ill request did Brutus make of thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he tates.

Clit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief That it runs over even at his eyes.

me hither, good Volumnius ; list a
 at says my lord ?

Why, this, Volumnius :
 of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
 l times by night ; at Sardis once,
 st night, here in Philippi fields,
 hour is come.

Not so, my lord.
 r, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
 he world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
 have beat us to the pit.

[*Low alarums.*
 orthy to leap in ourselves,
 till they push us. Good Volum-

st that we two went to school to-
 ;

t our love of old, I prithee,
 y sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
 's not an office for a friend, my

[*Alarum still.*
 ly, my lord ; there is no tarrying

well to you, and you, and you,
 nius.

ast been all this while asleep ;
 ee too, Strato. Countrymen,
 h joy that yet in all my life
 an but he was true to me.

lory by this losing day
 tavius and Mark Antony
 onquest shall attain unto.

ell at once ; for Brutus' tongue
 ended his life's history.
 upon mine eyes ; my bones would

labour'd to attain this hour.
Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly,
 fly !"

y lord, fly.

Hence ! I will follow.
*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and
 Volumnius.*

to, stay thou by thy lord.
 ow of a good respect ;
 had some smatch of honour in

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first. Fare you
 well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his
 sword.*] Cæsar, now be still ;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
 MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy
 master ?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in,
 Messala ;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him,
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank
 thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
 them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on
 it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them
 all.

All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man !"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.

So call the field to rest ; and let's away

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

On July 26, 1602, "a booke called the Revenge of Hamlett" was entered in the Stationers' Register, and in the following year a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, ascribed on the title-page to Shakespeare, was published. In 1604 the Second Quarto appeared, "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." It is generally recognized that the First Quarto was printed from a manuscript concocted from notes taken at the theatre possibly with the assistance of the written parts of one or two minor actors; and further, that it represents a form of the play earlier and much shorter than that found in the Second Quarto. Thus the date of Shakespeare's first draft of *Hamlet* is, at latest, the earlier months of 1601; of his second, 1603-4. Third, Fourth, and Sixth Quartos, without independent authority, appeared in 1605, 1611, and 1637; the Fifth is undated. The text of the First Folio differs in a very large number of details from that of the Second Quarto; and it contains some 85 lines not in the Quarto, while the Quarto has about 218 lines not in the Folio. Both of these sets of omissions appear to be due to cuts made for acting purposes. It is clear that these two texts were printed from independent copies of the author's manuscript; and most, if not all, of the variations in detail may be accounted for by the carelessness of transcribers and printers. They are not such as to prove an additional revision by the author. The present text is based on the First Folio, but considerable use has been made of the Second Quarto, the omissions supplied from this source being, as usual, enclosed in brackets.

The story of Hamlet is a northern legend which is first found narrated at length in the *History of the Danes* written in Latin by Saxo Grammaticus about 1200. It was told in French by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques* (1570), and his version was translated into English and published, in the earliest known edition, in 1608. The theme was familiar on the English stage, apparently by 1589, when it seems to be alluded to by Nash, and certainly before 1594, when Henslowe records its performance, without the mark usually affixed to the titles of new plays. The exact interpretation of the passage in Nash's preface to Greene's *Menaphon* is still a matter of dispute; but it is commonly, though not universally, taken to imply that Thomas Kyd's there alluded to as the author of a tragedy on Hamlet. Similarities in structure and style tend to confirm the conjecture that on such a play by the author of *The Spanish Tragedy* Shakespeare based his play; and many scholars find evidence of important survivals of Kyd's work in the Quarto of 1603, and even in the later text. It is held by some that this earlier play is represented by a German prose *Hamlet* acted by English players in Germany in the seventeenth century. But this sketch, whether based on the work of Kyd, or on the First Quarto, or on the Second, or on a stage version of either of these last, — for all these hypotheses have been put forth, — reproduces its original in so degraded a form that it is not possible to take it as a fair representative of its source.

A M L O D T H

The main situation of the tragedy goes back to the prose tale. There we have a king seduced by his brother, who had previously seduced and has now married his queen; and the king, aiming at revenge, finally achieving it, and using the device of pretended madness to protect himself in the meantime. The prototype of Polonius is killed while eavesdropping, and his character bears little resemblance to that of Shakespeare's Lord Chamberlain; Ophelia and Horatio are merely hinted at; while Laertes, Fortinbras, and several of the minor characters, such as the grave-diggers and Osric, are altogether absent. The original Hamlet goes to England without interruption from pirates, witnesses the death of his two companions, returns and kills not only the king, but all his courtiers, goes to England again and marries two wives, of whom he betrays him to his death and marries his slayer.

Other elements in the tragedy that are probably not due to Shakespeare's invention have been gathered from a study of contemporary "tragedies of revenge." Such are the ghost insisting on vengeance, the delay in carrying it out, the mad girl with her songs, churchyard scenes, the swearing on the sword hilt, and the voice of the ghost in the cellar. How many of such additions were made by Shakespeare, how many by the author of the lost play, cannot be decided. But for the magnificence of the poetry, the amazing subtlety of the psychology, and the intensity of the tragic emotion it is not hard to assign the credit.

THE EDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

of Denmark.
the late, and nephew to the present
Chamberlain.
to Hamlet.
Polonius.
courtiers.
sisters.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
A Priest.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Elsinore, Denmark.*]

ACT I

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.]

at his post. Enter to him] BERNARDO.

there?
answer me. Stand, and unfold

ve the king!
rdo?

ome most carefully upon your

w struck twelve. Get thee to
cisco.

his relief much thanks. 'Tis
l,

at heart.
u had quiet guard?

od-night. Not a mouse stirring.

Horatio and Marcellus,
watch, bid them make haste.

RATIO and MARCELLUS.

I hear them. Stand! Who's

to this ground.
And liegemen to the Dane.

u good-night.
O, farewell, honest soldier.

d you?
Bernardo has my place.

ght. *[Exit.]*
Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. What, is Horatio there? Say,

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good
Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again
to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 't will not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from
the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Enter the Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off! Look, where it
comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's
dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Ho-
ratio.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away! 50

Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't? 55

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on 60
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, 65

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task 75

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,

Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, 80
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant
Hamlet —

For so this side of our known world esteem'd him — 85

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent 90

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras.

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, air, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other —

As it doth well appear unto our state —
But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief end

Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
[Ber.] I think it be no other but even so.

Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the
King

That was and is the question of these van.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted

dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again.
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, *[Exit Ghost]*

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me;

If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me

Speak to me;
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth

For which, they say, you spirits of walk in
death,

Speak of it; stay, and speak! *(Cock crows)*
Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

as about to speak, when the cock

then it started like a guilty thing
 i summons. I have heard,
 it is the trumpet to the morn, 150
 lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 d of day; and, at his warning,
 a or fire, in earth or air,
 int and erring spirit hies
 ; and of the truth herein 155
 bject made probation.
 ed on the crowing of the cock.
 ever 'gainst that season comes
 avour's birth is celebrated,
 wning singeth all night long; 160
 / say, no spirit can walk abroad;
 e wholesome; then no planets

nor witch hath power to charm,
 d so gracious is the time.
 e I heard and do in part believe 165

morn, in russet mantle clad,
 dew of yon high eastern hill.
 watch up; and, by my advice,
 what we have seen to-night
 mlet; for, upon my life, 170
 b to us, will speak to him.
 we shall acquaint him with it,
 ir loves, fitting our duty?
 o't, I pray; and I this morning

find him most conveniently. 175
 [Exeunt.]

A room of state in the castle.

the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET,
 LAERTES, OPHELIA, Lords, and

yet of Hamlet our dear bro-
 th
 green, and that it us befitted
 arts in grief, and our whole

in one brow of woe,
 discretion fought with nature's
 sest sorrow think on him
 remembrance of ourselves.
 netime sister, now our queen,
 stress of this warlike state,
 ore with a defeated joy, — 180
 ous and one dropping eye,
 meral and with dirge in mar-

ighing delight and dole, —
 or have we herein barr'd
 ms, which have freely gone us
 long. For all, our thanks.
 t you know: young Fortin-

apposal of our worth,
 r late dear brother's death
 s joint and out of frame, 185
 he dream of his advantage,
 to pester us with message
 nder of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, 180
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress 185
 His further gait herein, in that the levies,
 The lists and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway; 190
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these delated articles allow.

[Giving a paper.]

Farewell, and let your haste commend your
 duty.

[Cor.] } In that and all things will we show
 Vol. } our duty. 195

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily fare-
 well. [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]
 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, 200
 Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes? 205

Laer. Dread my lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France; 210
 From whence though willingly I came to Den-
 mark

To show my duty in your coronation,
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again towards
 France 215

And bow them to your gracious leave and par-
 don.

King. Have you your father's leave? What
 says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my
 slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.] 220
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be
 thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son, —

Ham. [Aside.] A little more than kin, and
 less than kind. 225

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
 you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i'
 the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
 off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-
 mark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 230
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 't is common ; all that lives must die.

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! Nay, it is ; I know not "seems."

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
Nor nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father.
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd ;
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father ; for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire ;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet.

I prithee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you,
madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply.
Be as yourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seems to me all the uses of this world !

Fie on 't ! oh fie, fie ! 'T is an unweeded garden

That grows to seed ; things rank and gross

possess it merely. That it should come to this

But two months dead ! Nay, not so much as

two.

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother

That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth

Must I remember ? Why, she would hang

on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month—

Let me not think on 't ! — Frailty, thy name is

woman ! —

A little month, or e'er those shoes were all

With which she followed my poor father's body

Like Niobe, all tears, — why she, even she—

O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason

Would have mourn'd longer — married with

mine uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father

Than I to Hercules ; within a month,

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !

It is not, nor it cannot come to good. —

But break my heart, for I must hold my

tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERENDEL.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well.

Horatio ! — or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change my

name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg. *Ber-*

tio ?

Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord !

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Beren-*

del.] Good even, sir. —

But what, in faith, make you from Witten-

berg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear you enemy say

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence.

To make it trustful of your own report

Against yourself. I know you are no traitor.

But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's

funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow

student.

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

eed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
rift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral
-meats ¹⁸⁰
urnish forth the marriage tables.
I met my dearest foe in heaven
er seen that day, Horatio!
-methinks I see my father. ¹⁸⁴
where, my lord?

In my mind's eye, Horatio.
v him once; he was a goodly king.
was a man, take him for all in all,
ok upon his like again.
ord, I think I saw him yesternight.
? Who? ¹⁹⁰
ord, the King your father.

The King my father!
n your admiration for a while
at ear, till I may deliver,
ness of these gentlemen,
o you.

For God's love, let me hear.
ights together had these gentle- ¹⁹⁸

Bernardo, on their watch,
aste and middle of the night,
count'red. A figure like your

oints exactly, cap-a-pie, ²⁰⁰
e them, and with solemn march
d stately by them. Thrice he

as'd and fear-surprised eyes,
uncheon's length; whilst they,

r with the act of fear, ²⁰⁵
id speak not to him. This to me
recy impart they did,
hem the third night kept the

had deliver'd, both in time,
ing, each word made true and ²¹⁰

comes. I knew your father;
e not more like.

But where was this?
d, upon the platform where we

ou not speak to it?

My lord, I did;
ade it none. Yet once me- ²¹⁵

ead and did address
like as it would speak;
he morning cock crew loud,
d it shrunk in haste away,
om our sight.

'T is very strange.
live, my honour'd lord, 't is ²²¹

k it writ down in our duty
of it.
indeed, sirs. But this troubles

tch to-night?

We do, my lord.

say you? ²²⁸

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ber. }
Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ber. }
Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver
up. ²³⁰

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. ²³⁵

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.

Ber. }
Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly? No?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, ²⁴¹
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's per-
son,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should
gape ²⁴⁵

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue. ²⁵⁰
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you; farewell.
[*Exeunt (all but Hamlet).*]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well; ²⁵⁵
I doubt some foul play. Would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [Exit.]

SCENE III. [A room in Polonius's house.]

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd, fare-
well;

And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his fa-
vours, ²⁶⁰

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The [perfume and] suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer.

Think it no more:

For nature crescent does not grow alone 11
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch 15
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20
The sanity and health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he

loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it 25
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain

If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmask'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection, 35
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd, 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson
keep, 45
As watchman to my heart. But, good my
brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, 50
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer.

O, fear me not.

Enter POLONIUS.

I stay too long; but here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard,
for shame! 55

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing
with you!

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any disproportion'd thought his act. 60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and ac-
tion

Are most select and generous in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true.
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave a-
board.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your ser-
vants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd.
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said
you?

Oph. So please you, something touching
Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought.
'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous.

If it be so — as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution — I must tell you.
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made me
tenders

Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! You speak like
a green girl.

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself
a baby

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay.
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself
as
dearly,

Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase.
Running it thus — you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me
love

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to
to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

springes to catch woodcocks. I do
 hood burns, how prodigal the soul
 tongue vows. These blazes,
 ter,
 light than heat, extinct in both
 r promise, as it is a-making,
 ot take for fire. From this time,
 ter,
 t scanter of your maiden presence.
 eatments at a higher rate
 and to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
 uch in him, that he is young,
 arger tether may he walk
 given you. In few, Ophelia,
 e his vows; for they are brokers,
 ye which their investments show,
 lorators of unholy suits,
 e sanctified and pious bawds,
 beguile. This is for all:
 in plain terms, from this time

lander any moment leisure
 rds or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 harge you. Come your ways. *Exit.*
 I obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The platform.*

ET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

ir bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
 nipping and an eager air.
 ; hour now?

I think it lacks of twelve.
 is struck.

! ? I heard it not. Then it
 ar the season

pirit held his wont to walk.
 [*flourish of trumpets, and two
 pieces go off [within].*]
 mean, my lord?

King doth wake to-night and
 rouse,
 and the swaggering up-spring

rains his draughts of Rhenish

n and trumpet thus bray out

his pledge.

Is it a custom?

arry, is 't,

l, though I am native here
 ner born, it is a custom

in the breach than the observ-

ded revel east and west

'd and tax'd of other nations.
 drunkards, and with swinish

1; and indeed it takes

vements, though perform'd at

arrow of our attribute.

s in particular men,
 icious mole of nature in them,
 — wherein they are not guilty,
 not choose his origin —

By their o'ergrowth of some complexion
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners, that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
 His virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo —
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault. The dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance often dunt
 To his own scandal.]

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
 us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
 hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Ham-

let,
 King, father; royal Dane, O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should
 we do? [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impament did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It wafts you to a more removed ground.
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
 my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? Think of it.
 [The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.]

Ham. It wafts me still.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me!

I say, away! — Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. Another part of the platform.]

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
hearing.

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotty and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, Hamlet, O,
list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

I find thee as

And duller shouldst thou be than the first
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Ham,
hear.

It's given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
mark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble son,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham.

O my prophetic soul

Mine uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterous
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts, —

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce! — won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous son.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the crown,
I made to her in marriage, and to deck

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of beauty,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will stake itself in a celestial bed

And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once
deprived of

patch'd;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanell'd.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's age. Leave her to heaven.

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well!
once!

The glow-worm shows the matins to be near

o pale his uneffectual fire. 90
u! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*]
all you host of heaven! O earth!
else?

I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, my

y sinews, grow not instant old,
stiffly up. Remember thee! 95
oor ghost, while memory holds a

acted globe. Remember thee!
e table of my memory
ay all trivial fond records,
books, all forms, all pressures 100

and observation copied there,
mandment all alone shall live
ook and volume of my brain,
h baser matter. Yes, yes, by hea-

cious woman! 105
ain, smiling, damned villain!
ny tables,—meet it is I set it

y smile, and smile, and be a vil-

sure it may be so in Denmark.
re you are. Now to my word;
adieu! remember me." 111
t.

'hin.) My lord, my lord!

Within.] Lord Hamlet!

[Within.] Heaven secure him!
it!

in.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord! 115
ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

ORATIO and MARCELLUS.

s't, my noble lord?

What news, my lord?

nderful!

ny lord, tell it.

No, you'll reveal it.

my lord, by heaven.

Nor I, my lord.

say you, then, would heart of

think it? — 121

ecret?

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

's ne'er a villain dwelling in all

—

ant knave.

needs no ghost, my lord, come

grave 125

'hy, right, you are i' the right.

more circumstance at all,

we shake hands and part;

usiness and desires shall point

as business and desire, 130

d for mine own poor part,

pray.

but wild and whirling words,

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, 125

Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision

here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good 140

friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have

seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith. 145

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear! [*Ghost cries under the stage.*]

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art 150

thou there, truepenny?

Come on; you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have

seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear. 155

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* Then we'll shift our

ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword. 160

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! Canst work i'

the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good

friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous

strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it

welcome. 165

There are more things in heaven and earth,

Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,— 170

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumb'ed thus, or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 175

As "Well, we know," or "We could, an if we

would."

Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if

they might,"

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me,—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you.

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to
you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
gether;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right! [*Exit.*]

Nay, come, let's go together.

ACT II

[*SCENE I. A room in Polonius's house.*]

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge
of him.

As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him." Do you mark this, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. "And in part him; but," you may say,
"not well.

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so;" and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him,—take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord?

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
quarrelling,
Drabbing; you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency.

That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults
so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty.
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in un reclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warlike
You laying these slight sullies on my son

As 't were a thing a little soild i' the
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you want
Having ever seen in the premonitions

The youth you breathe of guilty, be
He closes with you in this consequence

"Good sir," or so, or "friend," a
man,

According to the phrase and the addi-
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he think
What was I about to say? [By the way]

about to say something. Where did
Rey. At "closes in the consequence"

"friend or so," and "gentleman."
Pol. At "closes in the consequence"

marry.

He closes with you thus: "I know the

man.

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such and such

you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook

rouse;
There falling out at tennis;" or, perhaps

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out.
So by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you?
Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God buy you; fare you

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Rey*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the mat-
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so

frighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in
chamber,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd

Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle.
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking

together,

look so piteous in purport
 I been loosed out of hell
 horrors, — he comes before me.
 for thy love?

My lord, I do not know,
 do fear it.

What said he?
 took me by the wrist and held me

to the length of all his arm,
 is other hand thus o'er his brow,
 uch perusal of my face

draw it. Long stay'd he so.
 the shaking of mine arm,

his head thus waving up and down,
 igh so piteous and profound
 seem to shatter all his bulk

being. That done, he lets me go;
 is head over his shoulder turn'd,

find his way without his eyes,
 ors he went without their help,

ast, bended their light on me. 100
 e,) go with me, I will go seek the

ery ecstasy of love,
 it property fordoes itself

will to desperate undertakings
 passion under heaven

lict our natures. I am sorry, —
 you given him any hard words of

ny good lord, but, as you did com-

s letters and deni'd
 me.

That hath made him mad. 110
 it with better heed and judgement

ted him. I fear'd he did but trifle
 o wreck thee; but beshrew my

! 115
 is as proper to our age
 d ourselves in our opinions

on for the younger sort
 tion. Come, go we to the King.

known, which, being kept close,
 109

hide than hate to utter love. 118
 [Exit.]

II. [A room in the castle.]

er KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
 DENSTERN, with others.

come, dear Rosencrantz and
 stern!

we much did long to see you,
 ave to use you did provoke

ling. Something have you heard
 ansformation; so I call it,

terior nor the inward man
 it was. What it should be,

father's death, that thus hath

the understanding of himself,
 of. I entreat you both, 10

so young days brought up with

And since so neighbour'd to his youth and
 humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time; so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather 15
 So much as from occasions you may glean,
 [Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him

thus,]

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
 of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living 20
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry and good will

As to expend your time with us a while
 For the supply and profit of our hope,

Your visitation shall receive such thanks 25
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent 30

To lay our services freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guild-
 enstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Ro-
 senkrantz,

And I beseech you instantly to visit 35
 My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
 And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our
 practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Amen!

[Exit [Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
 and some Attendants].]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my
 good lord, 40

Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
 news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good
 liege,

I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God and to my gracious king. 45

And I do think, or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As it hath us'd to do, that I have found
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to
 hear. 50

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassa-
 dors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
 them in. [Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath
 found

The head and source of all your son's distem-
 per. 55

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
 His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your Majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for his enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true; 't is true 't is pity,
And pity 't is true. A foolish figure!
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter — have whilst she is mine —
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

[*Reads*] the letter.

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia," —

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase. But you shall hear.
Thus:

"In her excellent white bosom, these."

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while. I will be faithful.

[*Reads.*]

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt that the sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu."

Thine evermore, most dear lady.

Whilst this machine is to him.

[*Hamlet.*]

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,

And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of it?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing —

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me, — what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think?

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.

This must not be;" and then I precept by her,

That she should lock herself from his resort.

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed — a short tale to make —

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness whereon now he raves,

And all we wait for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time — I'd like to know that —

That I have positively said, "'T is so."

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be other

wise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

know, sometimes he walks four
together 100
abby.

So he has, indeed.
ch a time I'll loose my daughter

behind an arras then ;
unter. If he love her not
om his reason fallen thereon, 108
assistant for a state,
rm and carters.

We will try it.

LAMLET, *reading on a book.*

look where sadly the poor wretch
sading.

I do beseech you, both away.

presently.

Enter King, Queen (and Attendants).

O, give me leave, 170
good Lord Hamlet ?

God-a-mercy.

I know me, my lord ?

lent well ; you are a fishmonger.
my lord. 178

I would you were so honest a

, my lord !

r. To be honest, as this world
ne man pick'd out of ten thou-

very true, my lord. 180
the sun breed maggots in a dead
od kissing carrion, — Have you

my lord. 184
er not walk i' the sun. Concep-
z, but not as your daughter may
id, look to 't. 187

How say you by that ? Still
daughter. Yet he knew me not
I was a fishmonger. He is far

And truly in my youth I suf-
ficiency for love ; very near this.
m again. — What do you read, 198

, words, words.

the matter, my lord ?

an who ?

he matter you read, my lord. 197
rs, sir ; for the satirical slave
ld men have grey beards, that
wrinkled, their eyes purging
plum-tree gum, and that they
lack of wit, together with weak
, sir, though I most powerfully
ieve, yet I hold it not honesty
et down ; for you yourself, sir,

I am, if like a crab you could 205

Though this be madness, yet
in 't. — Will you walk out of

grave ? 210

hat is out o' the air. [*Aside.*]
ometimes his replies are ! a

happiness that often madness hits on, which
reason and sanity could not so prosperously be
deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly
contrive the means of meeting between him and
my daughter. — My honourable lord, I will
most humbly take my leave of you. 218

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any-
thing that I will more willingly part withal, —
[*Aside*] except my life, my life. 221

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet ? There
he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius.*] God save you, sir ! 225
[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord !

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost
thou, Guildenstern ? Oh, Rosencrantz ! Good
lads, how do ye both ? 230

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy.
On Fortune's cap we are not the very but-
ton.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord. 235

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in
the middle of her favour ?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? Oh,
most true ; she is a strumpet. What's the
news ? 240

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's
grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near. But your
news is not true. Let me question more in par-
ticular. What have you, my good friends, de-
served at the hands of Fortune, that she sends
you to prison hither ? 247

Guil. Prison, my lord ?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one. 250

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are
many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark
being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord. 254

Ham. Why, then, 't is none to you ; for
there is nothing either good or bad, but think-
ing makes it so. To me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it
one. 'T is too narrow for your mind. 259

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-
shell and count myself a king of infinite space,
were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition,
for the very substance of the ambitious is merely
the shadow of a dream. 265

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy
and light a quality that it is but a shadow's
shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our
monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars'
shadows. Shall we to the court ? for, by my
fay, I cannot reason. 273

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me. Come, come. Nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no!

Ros. [Aside to *Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [Aside.] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. — If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moutl no feather. I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, — no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the hu-

morous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for! What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so low'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps it as wonted pace; but there is, sir, an army of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of a question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't. These are now the fashion, and so hatch the common stages — so they call them — the many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quill and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who sustains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players — as it is most like, if their means are no better — their writers do them wrong, to make them claim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it as a sin to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Harlequin and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle, the King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, — twenty, forty, [fifty,] an hundred dunces quote for his picture in little. ['Sblood,] there's something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish for the Players.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come. The appearance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let us comply with you in the garb, lest my entrance to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome, but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

be with you, gentlemen!
[*He to them.*] Hark you, Guilden-
stern too, at each ear a hearer: that
I see there is not yet out of his
brains.

For he is the second time come to
say an old man is twice a child.
[*Prophecy he comes to tell me of
mark it.*] [*Aloud.*] You say right,
day morning 't was so indeed.

And, I have news to tell you.
I have news to tell you.
That was an actor in Rome, —
That actors are come hither, my lord.

But!

Give me honour, —
I name each actor on his ass, —
The best actors in the world, either for
tragedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-
comical, pastoral-tragical-historical,
tragi-historical-pastoral, scene indi-
vidual, unlimited; Seneca cannot be
better, Plantus too light. For the law
of liberty, these are the only

Examples, judge of Israel, what a
treasure had he, my lord?

Laughter, and no more,
Which he loved passing well.

Still on my daughter.
Not 't the right, old Jephthah?
Call me Jephthah, my lord, I
that I love passing well.
That follows not.
Flows, then, my lord?

By lot, God wot,
How,
Pass, as most like it was, —
The pious chanson will show
Look where my abridgements

our or five PLAYERS.

My masters, welcome all. I am
well. Welcome, good friends.
! Thy face is valanc'd since I
met thou to beard me in Den-
mark. Young lady and mistress!
Ladyship is nearer heaven
Than you last, by the altitude of
Heaven, your voice, like a piece of
Heaven, is not crack'd within the ring.
All welcome. We'll e'en to't
To-morrow — fly at anything we
have a speech straight. Come,
of your quality; come, a pas-

speech, my lord?
These speak me a speech once,
Acted; or, if it was, not
The play, I remember, [445]
A million; 't was caviare to the

general; but it was — as I receiv'd it, and
others, whose judgement in such matters cried
in the top of mine — an excellent play, well di-
gested in the scenes, set down with as much
modesty as cunning. I remember, one said
there were no sallets in the lines to make the
matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase
that might indict the author of affectation; but
call'd it an honest method, [as wholesome as
sweet, and by very much more handsome than
fine.] One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 't was
Æneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it espe-
cially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If
it live in your memory, begin at this line: let
me see, let me see —

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian
beast,"

— It is not so. It begins with Pyrrhus: —

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion
Smear'd

With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot
Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
Sons,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and
fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

[*So, proceed you.*]
Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with
good accent and good discretion.

1. *Play.* "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks. His antique
sword,

Rebellions to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless
Lies him,

Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his
sword,

Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick.
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour for'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power!

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of
heaven

As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your
beard. Prithce, say on; he's for a jig or a tale
of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to
Hecuba.

i. Play. "But who, O, who had seen the
mobled queen?" 525

Ham. "The mobled queen"?

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

i. Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat-
ning the flame

With bisson rheum, a clout about that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, 531
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; —
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounc'd.

But if the gods themselves did see her then, 535
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven, 540

And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, wh'er he has not turn'd his col-
our and has tears in 's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out 545
the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestow'd? Do ye hear? Let them
be well us'd, for they are the abstracts and
brief chronicles of the time; after your death
you were better have a bad epitaph than their
ill report while you lived. 551

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better. Use
every man after his desert, and who should
scape whipping? Use them after your own
honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the
more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. [Exit. 550]

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a
play to-morrow. [Exeunt all the Players but the
First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you
play "The Murder of Gonzago"?

i. Play. Ay, my lord. 554

Ham. We'll ha' 't to-morrow night. You
could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen
or sixteen lines, which I would set down and
insert in 't, could ye not?

i. Play. Ay, my lord. 559

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, — and
look you mock him not. [Exit i. Player.] My
good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are
welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern.]

Ham. Ay, so, God buy ye. — Now I am
alone. 575

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wam'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function mingling
With forms to his conceit? And all for no-
thing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, 580
That he should weep for her? What would he
do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king.
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the hie to
throat

As deep as to the lungs, who does me this?
Ha!

[Sounds.] I should take it; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kin
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! Sure, this is now
brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! Foh! About, my brain! I have
heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;

For murder, though it have no tongue, it
speaks

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks.
I'll tent him to the quick. If he but bleed
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

than this. The play's the thing
catch the conscience of the King.
[Exit.]

[ACT III]

E I. A room in the castle.]

QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ERASTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

can you, by no drift of circum-

why he puts on this confusion,
rashly all his days of quiet
not and dangerous lunacy?
Does confess he feels himself dis-
at cause he will by no means

do we find him forward to be
affly madness, keeps aloof
ould bring him on to some con-
te.

Did he receive you well? 10
like a gentleman.
with much forcing of his dispo-

d of question; but, of our de-
s reply.

Did you assay him 15
it, it so fell out, that certain play-
t on the way; of these we told

seem in him a kind of joy
They are about the court,
c, they have already order 20
lay before him.

'Tis most true.
h'd me to entreat your Majes-

the matter.
all my heart; and it doth much 25
e inclin'd.

give him a further edge,
urpose on to these delights.
ll, my lord.

unt [Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern.]

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
sely sent for Hamlet hither,
ere by accident, may here 30

myself, lawful espials,
urselves that, seeing unseen,
encounter frankly judge,
im, as he is behaved, 35
tion of his love or no
fers for.

I shall obey you.
rt, Ophelia, I do wish
beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your
virtues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so
please ye,

We will bestow ourselves. [To Ophelia.] Read
on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour 45
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this, —
'Tis too much prov'd — that with devotion's
visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis true!
[Aside.] How smart a lash that speech doth 50
give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring
art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming. Let's withdraw,
my lord. [Exeunt [King and Polonius].] 55

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the ques-
tion.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep; 60
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep; —
To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's 65
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of 70
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make 75
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will 80

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us
all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 85
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. — Soft you now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins rememb'ed.

Oph. Good my lord, 90
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, no; 95
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well
you did,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-
pos'd

As made the things more rich. Their perfume
lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair? 105

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your
beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better
commerce than with honesty? 110

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty
will sooner transform honesty from what it is
to a bawd than the force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his likeness. This was some-
time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.
I did love you once. 115

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe
so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me, for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we
shall relish of it. I loved you not. 120

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself in-
different honest, but yet I could accuse me of
such things that it were better my mother
had not borne me. I am very proud, re- 125
vengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my
beck than I have thoughts to put them in, im-
agination to give them shape, or time to act
them in. What should such fellows as I do
crawling between heaven and earth? We 130
are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go
thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that
he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own
house. Farewell! 135

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as
ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape 140
calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go. Fare-
well! Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry
a fool; for wise men know well enough what
monsters you make of them. To a nunnery,
go, and quickly too. Farewell! 145

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too,

well enough. God has given you one face, and
you make yourselves another. You jig, you
amble, and you lisp and nick-name God's
creatures and make your wantonness your
ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on 't; a hath
made me mad. I say, we will have no more
marriages. Those that are married already,
all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep
they are. To a nunnery, go. 150

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here over-
thrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue
and sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form.

The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched.

That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh

That unmatched form and feature of his
youth

Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form
little.

Was not like madness. There's something in
his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.

And I do doubt the hatch and the disclosure

Will be some danger; which for to prevent,

I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to sea
land

For the demand of our neglected tribute.

Haply the seas and countries different

With variable objects shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart.

Whereon his brains still beating puts him into

From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well; but yet do I believe

The origin and commencement of this grief

Sprung from neglected love. How now,

Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said:

We heard it all. My lord, do as you please.

But, if you hold it fit, after the play

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs. Let her be round with him

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him, or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be as

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd rise.

[*Exit*]

[SCENE II. A hall in the castle.]

Enter HAMLET and PLAYERS.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue.

mouth it, as many of your players
 lief the town-crier spoke my lines.
 saw the air too much with your
 at use all gently; for in the very [15
 est, and, as I may say, the whirl-
 ion, you must acquire and beget a
 hat may give it smoothness. O, it
 the soul to see a roboustious peri-
 ow tear a passion to tatters, for [10
 split the ears of the groundlings,
 most part are capable of nothing
 le dumb-shows and noise. I could
 allow whipp'd for o'erdoing Ter-
 rit-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid

arrant your honour.
 ot too tame neither, but let your
 be your tutor. Suit the action to
 word to the action; with this [20
 ance, that you o'erstep not the
 ture. For anything so overdone
 pose of playing, whose end, both
 d now, was and is, to hold, as
 for up to nature; to show virtue
 e, scorn her own image, and [25
 ad body of the time his form and
 this overdone, or come tardy off,
 e the unskilful laugh, cannot but
 cious grieve; the censure of the
 , in your allowance, o'erweigh [30
 e of others. O, there be players
 n play, and heard others praise,
 , not to speak it profanely, that,
 the accent of Christians nor the
 an, pagan, nor man, have so [35
 llowed that I have thought some
 rneymen had made men and not
 all, they imitated humanity so

pe we have reform'd that indif-
 , sir. [40
 rm it altogether. And let those
 clowns speak no more than is
 em; for there be of them that
 laugh to set on some quantity
 tors to laugh too, though in [45
 some necessary question of the
 e considered. That's villanous,
 st pitiful ambition in the Fool
 , make you ready. [50

[*Exit Players.*]

1, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILD-
 ENSTERN.

rd! Will the King hear this
 : Queen too, and that pre-
 players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*]
 p to hasten them? [55
 l, my lord.

unt Rosencrantz and Guilden-
 stern.

o! Horatio.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal. [60

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter,
 For what advancement may I hope from thee
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
 be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee [65
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
 hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast
 been [70

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are
 those

Whose blood and judgement are so well com-
 mingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger [75
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that
 man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
 There is a play to-night before the King. [80

One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle. If his occulted guilt [85
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, [90
 And after we will both our judgements join
 To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING,
 QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
 GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant,
 with the guard carrying torches.*

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must
 be idle. [95

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, — of the chame-
 leon's dish. I eat the air, promise-cramm'd.
 You cannot feed capons so. [100

King. I have nothing with this answer,
 Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius.*]
 My lord, you play'd once i' the university, you
 say?

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted
 a good actor. [105

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready? 111

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me. 115

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive. [*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs. 125

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I? 130

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours. 135

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r [*140*] lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot." 145

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a King and Queen very lovingly, the Queen embracing him. She kneels and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*]*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho; that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play? 150

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll be ashamed to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught! mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter [two Players,] KING and his QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Pluto cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd groves
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve times been,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our knees
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity.
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made me know;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, but not shortly too.

My operant powers their functions leave to thee
And thou shalt live in this fair world below.
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rascal!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood!

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what you speak,

But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt
What to ourselves in passion we propose.

sending, doth the purpose lose. 305
of either grief or joy
actures with themselves destroy.
nost revels, grief doth most la-

y grieves, on slender accident.
not for aye, nor 't is not strange
ur loves should with our fortunes

stion left us yet to prove,
lead fortune, or else fortune love.
an down, you mark his favourite

anc'd makes friends of enemies.
doth love on fortune tend, 316
seeds shall never lack a friend;
ant a hollow friend doth try,
ns him his enemy.

o end where I begun, 320
fates do so contrary run
ces still are overthrown;
are ours, their ends none of our

wilt no second husband wed;
thoughts when thy first lord is

Nor earth to me give food, nor
ight!

se lock from me day and night!
n turn my trust and hope!
eer in prison be my scope!]

that blanks the face of joy
ould have well and it destroy!
hence pursue me lasting strife,

ow, ever I be wife!
should break it now!
is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave

a while. 325
dull, and fain I would beguile
y with sleep. [Sleeps.

Sleep rock thy brain,
e mischance between us twain!

in, how like you this play?
lady protests too much, me-

she'll keep her word.
you heard the argument? Is
in 't?

, they do but jest, poison in jest.
e world. 345

do you call the play?
ouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropi-
is the image of a murder done
zago is the duke's name; his

You shall see anon. 'Tis a
of work, but what o' that? [350
nd we that have free souls, it

Let the gall'd jade wince, our
rung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

anus, nephew to the king.
a good chorus, my lord. 355
d interpret between you and
ould see the puppets dallying.
keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take
off my edge. 360

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Be-
gin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces
and begin. Come, 'the croaking raven doth
bellow for revenge.' 365

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing.
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds col-
lected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice in-
fected,

Thy natural magic and dire property 370
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in [to the sleeper's]
ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's
estate. His name 's Gonzago; the story is ex-
tant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see
anon how the murderer gets the love of Gon-
zago's wife. 375

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away! 380

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must
sleep,—

So runs the world away. 385

Would not this, air, and a forest of feathers—
if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—
with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes,
get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share. 390

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very — pajock. 395

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 400

Hor. I did very well note him.

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! Come,
the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. 405

Come, some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, sir,— 410

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distem-
per'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler. 415

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Is not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
That's near it with it. It is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
Whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
Things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it
falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage,
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. { We will haste us.
Guil. {
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax
him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
I'm meet that some more audience than a
mother,
Whose nature makes them partial, should o'er-
hear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
liege.
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit Polonius.*]

My offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
And hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
Stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul
murder"?

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
As the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law. But 't is not so above.
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves com-
pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make as-
say!

Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings
of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [Retires and] kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is
praying,
And now I'll do 't. — And so he goes to
heaven;

And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd.
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Oh, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May;

And how his audit stands who knows save
Heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of thought
'T is heavy with him. And am I then re-
veng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid
hent.

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't, —
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

King. [Rising.] My words fly up, my
thoughts remain below.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*]

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you be
home to him.

Tell him his prayers have been too broad;
bear with,

And that your Grace hath screen'd and
between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me ere
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother,

hat from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
and put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Enter GHOST.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches, —
re me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
on heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad! 106

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

hat, lapse'd in time and passion, lets go by
be important acting of your dread command?

Ghost. Do not forget! This visitation 110

but to what thy almost blunted purpose.

ut, look, amazement on thy mother sits.

step between her and her fighting soul.

onset in weakest bodies strongest works.

peak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you, 116

hat you do bend your eye on vacancy

ad with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?

with at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,

ad, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120

our bedded hair, like life in excrements,

art up and stand on end. O gentle son,

you the heat and flame of thy distemper

rinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale 126

he glares!

is form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to

stones,

ould make them capable. Do not look upon

me,

set with this piteous action you convert

stern effects; then what I have to do

ill want true colour, tears perchance for

blood. 130

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look, how it

steals away!

father, in his habit as he lived! 136

ook, where he goes, even now, out at the

portal! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.

his bodiless creation ecstasy

very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep

time, 140

ad makes as healthful music. It is not mad-

ness

hat I have uttered. Bring me to the test,

ad I the matter will re-word, which madness

ould gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

ay not that flattering unction to your soul, 146

hat not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

hilst rank corruption, mining all within,

affects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come, 150

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,

To make them rank. Forgive me this my virtue,

For in the fatness of these pursty times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good. 156

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart

in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

[*That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,*

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or livery,

That aptly is put on.] Refrain to-night, 166

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence; [the next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either master the devil or throw him out,

With wondrous potency.] Once more, good-

night; 170

And when you are desirous to be blest,

I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,

To punish me with this and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister. 176

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

[*One word more, good lady.*]

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you

do: 181

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,

Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his

mouse,

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd

fingers, 186

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him

know;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190

Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep, 196

And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of

breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot. 'T is so concluded on. 201

Ham. [There's letters sealed, and my two

school-fellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,

They bear the mandate. They must sweep my

way,

[SCENE III. Another room in the castle.]

Enter KING [and two or three].

KING. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! It must not be put the strong law on him.

'Tis the lov'd of the distracted multitude, who like not in their judgement, but their eyes, and where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

and never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

his sudden sending him away must seem elaborate pause. Diseases desperate grown by desperate appliance are relieved, not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! What hath befallen?

ROS. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, I cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he?

ROS. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

ROS. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and Guildenstern.

KING. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper! Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of [politic] worms have eaten at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

[KING. Alas, alas!]

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath eat of that worm.

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven; send thither to see. If our messenger find him not there, seek him in some other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not [within] this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there.

[To some Attendants.]

HAM. He will stay till ye come.

[Exit Attendants.]

KING. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,—

which we do tender, as we dearly grieve

that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

with fiery quickness; therefore prepare thyself.

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

and associates tend, and everything is bent for England.

HAM. For England?

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good.

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come, for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. My mother. Father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England!

KING. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard.

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night.

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit.]

[SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, [a CAPTAIN,] and army, [marching].

FORT. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king.

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras

Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his Majesty would aught with us,

We shall express our duty in his eye;

And let him know so.

CAPT. I will do 't, my lord.

FORT. Go softly on.

[Exit FORTINBRAS [and Soldiers].]

[Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, and others.]

HAM. Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPT. They are of Norway, sir.

HAM. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

CAPT. Against some part of Poland.

HAM. Who commands them, sir?

CAPT. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

CAPT. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAM. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Opel. Indeed, la, without an oath I'll make
an end on't.

"Bygis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack! and, Fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By Cock, they are to blame.

"Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.'
'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.'"

King. How long hath she been thus?
Opel. I hope all will be well. We must be
sient; but I cannot choose but weep, to
think they should lay him i' the cold ground.
My brother shall know of it; and so I thank
you for your good counsel. Come, my coach!
Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies;
good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close; give her good
watch, I pray you. [*Exeunt some.*]
This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
all from her father's death. O Gertrude,
Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single
pieces,

as in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
of his own just remove; the people muddled,
dark and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,

or good Polonius' death; and we have done
but greenly

hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia
divided from herself and her fair judgement,
without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts;

and as much containing as all these,
my brother is in secret come from France,
and on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
and wants not buzzers to infect his ear
with pestilent speeches of his father's death,
wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
finds nothing stick our persons to arraign
ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
like to a murdering-piece, in many places
does me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?
King. Where are my Switzers? Let them
guard the door.

What is the matter?

Mess. Save yourself, my lord!

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
is not the flats with more impetuous haste
an young Laertes, in a riotous head,
rears your officers. The rabble call him
lord;

and, as the world were now but to begin,
siquity forgot, custom not known,
is ratifiers and props of every word,
they cry, "Choose we! Laertes shall be king!"
And hands, and tongues applaud it to the
clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail
they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 110

Enter LAERTES [armed; DANES following].

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]
Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you
all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you; keep the door. O thou
vile king, 115

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm pro-
claims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched
brows

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? 121

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our per-
son.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, 125
Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go,
Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jug-
gl'd with. 130

To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest
devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd 135
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world.

And for my means, I'll husband them so
well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty 140
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend
and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms, 145

And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,

Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150

and do't the speedier, that you may direct me
to him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.]

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquit-
tance seal;

and you must put me in your heart for friend,
with you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
that he which hath your noble father slain
perjured my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me
why you proceeded not against these feats, so
criminel and so capital in nature,
as by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
as mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-
sinn'd,

and yet to me they are strong. The Queen his
mother

loves almost by his looks; and for myself —
my virtue or my plague, be it either which —
he's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
that as the star moves not but in his sphere, so
could not but by her. The other motive
why to a public count I might not go,
the great love the general gender bear him;
her, dipping all his faults in their affection,
would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,

convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
so slightly timb'ring for so loud a wind,
could have reverted to my bow again,
and not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost, so
a sister driven into desperate terms,
whose worth, if praises may go back again,
good challenger on mount of all the age
her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that. You
must not think

that we are made of stuff so flat and dull
that we can let our beard be shook with danger
and think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more.

lov'd your father, and we love ourselves,
and that, I hope, will teach you to imagine —

Enter a MESSENGER with letters.

Now now! What news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
his to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them
not.

they were given me by Claudio. He receiv'd
them

of him that brought them].

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
I have us.

[*Exit Messenger.*
Reads.] "High and mighty, You shall know
am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
all I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when
shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-

count the occasions of my sudden and more
strange return.

HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
back?

Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked!"
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him
come.

It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus didest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes, —
As how should it be so? How otherwise? —
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. [Ay, my lord.]

If so you'll not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

[*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so

That I might be the organ.]

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel
much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine. Your sum of
parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.] Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy; —
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this
gallant

Had witchcraft in 't. He grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he pass'd my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch
indeed

And gem of all the nation.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
 How fear I this will give it start again,
 Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt. 155]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. A churchyard.]

Enter two CLOWNS [with spades and pickaxes].

1. Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial
 that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2. Clo. I tell thee she is, and therefore make
 her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on
 her, and finds it Christian burial.

1. Clo. How can that be, unless she drown'd
 herself in her own defence?

2. Clo. Why, 't is found so.

1. Clo. It must be "se offendendo," it cannot
 be else. For here lies the point: if I [10]
 drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and
 an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do,
 and to perform; argal, she drown'd herself
 wittingly.

2. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman del-
 ver, —

1. Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
 good. Here stands the man; good. If the man
 go to this water and drown himself, it is, will
 he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that? But if
 he water come to him and drown him, he
 drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty
 of his own death shortens not his own life.

2. Clo. But is this law?

1. Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

2. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this
 ad not been a gentlewoman, she should have
 been buried out o' Christian burial.

1. Clo. Why, there thou say'st; and the
 more pity that great folk should have counte-
 nance in this world to drown or hang them-
 selves, more than their even Christian. Come,
 y spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but
 gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they
 dig up Adam's profession.

2. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1. Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2. Clo. Why, he had none.

1. Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou
 understand the Scripture? The Scripture says
 Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll
 at another question to thee. If thou answerest
 not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2. Clo. Go to.

1. Clo. What is he that builds stronger than
 either the mason, the shipwright, or the car-
 penter?

2. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame
 survives a thousand tenants.

1. Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith.
 The gallows does well; but how does it well?
 It does well to those that do ill. Now, thou
 ost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than
 the church, argal, the gallows may do well to
 thee. To't again, come.

2. Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason,
 shipwright, or a carpenter?

1. Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1. Clo. To't.

2. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off.

1. Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it,
 for your dull ass will not mend his pace with
 beating; and, when you are ask'd this question
 next, say "a grave-maker"; the houses that
 he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee to
 Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2. Clown.]

[He digs, and] sings.

"In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time for-a my behove,

O, methought, there was nothing meet."

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busi-
 ness, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property
 of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so. The hand of little em-
 ployment hath the daintier sense.

1. Clo. (Sings.)

"But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such."

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and
 could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the
 ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did
 the first murder! It might be the pate of a
 politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one
 that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say,
 "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou,
 good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-
 one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse,
 when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my Lady
 Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the
 mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine
 revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did
 these bones cost no more the breeding, but to
 play at loggats with 'em? Mine ache to think
 on't.

1. Clo. (Sings.)

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade

For and a shrouding sheet;

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet."

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another. Why might not that
 be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quid-
 dits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and
 his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave
 now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty
 shovel, and will not tell him of his action of
 battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's
 time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,
 his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,
 his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines,
 and the recovery of his recoveries, to have [115]

and with such maimed rites? This doth be-
token

be curse they follow did with desperate hand
to do it own life. 'T was of some estate.
ouch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth.
Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far en-
larg'd

as we have warrantise. Her death was doubt-
ful;

and, but that great command o'ersways the
order,

be should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
till the last trumpet; for charitable prayer,
hards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on
her.

't here she is allowed her virgin rites,
her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead
by sing such requiem and such rest to her
as to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth,
and from her fair and unpolluted flesh
lay violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
miniat'ring angel shall my sister be,
then thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet; farewell!
[Scattering flowers.]
hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife.

thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

and not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
all ten times treble on that cursed head
those wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
spriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
and I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[Leaps into the grave.]

we pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
and of this flat a mountain you have made
po'rtop old Pelion, or the skyish head
of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he whose grief
shows such an emphasis, whose phrase of sor-
row

injures the wand'ring stars and makes them
stand

like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
anlet, the Dane!

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

with thee, take thy fingers from my throat,

or, though I am not splenitive and rash,

yet have I something in me dangerous,

which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

[All. Gentlemen,—
Hor.] Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia. Forty thousand bro-
thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. ['Swords,] show me what thou 'lt do.
Woo 't weep? Woo 't fight? [Woo 't fast?]

Woo 't tear thyself?

Woo 't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?

I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

[Queen.] This is mere madness,

And thus a while the fit will work on him.

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

[Exit.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him.

[Exit Horatio.]

[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. A hall in the castle.]

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir; now let me see
the other.

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.

Rashly,—

And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well

When our deep plots do pall; and that should

teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

take him to be a soul of great article; and in infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his image, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? Why do we rap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already. All 's hidden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant —

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, 't is so?]

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is —

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the reputation laid on him by them, in his meed 's unfollowed.]

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The King, sir, has wag'd with him six arbary horses, against the which he has [upon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, &c. Three of the carriages, in faith, are as dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal price.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the argument ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our backs; I would it might be hangers till then. ut on: six Barbary horses against six French ponies, their assigns, and three liberal-conned carriages; that 's the French bet against a Danish. Why is this "impon'd," as you call it?

Osr. The King, sir, hath laid that in a dozen combats between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for you; and that would come to immediate trial, your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it be his Majesty 't is the breathing time of you with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purse. I will win for him if I can; if not, I'll win nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you 'em so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osr.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

[Enter a LORD.]

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.] [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart. But it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord, —

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury. There 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what 's 't to leave betimes? [Let be.]

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, [OSRIC,] Lords, and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir. I've done you wrong.

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

medicine in the world can do thee good ;³²⁵
 thee there is not half an hour of life.

That treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 That poisoned and envenom'd. The foul practice
 Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
 Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.³²⁶
 Can no more : — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!
 O, venom, to thy work. [*Hurts the King.*
 All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but
 hurt.³²⁷

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
 damned Dane,

Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?
 Follow my mother! [*King dies.*

Lær. He is justly serv'd;
 'Tis a poison temp'red by himself.³²⁸

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
 Mine and my father's death come not upon
 thee,

For 'thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
 thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
 On that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,³²⁹
 Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest — O, I could tell you —
 But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;

How liv'st. Report me and my cause aright³³⁰
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
 Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll
 have't!

'Good Horatio, what a wounded name,³³¹
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
 hind me!

'Thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Distant thee from felicity a while

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
 pain

To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*
 What warlike noise is this?

Orr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
 from Poland,³³²

And the ambassadors of England gives
 him warlike volley.

Ham. O, die, Horatio;
 He potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.

He cannot live to hear the news from England,
 But I do prophesy the election lights³³³

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.

Tell him, with the occurrents, more and
 less,

Which have solicited — The rest is silence.
 [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night.
 Sweet prince,³³⁴

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within.*]

Enter FORTINBRAS and the English AMBASSA-
 DOR, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
 If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud
 Death,³³⁵

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
 And our affairs from England come too late.

The ears are senseless that should give us hear-
 ing,³³⁶

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you.³³⁷

He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-
 land,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view;³³⁸

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook³³⁹

Fallen on the inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite³⁴⁰
 me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
 more.

But let this same be presently perform'd
 Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-
 chance,³⁴¹

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,

For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have prov'd most royally; and, for his pas-
 sage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war³⁴²
 Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching, [bearing off the*

dead bodies;] after which a peal

of ordnance are shot off.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, [a senator,] father to Desdemona.

[Other] Senators.

ANTONIO, [brother to Brabantio,] } two noble Vene-

LUDOVICO, [kinsman to Brabantio,] } tians.

OTHELLO, the Moor [in the military service of Venice].

CASSIO, an honourable lieutenant.

IAGO, [an ensign,] a villain.

RODERIGO, a gulled gentleman.

MONTANO, governor of Cyprus [before Othello].

CLOWN [servant to Othello].

DESDEMONA, [daughter to Brabantio and] wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a courtesan.

Gentlemen of Cyprus, Sailors [Officers, Messenger, Herald, Musicians, and Attendants].

[SCENE: Venice; a sea-port in Cyprus.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Venice. A street.]

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me! I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Shlood, but you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In a personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man, I
Know my price; I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,

Sends my mediators; for, "Certes," says he,

"I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

Ose Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,

For the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster, unless the bookish the-
oric,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he. Mere prattle without prac-
tice

As all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the elec-
tion;

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds

Christen'd and heathen, must be be-lee'd and

calm'd

By debitor and creditor; this counter-caster,

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the
curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
self

Whether I in any just term am affin'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's
ass,

For nought but provender, and when he's old,
casher'd.

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,

And, throwing but shows of service on their

lords,

Do well thrive by them, and when they have

lin'd their coats

Do themselves homage. These fellows have

some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end;

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In complative extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Enter [below,] BRABANTIO in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil; gone she is; and what's to come of my despised time I doubt but bitterness. Now, Roderigo, where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl! With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
low didst thou know 't was she? O, she deceives me
ast thought! What said she to you? Get thee moe tapers;
aise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
athers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

by what you see them act. Is there not charms by which the property of youth and maidhood may be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo, of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!

ome one way, some another. Do you know where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please to get good guard and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

may command at most. Get weapons, ho! and raise some special officers of night.

Be, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [Another street.]

Enter OTHELLO, LAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Lago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

let do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience to do no contriv'd murder. I lack iniquity sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times I'd thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Lago. Nay, but he prated, and spoke such scurvy and provoking terms against your honour

that, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,

are you fast married? Be assur'd of this, that the magnifico is much belov'd, and hath in his effect a voice potential as double as the Duke's. He will divorce you; he put upon you what restraint or grievance is the law, with all his might to enforce it on, will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite; my services which I have done the signiory shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, —

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

I shall promulgate — I fetch my life and being From men of royal siege, and my demerits May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

Enter CASSIO, with lights, Officers, and torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends.

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found. My parts, my title, and my perfect soul Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Lago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends! What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, general, And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;

It is a business of some heat. The galleys Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

This very night at one another's heels, And many of the consuls, rais'd and met, Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found, The Senate hath sent about three several quests To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the house, And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Lago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carack.

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Lago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

[Re-enter OTHELLO.]

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and OFFICERS with torches and weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd; He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Against the general enemy Ottoman.
To Brabantio.] I did not see you; welcome,
gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stand in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, — this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very sorry for 't.
Duke. [*To Othello.*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
Fill now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.
Bra. A maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
[Duke.] To vouch this is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.
[2.] Sen. But, Othello, speak.
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
[Exeunt two or three.]
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.
[Exit Iago.]
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was my process, —
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 300

Oth. Let her have your voice.
Touch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
Of a my defect and proper satisfaction, 305
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

Will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd
toys

If feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness 310
Ly speculative and offic'd instruments
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Take head against my estimation! 315

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Whether for her stay or going. The affair cries
haste,

And speed must answer it.

1. Sen. You must away to-night.

[Des.] To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.]

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll
meet again. 320

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my ancient;
I man he is of honesty and trust. 325

To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall
think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good-night to every one. *[To Bra.]* And, noble
signior,

I virtue no delighted beauty lack, 330
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1. Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
see;

He has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

*[Exeunt [Duke, Senators, Officers,
etc.].]*

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee. 335

Prithce, let thy wife attend on her;

And bring them after in the best advantage.

Desdemona. I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 340

To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep. 345

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee

After. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is tor-

ment; and then have we a prescription to die
when Death is our physician. 351

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the
world for four times seven years; and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an in-
jury, I never found man that knew how to love
himself. Ere I would say I would drown my-
self for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change
my humanity with a baboon. 358

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my
shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue
to amend it. 361

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that
we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gar-
dens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so
that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set
hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with [365]
one gender of herbs, or distract it with many,
either to have it sterile with idleness, or ma-
nured with industry; why, the power and cor-
rigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the
balance of our lives had not one scale of rea- [370]
son to poise another of sensuality, the blood and
baseness of our natures would conduct us to
most preposterous conclusions; but we have
reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal
stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this
that you call love to be a sect or scion. 387

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have
profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit
to thy deserving with cables of perdurable
toughness; I could never better stead thee
than now. Put money in thy purse; follow
thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an [395]
usurp'd beard. I say, put money in thy purse.
It cannot be long that Desdemona should con-
tinue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy
purse,—nor he his to her. It was a violent
commencement in her, and thou shalt see [400]
an answerable sequestration. Put but money
in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in
their wills;—fill thy purse with money;—the
food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as bitter as colo- [405]
quintida. She must change for youth; when
she is sated with his body, she will find the
error of her choice; [she must have change,
she must:] therefore put money in thy purse.
If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more
delicate way than drowning. Make all the [410]
money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail
vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-
subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits
and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;
therefore make money. A pox of drowning [415]
thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou
rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy than
to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I de-
pend on the issue? 420

Iago. Thou art sure of me. Go, make money.
I had told thee often, and I re-tell thee again
and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is
hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be

2. *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy. 55

or friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth, and give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2. *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*]
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd? 60

Cas. Most fortunately. He hath achiev'd a maid

that paragons description and wild fame;
as that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
and in the essential vesture of creation
does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second GENTLEMAN.

How now! who has put in?

2. *Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general. 65

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed.

tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

he gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,
rafters entsteep'd to clog the guiltless keel, 70
as having sense of beauty do omit
their mortal natures, letting go safely by
the divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

swift in the conduct of the bold Iago, 75
whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
as 'night's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,

and swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,

that he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
the love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
his renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 80
and bring all Cyprus comfort!]

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO
(and Attendants).

O, behold,
the riches of the ship is come on shore!
our men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
adieu to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
more, behind thee, and on every hand, 85
shall wheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
of that he's well and will be shortly here. 90

Des. O, but I fear — How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

ruined our fellowship. — But, hark! a sail.
[*Within, "A sail, a sail!"*] [*Guns*
heard.]

2. *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel. 95

his likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.
[*Exit Gentleman.*]

and ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia.*]
Welcome, mistress.

as it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep. 105

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
out of doors, 110

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives
in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.
You rise to play and go to bed to work. 115

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical. 120

Des. Come on, assay. — There's one gone to
the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —

Come, how wouldst thou praise me? 125

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from
frieze;

It plucks out brains and all. But my Muse
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd:
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit. 135

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was
fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish? 140

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones
do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou be-
stow on a deserving woman indeed, one that,
in the authority of her merit, did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself? 145

ling! Didst thou not see her paddle with the
min of his hand? Didst not mark that? 250

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but
courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and
obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul
thoughts. They met so near with their lips
that their breaths embrac'd together. Vil-
lous thoughts, Rodrigo! When these mutu-
alities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes
he master and main exercise, the incorporate
conclusion. Fish! But, sir, be you rul'd by me;
I have brought you from Venice. Watch 270
you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon
you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far
from you. Do you find some occasion to anger
Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting
his discipline; or from what other course 275
you please, which the time shall more favour-
ably minister.

Rod. Well?

Iago. Sir, he's rash and very sudden in
anger, and haply may strike at you. Provoke
him, that he may; for even out of that 280
will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose
justification shall come into no true taste again
but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you
have a shorter journey to your desires by the
means I shall then have to prefer them; and
the impediment most profitably removed,
without the which there were no expectation of
our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any
opportunity. 280

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by
in the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries
aboard. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well be-
lieve 't; 285

That she loves him, 't is apt and of great
credit;

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
and I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
a most dear husband. Now, I do love her
too; 290

Not out of absolute lust, though peradven-
ture

I stand accountant for as great a sin,
but partly led to diet my revenge,
for that I do suspect the lusty Moor
hath leap'd into my seat; the thought
whereof 295

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-
wards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul
till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
he failing so, yet that I put the Moor
at least into a jealousy so strong 300
that judgement cannot cure. Which thing to
do,

I find this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
for his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
'till have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb — 305
for I fear Cassio with my night-cap too —

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward
me,

For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet con-
fus'd; 310

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. [A street.]

Enter Othello's HERALD, with a proclamation
[People following].

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and
valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now
arriv'd importing the mere perdition of the
Turkish fleet, every man put himself into
triumph; some to dance, some to make bon-
fires, each man to what sport and revels his
addition leads him; for, beside these benefi-
cial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial.
So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed.
All offices are open, and there is full liberty
of feasting from this present hour of five till 315
the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle
of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. A hall in the castle.]

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and
Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard
to-night.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good-night; to-morrow with your ear-
liest

Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemona.]

Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night.

[Exeunt [Othello, Desdemona, and
Attendants].

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the
watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet
ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early
for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not
therefore blame. He hath not yet made wan-
ton the night with her; and she is sport for
Jove. 317

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate
creature. 318

Iago. What an eye she has! Methinks it
sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks
right modest.

Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity. 145
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
[I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. — But, hark! what
noise? [*Cry within: "Help! help!"*]

Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cas. 'Zounds, you rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! 151
[I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking Roderigo.*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk. 155

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo.*] Away, I say; go
out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant, — God's will, gentle-
men; —

Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — Montano, —
sir; —

Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch in-
deed! [*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell? — Diablo,
ho! 160

The town will rise. God's will, lieutenant,
hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to
the death. He dies!

Oth. Hold, for your lives! 165

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant, — sir, — Mon-
tano, — gentlemen, —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence
arise this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 170

Or Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl.

Is that stir next to carve for his own rage
Folds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Hence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, mas-
ters? 175

Lowest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? On thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know. Friends all but now,
even now, 179

In a quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Bestowing them for bed; and then, but now —

As if some planet had unwitting men —

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds; 185
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be
civil; 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the mat-
ter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name 195
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —

While I spare speech, which something now of-
fends me —

Of all that I do know; nor know I aught 200
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule; 205
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on; 210
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel, 215
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affi'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near. 220
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech, 225
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd
sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest by his clamour — as it so fell out —
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of
foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night 235
I ne'er might say before. When I came back —
For this was brief — I found them close to-
gether,

At blow and thrust; even as again they were

they do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
as I do now; for whiles this honest fool
lies Desdemona to repair his fortunes 360
and she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
that she repeals him for her body's lust;
and by how much she strives to do him good,
he shall undo her credit with the Moor. 365
O will I turn her virtue into pitch,
and out of her own goodness make the net
that shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like
hounds that hunt, but one that fills up the
ry. My money is almost spent; I have 370
seen to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and
think the issue will be, I shall have so much
experience for my pains; and so, with no money
at all and a little more wit, return again to
Venice. 375

Iago. How poor are they that have not
patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by
witchcraft;

and wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
and thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd
Cassio. 381

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself a while. By the mass, 't is
morning;

Treasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted. 385

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.
I say, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two
things are to be done:

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
'll set her on;

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
and bring him jump when he may Cassio find
soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;
I will not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Before the castle.*]

Enter CASSIO, with MUSICIANS.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your
pains;
something that 's brief; and bid "Good mor-
row, general." [*They play.*]

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments
seen in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1. Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instru-
ments?

1. Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1. Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument
that I know. But, masters, here 's money for
you; and the general so likes your music, that
he desires you, for love's sake, to make no
more noise with it.

1. Mus. Well, sir, we will not. 15

Clo. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear
music the general does not greatly care.

1. Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away. Go, vanish into air, away! 21

[*Exeunt MUSICIANS.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I
hear you. 24

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. There 's
a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentle-
woman that attends the general's wife be stir-
ring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a
little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir. If she will stir
hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

Cas. [Do, good my friend.] [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, 35
To send in to your wife. My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and busi-
ness 40

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*]

I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am
sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be
well. 45

The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor re-
plies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wis-
dom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests
he loves you, 50

And needs no other suitor but his likings

[To take the safest occasion by the front]

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,

If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse 55
With Desdemona alone.

Emil.

Pray you, come in.

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas.

I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Des. Emilia, come. — Be as your fancies teach you;
 What's'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. — Thou dost mean something.

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,
 When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,
 Of my whole course of wooing, thou criedst,
 "Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, 'tis
 Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
 And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;

For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just

They're close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
 I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
 & those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in sessions sit

With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you —

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not — that your wisdom

yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. [By heaven,] I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly

loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,

But riches fineless is as poor as winter

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy!

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

*Is she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !
't not believe 't.*

Des. How now, my dear Othello !
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?
Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that 's with watching ; 't will
away again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
't will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him ;
and it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt [Othello and Desdemona].*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
his was her first remembrance from the
Moor.

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Would me to steal it ; but she so loves the
token,

Or he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en
out,

And give 't Iago. What he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I ;
Nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. A thing for me ? It is a common
thing—

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me
now

For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief !
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
but which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negli-
gence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you
have been so earnest

to have me filch it ?

Iago. [Snatching it.] Why, what is that to
you ?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of im-
port.

Give 't me again. Poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't ; I have use for
it.

Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison.
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poi-
sons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor man-
dragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ! no more of
that.

Oth. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on
the rack.

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd

Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord !

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
lust ?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me.
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free
and merry ;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell con-
tent !

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That makes ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-
feit,

Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore,

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath !

Iago. Is 't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see 't ; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop

To hang a doubt on ; or woo upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. If thou dost alander her and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;

Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at your request.

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
damn her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish her with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Before the castle.*]

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier
lies, 't is stabbing.

Des. Go to! Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
me where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me
to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he
is there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified
by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that
make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither. Tell
me I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and
we all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of
my wit; and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

all of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor
true of mind and made of no such baseness
jealous creatures are, it were enough
to put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was
born

was all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my
lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] O, hard-
ness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,
my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal
heart;

Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours re-
quires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 't is
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave
hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends
me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while
she kept it

'T would make her amiable and subdue my
father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me
wiv'd,

To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye.

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true; there's magic in the web of
it.

A sibyl, that had numb' red in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk;

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't
well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never
seen 't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and
rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak, is 't out
of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How?

to the felt absence now I feel a cause.
 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
 throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 from whence you have them. You are jealous
 now 145
 that this is from some mistress, some remem-
 brance.

io, by my faith, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet; I found it in my
 chamber.

like the work well; ere it be demanded —
 as like enough it will — I'd have it copied. 150

ake it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! Wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
 and think it no addition, nor my wish, 154
 to have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
 pray you, bring me on the way a little,
 and say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way that I can bring
 you,

or I attend here; but I'll see you soon. 160

Bian. 'T is very good; I must be circum-
 stanc'd. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Cyprus. Before the castle.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What,
 to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
 in labour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean
 harm!

't is hypocrisy against the devil.

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
 the devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
 heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;
 but if I give my wife a handkerchief, — 10

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and,
 being hers,

she may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
 may she give that? 15

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not
 seen;

they have it very oft that have it not:

but, for the handkerchief, —

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
 forgot it.

Thou said'st — O, it comes o'er my memory, 20
 as doth the raven o'er the infected house,

leading to all — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago.

What

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
 Or heard him say, — as knaves be such abroad,
 Who having, by their own importunate suit, 25
 Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Convinced or suppli'd them, cannot choose
 But they must blab —

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
 assur'd, 30

No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did — I know not what
 he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie
 on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! 35

'Zounds, that 's fulsome! — Handkerchief —
 confessions — handkerchief! — To confess, and

be hang'd for his labour; — first, to be hang'd,
 and then to confess. — I tremble at it. Nature

would not invest herself in such shadowing 40
 passion without some instruction. It is not
 words that shakes me thus. Fish! Noses, ears,

and lips. — Is 't possible? — Confess — handker-
 chief! — O devil! [Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
 caught; 45

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 All guiltless, meet reproach. — What, ho! my

lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What 's the matter? 50

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy.

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. [No, forbear;]

The lethargy must have his quiet course;
 If not, he foams at mouth and by and by 55

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight. When he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? Have you not hurt your
 head? 60

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heaven.
 Would you would bear your fortune like a

man!

Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a popu-
 lous city, 65

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago.

Good sir, be a man;
 Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd

May draw with you. There 's millions now
 alive

That nightly lie in those improper beds

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at a vice? 181

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand. And to see how he tizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave him, and he hath given it his whore. 187

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing, fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 190

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be un'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, y heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it rts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter tature! She might lie by an emperor's side d command him tasks. 196

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is, delicate with her needle! an admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and ination! 201

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times. And an, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle. 206

Oth. Nay, that 's certain. But yet the pity it. Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, re her patent to offend; for, if it touch not a, it comes near nobody. 210

Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold 21

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler. 215

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I not expostulate with her, lest her body and say unprovide my mind again. This night, 219

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in r bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; ry good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his under-ter. You shall hear more by midnight. 225

[A trumpet.

ter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good. What trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant, something from Venice. is Lodovico, this, comes from the Duke. y, your wife 's with him.

Lod. God save the worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter.] 230

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [Opens the letter, and reads.]

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; become to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord!

Oth. [Reads.] "This fail you not to do, as you will" — 240

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one. I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise? 245

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello, —

Oth. [Striking her.] Devil! 251

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice

Though I should swear I saw 't. 'T is very much.

Make her amends: she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, 256

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn.

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient, 266 Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion! —

I am commanded home. — Get you away;

I 'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the man- date, 270

And will return to Venice. — Hence, avaunt! —

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. — Goats and monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full

Senate 275

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? ⁷⁰

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 do to write "whore" upon? What committed!

Des. O thou public commoner!
 should make very forges of my cheeks,
 at would to cinders burn up modesty,
 did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
 even stops the nose at it, and the moon
 winks,

a bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 did will not hear it. What committed!
 audent strumpet!]

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
 to preserve this vessel for my lord
 on any other foul unlawful touch
 not to be a strumpet, I am none. ⁸⁵

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
 seek you for that cunning whore of Venice
 at married with Othello. [*Raising his*
voice.]— You, mistress, ⁹⁰

Re-enter EMILIA.

at have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 d keeps the gate of hell! You, you, ay,
 you!

have done our course; there's money for
 your pains.

ay you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
 ceive? ⁹⁵

do you, madam? How do you, my good
 lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
 my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. ¹⁰⁰

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me,
 Emilia;

must weep, nor answers have I none
 what should go by water. Prithee, to-
 night ¹⁰⁵

on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
 call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*

Des. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very
 meet.

have I been behav'd, that he might stick
 small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Igo. What is your pleasure, madam? How
 is 't with you? ¹¹⁰

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
 young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
 her, ¹¹⁵

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
 That true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore. A beggar in his
 drink ¹²⁰

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none
 such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the
 day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
 matches, ¹²⁵

Her father and her country and her friends,

To be call'd whore? Would it not make one
 weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beahrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal vil-
 lain, ¹³⁰

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,

Have not devis'd this slander. I'll be hang'd
 else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impos-
 sible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon
 him! ¹³⁵

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw
 his bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her
 company?

What place? what time? what form? what
 likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous
 knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

O heavens, that such companions thou 'dst un-
 fold, ¹⁴¹

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire
 he was ¹⁴⁵

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
 heaven, ¹⁵⁰

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good

Emilia,
 ye me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
 e must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I. My love doth so ap-
 prove him,

at even his stubbornness, his checks, his
 frowns, —

ithe, unpin me, — have grace and favour [in
 them].

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me
 on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are
 our minds!

I do die before, prithee, shroud me
 use of these same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
 e was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
 did forsake her. She had a song of "wil-
 low";

old thing 't was, but it express'd her for-
 tune,

she died singing it. That song to-night
 ll not go from my mind; I have much to do

to go hang my head all at one side
 I sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dis-
 patch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
 No, unpin me here.

Des. Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have

k'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his
 er lip.

Des. [Singing.]
 e poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

g all a green willow;
 hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

g willow, willow, willow.
 fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd

her moans;
 g willow, willow, willow;
 salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the

stones;
 g willow, willow, willow;
 by these; —

Des. [Singing.] "Willow, willow;" —
 hee, hie thee; he'll come anon; —

Emil. [Singing.]
 g all a green willow must be my garland.

nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —
 that's not next. — Hark! who is 't that

knocks?
Des. It's the wind.

Des. [Singing.]
 all'd my love false love; but what said

be then?
 g willow, willow, willow.
 eart moe women, you'll couch with moe

men. —
 at thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do

itch;
 that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men,
 these men!

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me,
Emilia, —

That there be women do abuse their husbands
 in such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
 world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
 I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
 world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing; it is a
 great price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't
 when I had done. Marry, I would not do such
 a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of
 lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor
 any petty exhibition; but, for all the whole
 world, — 'ud's pity, who would not make [us]
 her husband a cuckold to make him a mon-
 arch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a
 wrong

For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the
 world; and having the world for your labour,
 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might
 quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such
 woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the
 vantage as would store the world they play'd
 for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
 If wives do fall. Say that they slack their

duties
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike
 us,

Or scant our former having in despite;
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some

grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands

know
 Their wives have sense like them; they see
 and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and
 sour

As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
 I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know,
 The ill we do, their ill instruct us so.

Des. Good-night, good-night. Heaven me
 such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
Cassio. Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
 so they should be that have thus mangled
 you?

Ias. No.

Ira. I am sorry to find you thus; I have
 been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
 bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio,
 Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
 be a party in this injury.

Ira. Hence a while, good Cassio. Come, come;
 ad me a light. Know we this face or no?

Ias. My friend and my dear countryman
 derigo! No:—yes, sure:—O heaven! Roderigo.

Ira. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Ira. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle
 pardon;

Ias. See bloody accidents must excuse my man-
 ners,
 at so neglected you.

Ira. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a
 chair!

Ira. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he. [*A chair brought in.*]
 O, that's well said; the chair.

Ias. No good man bear him carefully from hence;
 I fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca.*]

Ira. For you, mistress.

Ias. Be you your labour. He that lies slain here,
 Cassio,

Ira. My dear friend. What malice was be-
 tween you?

Ias. None in the world; nor do I know the
 man.

Iago. [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale? O,
 bear him out o' the air.

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]
Ira. you, good gentlemen. Look you pale,
 mistress?

Ias. you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Ira. y, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Ias. hold her well; I pray you, look upon her.

Ira. you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will
 speak,

Ias. each tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas, what's the matter? What's
 the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
 Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd.

Ias. 's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
 Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee,
 Emilia,

know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.

Bianca. What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I there-
 fore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with
 me.

Emil. Oh, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
 As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor
 Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia. run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.

Will you go on afore? [*Aside.*] This is the
 night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*A bedchamber in the castle.*] *DE-
 DEMONA in bed [asleep].*

Enter OTHELLO with a light.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my
 soul, —

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me; but once put out thy
 light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have
 pluck'd the rose

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither; I'll smell it on the
 tree.

Oh, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one
 more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
 thee

And love thee after. One more, and that's the
 last;

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heav-
 enly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Deademona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Deademon?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean
 by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk
 by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No; heavens forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice. 110

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! 125
[Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murd'ered?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You hear her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell.

I was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil! 121

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say that she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else. 125

I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell

but that I did proceed upon just grounds

to this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband! 140

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

if Heaven would make me such another fool,

if one entire and perfect chrysolite, 145

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first.

A honest man he is, and hates the slime

that sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I

say thy husband. 150

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

say thy husband; dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

rot half a grain a day! He lies to the heart. 155

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst! 159

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven

than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do

me harm

as I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

A ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed —

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee

known. 165

Though I lost twenty lives. — Help! help, ho!

help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!

murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 171

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man.

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full. 175

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie; Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie. 181

She false with Cassio! — did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed, — 185

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!

I think upon 't, — I think I smell 't, — O villainy! 191

I thought so then, — I'll kill myself for grief — O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak; 195

'T is proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [He falls on the bed.]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [Rising.] O, she was foul! 200

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead. 204

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Fill you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know,

you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath

befallen.

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a

letter

found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,

and here another. The one of them imports

the death of Cassio to be undertook

by Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,

found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned

villain;

at that belike Iago in the interim

came in and satisf'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff! —

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

that was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;

and he himself confess'd but even now

that there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

how he upbraids Iago, that he made him

save me upon the watch, whereon it came

that I was cast; and even but now he spake,

after long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,

and set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go

with us.

Our power and your command is taken off,

and Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,

there be any cunning cruelty

that can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known

To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they

know 't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you

speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;

Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought

Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd

eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him, thus. *[Stabs himself.]*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way

but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Falls on the bed, and] dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no

weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. *[To Iago.]* O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

This is thy work. The object poisons sight;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord gov-

ernor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture. O, enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard; and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.]

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, King of Britain.
 KING OF FRANCE.
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
 DUKE OF CORNWALL.
 DUKE OF ALBANY.
 EARL OF KENT.
 EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
 — EDGAR, son to Gloucester.
 — EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.
 — CURAN, a courtier.
 Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.
 Fool.
 OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
 A Captain employed by Edmund.
 Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
 A Herald.
 Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
 — REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
 CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*King Lear's palace.*]

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected
 Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Hou. It did always seem so to us; but now,
 the division of the kingdom, it appears not
 ich of the Dukes he values most; for qual-
 are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can
 be choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Hou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my
 age. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge
 2, that now I am braz'd to 't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Hou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could;
 upon she grew round-womb'd, and had,
 eed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she
 had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a
 it?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the
 3 of it being so proper.

Hou. But I have a son, sir, by order of law,
 4 year elder than this, who yet is no dearer
 my account. Though this knave came some-
 ag saucily into the world before he was sent
 5, yet was his mother fair; there was good
 rt at his making, and the whoreson must be
 6nowledged. Do you know this noble gentle-
 7, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Hou. My Lord of Kent. Remember him
 8 after as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you
 9.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Hou. He hath been out nine years, and away
 shall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, then KING
 LEAR, then the DUKES OF ALBANY and
 CORNWALL, next GONERIL, REGAN, COR-
 DELIA, with followers.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Bur-
 gundy, Gloucester.

Glov. I shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt [Gloucester and Edmund].*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker
 purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have
 divided

In three our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent
 To shake all cares and business from our age,
 10 Conferring them on younger strengths, while
 we

Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of
 Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future
 strife

May be prevented now. The Princess, France
 and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous
 sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my
 daughters,—

Since now we will divest us both of rule,
 11 Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where nature doth with merit challenge?
 Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can
 wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain

so true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 we swear 'at thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
 [Laying his hand on his sword.]

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
 on the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
 whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
 I thine allegiance, hear me!
 'st thou hast sought to make us break our
 vows,

hich we durst never yet, and with strain'd
 pride

come betwixt our sentences and our power,
 hich nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 e potency made good, take thy reward.

se days we do allot thee, for provision
 shield thee from disasters of the world;
 d on the sixth to turn thy hated back
 on our kingdom. If, on the tenth day fol-
 lowing,

y banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 e moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
 is shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king! Sith thus thou
 wilt appear,

edom lives hence, and banishment is here.

Cordelia. The gods to their dear shelter
 take thee, maid,
 at justly think'st, and hast most rightly
 said!

Regan and Goneril. And your large
 speeches may your deeds approve,
 at good effects may spring from words of
 love.

Kent. O princes, bids you all adieu;
 I'll shape his old course in a country new.
 [Exit.]

Enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here 's France and Burgundy, my no-
 ble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
 I first address toward you, who with this
 king

th rival'd fer our daughter. What, in the
 least,

Il you require in present dower with her, we
 cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
 have no more than what your Highness
 offer'd,

I will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
 we saw her dear to us, we did hold her so;
 t now her price is fallen. Sir, there she
 stands:

ught within that little-seeming substance,

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
 She 's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
 owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
 our oath,
 Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal air;
 Election makes not up in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
 that made me,
 I tell you all her wealth. [To France.] For you,
 great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
 you

To avert your liking a more worthier way
 Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
 That she, whom even but now was your best
 object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 The best, the dearest, should in this trice of
 time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affec-
 tion

Fallen into taint; which to believe of her,
 Must be a faith that reason without miracle
 Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,—
 If for I want that glib and oily art,
 To speak and purpose not; since what I well
 intend,

I'll do 't before I speak,—that you make
 known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonoured step,
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and fa-
 vour;

But even for want of that for which I am
 richer,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though not to have
 it

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd
 me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
 Which often leaves the history unspoke
 That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love 's not love
 When it is mingled with regards that stands
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
 her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy.

letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. (Reads.) "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relieth them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,"

EDGAR.

Hum — conspiracy! — "Sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue!" — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declin'd, the father should be a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster —

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Ed- [as] mund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the King falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollownes, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! 'T is strange.

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, — often the surfeits of our own behaviour, — we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforce'd obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of

men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence. 25

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for inging, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight. 25

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If like thee no worse after dinner, I will not art from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! There's my knave? my Fool? Go you, and all my Fool hither. [*Exit an attendant.*] 27

Enter Steward [OSWALD].

Now, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you, — [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the footpoll back. [*Exit a knight.*] Where's my Fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. 28

[*Re-enter KNIGHT.*]

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is at well. 29

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! 30

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your Highness is entertained with that ceremonious affection you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter. 31

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wrong'd. 32

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own reception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very preface and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days. 33

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an attendant.*] Go you, call her my Fool. [*Exit an attendant.*] 34

[*Re-enter Steward [OSWALD].*]

Now, you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. "My lady's father"! My lord's slave! You whoreson dog! you slave! you slave! 35

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you scab? [*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be stricken, my lord. 36

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee. 36

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences. Away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! go to. Have you wisdom? So. [*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service. 37

[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb. 38

[*Kent.* Why, Fool?]

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters! 39

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip. 40

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: 41

"Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score." 42

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfeeling lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing. 43

Fool. [*To Kent.*] Prithee, tell him so much the rent of his land comes to. He will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

[*Fool.* "That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand: 44

addle my horses; call my train together!
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee; 175
 't have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
 lake servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents! — [O, sir,
 are you come?]

Is it your will? Speak, sir. — Prepare my horses. — 280

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
 more hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
 than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [To *Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts, 285
 that all particulars of duty know,
 and in the most exact regard support
 the worship of their name. O most small fault,

how ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of 300
 nature

from the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
 love,

and added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 least at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.]
 and thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my
 people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless as I am ignorant 305

of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
 Lear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!
 suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend 310
 to make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

dry up in her the organs of increase,
 and from her derogate body never spring

a babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 create her child of spleen, that it may live

and be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her! 315
 let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,

with cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
 turn all her mother's pains and benefits

to laughter and contempt, that she may feel
 how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 320
 to have a thankless child! — Away, away!

[Exit.]
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
 this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of
 it;

but let his disposition have that scope
 as dotage gives it. 325

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
 within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. [To *Gon.*] Life and
 death! I am ashamed

that thou hast power to shake my manhood
 thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me
 perforce, 320
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs
 upon thee!

The untended woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you loose,

To temper clay. Ha! [is it come to this?] 325
 Let it be so: I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost 330
 think

I have cast off for ever. [Thou shalt, I warrant
 thee.]

[Exit *Lear, Kent, and attendants*.]

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you, — 335

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald,
 ho!

[To the Fool.] You, sir, more knave than fool,
 after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry! Take
 the Fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 340
 And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter.

So the Fool follows after. [Exit.]
Gon. This man hath had good counsel, — a
 hundred knights! 345

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
 At point a hundred knights; yea, that, on
 every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dialike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! 350

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.
 Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister.

If she sustain him and his hundred knights, 355
 When I have show'd the unfitness, —

Re-enter Steward [OSWALD].

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
 horse.

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360
 And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more. Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. [Exit *Oswald*.] No,

no, my lord,
 This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon, 365
 You are much more at task for want of wisdom

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
 tell.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. *[Exeunt some Servants.]* By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

but that I told him, the revenging gods
Against parricides did all the thunder bend;
poke, with how manifold and strong a bond
he child was bound to the father; sir, in
fine,

seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
ly unprovided body, latch'd mine arm;
and when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the en-
counter,

whether gasted by the noise I made,
he suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far.
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
and found, — dispatch. The noble Duke my
master,

thy worthy arch and patron, comes to-night.
By his authority I will proclaim it,
that he which finds him shall deserve our
thanks,

bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
he that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his in-
tent,

and found him pight to do it, with curst speech
threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
if I would stand against thee, would the re-
posal"

Many trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No! what I should
deny, —

As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character, — I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
and thou must make a dullard of the world
if they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
to make thee seek it."

Glou. O strange and fast'ned villain!
Would he deny his letter? [I never got him.]

[Tucket within.]
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why
he comes.

All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not scape;
The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his
picture

will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
to make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I
came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,
it's crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek
your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it
hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tended upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too
bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill
affected:

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his reve-
nues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such
cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your
father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice; and re-
ceiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own pur-
pose,

How in my strength you please. For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours.
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you, —

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-
ey'd night?

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messen-
gers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam.

Your Graces are right welcome.
[Exeunt. Flourish.]

ent was a plain knave; which for my part I
will not be, though I should win your displea-
ure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

One. I never gave him any.

I pleas'd the King his master very late

to strike at me, upon his misconstruction;

*When he, compact, and flattering his displea-
sure,*

*Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted,
rail'd,*

And put upon him such a deal of man

That 't worthied him, got praises of the King

for him attempting who was self-subdued;

*And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, I
drew on me here again.*

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
but Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
*For stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart,*

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
*All not your stocks for me; I serve the
King,*

For whose employment I was sent to you.

*You shall do small respects, show too bold
malice*

*Against the grace and person of my master,
mocking his messenger.*

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have
life and honour,

Here shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
as sister speaks of. Come, bring away the
stocks!

Glow. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good King his
master

*Will check him for 't. Your purpos'd low cor-
rection*

*Is such as basest and condemn'd 'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses*

*Are punish'd with.] The King must take it ill
that he 's so slightly valned in his messenger,
should have him thus restrained.*

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse

*For have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.]*

*[Kent is put in the stocks.]
Come, my good lord, away.*

*[Exeunt [all but Gloucester and
Kent].*

Glow. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the
Duke's pleasure.

*Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll entreat
for thee.*

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and
travell'd hard;

*Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll
whistle.*

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

Give you good morrow!

Glow. The Duke 's to blame in this; 't will
be ill taken. *[Exit.]*

Kent. Good King, that must approve the
common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles

But misery. I know 't is from Cordelia,

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

*Of my obscured course; [reads] "—and shall
find time*

*From this enormous state—seeking to give
Losses their remedies."—All weary and o'er-*

watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging.

*Fortune, good-night! Smile once more; turn
thy wheel!* *[Sleeps.]*

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;

And by the happy hollow of a tree

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place

That guard and most unusual vigilance

*Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may
scape*

I will preserve myself, and am bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape

That ever penury, in contempt of man,

*Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with
filth,*

Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots,

And with presented nakedness out-face

The winds and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent

Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;

And with this horrible object, from low farms,

Poor pelted villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,

Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with

prayers,

*Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor
Tom!*

That's something yet. Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.]

[SCENE IV. *The same.*]

*Enter LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMAN. [KENT
in the stocks.]*

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so de-
part from home,

And not send back my messengers.

Gent.

As I learn'd,

*The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.*

, but not yet; may be he is not well.
firmity doth still neglect all office
hereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves

ben nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

suffer with the body. I'll forbear; 110
ad am fallen out with my more headier will,
take the indispos'd and sickly fit
the sound man.—Death on my state!
wherefore [Looking on Kent.]

would he sit here? This act persuades me
that this remotion of the Duke and her 115
practice only. Give me my servant forth.
tell the Duke and 's wife I'd speak with
them.

ow, presently. Bid them come forth and hear
me,

at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
ill it cry sleep to death. 120

Glow. I would have all well betwixt you.

[Exit.]
Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But,
down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did
the eels when she put 'em i' the paste
ire; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with
stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!"
'was her brother that, in pure kindness to
a horse, buttered his hay. 125

ster CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and
Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace!
[Kent is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
reason

have to think so. If thou shouldst not be
glad, 125

would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
palehring an adulteress. [To Kent.] O, are
you free?

me other time for that. Beloved Regan,
my sister 's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
ary-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.
[Points to his heart.]

an scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
ith how deprav'd a quality—O Regan! 130

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have
hope

as less know how to value her desert
as she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
ould fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
s have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
is on such ground, and to such wholesome
end, 135

clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
sture in you stands on the very verge
her confine. You should be rul'd and led 140
some discretion that discerns your state
ster than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; 145
[Kneeling.]

Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks.

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising.] Never, Regan: 150
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall 155
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sun,

To fall and blast her pride! 160

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on
me,

When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse.

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce;
but thine 165

Do comfort and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in. Thou better know'st 170

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
[Tucket within.]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Enter Steward [OSWALD].

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Reg. I know 't; my sister's. This approves
her letter, 175
That she would soon be here. [To Oswald.] Is
your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrowed
pride

Dwells in the sickle grace of her he follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your Grace? 180

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope

Thou didst not know on 't. Who comes here?
O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,

have full cause of weeping; but this heart
(*Storm and tempest.*)
shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
where I'll weep. O, Fool! I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw; 't will be a storm.
Reg. This house is little; the old man and 's people

cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest,

had must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
but not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
There is my Lord of Gloucester?

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Corn. Followed the old man forth. He is return'd.

Glow. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?
Glow. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glow. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds

do sorely ruffle; for many miles about there 's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.

Is attended with a desperate train;
and what they may incense him to, being apt

to have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:

thy Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*The open country near Gloucester's castle.*]

Storm still. Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN, severally.

Kent. Who 's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where 's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
the wind blow the earth into the sea,
the well the curled waters 'bove the main,
that things might change or cease; [tears his white hair,

which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
dash in their fury, and make nothing of;
trives in his little world of man to out-scorn
the to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool; who labours to outjest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is divi-

sion,
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-

wall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars

Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power

Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;

That, when we have found the King,—in which your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him

Holla the other. [*Exeunt [severally].*]

SCENE II. [*The same.*] *Storm still.*

Enter LEAR and FOOL.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
Rage! Blow!

Yon cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

that. I have received a letter this night; it is dangerous to be spoken; I have lock'd my letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed. We must come to the King. I will look him, and privately serve him. Go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened, the King my old master must be relieved. Here is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the Duke instantly know; and of that letter too. It seems a fair deserving, and must draw me that which my father loses; no less than all. He younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. [The open country. Before a hovel.]

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

It is tyranny of the open night's too rough nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm

ravages us to the skin; so 't is to thee; it where the greater malady is fix'd,

the lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear; if it fly flight lay toward the roaring sea,

thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

the body's delicate; the tempest in my mind

from my senses take all feeling else

what beats there. Filial ingratitude! it is not as this mouth should tear this hand

lifting food to 't? But I will punish home. I will weep no more. In such a night

about me out! Pour on! I will endure. Such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

My old kind father, whose frank heart gave me all, —

that way madness lies; let me shun that; more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease.

It is tempest will not give me leave to ponder things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.

[The Fool.] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty, —

Y, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Exit.]

My naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, at bid the pelting of this pitiless storm, we shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en too little care of this! Take physic, pomp; expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, that thou may'st shake the superfluous to them, And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the hovel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! He says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

[Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.]

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! "Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds." Hum! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, and through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold, — O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, — and there, — and there again, and there.

[Storm still.]
Lear. Has his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all sham'd.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowliness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'T was this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. "Pillcock sat on Pillcock-hill."

Alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something ears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek its death; but a provoking merit, set a-work 'y a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! hat this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, hat he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. [A building attached to Gloucester's castle.]

Enter KENT and GLOUCESTER.

Glow. Here is better than the open air; take a thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you. [Exit.]

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and FOOL.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

'sme hissing in upon 'em, —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a hare's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

To Edgar. Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

To the Fool. Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you are foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! Whatest thou eyes at trial, madam?

"Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me," —

Fool. "Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee."

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed!

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.

[To Edgar.] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[To the Fool.] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side. [To Kent.] You are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

"Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm."

Purr! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?]

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [Aside.] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Seesa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts?

[To Edgar.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian, but let them be chang'd.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King? 50
Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not
 charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer
 that.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must
 stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? 55

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel
 nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
 a his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 a hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd

up 60
 and quench'd the stelled fires;

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to
 rain.

I wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern
 time,

thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn
 the key."

All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see 65
 he winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold
 the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glou. He that will think to live till he be
 old,

Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods! 70

Reg. One side will mock another; the other
 too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

[1.] *Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord! I
 have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

at better service have I never done you
 than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

[1.] *Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your
 chin, 75

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you
 mean?

Corn. My villain! [They draw and fight.]

[1.] *Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the
 chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand
 up thus? 80

[Takes a sword, and runs at him
 behind.

[1.] *Serv.* Oh, I am slain! My lord, you have
 one eye left

see some mischief on him. Oh! [Dies.]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile
 jelly!

here is thy lustre now?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's
 my son Edmund? 85

mund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
 quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

you call'st on him that hates thee. It was he
 at made the overture of thy treasons to us,

so is too good to pity thee. 90

Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was abus'd.
 ad gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him
 smell

His way to Dover. [Exit [one] with Gloucester.]

How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt; follow me,
 lady. 95

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
 Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace;

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
 [Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.]

[2.] *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I
 do,

If this man come to good.

3. *Serv.* If she live long, 100
 And in the end meet the old course of death,
 Women will all turn monsters.

2. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get
 the Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish mad-
 ness

Allows itself to anything. 105

3. *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and
 whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven
 help him! [Exeunt [severally].]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [The open country near Gloucester's
 castle.]

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
 temn'd,

Than, still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst.

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.

The lamentable change is from the best; 5
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an OLD MAN.

But who comes here?

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate
 thee, 11

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these four-
 score years. 15

Glou. Away, get thee away! Good friend,
 be gone;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. [Alack, sir,] you cannot see your
 way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no
 eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
 Our means secure us, and our mere defects

Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in my touch, 25
 I'd say I had eyes again!

Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude
wind

blows in your face. [I fear your disposition.
That nature which contemns its origin
cannot be bordered certain in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile;

With savour but themselves. What have you
done?
Sisters, not daughters, what have you per-
form'd?

Father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear
would lick,
Lost barbarous, most degenerate! have you
maddened.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

That the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.]

Gon. Milk-liver'd man! so
What bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs,

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering, [that not
know'st

Cools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief, where 's thy
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;
While thou, a moral fool, sits still, and criest,
Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Roper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!
[*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,
for shame!

The monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
By flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a
fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood — Me!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead;

Bain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him
dead;

But not without that harmful stroke, which
since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer.

'T is from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with
her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. — I'll read, and an-
swer.

Alb. Where was his son when they did take
his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their pun-
ishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'st the
King,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither,
friend;

Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exit.

[SCENE III. The French camp near Dover.

Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back, know you no reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the
state, which since his coming forth is thought
of; which imports to the kingdom so much
fear and danger that his personal return was
most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La
Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek. It seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that; and at her late being here she gave strange cellades and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom. *Osw.* I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; y' are, I know't.

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd; so

And more convenient is he for my hand than for your lady's. You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this; and when your mistress hears thus much from you,

Pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. *So* fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, referment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show

What party I do follow. *Reg.* Fare thee well. *So*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [VI. *Fields near Dover.*]

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR [dressed like a peasant].

Glow. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.

Glow. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep. *Lark,* do you hear the sea?

Glow. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glow. So may it be, indeed. Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st

A better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd. In nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glow. Methinks you're better spoken. *Edg.* Come on, sir, here's the place; stand

still. How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the midway

air

How scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful

trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy almost too small for sight. The murmuring

surge,

That on the unnumb'ed idle pebbles chafes, cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more, lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Tattle down headlong.

Glow. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glow. Let go my hand. Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; *So* bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir.

Glow. With all my heart. *Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

Glow. [*Kneeling.*] O you mighty gods! This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off. If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him! *So* Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir; farewell! — And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself Yields to the theft. [*Glow. throws himself forward.*]

Had he been where he thought, By this had thought been past. Alive or

dead? — *Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak! —*

Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives. — What are you, sir?

Glow. Away, and let me die. *Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,

feathers, air, So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again. *So* *Glow.* But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

Glow. Alack, I have no eyes. *So* Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm. Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You

stand. *So* *Glow.* Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness. Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was

that Which parted from you?

Glow. A poor unfortunate beggar. *Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his

eyes

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,
now, now.

pull off my boots; harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Season in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes.

know these well enough; thy name is Gloucester.

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee;
mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we
are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good
block.

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-
laws,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a GENTLEMAN [with Attendants].

Gent. O, here he is! Lay hand upon him.
Sir,

Four most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; I
shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

And, laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bride-
groom. What!

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey
you.

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Come, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,

Which twain have brought her to.
[*Exit [running; attendants follow].*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one
daughter

Who redeems Nature from the general curse no
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main
descries

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on special

cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

[*Exit.*]
Edg. I thank you, sir.

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glou. Hearty thanks;

The bounty and the benison of Heaven

To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward [OSWALD].

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That
eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember; the sword is out

That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,

Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. 'Chill not let go, zir, without further
'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. An 'chud ha' bin zwagger'd

out of my life, 't would not ha' bin zo long as
't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old

man; keep out, 'che vor ye, or Ise try whether
your costard or my ballow be the harder. 'Chill

be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. 'Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him
down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take
my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;

And give the letters which thou find'st about
me

To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death!

Death!
[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain,
As detestous to the vices of thy mistress

As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he

speaks of.

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only
sorry

He had no other death's-man. Let us see.

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us
not.

hourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

methinks I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant as that place this is, and all the skill I have

members not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

to be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. ⁷⁰

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters

have, as I do remember, done me wrong: ⁷⁴ I have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,

you see, is kill'd in him: [and yet it is danger to make him even o'er the time he has lost.] ⁸⁰

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt [all but Kent and Gentleman].*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain? ⁸⁵

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany. ⁹¹

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Pray you well, sir. [*Exit.*] ⁹⁴

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,

Whether well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*The British camp, near Dover.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,

Whether since he is advis'd by aught

to change the course. He's full of alteration

and self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure. [*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried. *Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord, ¹

You know the goodness I intend upon you.

Tell me — but truly — but then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way ¹⁰

To the forfended place?

[*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, — as far as we call hers.]

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not. ¹⁴

She and the Duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

[*Gon.* [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister

Should loosen him and me.]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. ²⁰

Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant. For this business, It toucheth us, as France invades our land, ²⁵

Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy; For these domestic and particular broils ³⁰

Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

[*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.]

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No. ³⁵

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle. — I

will go. [*Exeunt both the armies.*]

[*As they are going out,*] *enter* EDGAR [*disguised.* Albany remains].

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. ⁴⁰

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it. Wretched though I

seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove

What is avouched there. If you miscarry,

Your business of the world hath so an end, ⁴⁵

And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

French. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
[another CAPTAIN] and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your val-
iant strain,
and fortune led you well. You have the cap-
tives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
do require them of you, so to use them
as we shall find their merits and our safety
lay equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
to send the old and miserable king
to some retention [and appointed guard];
whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
to pluck the common bosom on his side,
and turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
which do command them. With him I sent
the Queen,

by reason all the same; and they are ready
to-morrow, or at further space, to appear
where you shall hold your session. [At this
time

He sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

and the best quarrels, in the heat, are ours'd
by those that feel their sharpness:
the question of Cordelia and her father
requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
hold you but a subject of this war,
not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
He thinks our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

where you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
bore the commission of my place and person;
where which immediacy may well stand up,
and call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot.
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
more than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
by me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you.

Reg. Jeesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

from a full-flowing stomach. General,
take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
suppose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
my lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Reg. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [To Edmund.] Let the drum strike,
and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I ar-
rest thee

a capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
his gilded serpent. [Pointing to Gon.] For
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art armed, Gloucester; let the
trumpet sound.

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove].

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust medi-
cine.

Edm. There 's my exchange [throwing down
a glove]. What in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by the trumpet;—he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

[Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!]

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy sol-
diers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my
tent.

Enter a HERALD.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet
sound—

And read out this.

[Capt. Sound, trumpet!]

[A trumpet sounds.]
Her. [Reads.] "If any man of quality or
degree within the lists of the army will main-
tain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Glouces-
ter, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear
by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold
in his defence."

[Edm. Sound!]

[First trumpet.]

Her. Again!

[Second trumpet.]

Her. Again!

[Third trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, with
a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you an-
swer

This present summons?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost,

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb.

Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund
Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edg.

Draw thy sword,

Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise allow'd his enemy king, and did him service improper for a slave.] 221

Enter a GENTLEMAN with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means this bloody knife?
Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes; I came even from the heart of — O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? Speak, man. 225
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
 by her is poison'd; she confesses it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both. All three
 now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead. 230
 This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
 touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]
 — O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment
 Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
 To bid my king and master aye good-night. 235
 Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
 Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd!
 He one the other poison'd for my sake, 240
 And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life. Some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
 Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
 Runs on the life of Lear and on Cordelia. 245
 I say, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!
Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office?
 Send
 By token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on. Take my sword, 250
 Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee, for thy life.
 [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
 And me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
 To lay the blame upon her own despair,
 That she fordid herself. 255

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
 a while. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

Re-enter LEAR with Cordelia in his arms
 [*GENTLEMAN following.*]

Lear. Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone
 for ever! 260

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
 She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! If it be 265
 so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling.*] O my good master!

Lear. Prithce, away.

Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
 ever! 270

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever
 soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
 I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Gent. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting fal-
 chion 275

I would have made him skip. I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
 Mine eyes are not o' the best. I'll tell you
 straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and
 hated, 280

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not
 Kent?

Kent. The same.

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
 Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you
 that;

He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and
 rotten. 285

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very
 man, —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. — That, from your first of difference
 and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
 and deadly. 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone them-
 selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain
 is it

That we present us to him.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

It is generally agreed that *Macbeth* was written about 1605 or 1606, though the evidence — one, style, and metre apart — is far from conclusive. A later limit of date is found in Dr. Simon Forman's statement in his *Booke of Plaies* that he was present at a performance of the tragedy in the Globe Theatre on April 20, 1610. An earlier limit is afforded by the "twofold balls and treble sceptres" of iv. i. 121, and by the reference in iv. iii. 140-159 to the practice ofouching for the king's evil, which James I was induced to revive, both of which point to a date later than the Union of the Crowns in 1603. Of minor indications of date, the most important is the passage in ii. iii. 9-13, which has been interpreted as an allusion to the Jesuit Superior, Henry Garnet, who in his trial in 1606 for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot is recorded to have avowed the doctrine of equivocation.

Macbeth was first published in the First Folio, and on this text all subsequent editions are based. The language of the play is printed with fair accuracy, but the metre is badly mangled. This fact, along with the exceptionally large number of broken lines and the shortness of the whole, has led some to suspect either that Shakespeare did not finish it, or, more plausibly, that it has suffered severe mutilation. Further, a number of passages have been regarded as coming from another hand. Thus at iii. v. 34 and iv. i. 43 the stage directions of the Folio give the names of two songs which are found in full in *The Witch* of Thomas Middleton (d. 1622). Again, the speeches of Hecate, and the dialogue immediately connected therewith, in iii. v. and iv. i. 3-47, stand apart from the rest of the play in tone and metre, and are unnecessary to the plot, while they much resemble Middleton's work. The theory which best fits these facts is that Middleton was employed to add to the witch scenes of *Macbeth*, and that at the same time he inserted two songs from his own unsuccessful drama. The following passages have also been suspected, though with less reason: i. ii., i. iii. 1-37, ii. iii. 1-23, iv. iii. 140-159, v. ii., v. viii. 5-75.

Shakespeare's main source was the *Historie of Scotland* of Holinshed, which follows the *Historia* of Hector Boece (1526), usually through Bellenden's Scottish translation. Of Boece's predecessors, the most important for the story of Macbeth are the earliest, John of Fordun (1360), and Andrew of Wyntoun (c. 1420). Most of the story is taken from Holinshed's account of the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth (A. D. 1034-1057), but certain details are drawn from other parts of the chronicle. Thus several points in the assassination of Duncan, like the dragging of the grooms by Lady Macbeth, and the portents described in ii. iv., are from the murder of Duncan's ancestor Duffe (A. D. 972); and the voice that called, "Sleep no more!" seems to have been suggested by the troubled conscience of Duffe's brother Kenneth, who had poisoned his own nephew.

Of the witches Holinshed says: "The common opinion was that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, adorned with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science." To the suggestions here given Shakespeare added details of witch lore gathered from such books as Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, and probably also from oral sources; and he bestowed upon the witches, in addition, a symbolic and spiritual significance that brought them into vital relation with the change in the character of Macbeth.

Among the more important features of the tragedy not derived from the chronicle are the first two scenes, the consultations between Macbeth and his wife, the soliloquies, the Porter scene and the knocking at the gate, the appearance of the ghost of Banquo, Macbeth's second interview with the witches, and the sleep-walking scene. On the other hand, the long conversation between Malcolm and Macduff in iv. iii. follows the chronicle closely. It should be said that Holinshed's account contains much purely legendary matter.

except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 nor memorize another Golgotha, 40
 cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
 wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go get him sur-
 geons. [Exit Captain, attended.]

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Ross. 45

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
 So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the King!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50

With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

All that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons, 55

Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Turning his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Weno, the Norway's king, craves composition;

For would we deign him burial of his men 60

Will he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall

deceive

Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present

death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth. 65

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath

won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [A heath near Forres.]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1. Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2. Witch. Killing swine.

3. Witch. Sister, where thou?

1. Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in

her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.

"Give me!" quoth I. 5

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon

cries.

For husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the

Tiger;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

"I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do." 10

2. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

3. Witch. Thou'rt kind.

1. Witch. And I another.

3. Witch. I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow, 15

On the quarters that they know

Of the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid. 20

Weary seven-nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25

Look what I have.

2. Witch. Show me, show me.

1. Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.]

3. Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come. 30

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 35

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What

are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you

aught

That man may question? You seem to under-

stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret 45

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you?

1. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

thane of Glamis!

2. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

thane of Cawdor!

3. Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be

King hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem

to fear

Things that do sound so fair? [To the Witches.]

I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great predic- 55

tion

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak

not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will 60

not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

1. Witch. Hail!

2. Witch. Hail!

3. Witch. Hail! 65

1. Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou

be none;

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [*Forres. The palace.*]

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALD-
 bain, LENNOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are
 not

Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die; who did report
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it. He died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face.
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-
 serv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
 ment

Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
 Is to receive our duties; and our duties
 Are to your throne and state children and ser-
 vants,

Which do but what they should, by doing
 everything

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither!
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
 No less to have done so, let me infold thee
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
 Not unaccompanied invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deserv'ers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
 for you.

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful

The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So humbly take my leave.

Dun.

Macb. [*Aside.*] My worthy Cawdor!
 That is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
 Let not light see my black and deep desires;
 The eye winks at the hand; yet let that be
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.]
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
 valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed;
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH, alone, with a letter.

Lady M. [*Reads.*] "They met me in the
 day of success; and I have learn'd by the per-
 fect'st report, they have more in them than
 mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to
 question them further, they made themselves
 air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood
 rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from
 the King, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of Caw-
 dor'; by which title, before, these weird sis-
 ters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming
 on of time, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!'
 This have I thought good to deliver thee, my
 dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst
 not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant
 of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to
 thy heart, and farewell."
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy na-
 ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
 great,

Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou
 wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
 false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou 'dst have,
 great Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou
 have it";

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
 hither

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it!
 Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

16
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no
spur 25

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have
you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business. 31

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloses,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk 35
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour 40
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man; 45
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you
would 50
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks
me: 55

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain, 65
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy 75
two

Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Within Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry
in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that
too. 5

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. 10

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's
a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal, 15
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20
To you they have show'd some truth.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house;

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor

hall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

'ou do unbend your noble strength, to think
o brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

and wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the

place?
They must lie there. Go carry them; and smear
the sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.
am afraid to think what I have done;

look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead

are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
or it must seem their guilt.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appalls

me?
That hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
clean from my hand? No, this my hand will

rather
be multitudinous seas incarnadine,
making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame

to wear a heart so white. (*Knocking.*) I hear
a knocking

at the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
Little water clears us of this deed;

How easy is it, then! Your constancy
hath left you unattended. (*Knocking.*) Hark!

more knocking.
Attend on your nightgown, lest occasion call us

and show us to be watchers. Be not lost
poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not
know myself.

Take Duncan with thy knocking! I would
thou couldst!

SCENE III. [*The same.*]

Enter a PORTER. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old

ring the key. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock,
knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?

Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on
expectation of plenty. Come in time;

for we napkins enow about you; here you'll
eat for't. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock!

Who's there, in the other devil's name?

Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear
in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet
could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,
equivocator. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock, knock!
Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor
come hither, for stealing out of a French
hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your
goose. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock; never at
quiet! What are you? But this place is too
cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further.
I had thought to have let in some of all pro-
fessions that go the primrose way to the ever-
lasting bonfire. (*Knocking.*) Anon, anon. I
pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went
to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes
away the performance; therefore, much drink
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:
it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him
on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and
disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not
stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on
me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I
think, being too strong for him, though he took
up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast
him.

Enter MACBETH.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him.

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does; — he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we
lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they
say,

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them; 141

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer. Where we are, 145
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot hath not yet lighted, and our safest way is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; and let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [Outside Macbeth's castle.]

Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;

Within the volume of which time I have seen hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act, 5

Threatens his bloody stage. By the clock 't is day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

'T is night's predominance or the day's shame that darkness does the face of earth entomb, when living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural, even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, 11

A falcon, towering in her pride of place, was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—

Leanteous and swift, the minions of their race, turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, 16

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes 19

That look'd upon 't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff. How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day! that good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd. Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons, 25
were stolen away and fled; which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up

Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill, The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, 34
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those 40

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Forres. The palace.]

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear,

Thou play'st most foully for 't: yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,

But that myself should be the root and father

Of many kings. If there come truth from them— 6

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—

Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well,

And set me up in hope? But hush! no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King, LADY [MACBETH, as Queen], LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, [LADIES,] and SERVANTS.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And all thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,

And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your Highness Command upon me; to the which my duties 16

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice,

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.

Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 25

For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Tasking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives —
Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour at most
Will advise you where to plant yourselves; ¹²⁰
I acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always
thought

That I require a clearness: and with him —
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work —
Fleance his son, that keeps him company, ¹²⁵
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

[*Bath Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide
within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*] ¹³⁰
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. [*The palace.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH and a SERVANT.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his
leisure
or a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content. ⁵
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

Now now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Forsooth fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed
have died ¹⁰

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy
Could be without regard; what 's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it;

We 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. ¹⁵
It let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,

And we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
The affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the
dead

Than to gain our peace, have sent to ²⁰
peace.

And on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
But life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, ²⁵
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on,
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be
you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; ³⁰
Present him eminence, both with eye and
tongue.

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering
streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife! ³⁵

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance
lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not
eterned.

Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assail-
able.

Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown ⁴⁰
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's
summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck, ⁴⁵
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and ⁵⁰
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee
still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
ill. ⁵⁵

So, prithee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. [*A park near the palace.*]

Enter three MURDERERS.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he
delivers

Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us;
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day. ⁵

Now spurs the lated traveller apace

Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] O proper stuff! his is the very painting of your fear; his is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, upstarters to true fear, would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire, authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, on look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithsee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send those that we bury back, our monuments shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

More humane statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd too terrible for the ear. The time has been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but, etc. they rise again, With twenty mortal minkings on their crowns, And push us from our souls. This is more strange than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget. Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; as I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all and him we thirst, And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom; 't is no other, Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble. Or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so; being gone, I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights. And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good-night. Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len. Good-night; and better health Attend his Majesty!

Lady M. A kind good-night to all! [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;

Augures and understood relations have By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding? *Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send. There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow, And betimes I will, to the weird sisters. More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way. I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use; We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*A heath.*]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES, meeting HECATE.

1. Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms,

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble. 20

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Toot of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, 25
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Liver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Toes of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab, 30
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
Or the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; 35
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains. 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: "Black
spirits," etc. [Hecate retires.]*

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. 45

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags!

That is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
fess, 50

low'er you come to know it, answer me!
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown 55
down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure 60

Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll answer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten 65

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Byself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First APPARITION, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —
1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

1. *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-
ware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me.
Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one
word more, —

1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's
another, 75

More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second APPARITION, a bloody Child.

2. *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2. *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh
to scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, 85
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third APPARITION, a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

3. *App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no
care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are.

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied! Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know. 105

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is
this?

[*Hautboys.*]

1. *Witch.* Show!

2. *Witch.* Show!

3. *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart! 110

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

How wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; you would not, it were a good sign that I could quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly. You will take a homely man's advice, I am not found here; hence, with your little ones.

I fight you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

no worse to you were fell cruelty, which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I will abide no longer. *[Exit.]*

Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime counted dangerous folly. Why then, alas, I put up that womanly defence, and say I have done no harm?

Enter MURDERERS.

What are these faces?

[1.] Mur. Where is your husband?

[2.] Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified

as here such as thou mayst find him.

[1.] Mur. He's a traitor.

[2.] Macd. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

[1.] Mur. What, you egg?

[2.] Macd. *[Stabbing him.]*

Hang fry of treachery!

[2.] Macd. He has kill'd me, mother:

be away, I pray you! *[Dies.]*

[Exit [Lady Macduff] crying

"Murder!" *[Exit Murderers, following her.]*

SCENE III. *[England. Before the King's palace.]*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans- pose.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties. You may be right- ly just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended; I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds. I think withal

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
himself best knows; but strangely-visited
people,

All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Laying a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes
remove

He means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. I cannot

be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend
the air

are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's
lives

expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
so nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I
did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how
goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Should create soldiers, make our women fight,
And doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
To be coming thither. Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men,
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? Or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main
part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife
and babes

Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not
speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all,
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty
ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven

look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I

am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword;
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle
heavens,

all it valiant fury; but, for certain,
 cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
 in the belt of rule.

Now does he feel
 secret murders sticking on his hands;
 minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 as he commands move only in command,
 sitting in love. Now does he feel his title
 as loose about him, like a giant's robe
 on a dwarfish thief.

Who then shall blame
 poster'd senses to recoil and start,
 in all that is within him does condemn
 it for being there?

Well, march we on
 give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
 Let us we the medicine of the sickly weal,
 with him pour we in our country's purge
 a drop of us.

Or so much as it needs
 sew the sovereign flower and drown the
 weeds.

we our march towards Birnam.
[Exeunt, marching.]

III. *[Dunsinane. A room in the castle.]*

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
 fly all;

Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
 and not taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
 colm?

Is he not born of woman? The spirits that
 know
 mortal consequences have pronounc'd me
 thus:

He is not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
 woman

shall ever have power upon thee." Then fly,
 false thanes,

and mingle with the English epicures!
 In my mind I sway by and the heart I bear
 shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a SERVANT.

A devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
 loon!

Here's got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.
 Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy
 face,

thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Is
 bath of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
 face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *[Exit Servant.]*

Seyton! — I am sick at heart
 When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
 'till cheer me ever, or dissect me now.

He has liv'd long enough. My way of life
 is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 and that which should accompany old age,
 is honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
 breath

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
 dare not.

Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
 reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh
 be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey.

'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
 armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct.

Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macb.

Cure her of that.
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct.

Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself.

Macb.

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none
 of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
 Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from
 me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I
 say. —

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
 thou of them?

Doct.

Ay, my good lord; your royal prepara-
 tion

Makes us hear something.

Macb.

Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct.

[Aside.] Were I from Dunsinane away
 and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *[Country near Birnam wood.]*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD
 and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, Caith-
 ness, Angus, [Lennox, Ross,] and SOLDIERS,
 marching.]*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at
 hand

That chambers will be safe.

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Y. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show
thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of
mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

Cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
Shall this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarums.]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently
rend'red:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

And day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exit. Alarums.]

[SCENE VIII. *The same.*]

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die

On mine own sword? While I see lives, the
gashes

Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back; my soul is too much
charg'd

With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

[They fight. Alarums.]

Macb. Thou lovest labour.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me
bleed.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;

And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me
so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd
That palter with us in a double sense,

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,

"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,

And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold,
enough!" *[Exit, fighting. Alarums.]*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other

Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I
see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt.

He only liv'd but till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,

But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your

cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death.

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

THERE is no reason to believe that *Timon of Athens* was either played or printed during the life-time of Shakespeare. The first edition, and the basis of all later texts, is that in the First Folio. In printing, especially in the matter of metre, is worse than usual; and it is often difficult to know whether a passage is meant by the writer to be prose or verse. The present metrical arrangement is the result of the experiments of a long succession of editors.

The evidence for the date of the play is internal and inconclusive. Metrical tests, which are not so significant as usual on account of the bad printing of the verse, point to a date, "before the opening of the last period, but not long before it." Aesthetic and other characteristics agree with this. Some striking resemblances between the speeches of Lear and Timon suggest a date not long after that of *King Lear*; so that 1607 may be regarded as a fair approximation.

A gap of eight pages between *Timon* and *Julius Cæsar* in the pagination of the First Folio has drawn attention to the fact that the space thus imperfectly filled by the present tragedy would exactly fit *Troilus and Cressida*, which is actually inserted between the Histories and the Tragedies, and is not listed at all in the table of contents. It is inferred that, when it was observed that *Troilus and Cressida* is not properly a tragedy, *Timon* was chosen to fill the gap. This hypothesis slightly strengthens the suspicion which the unevenness of workmanship and inconsistencies in treatment have created as to the complete authenticity of *Timon*. A number of the purely literary critics have believed that Shakespeare's hand is discernible throughout; but recent and more technical scholarship has been divided between the following two theories: that it is an adaptation by Shakespeare of a lost play; or, that it is an unfinished play of Shakespeare's completed by another hand. No trace of such a lost play has been found, though its existence cannot be disproved. The greater number of modern scholars incline to accept the second view. Many attempts have been made to separate the Shakespearean from the non-Shakespearean passages, but it cannot be said that any one division has yet been generally adopted.

Saving aside the hypothetical lost play, we find the most certain source of the present drama in the parenthetical account of Timon in Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*. Shakespeare had this in North's translation, and he might have found it re-told in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* and elsewhere. But Plutarch supplies nothing for the part of the action preceding Timon's story, except the suggestion contained in the remark that his misanthropy was due to "the unkindness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends." In Lucian's dialogue of *Timon, or the Misanthrope* are found further details, such as the saving of a debtor from a prison, the gift of a dowry, the crowd of flatterers, the digging up of gold in the fields, and the visit of a poet on the rumor of Timon's restoration to wealth; and Shakespeare's conception of Timon's character is much more definitely foreshadowed in Lucian than in Plutarch. Lucian does not seem to have been translated into English in the time of Shakespeare, but his dialogues are said to have been accessible in Latin, French, and Italian. The legend of the finding of the gold appears also in a play on Timon printed in 1842 from a manuscript of about 1600. This anonymous production seems to have been academic in origin, and there is no evidence to show that it was ever acted in London, so that on external grounds it would seem unlikely that it was known to Shakespeare. Yet it alone of the pre-Shakespearean sources of the misanthrope contains a banquet scene and a faithful steward; and it is possible that it is the direct or indirect source of these features in the Shakespearean play. Alcibiades and Apemantus are both mentioned in connection with Timon in the passage in the *Life of Marcus Antonius*; and, for the former, additional details were obtainable from Plutarch's *Life of Alcibiades*.

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
 You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 As well of glib and slippery creatures as
 Of grave and austere quality, tender down
 Their services to Lord Timon. His large for-
 tune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Abduces and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
 flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
 On his knee before him and returns in peace
 Lost rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Sign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o'
 the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states. Amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 We do personate of Lord Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to
 her;

Those present grace to present slaves and ser-
 vants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 His throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-
 thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Laying his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 A our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with ten-
 dance,

Gain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Like sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Blink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change
 Of mood

Turns down her late beloved, all his depen-
 dants

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
 down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
 A thousand moral paintings I can show
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
 Fortune's

More pregnant than words. Yet you do well
 To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
 His foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, address-
 ing himself courteously to every suitor (a Mes-
 senger from VENTIDIUS talking with him;
 LUCILIUS and other servants following).

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his
 debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait.
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up; which failing,
 Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
 I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he must need me. I do know
 him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,
 Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and
 free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him. I will send his
 ransom;

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.
 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*]

Enter an OLD ATHENIAN.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucil-
 ius.

Tim. I have so. What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
 before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this
 thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
 That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
 And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
 Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
 else,

On whom I may confer what I have got.
 The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine
 Attempts her love. I prithee, noble lord,
 Join with me to forbid him her resort;
 Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.
 His honesty rewards him in itself;
 It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt.
 Our own precedent passions do instruct us
 What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of
 it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
 missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
 Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
 And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
 If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in
 future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
 long;

Trumpet sounds. Enter a MESSENGER.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, 250

all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. *[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me; go not you hence

Will I have thank'd you. When dinner's done, show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights. 255

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!
Knives contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
and all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out 260

into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

lost hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
As we depart, we'll share a bounteous time of different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt (all but Apemantus).]

Enter two LORDS.

1. Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest. 265

1. Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's meat? 270

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for mean to give thee none. 275

1. Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; take thy requests to thy friend.

2. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll turn thee hence! 281

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the 285

1. Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in

and taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes 290

he very heart of kindness.

2. Lord. He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,

but his steward. No meed, but he repays sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

but breeds the giver a return exceeding 295

in use of quittance.

1. Lord. The noblest mind he carries but ever govern'd man. 300

2. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE II. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.]

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet serv'd in; [FLAVIUS and others attending;] then enter LORD TIMON, the States, the Athenian LORDS, [ALCIBIADES,] and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help 305

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 310
Can truly say he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]

Ceremony was but devis'd at first 315
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.]* 320

1. Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome. No; 325

Apem. You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. 330

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl. Ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.

They say, my lords, "*ira furor brevis est*;" but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for 't, indeed. 335

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon. I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent. 340

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me; 't has been
done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 150

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much
grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind.
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device; 155
I am to thank you for 't.

1. *[Lady]*. My lord, you take us even at the
best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and
would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends
you; 160

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.
[Exeunt [Cupid and Ladies].]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet! 165
[Aside.]

There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him, well, i' faith, I should;
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he
could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his
mind. *[Exit.]* 170

1. Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. Lord. Our horses!

[Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.]

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my
good lord,

I must entreat you honour me so much 175
As to advance this jewel. Accept it and wear
it,

Kind my lord.

1. Lord. I am so far already in your gifts, —
All. So are we all.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of
the Senate 180
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you
near.

Tim. Near! why then, another time I'll
hear thee.

I prithee, let's be provided to show them en-
tertainment. 185

Flav. *[Aside.]* I scarce know how.

Enter a second SERVANT.

[2.] Serv. May it please your honour, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the
presents 190

Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third SERVANT.

How now! what news?

3. Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your com-
pany to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent
your honour two brace of greyhounds. 195

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be
receiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. *[Aside.]* What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer;

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, 200

To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes

For every word. He is so kind that he now 205

Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their
books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office

Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210

I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits.

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2. Lord. With more than common thanks I
will receive it.

3. Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty! 215

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser

I rode on. 'T is yours, because you lik'd it.

1. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my
lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I
know, no man 220

Can justly praise but what he does affect.

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;

I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visita-
tions

So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give; 225

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.

It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou
hast 230

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1. Lord. We are so virtuously bound —

Caph. Nay, good my lord, —

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. [Serv.] One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

Isid. [Serv.] From Isidore.

he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants —

Var. [Serv.] 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks

and past.

Isid. [Serv.] Your steward puts me off, my lord ;

and I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

'I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*]

[*To Flav.*] Come hither. Pray you, how goes the world, that I am thus encount' red With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, and the detention of long-since-due debts, against my honour ?

[*Flav.*] Please you, gentlemen,

the time is unagreeable to this business.

our importunity cease till after dinner,

that I may make his lordship understand

therefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*]

[*Flav.*] Pray, draw near.

Enter APEMANTUS and FOOL.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus ; let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. [Serv.] Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. [Serv.] A plague upon him, dog !

Var. [Serv.] How dost, Fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. [Serv.] I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 't is to thyself. [*To the Fool.*] come away.

Isid. [Serv.] There's the Fool hangs on our back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the Fool now ?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

All [Serv.] What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All [Serv.] Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All [Serv.] Gramercies, good Fool ; how does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth !

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter PAGE.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, cap-

tain ! what do you in this wise company ? How dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithce, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters ; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon ; this to Alcibiades. Go ; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not ; I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there ?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers ?

All [Serv.] Ay ; would they serv'd us !

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men ?

All [Serv.] Ay, Fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant ; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry ; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this ?

Var. [Serv.] I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave ; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. [Serv.] What is a whoremaster, Fool ?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit ; sometime 't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight ; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. [Serv.] Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All [Serv.] Aside, aside ; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and Steward [FLAVIUS].

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow, lover, elder brother, and woman, sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

[*Flav.*] Pray you, walk near ; I'll speak with you anon.

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means ?

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.]

Prithce, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I
speak, ²³⁰
No blame belongs to thee. [To Ser.] Ventid-
ius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from
me; ²³⁵

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-
ber'd

With those five talents. [Exit Ser.] [To Flav.]
That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Never speak, or
think,

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can
sink. ²⁴⁰

[Flav.] I would I could not think it! That
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[Exit.

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. A room in Lucullus' house.]

FLAMINIUS waiting to speak with a Lord from his
master. Enter a SERVANT to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is com-
ing down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men?
A gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I
dream'd of a silver basin and ewer to-night.
Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very re-
spectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine.
[Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable,
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens,
by very bountiful good lord and master? ¹¹

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well,
sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak,
pretty Flaminius? ¹⁵

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat
our honour to supply; who, having great and
instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent
your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubt-
ing your present assistance therein. ²¹

Lucul. La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting."
Is he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman
is, if he would not keep so good a house.
Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him,
and told him on 't, and come again to supper to
him, of purpose to have him spend less, and [as
yet he would embrace no counsel, take no
advice by my coming. Every man has his
fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on 't,
that I could ne'er get him from 't. ²⁸

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.
Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted these always
wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure. ²⁵

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a
towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—
and one that knows what belongs to reason,
and canst use the time well, if the time use thee
well; good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get you
gone, sirrah. [Exit Serv.] Draw nearer, hon-
est Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentle-
man; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well
enough, although thou com'st to me, that this
is no time to lend money, especially upon bare
friendship, without security. Here 's three [as
solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and
say thou saw'st me. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible the world should so much
differ,

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee! ³¹

[Throwing the money back.]
Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and
fit for thy master. [Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that
may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, ³⁵
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him; ⁴⁰
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part
of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power ⁴⁵
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit.

[SCENE II. A public place.]

Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very
good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. Stran. We know him for no less, though
we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you
one thing, my lord, and which I hear from com-
mon rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours
are done and past, and his estate shrinks from
him. ⁵

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot
want for money.

2. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that,
not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord
Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urg'd
extremely for 't and showed what necessity be-
long'd to 't, and yet was deni'd. ¹⁵

Luc. How!

2. Stran. I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! Now,
before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied
that honourable man! There was very little ²⁰
honour show'd in 't. For my own part, I must

If such a nature is his politic love.
his was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
ave only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards

fany a bounteous year, must be employ'd
ow to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter VARBO'S MEN, meeting [TITUS and] others,
all [servants of] Timon's creditors, to wait for
his coming out. Then enter LUCIUS and HORTENSIVS.

[1.] Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow,
Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius,

What, do we meet together?
Luc. Ay, and I think

One business does command us all; for mine
is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine
at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter
with him.

You must consider that a prodigal course
is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's
purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet us
find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
event.

Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's
gift.

For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can
witness.

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than
stealth.

[1.] Var. [Serv.] Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns; what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

[1.] Var. [Serv.] 'T is much deep: and it
should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so
much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows
you are too diligent. *[Exit.]*

Enter Steward [FLAVIUS] in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled
so?

He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2. Var. [Serv.] By your leave, sir, —

[Flav.] What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
[Flav.] Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and
bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's
meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their glutton-
ous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly.

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end; as
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
[Flav.] If 't will not serve, 't is not so base
as you;

For you serve knaves. *[Exit.]*

1. Var. [Serv.] How! what does his cash-
ier'd worship mutter?

2. Var. [Serv.] No matter what; he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak
broader than he that has no house to put his
head in? Such may rail against great build-
ings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know
some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to
repair some other hour, I should derive much
from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans
wondrously to discontent. His comfortable
temper has forsok him; he's much out of
health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers are not
sick;

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. *(Within.)* Servilius, help! My lord!

my lord!

low full of valour did he bear himself as
the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em.

le's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often turns him, and takes his valour prisoner; there were no foes, that were enough to overcome him. In that beastly fury he has been known to commit outrages, and cherish factions. 'Tis infer'd to us, in days are foul and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

ly lords, if not for any parts in him — though his right arm might purchase his own time

ad be in debt to none — yet, more to move you, take my deserts to his, and join 'em both;

ad, for I know your reverend ages love security, I'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you, upon his good returns.

by this crime he owes the law his life, fly, let the war receive 't in valiant core; or law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law. He dies; urge it no more,

u height of our displeasure. Friend or brother, he forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? It must not be. My lords,

do beseech you, know me.

2. *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;

could not else be, I should prove so base, sue, and be deny'd such common grace. My wounds ache at you.

1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?

I'm in few words, but spacious in effect; banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!

banish your dotage! Banish usury, hat makes the Senate ugly!

1. *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our spirit,

le shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt [Senators].*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

uly in bone, that none may look on you! 'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money and let out their coin upon large interest, I myself rich only in large hurts. All those for this? 'tis this the balsam that the usuring Senate pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!

comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd; 'tis a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

that I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up my discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE VI. *The same. A banquetting-room in Timon's house.*]

[*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers friends [LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, VENTIDIUS, and other LORDS, Senators and others,] at several doors.*]

1. *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2. *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encount'ed. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1. *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1. *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you?

2. *Lord.* He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay; feast your ears with the music a while, as if they will fare so harshly. O' the trumpet's sound we shall to 't presently.

1. *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2. *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together!

lame as their manners! Lust and liberty
reep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
hat 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
strive,
nd drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
w all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
hat their society, as their friendship, may
e merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from
these
at nakedness, thou detestable town!
ake thou that too, with multiplying bans!
imon will to the woods, where he shall find
as be unkindest beast more kinder than man-
kind.
he gods confound — hear me, you good gods
all, —
he Athenians both within and out that wall!
nd grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
o the whole race of mankind, high and low!
men. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's house.*
Enter Steward [FLAVIUS,] with two or three
SERVANTS.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's
our master?

re we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
[Flav.] Alack, my fellows, what should I
say to you?

et me be recorded by the righteous gods,
as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a house broke!
o noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
ne friend to take his fortune by the arm,
nd go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
rom our companion thrown into his grave,
his familiars to his buried fortunes,
ink all away, leave their false vows with
him,
ake empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
alks, like contempt, alone. More of our fel-
lows. [Exit.]

Enter other SERVANTS.

[Flav.] All broken implements of a ruin'd
house.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery;

hat see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
rying alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
nd we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
earing the surges threat. We must all part
o this sea of air.

[Flav.] Good fellows all,
et the latest of my wealth I'll share amongst
you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
et's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads,
nd say,

"'t were a knell unto our master's fortunes.
We have seen better days." Let each take
some;

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more!

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several
ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings
us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state com-
pounds

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own
heart,

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good!

Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord, bless'd to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind
lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out.

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

[SCENE III.] *Woods [and cave, near the sea-
shore].*

Enter TIMON [from the cave].

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several
fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser; not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great
fortune

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man 's a flatterer"? If one
be,

So are they all; for every guise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me
roots! [Digging.]

Thou wast born to conquer my country. 100
 Put up thy gold ! Go on, — here's gold, — go on ;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.
 Pity not honour'd Age for his white beard ; 111
 He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit

matron ;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-
 paps, 115
 That through the window-bars bore at men's

eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ.
 But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not
 the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
 mercy ;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall
 cut,
 And mince it sans remorse. Swear against ob-
 jects ;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
 babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleed-
 ing, 125
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy

soldiers.
 Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
 Confound be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the

gold thou givest me ;
 Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's
 curse upon thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good
 Timon ; hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her
 trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you
 sluts, 134

Your aprons mountant. You are not oathable, —
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your
 oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert
 you, 140

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turcoats ; yet may your pains, six
 months,

Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin
 roofs

With burdens of the dead — some that were
 hang'd, 145

No matter ; — wear them, betray with them.
 Whore still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face ;
 A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold ; what
 then ?

Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp
 shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
 voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly ; hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh, 155
 And not believes himself. Down with the
 nose,

Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-
 pate ruffians bald ; 160

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold ;
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you, 165
 And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more
 money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I
 have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum toward Athens !
 Farewell, Timon !

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee
 more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and
 take

Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike !
 [Drum beats.] *Exeunt [Alcibiades,
 Phrynia, and Timandra].*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
 kindness, 175

Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou,
 [Digging.]

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
 Teems and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
 puff'd, 180

Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
 Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine ;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, 185
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor
 root !

Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
 bears ;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
 face 190

Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented ! — O, a root : dear thanks ! —
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
 leas ;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
 draughts

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips ! 195

Tim. The best and truest ;
or here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 301

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
There feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or,
rather, where I eat it. 302

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew
my mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 303

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
newest, but the extremity of both ends. When
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they
sack'd thee for too much curiosity ; in thy
age thou know'st none, but art despis'd for
the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not. 304

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou 'dst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.
That man didst thou ever know unthrift that
was beloved after his means ? 313

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st
of, didst thou ever know belov'd ?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee ; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
earest compare to thy flatterers ? 315

Tim. Women nearest ; but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the
man. 316

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts ?

Apem. Ay, Timon. 317

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods
grant thee to attain to ! If thou wert the lion,
be fox would beguile thee. If thou wert the
lion, the fox would eat thee. If thou wert the
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when perad-
venture thou wert accus'd by the ass. If thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee,
and still thou liv'st but as a breakfast to the
wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard
thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn,
ride and wrath would confound thee and make
him own self the conquest of thy fury. 318
Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by
the horse. Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be
rid'd by the leopard. Wert thou a leopard,
thou wert germane to the lion and the spots of
thy kindred were jurors on thy life ; all thy
safety were remotion and thy defence ab-
sence. What beast couldst thou be, that were
not subject to a beast ? And what a beast art
thou already, that seest not thy loss in transfor-
mation ! 319

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speak-
ing to me, thou mightest have hit upon it here.
The commonwealth of Athens is become a
crest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that
thou art out of the city ? 325

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter ;
the plague of company light upon thee ! I will
fear to catch it, and give way. When I know
not what else to do, I 'll see thee again. 326

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beg-
gar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon !

Apem. A plague on thee ! thou art too bad
to curse. 328

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are
pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I 'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them
off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog ! 329
Choler does kill me that thou art alive ;

I swoond to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst !

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.] 330

Apem. Beat !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !
I am sick of this false world, and will love
nought 331

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily ; make thine epitaph 332

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[To the gold.] O thou sweet king-killer, and

dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright de-
filer

Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate
wooer, 333

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,

That sold'st rest close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with
every tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts ! 334

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire !

Apem. Would 't were so !

But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast

gold ;

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to !

Apem. Ay. 335

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Moe things like men ! Eat, Timon, and abhor

them. [Exit Apemantus.]

ne honest man — mistake me not — but one ;
 lo more, I pray, — and he's a steward. 505
 low fain would I have hated all mankind,
 and thou redeem'st thyself ; but all, save thee,
 fell with curses.

lethinks thou art more honest now than wise ;
 or, by oppressing and betraying me, 510
 thou might'st have sooner got another service ;
 or many so arrive at second masters,
 upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
 or I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure —
 is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, 515
 f not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men
 deal gifts,

expecting in return twenty for one ?

[Flav.] No, my most worthy master, in whose
 breast

doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late ;
 thou should have fear'd false times when you
 did feast. 520

suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely
 love,

Duty, and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,
 thy most honour'd lord, 525
 for any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
 for this one wish, that you had power and
 wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so ! Thou singly honest
 man, 530

Here, take ; the gods out of my misery
 Ha'sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;
 But thus condition'd : thou shalt build from
 men ;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar ; give to dogs 535
 What thou deniest to men. Let prisons swal-
 low 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing ; be men like
 blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so farewell and thrive.

[Flav.] O, let me stay, 540
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
 Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art blest and free.
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exit [Flavius. Timon retires to his
 cave].

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. The woods. Before Timon's cave.]

Enter POET and PAINTER.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
 be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does
 the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of
 gold ? 545

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it ; Phry-
 mas and Timandra had gold of him. He like-

wise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with
 great quantity. 'T is said he gave unto his
 steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been
 but a try for his friends. 550

Pain. Nothing else. You shall see him a
 palm in Athens again, and flourish with the
 highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender
 our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of
 his. It will show honestly in us ; and is very
 likely to load our purposes with what they tra-
 vail for, if it be a just and true report that goes
 of his having. 555

Poet. What have you now to present unto
 him ?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visita-
 tion ; only I will promise him an excellent
 piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an
 intent that's coming toward him. 560

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the
 very air o' the time ; it opens the eyes of expec-
 tation. Performance is ever the duller for his
 act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind
 of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.
 To promise is most courtly and fashionable ;
 performance is a kind of will or testament
 which argues a great sickness in his judgement
 that makes it. 565

Enter TIMON from his cave.

Tim. [Aside.] Excellent workman ! thou
 canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have
 provided for him. It must be a personating of
 himself ; a satire against the softness of prosper-
 ity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries
 that follow youth and opulency. 570

Tim. [Aside.] Must thou needs stand for a
 villain in thine own work ? Wilt thou whip
 thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have
 gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him. 575

Then do we sin against our own estate,
 When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
 When the day serves, before black-corner'd
 night,
 Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd
 light.

Come. 580

Tim. [Aside.] I'll meet you at the turn.

What a god's gold,
 That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
 Than where swine feed !
 'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st
 the foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave.

To thee be worship and thy saints for aye ! 585
 Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey !
 Fit I meet them. [Coming forward.]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master !

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest
 men ?

Poet. Sir, 590
 Having often of your open bounty tasted,

1. Sen. O, forget
That we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Treat thee back to Athens; who have thought
In special dignities, which vacant lie 145
For thy best use and wearing.

2. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Lay the recanter, feeling in itself
Lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
If it own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed
render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the
dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and
wealth 155
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
And me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1. Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
With us,
Tired of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Followed with absolute power, and thy good
name 165
Live with authority; so soon we shall drive back
Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. Sen. Therefore, Timon, —
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; 171
thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

Let him take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Riving our holy virgins to the stain 175
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
it,

In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
Let him take 't at worst; for their knives
care not,

While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you 185

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

[*Flav.*] Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck, 195
As common bruit doth put it.

1. Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men, —

1. Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass thorough them.

2. Sen. And enter in our ears like great
triumphers 199

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,
losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them: 205

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath.

1. Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends, 210

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whose
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greet-
ing. 215

[*Flav.*] Trouble him no further; thus you
still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Lips, let sour words go by and language end!
What is amiss plague and infection mend!

Graves only be men's works, and death their
gain! 225

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. [*Exit.*]

1. Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2. Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us re-
turn,

And strain what other means is left unto us 230
In our dear peril.

1. Sen. It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Before the walls of Athens.]

Enter two other SENATORS and a MESSENGER.

1. Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd. Are
his files

As full as thy report?

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
[The Senators descend, and open the gates.]

Enter [SOLDIER].

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead, 45
 entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
 and on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 with wax I brought away, whose soft impres-
 sion

interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. (*Reads the epitaph.*) "Here lies a
 wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft. 50
 seek not my name: a plague consume you
 wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men
 did hate.

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay
 not here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human

griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our drop- 75
 lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
 aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead 80
 Is noble Timon, of whose memory

Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword,
 Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
 make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike. *[Exeunt. 85]*

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }
VENTIDIUS, } friends to Antony.
ÆROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
MACHIAS,
AGRIPPA, } friends to Cæsar.
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
TYREUS,
GALLUS,

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
MENAS,
MENEGRATES, } friends to Pompey.
VARRIUS,
SELIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to
Cæsar.
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, a eunuch, } attendants on Cleopatra.
SELVUCUS,
DIOMEDES,
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: In several parts of the Roman Empire.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her
Ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me: the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you: "Do this, or
this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like.

You must not stay here longer, your dismis-
sion

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? — Cæsar's, I would
say. Both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's
queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of
thine

Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The mes-
sengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life

Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair

[Embracing.]

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to wit

We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?

I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY with a MESSENGER [and ATTENDANTS].

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us. [Exit (Cleo. and train).]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay;

But soon that war had end, and the time's state made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.

On:

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus —

This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,

Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia,

Whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue.

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us

As our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicily, ho, the news! Speak there!

1. [Att.] The man from Sicily, — is there such an one?

2. [Att.] He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another MESSENGER with a letter.

What are you?

[2.] *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

[2.] *Mess.* In Sicily:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.]

Ant.

Forbear me.

[Exit 2. Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts doth often hurl from us, We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution low'ring, does become The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off; Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

How now! Enobarbus!

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know ⁶⁶

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war ⁷⁰
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me. ⁷⁵
[prithce, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly. ⁸¹

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target. — Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithce, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe. ⁸⁵

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, ⁹⁰
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me, ⁹⁵
Since my becomings kill me when they do
not

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your
sword

Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success ¹⁰⁰
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. — Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. ¹⁰⁵
Away! [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Rome. Caesar's house.]

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter, LEP-
IDUS, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-
like ⁵

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy

More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,
or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You
shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults

That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness. ¹¹

His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses. ¹⁵

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buf-
fet ²⁰

With knaves that smell of sweat: say this be-
comes him, —

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish, — yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd ²⁵
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't; but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours, 't is to be chid ³⁰
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present plea-
sure,

And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report ³⁵
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar. To the ports
The discontents repair; and men's reports ⁴⁰
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, ⁴⁵
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word.
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Makes the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads ⁵⁰
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth
revolt.

No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?

Char. O that brave Caesar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony!

Char. The valiant Caesar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement; cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper.

He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[SCENE I. Messina. Pompey's house.]

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS, in
warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall
assist

The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well.
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring
hope

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without-doors. Caesar gets money where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
(Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'T is false.

Mene. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams. I know they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of
love,

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wad'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with
both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dullness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall de-
liver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 't is
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helmet

For such a petty war. His soldierahip
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Mene. I cannot hope
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together.

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I
think,

Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Rome. The house of Lepidus.]

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself. If Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Caesar.

have time to wrangle in when you have nothing
else to do. 107

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had al-
most forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore
speak no more. 111

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
the manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
we shall remain in friendship, our conditions 115
so diff'ring in their acts. Yet, if I knew
what hoop should hold us stanch, from edge
to edge

't the world I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's
side, 120

Admir'd Octavia. Great Mark Antony

is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak. 125

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amity,
to make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
with an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims 130
no worse a husband than the best of men;
whose virtue and whose general graces speak
that which none else can utter. By this mar-
riage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
and all great fears, which now import their
dangers, 135

Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where now half-tales be truths; her love to
both

Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
for 't is a studied, not a present thought, 140
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
with what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
if I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never 145

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150
And away our great designs!

Cæs. There 's my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and
never

Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen! 155

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword
'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's.
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 161
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea 165
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for
it;

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170

Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus

Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony,
Lepidus, and Ventidius.*]

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir. 174

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæ-
cenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agri. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stay'd well by 't in
Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of coun-
tenance, and made the night light with drink-
ing.

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is
this true? 185

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle. We
had much more monstrous matter of feast,
which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if re-
port be square to her. 190

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
pur'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed, or my re-
porter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you. 195

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that

The winds were love-sick with them. The
oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made 200

The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
son,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie

In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —

O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 205

The fancy outwork nature. On each side her

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about.
You 'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Sir, good success!

Ag. Farewell. [Exeunt. 10

[SCENE V. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody
food
Of us that trade in love.

All. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards. Come,
Charman.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mar-
dian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch
play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though
't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we 'll to the river; there, 10
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony.
And say, "Ah, ha! you 're caught."

Char. 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your
diver 15

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time, — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that
night

I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn, 20
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a MESSENGER.

O, from Italy!
Ran thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam, —

Cleo. Antonio 's dead! — If thou say so, vil-
lain, 25

Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well. Bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat. 35

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will.
But there 's no goodness in thy face; if Antony
Be free and healthful, — so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st;

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 't is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail 45
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam, —

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay 50
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet!"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He 's friends with 55
Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such
report.

He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn 'i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee! [Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence, 65
[Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head.

[She hates him up and down.
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
in brine, 70

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 't is not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; 75
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a knife.

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no
fault. [Exit.

I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows, ⁴⁵
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. ⁵⁰

Ant. The beds i' the East are soft; and
thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose
hither,

For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my
face; ⁵⁵

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are
agreed.

I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part;
and let 's ⁶¹

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
(Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard that
Julius Cæsar ⁶⁵

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard;

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Eno. No more of that; he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mat-
tress. ⁷¹

Pom. I know thee now. How far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight, ⁷⁵
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd
ye,

When you have well deserv'd ten times as
much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, ⁸⁰
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Men. [Aside.] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have
known, sir. ⁸⁵

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land. ⁹⁰

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me; though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water. ⁹⁴

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety. You have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas. If our eyes had au-
thority, here they might take two thieves kiss-
ing. ¹⁰¹

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a
true face. ¹⁰⁵

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away
his fortune. ¹¹⁰

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back
again.

Men. You've said, sir. We look'd not for
Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra? ¹¹⁵

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus An-
tonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir? ¹²⁰

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit to-
gether.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so. ¹²⁵

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the par-
ties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the
band that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. ¹³¹

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is
Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish
again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow
the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, ¹³⁵
that which is the strength of their amity shall
prove the immediate author of their variance.
Antony will use his affection where it is; he
married but his occasion here. ¹⁴⁰

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have us'd our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.* ¹⁴⁵]

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see 'at not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here 's to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't. It 's monstrous labour when I wash my brain 105 And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer.

But I had rather fast from all, four days,

Than drink so much in one. 106

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*] Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let 's all take hands, Fill that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

'n soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands. Make battery to our ears with the loud music; 110

The while I 'll place you; then the boy shall sing.

The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!

In thy vats our cares be drown'd,

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!

Cup us, till the world go round,

Cup us, till the world go round! 125

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good-night. Good brother,

Let me request you off; our graver business 'rowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part; you see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong

Enobarb

is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue

plits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost

stick'd us all. What needs more words? Good-night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pom. O Antony, you have my father's house, — But, what? we are friends. 130

Come, down into the boat.

Eno.

Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Men.

No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho! says 'a. There 's my cap. 141

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. A plain in Syria.]

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph [with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers;] the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

[*Sil.*] Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, 5

The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10

Put garlands on thy head.

Ven.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough; a lower place, note well, May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius;

Better to leave undone, than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away. 15

Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person. Sossius,

One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. 20

Who does it? the wars more than his captain can Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good, 25

But 't would offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

[*Sil.*] Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier and his sword Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name, 30 That magical word of war, we have effected; How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o' the field.

Enter the MESSENGER as before.

Ant. Good Majesty,
d of Jewry dare not look upon you
when you are well pleas'd.

Oct. That Herod's head
have; but how, when Antony is gone
ugh whom I might command it? Come
thou near.

Oct. Most gracious Majesty, —
eo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Oct. Ay, dread queen.

Oct. Where?

Oct. Madam, in Rome;

k'd her in the face, and saw her led
een her brother and Mark Antony.

Oct. Is she as tall as me?

Oct. She is not, madam.

Oct. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd or low?

Oct. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Oct. That's not so good. He cannot like
her long?

Oct. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.

Oct. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!

Oct. at majesty is in her gait? Remember,
er thou look'dst on majesty.

Oct. She creeps;

motion and her station are as one;

shows a body rather than a life,

statue than a breather.

Oct. Is this certain?

Oct. Or I have no observance.

Oct. Three in Egypt
not make better note.

Oct. He's very knowing;

perceive 't. There's nothing in her yet.

Oct. fellow has good judgement.

Oct. Excellent.

Oct. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Oct. Madam,

was a widow, —

Oct. Widow! Charmian, hark.

Oct. And I do think she's thirty.

Oct. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is 't
long or round?

Oct. Round even to faultiness.

Oct. For the most part, too, they are foolish
that are so.

Oct. hair, what colour?

Oct. Brown, madam; and her forehead
low as she would wish it.

Oct. There's gold for thee.

ou must not take my former sharpness ill.

ill employ thee back again; I find thee

ot fit for business. Go make thee ready;

letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Oct. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much

hat so I harried him. Why, methinks, by

him,

his creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Oct. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else de-
fend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to
me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Ereunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*]

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —

That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and

read it

To public ear;

Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent
me:

When the best hint was given him, he not
took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts.

The good gods will mock me presently.

When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and
husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
"Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point which
seeks

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,

I lose myself; better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-

quested,

Yourselves shall go between's. The meantime,

lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest

haste;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most

weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would

be

As if the world should cleave, and that alain

men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this be-

gins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults

Can never be so equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide your

going;

My lord, in Athens.
 No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
 nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 to a whore; who now are levying kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
 chus, the King of Libya; Archelaus, Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King of Bithynia; the Thracian king, Adallas; Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont; Id of Jewry; Mithridates, King of Pont; Polemon and Amyntas, Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 a more larger list of sceptres.
 Ay me, most wretched, I have my heart parted betwixt two friends to do afflict each other!
 Welcome hither! letters did withhold our breaking forth, we perceiv'd both how you were wronged
 I we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart. You not troubled with the time, which drives your content these strong necessities; let determin'd things to destiny lead unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
 thing more dear to me. You are abus'd round the mark of thought; and the high gods, do you justice, make them ministers us and those that love you. Best of comfort, I'd ever welcome to us.
 Welcome, lady.
 Welcome, dear madam.
 ch heart in Rome does love and pity you; ly the adulterous Antony, most large his abominations, turns you off, d gives his potent regiment to a trull, at noises it against us.
 Is it so, sir?
 Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you, never known to patience. My dear'st sister!
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Near Actium. Antony's camp.]

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
 Eno. But why, why, why?
 Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
 and say'st it is not fit.
 Eno. Well, is it, is it?
 Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
 be there in person?
 Eno. Well, I could reply: we should serve with horse and mares together,
 as horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
 soldier and his horse.
 Cleo. What is 't you say?
 Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
 What should not then be spar'd. He is already Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome That Photinus an eunuch and your maids Manage this war.
 Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
 And, as the president of my kingdom, will Appear there for a man. Speak not against it; I will not stay behind.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
 Here comes the Emperor.
 Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, That from Tarentum and Brundisium He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea, And take in Tornyne? You have heard on 't, sweet?
 Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd Than by the negligent.
 Ant. A good rebuke, Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
 To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we Will fight with him by sea.
 Cleo. By sea! what else?
 Can. Why will my lord do so?
 Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
 Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
 Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
 Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
 Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.
 Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd; Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people Ingross'd by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
 Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, Being prepar'd for land.
 Ant. By sea, by sea.
 Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
 The absolute soldiership you have by land; Distract your army, which doth most consist Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego The way which promises assurance; and Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, From firm security.
 Ant. I'll fight at sea.
 Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
 Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn; And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
 Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, We then can do 't at land.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thy business?

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.**Enter ANTONY with ATTENDANTS.*

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
 'tis asham'd to bear me! Friends, come hither.
 am so lated in the world, that I
 have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
 laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, 5
 and make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
 cowards

to run and show their shoulders. Friends, be
 gone;

have myself resolv'd upon a course
 which has no need of you; be gone. 10

My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O,
follow'd that I blush to look upon.

My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
improve the brown for rashness, and they them
for fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you
shall 15

have letters from me to some friends that
 will

sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
 sad,

nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
 which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 which leaves itself. To the sea-side straight-
 way; 20

will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now.

Say, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and
[IRAS:] EROS [following].

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort
 him. 25

Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir? 30
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!
Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir, —
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
 his sword even like a dancer, while I struck 35

the lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
 that the mad Brutus ended. He alone

dealt on lieutenantship, and no practice had
 in the brave squares of war; yet now — No
 matter. 40

Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
 he is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me. Oh!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the Queen ap-
 proaches.

Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her,
 but

your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
 A most unnobly swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queen. 50
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?

See,
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
 By looking back what I have left behind

'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought 55
 You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
 And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60

Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
 To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
 And palter in the shifts of lowliness; who
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I

pleas'd,
 Making and marring fortunes. You did know 65
 How much you were my conqueror; and
 that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
 All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss. 70

Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmas-
 ter;

Is 'a come back? Love, I am full of lead.
 Some wine, within there, and our viands! For-
 tune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, Agrippa, DOLABELLA, [THY-
 REUS,] with others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from An-
 tony.

Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster;

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,

Which had superfluous kings for messengers 5
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter [EUPHRONIUS,] ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony.

I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
 and 11

Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues

To let him breathe between the heavens and
 earth,

A private man in Athens. This for him. 15
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;

What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,

but conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that, will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky, that we must leave thee to thy sinking, for thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar what you require of him? for he partly begs to be desir'd to give. It much would please him,

that of his fortunes you should make a staff to lean upon; but it would warm his spirits, to hear from me you had left Antony, and put yourself under his shroud, the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, say to great Cæsar this: in deputation kiss his conqu'ring hand. Tell him, I am prompt

to lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel. Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear the doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combating together, if that the former dare but what it can, so chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay my duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, as it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Am. Favours, by Jove that thunders! What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs the bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest to have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd. *Ant.* Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried "Ho!"

like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, and cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

I am Antony yet.

Enter a SERVANT.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him. *Eno.* [*Aside.*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp

than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him! Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries

that do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them so saucy with the hand of she here, — what's her name,

since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows, fill, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, and whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Tug him away. Being whipp'd,

Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall Bear us an errand to him. —

[*Exit Servant with Thyreus.*]
You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a gem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord, — *Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:

And when we in our viciousness grow hard — O misery on 't! — the wise gods seal our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

Unregist'ed in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,

Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal

And pligher of high hearts! O, that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar

The horned herd! For I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank For being yare about him.

Re-enter SERVANT with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?

Serv. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?

Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou

sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since Thou hast been whipp'd for following him.

Henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee, Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say He makes me angry with him; for he seems

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am, Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;

And at this time most easy 't is to do 't, When my good stars, that were my former

guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike

My speech and what is done, tell him he has Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou. Hence with thy stripes, begone!

[*Exit Thyreus.*]

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours. I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they
weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire
you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter [two] SOLDIERS [to their guard].

1. *Sold.* Brother, good-night; to-morrow is
the day.

2. *Sold.* It will determine one way; fare you
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1. *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2. *Sold.* Belike 't is but a rumour. Good-
night to you.

1. *Sold.* Well, sir, good-night.

They meet other SOLDIERS.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

[3.] *Sold.* And you. Good-night, good-night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

[4.] *Sold.* Here we. And if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

[3.] *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*]

2. *Sold.* Peace! what noise?

1. *Sold.* List, list!

2. *Sold.* Hark!

1. *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3. *Sold.*

Under the earth.

4. *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3. *Sold.*

No.

1. *Sold.*

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

2. *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom An-
tony loved,

Now leaves him.

1. *Sold.* Walk; let 's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

2. *Sold.*

How now, masters!

[*Speak together.*]

All.

How now!

How now! do you hear this?

1. *Sold.*

Ay; is 't not strange?

3. *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? Do you
hear?

1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let 's see how it will give off.

All.

Content. 'T is strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*]

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, [CHARMIAN,]
and others [attending].*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo.

Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine ar-
mour, Eros!

Enter EROS [with armour].

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.

If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo.

Nay, I 'll help too.

What 's this for?

[*Ant.*]

Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart. False, false; this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help. Thus it must be.

Ant.

Well, well;

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good
fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

Eros.

Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant.

Rarely, rarely;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. O
love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed SOLDIER.

Good-morrow to thee; welcome.

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike
charge.

To business that we love we rise betime
And go to 't with delight.

Sold.

A thousand, sir,

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
but now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I
have yet
room for six scotches more. 10

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advan-
tage serves
for a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
and snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.
I is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
hence for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold 15
for thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Flarum. Enter ANTONY, in a march; Scarus,
with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run
one before,
and let the Queen know of our gestic. To-morrow,
before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
that has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
for doughty-handed are you, and have fought
not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
toll them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss 10
the honour'd gashes whole.

Enter CLEOPATRA [attended].

To Scarus.] Give me thy hand;
to this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
take her thanks bless thee. [To Cleo.] O
thou day o' the world,
chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,

through proof of harness to my heart, and
there 15
hide on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
the world's great snare uncought?

Ant. My nightingale,
we have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
though grey

to something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we 20

brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
set goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Time it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day
as if a god, in hate of mankind, had 25
destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
in armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them.

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters, 35
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter a SENTRY, and his COMPANY. ENOBAR-
BUS follows.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1. *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —
2. *Sold.* What man is this?

1. *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

Sent. Enobarbus! Peace! 10
2. *Sold.*

Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
choly,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart 15
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

1. *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks 25

May concern Cæsar.

2. *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Sent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as
his

Was never yet for sleep.

1. *Sold.* Go we to him.

2. *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1. *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

Sent. The hand of death hath raught him.

(*Drums afar off.*) Hark! the drums 30

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
is fully out.

2. *Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt [with the body].*]

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
and mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen
these signs;

hey are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
thought

he rack diallins, and makes it indistinct, ¹⁰
a water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain
is

even such a body. Here I am Antony;
yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

made these wars for Egypt; and the
Queen, —

Those heart I thought I had, for she had
mine,

Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
a million moe, now lost, — she, Eros, has

back'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my
glory

into an enemy's triumph. ²⁰

ay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
has he robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
thy mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes

mingled ²⁵
with thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
he hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
once,

and that she has discharg'd. What thou
wouldst do

is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
was "Antony! most noble Antony!" ³⁰

When in the midst a tearing groan did break
the name of Antony; it was divided

between her heart and lips. She rend' red life,
by name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is
done, ³⁵

and we must sleep. [To *Mar.*] That thou de-
part'st hence safe,

we pay thy labour richly; go. ^[Exit Mardian.]

Off, pluck off!

be seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
be battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides!

Wart, once be stronger than thy continent, ⁴⁰
back thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

more a soldier. Btuis'd pieces, go;

we have been nobly borne. — From me a while. ^[Exit Eros.]

will e'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
rep for my pardon. So it must be, for now ⁴⁵

length is torture; since the torch is out,
down, and stray no farther. Now all la-
bour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
itself with strength. Seal then and all is done.

Eros! — I come, my queen! — Eros! — Stay for
me! ⁵⁰

Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze.

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods ⁵⁵

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind ⁶⁰

Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn,

Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, which
now

Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of ⁶⁵

Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do 't; the time is
come.

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou de-
feast'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, ⁷⁰
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and
see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd ⁷⁵
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must
be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country. ⁸⁰

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st
thou not then ⁸⁵

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble coun-
tenance, ⁹⁰

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! ^[Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, ⁹⁵

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony, —

Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up. Wait, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

But strength is all gone into heaviness, that makes the weight. Had I great Juno's

power, the strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up

and set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —

Fishers were ever fools, — O, come, come, come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*]

And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd;

Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power, thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high.

That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,

provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen: If Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me: I once about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust; I once about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end moment nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts

in feeding them with those my former fortunes wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the

world, the noblest; and do now not basely die,

not cowardly put off my helmet to my countryman, — a Roman by a Roman

valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going; can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die? Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide

in this dull world, which in thy absence is no better than a sty? O, see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*]

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!

Wither'd is the garland of the war, the soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and

girls are level now with men; the odds is gone, and there is nothing left remarkable

beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt,

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks And does the meanest chares. It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods; To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but nought;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death, Ere death dare come to us? How do you,

women? What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look, Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take

heart. We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,

what's noble, Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,

And make Death proud to take us. Come, away;

This case of that huge spirit now is cold. Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend

But resolution and the briefest end. [*Exeunt; [those above] bearing off Antony's body.*]

(ACT V)

[SCENE I. Alexandria. Caesar's camp.]

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, [MECNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others,] his council of war.

Caes. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Enter DERCETAS with the sword of Antony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas; Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy Best to be serv'd. Whilst he stood up and spoke, He was my master; and I wore my life To spend upon his haters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my life.

Caes. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Caes. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack. The round world Should have shook lions into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar;

Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.]
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this believ'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rides our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my master's bounty by his undoing of yourself. Let the world see his nobleness well acted, which your death will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death? Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

fidle talk will once be necessary, 'll not sleep neither; this mortal house I'll ruin,

do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I will not wait pinion'd at your master's court; for once be chastis'd with the sober eye of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up and show me to the shouting varlety censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud

lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies blow me into abhorring! Rather make my country's high pyramides my gibbet, and hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend these thoughts of horror further than you shall find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius, What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows, and he hath sent for thee. For the Queen, 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella, 't shall content me best. Be gentle to her.

To Cleo. To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,

if you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. *[Exeunt Proculeius (and Soldiers).]*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;

's't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony.

such another sleep, that I might see

but such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye, —

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there-in stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertyed As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was

That grew the more by reaping. His delights Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in. In his livery Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and is-

lands were As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra!

Cleo. Think you there was or might be such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods! But, if there be or ever were one such,

It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it As answering to the weight. Would I might

never O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,

By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you

knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable, —

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[Flourish.]

Enter CAESAR, Gallus, PROCULEIUS, Mæcenas, [SELEUCUS,] and others of his train.

All. Make way there! Caesar!

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, madam.

[Cleopatra kneels.]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
in Rome, as well as I. Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,
shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, *Iras.* Saucy
lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
In the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way.
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah *Iras*, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give
thee leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and
all.

Wherefore 's this noise?

[*Exit Iras.*] A noise within.

Enter a GUARDSMAN.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be deni'd your Highness' pre-
sence.

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter GUARDSMAN, with CLOWN [bringing in
a basket].*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Cleo. Truly, I have him; but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal; those that do
die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on 't?

Cleo. Very many, men and women too. I

heard of one of them no longer than yesterday;
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way
of honesty; how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very
good report o' the worm. But he that will
believe all that they say, shall never be saved
by half that they do. But this is most fallible,
the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Crown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Crown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Crown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Crown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Crown. You must not think I am so simple
but I know the devil himself will not eat a wo-
man. I know that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women; for in every ten that
they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Crown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the
worm. [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I
have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lip.

Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I
come!

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my
lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; *Iras*, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie
still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that
I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that
kiss

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

EXTERNAL evidence on the date of *Coriolanus* is exceptionally scanty. It was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and there is no earlier reference to it unless we interpret the line, "You have enriched your friends of the better half of the garland," in Ben Jonson's *The Silent Woman* (1609), as a glibbing allusion to "He lurch'd all swords of the garland," in *II. ii.* 105. But the phrase may have been a current one. Internal evidences of metre and style point decisively to its being a late play, and scholars are generally agreed on a date near 1609. The text of the first Folio, which is our sole authority, is badly printed, and in several places almost quite unintelligible.

The source of the plot is Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, which Shakespeare knew in Sir Thomas North's translation. As in the case of *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, which are also based on Plutarch, he followed his authority closely. Whole passages of some of the most notable speeches, such as the fable related by Menenius (i. i. 99), and the appeal of Volumnia to her son on behalf of Rome (v. iii. 94 ff.), are couched almost in the words of the biography. The main lines of the characters are also followed faithfully, though many of the more subtle points are due to Shakespeare. For example, the episode in which Coriolanus begs of Cominius the freedom of his Volscian host is in Plutarch, but the finely characteristic touch by which he is represented as having forgotten the man's name is Shakespeare's. The portrait of Menenius is greatly elaborated in the play. Plutarch assigns to him merely the part of a dignified patrician who makes a single attempt to pacify the rebellious plebeians; Shakespeare conceives him as a genial and self-important old gentleman, who takes pride in his intimacy with the hero, and who in his various conversations with the tribunes is responsible for most of the humor which partially relieves the prevailing sombreness of the tragedy. The dialogues of the citizens and such scenes as those with the servants of Aufidius are wholly invented; while as a basis for the actual language in which Caius Martius expresses his haughty and contemptuous nature, the dramatist had merely Plutarch's statements that he was rough and insolent in conversation and undisciplined in temper. In the biography, it is Valeria who induces the wife and mother of Coriolanus to go to plead with him, and her share in the action is treated with considerable fullness. This is represented in the play merely by her presence in the deputation; but Shakespeare added from his own invention the admirable scene (i. iii.) where she calls on Volumnia and Virgilia, and finds them at their sewing. Virgilia is little more than a name in the source, and the skill with which in the play she is drawn in some half-dozen lines is all Shakespeare's.

The truth of the political situation in which the action takes place, Shakespeare either did not understand or did not care to state. The dignified secession of the *plebs* he misrepresented as the tumult of a hungry mob shouting for cheap corn; and in this play, as elsewhere, his picture of the common crowd is drawn in that spirit of contemptuous amusement which characterized the attitude of the Elizabethan aristocrat towards the working classes. This lack of historical accuracy is found to a considerable extent in Plutarch, but Shakespeare deliberately manipulated his material in the spirit indicated. All the more noteworthy, therefore, is the success with which he catches the antique Roman spirit of such patricians as Volumnia, and the impartiality with which he exhibits the intolerable arrogance of the hero driving him on to destruction. Nowhere does Shakespeare rise more triumphantly above what we may suppose to have been his own personal prejudices, to show the workings of the permanent laws that govern the relations of men in society.

If more strong link asunder than can ever appear in your impediment. For the dearth, the gods, not the patricians, make it, and your knees to them, not arms, must help.

Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Whither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms of the state, who care for you like fathers

When you curse them as enemies.

2. *Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They never car'd for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make diets for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the vassals eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must confess yourselves wondrous malicious, or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you a pretty tale. It may be you have heard it; but, since it serves my purpose, I will venture to stale 't a little more.

2. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it: That only like a gulf it did remain
In the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which never came from the lungs, but even thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

2. *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then? Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what then?

2. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2. *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you.

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patience a while, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

2. *Cit.* Ye 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,"—this says the belly,
mark me,—

2. *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot see what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?

2. *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great toe! Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost;
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

The Volscies have much corn; take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners, your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.
[Citizens steal away. *Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown

so proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature, tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder his insolence can brook to be commanded under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, at whom already he's well grac'd, cannot better be held nor more attain'd than by a place below the first; for what miscarries shall be the general's fault, though he perform to the utmost of a man, and giddy censure will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well, opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come.

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, though Marcius earn'd them not, and all [his faults]

to Marcius shall be honours, though indeed he sought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear how the dispatch is made, and in what fashion, more than his singularity, he goes upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate-house.]

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS with SENATORS of Corioli.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius, that they of Rome are ent'red in our counsels and know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours? That ever have been thought on in this state, that could be brought to bodily act ere Rome had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone since I heard thence; these are the words:—I think

have the letter here; yes, here it is:—

Reads. "They have press'd a power, but it is not known

Whether for east or west. The dearth is great; he people mutinous; and it is rumour'd, ominous, Marcius your old enemy, who is of Rome worse hated than of you,

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely 'tis for you; Consider of it."

1. Sen. Our army's in the field. We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly To keep your great pretences veil'd till when? They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery We shall be short'n'd in our aim, which was To take in many towns ere almost Rome Should know we were afoot.

2. Sen. Noble Aufidius, Take your commission; hie you to your bands; Let us alone to guard Corioli.

If they set down before's, for the remove Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that; I speak from certainties. Nay, more, Some parcels of their power are forth already, And only hitherward. I leave your honours. If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet, 'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. Sen. Farewell.

2. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Rome. A room in Marcius' house.]

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and
they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy
blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two SENATORS with
others on the walls.

Publius Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less
than he,

That 's lesser than a little. [Drum afar off.]
Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We 'll break
our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our
gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes;

They 'll open of themselves. [Alarum afar off.]
Hark you, far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Lad-
ders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and
fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus!

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on,
my fellows!

He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsee,
And he shall feel mine edge. [Exit.]

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their
trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and
plagues

'Laster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you

run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and
hell!

All hurt behind! Backs red, and faces pale
With fight and agued fear! Mend and charge

home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the
foe

And make my wars on you. Look to 't; come
on!

If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their
wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. [The Volsces fly,] and MAR-
CIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good
seconds.

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[Enters the gates.]

1. Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

[Marcius is shut in.]

1. Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, as
Clapp'd to their gates. He is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,
Marcius;

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a sol-
dier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the
enemy.

1. Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 't is Marcus!

Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

[SCENE V. Corioli. A street.]

Enter certain ROMANS, with spoils.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for
silver. [Exeunt. Alarum continues still
afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a
Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize
their hours

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with
them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To
him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;

Mar. Those are they at most are willing. If any such be here — it were sin to doubt — that love this painting wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear lesser his person than an ill report; any think brave death outweighs bad life, and that his country's dearer than himself; to him alone, or so many so minded, live thus, to express his disposition, and follow *Marcus*.¹⁵

[They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]

me alone, make you a sword of me? these shows be not outward, which of you it is four Volscas? None of you but is able to bear against the great Aufidius shield as hard as his. A certain number, so enough thanks to all, must I select from all; the rest

shall bear the business in some other fight, because will be obey'd. Please you to march; and four shall quickly draw out my command, which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows! make good this ostentation, and you shall divide in all with us.²⁰ *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*]

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a LIEUTENANT, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties, as I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve or a short holding. If we lose the field, we cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's. Our guardier, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.⁵ *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VIII. *A field of battle.*]

Alarum as in battle. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS at several doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike.

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor more than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,⁵

And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, *Marcus*, holla me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*, alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls, and made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge¹⁰

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny, Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[Here they fight, and certain Volscas come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcus fights till they be driven in breathless.]

Official, and not valiant, you have sham'd me In your condemned seconds.¹⁵ *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*]

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, at one door, COMINIUS with the Romans; at another door, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great patricians shall attend and shrug, I'll the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted, And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,⁵

That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,

Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier."

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,¹⁰ Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general, Here is the steed, we the caparison.

Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more. My mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me grieves me. I have done¹⁵

As you have done, that's what I can; induce'd As you have been, that's for my country.

He that has but effected his good will

Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be²⁰ The grave of your deserving; Rome must know The value of her own. 'T were a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd, Would seem but modest; therefore, I beseech

you —²⁵

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done — before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves rememb'red.

Com. Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,³⁰ And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all

The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,

We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,³⁵

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I
 pray you —
T is south the city mills — bring me word
 thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.
[1.] Sol. I shall, sir.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II

[SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*]

Enter MENENIUS, with the two Tribunes of the people, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patri-

cian, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weasemen as you are — I cannot call you Lycurguses — if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs. You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a faucet-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships. More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius go aside.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, — and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler, — whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches. For the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not
but
my Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
had rather be their servant in my way
than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state,
as before. Brutus and Sicinius
[come forward].*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights
are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling
nurse

into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him; the kitchen Malkin pins
her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, 225
Lamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks,
windows,
are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges
hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing
in earnestness to see him. Seld-shown flamens
do press among the popular throngs and puff
to win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames 231
commit the war of white and damask in
their nicely-gawdied cheeks to the wanton
spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses; — such a pother
as if that whatsoever god who leads him 235
Were slyly crept into his human powers
and gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
honours 240
From where he should begin and end, but will
lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours,
which 245

That he will give them make I as little ques-
tion

As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility, 250
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it
rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to
him 254

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
in execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities for an end. 255
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders
and

Disproportioned their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity, 260
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their pro-
vand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence 270
Shall touch the people — which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep — will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought 275

That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
and

The blind to hear him speak. Matrons flung
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
chers, 280

Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended.
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and
shouts.

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. 285
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*] *The Capitol.*

Enter two OFFICERS, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say; but 't is thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it. 290

1. *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he's
vengeance proud, and loves not the common
people.

2. *Off.* Faith, there hath been many great
men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they
have loved, they know not wherefore; so [10]
that, if they love they know not why, they
hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or
hate him manifests the true knowledge he has
in their disposition; and out of his noble care-
lessness lets them plainly see 't. 295

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt

nd with a sudden reinforcement struck
 oriol like a planet; now all 's his.
 hen, by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce
 is ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
 e-quick'ned what in flesh was fatigatè,
 nd to the battle came he, where he did
 an reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 ere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
 oth field and city ours, he never stood
 o ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

hich we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
 nd look'd upon things precious as they were
 he common muck of the world. He covets
 less

han misery itself would give, rewards
 is misdeeds with doing them, and is content
 o spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble.
 et him be call'd for.

[1.] Sen. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 o make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 ly life and services.

Men. It then remains
 hat you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 et me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
 't on the gown, stand naked and entreat
 them,

or my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage.
 Please you

hat I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 hat have their voices; neither will they bate
 he jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't.
 ray you, go fit you to the custom and
 ke to you, as your predecessors have,
 our honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
 hat I shall blush in acting, and might well
 be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and
 thus;
 how them the unaching scars which I should
 hide,

as if I had receiv'd them for the hire
 of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
 ur purpose to them; and to our noble consul
 wish we all joy and honour.

Sensors. To Coriolanus come all joy and
 honour!

*[Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but
 Sicinius and Brutus.]*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
 people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will
 require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
 Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
 Of our proceedings here. On the market-place,
 I know, they do attend us. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE III. The same. The Forum.]

Enter seven or eight CITIZENS.

1. Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we
 ought not to deny him.

2. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3. Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it,
 but it is a power that we have no power to do; [s
 for if he show us his wounds and tell us his
 deeds, we are to put our tongues into those
 wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us
 his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
 acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous,
 and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were [s
 to make a monster of the multitude; of the
 which we being members, should bring our-
 selves to be monstrous members.

1. Cit. And to make us no better thought
 of, a little help will serve; for once we stood
 up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call
 us the many-headed multitude.

3. Cit. We have been called so of many; not
 that our heads are some brown, some black,
 some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are
 so diversely colour'd; and truly I think if all
 our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
 would fly east, west, north, south, and their
 consent of one direct way should be at once to
 all the points o' the compass.

2. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you
 judge my wit would fly?

3. Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out
 as another man's will, 't is strongly wedg'd up
 in a block-head; but if it were at liberty,
 't would, sure, southward.

2. Cit. Why that way?

3. Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where being
 three parts melted away with rotten dews, the
 fourth would return for conscience' sake, to
 help to get thee a wife.

2. Cit. You are never without your tricks;
 you may, you may.

3. Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your
 voices? But that's no matter, the greater part
 carries it. I say, if he would incline to the
 people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility, with
 MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility;
 mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all
 together, but to come by him where he stands,
 by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make
 his requests by particulars, wherein every one
 of us has a single honour, in giving him our own
 voices with our own tongues; therefore follow
 me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by
 him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt citizens.]*

fem. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Ereunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*]

has it now, and by his looks methinks
is warm at 's heart. 100

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble
weeds.

ll you dismiss the people?

Re-enter CITIZENS.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose
this man?

Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your
loves. 104

Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy
notice,

mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Cit. Certainly
flouted us downright.

Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech; he did
not mock us.

Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself,
but says 170

us'd us scornfully. He should have show'd
us

s marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's
country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Cit. He said he had wounds, which he
could show in private;

and with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, 175
"I would be consul," says he; "aged custom,

at by your voices, will not so permit me;
our voices therefore." When we granted that,

we was "I thank you for your voices; thank
you;

our most sweet voices. Now you have left
your voices, 180

have no further with you." Was not this
mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see 't,
seeing it, of such childish friendliness
yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him
you were lesson'd: when he had no power,

at was a petty servant to the state, 184
e was your enemy, ever spake against

our liberties and the charters that you bear
the body of the weal; and now, arriving

place of potency and sway o' the state, 190
be should still malignantly remain

at foe to the *plebeii*, your voices might
e curses to yourselves? You should have said

hat as his worthy deeds did claim no less
hance what he stood for, so his gracious nature

ould think upon you for your voices and 194
ranslate his malice towards you into love,

ending your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
s you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit

nd tried his inclination; from him pluck'd 200
ither his gracious promise, which you might,

s a cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage, 206
You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to
you, 210

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues to
cry

Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you

Ere now deni'd the asker, and now again

Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow 214

Your sued-for tongues?

3. *Cit.* He 's not confirm'd; we may deny
him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred and their friends
to piece 'em. 220

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those
friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking

As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgement all revoke 224

Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your
loves, 230

Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes, that we la-
bour'd, 234

No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided

By your own true affections, and that your
minds,

Pre-occupi'd with what you rather must do 240
Than what you should, made you against the

grain

To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs
of, — 244

The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;

Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,

becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 'co
the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again —
Men. Not now, not now.

[*L.*] *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler
friends,

crave their pardons ;
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
regard me as I do not flatter, and
therein behold themselves. I say again,

a soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate
the cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 'co
which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,

and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd num-
ber,

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

[*L.*] *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more !

As for my country I have shed my blood, 'co
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
join words till their decay against those
measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
the very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people
as if you were a god to punish, not
a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what ? his choler ?

Cor. Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, 'co

By Jove, 't would be my mind !

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain !

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? Mark
you

His absolute "shall" ?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. "Shall" !

O good but most unwise patricians ! why, 'co

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

That with his prepotent "shall," being but

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not
spirit

To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his ? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance ; if none, awake

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd, 'co

Be not as common fools ; if you are not, 'co

Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,

If they be senators ; and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the great'st
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate,

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall," 'co

His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove him-
self !

It makes the consuls base ; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give
forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was us'd
Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more ab-
solute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice ?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
That ne'er did service for 't ; being press'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusa-
tion

Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ? 'co

How shall this bisson multitude digest
The Senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words : " We did re-
quest it ;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear 'co

They gave us our demands." Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears ; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the Senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more !

What may be sworn by, both divine and hu-
man,

Seal what I end withal ! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

Insult without all reason, where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no 'co

Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness ; purpose so barr'd, it
follows

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you, —

You that will be less fearful than discreet, 'co

That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that
prefer

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
 you cannot tent yourself. Begone, beseech
 you. 236

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians — as they
 are,
 though in Rome litter'd — not Romans — as
 they are not,
 though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol!

[*Men.*] Begone!
 at not your worthy rage into your tongue; 241
 no time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
 could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
 ake up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
 two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
 and manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands 246
 against a falling fabric. Will you hence
 before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
 like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
 that they are us'd to bear?

Men. Pray you, begone.
 'll try whether my old wit be in request 251
 with those that have but little. This must be
 patch'd
 with cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius [and others].*]

A Patrician. This man has marr'd his for-
 tune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world; 255
 he would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 nor Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's
 his mouth;
 that his breast forges, that his tongue must
 vent;

and, being angry, does forget that ever 260
 he heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
 here 's goodly work!

A Patrician. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What
 the vengeance!
 could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper
 that would depopulate the city and
 be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
 rock 266

with rigorous hands. He hath resisted law,
 and therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 than the severity of the public power
 which he so sets at nought.

Cit. He shall well know
 his noble tribunes are the people's mouths, and
 we their hands.

[*Citizens.*] He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir, —

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
 but hunt 275

with modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
 Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.
 As I do know the consul's worthiness,
 So can I name his faults, —

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul! 280

[*Citizens.*] No, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
 good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
 The which shall turn you to no further harm
 Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch 284
 This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
 Were but one danger, and to keep him here
 Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
 He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 290
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
 Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
 Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
 Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost —
 Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
 hath, 300

By many an ounce — he dropp'd it for his coun-
 try;

And what is left, to lose it by his country
 Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
 A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his
 country, 306

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
 For what before it was, —

Bru. We 'll hear no more.
 Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence,
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 312
 Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
 Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by pro-
 cess,

Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out, 316
 And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
 Our ædiles amote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the
 wars 320

Since 'a could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
 In bolted language; meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave;
 I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, 326
 In peace, to his utmost peril.

nich often thus correcting thy stout heart,
w humble as the ripest mulberry
at will not hold the handling:—or say to
them,
ou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
st not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
re fit for thee to use as they to claim,
asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
yself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
en as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours;

r they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst
rather

low thine enemy in a fiery gulf
an flatter him in a bower.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. Here is Cominius.
I have been i' the market-place; and,
sir, 't is fit
u make strong party, or defend yourself
calmness or by absence. All 's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
a thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
thee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
sconce? Must I

ith my base tongue give to my noble heart
be that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;

t, were there but this single plot to lose,
is mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it

d throw 't against the wind. To the market-
place!

u have put me now to such a part which
never
hall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.
Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
said

r praises made thee first a soldier, so,
have my praise for this, perform a part
ou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.
ray, my disposition, and possess me
me harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

hich choir'd with my drum, into a pipe
all as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
at babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves
at in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take
up

glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
like motion through my lips, and my arm'd
knees,

bo bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
at hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't,
st I surcease to honour mine own truth
d by my body's action teach my mind
most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then.
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin! Let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me.

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content.
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.
[Exit.]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you.
Arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is "mildly." Pray you, let
us go.

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!
[Exit.]

[SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an ÆDILE.

Æd. What, will he come?
Bru. He's coming.

Æd. How accompanied?
Bru. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be
it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,

If I say fine, cry "Fine!" if death, cry
"Death!"

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Com. Let me speak.
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
my enemies' marks upon me. I do love
my country's good with a respect more tender,
more holy and profound, than mine own life,
my dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
and treasure of my loins; then if I would
speak that, —

Sic. We know your drift; speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd
enemy to the people and his country.
shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate

reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
the dead carcasses of unburi'd men
that do corrupt my air, I banish you!
I'd here remain with your uncertainty!
I'd every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
I'd my enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
win you into despair! Have the power still
to banish your defenders; till at length
your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
asking not reservation of yourselves,
shall your own foes, deliver you as most
wretched captives to some nation
that won you without blows! Despising,
or you, the city, thus I turn my back;
there is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius [Menenius, Senators, and Patricians].*
*They all shout, and throw up
their caps.*]

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
[*Citizens.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is
gone! Hoo! hoo!]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
he him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
attend us through the city.

[*Citizens.* Come, come; let's see him out at
gates; come.

Let gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

[*SCENE I. Rome. Before a gate of the city.*]

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility
of Rome.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief fare-
well. The beast

with many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
to say extremity was the trier of spirits;
but common chances common men could bear;
but when the sea was calm all boats alike
show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
when most struck home, being gentle,
wounded, craves

subtle cunning. You were us'd to load me
with precepts that would make invincible
my heart that cou'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to
say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my
mother;

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menen-
ius,

Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft be-
held

Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad
women

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot
well

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly — though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen —
your son

Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautious baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of
us

And we of thee; so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needier.

Cor. Fare ye well!

Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised. Bring me but out at
gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good
gods,

I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home.
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Here comes his mother.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us; keep on
your way.

Vol. O, you're well met. The hoarded
plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [To Brutus.]
Will you be gone?

Vir. [To Sicinius.] You shall stay too. I
would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but
this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fox-
ship

To banish him that struck more blows for
Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise
words,

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what:—
yet go.

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my
son

Were in Arabia and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all!

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his coun-
try

As he began, and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had"! 'T was you in-
cens'd the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth

As I can of those mysteries
Will not have earth to know

Bru.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get
You have done a brave deed
this:

As far as doth the Capitol
The meanest house in Rome

This lady's husband here,
Whom you have banish'd,

Bru. Well, well, we'll

Sic. Why?

With one that wants her w

Vol. Take u

I would the gods had nothi
But to confirm my curses!

But once a-day, it would u
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You ha

And, by my troth, you hav
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat;
And so shall starve with f

[To Virgilia.] Leave thi
lament as I do,

In anger, Juno-like. Come

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[SCENE III. *A highway bet
tium.*]

Enter a ROMAN and a

Rom. I know you well,
me. Your name, I think,

Vols. It is so, sir. Truly

Rom. I am a Roman; s
as you are, against 'em.

Vols. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more be
you; but your favour is w

tongue. What's the new
a note from the Volscian

there. You have well sav
ney.

Rom. There hath been
surrections; the people a

patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! Is it
state thinks not so. They a

preparation, and hope to co
heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze
small thing would make it

nobles receive so to heart
that worthy Coriolanus, th

aptness to take all power
to pluck from them thei

This lies glowing, I can te
mature for the violent bra

Vols. Coriolanus banish

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vols. You will be welco
gence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate to accidentally to encounter you. You have aided my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have your army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them to present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's house.]

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City, 'tis I that made thy widows; many an heir of these fair edifices 'fore my wars have I heard groan and drop. Then know me not, and that thy wives with spits and boys with stones a puny battle slay me.

Enter a CITIZEN.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell. *[Exit Citizen.]*

World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Those double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Those hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love inseparable, shall within this hour,

As a dimension of a doit, break out in bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,

Those passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

Shall take the one the other, by some chance,

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me; my birthplace hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter. If he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE V. The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.]

Music within. Enter a SERVINGMAN.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*

Enter a second SERVINGMAN.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house! The feast smells well, but I appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first SERVINGMAN.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you; pray, go to the door. *[Exit.]*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second SERVINGMAN.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third SERVINGMAN. The first meets him.

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on; I cannot get him out o' th' house. Prithee, call my master to him. *[Retires.]*

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away from him.]*

3. *Serv.* What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall. *[Exit.]*

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away.* [*Exit third Servingman.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS with the [second] SERVINGMAN.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. *Serv.* Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

[*Retires.*]

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus [*unmuffling*], not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly and to all the Volscians
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name
remains.

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of
hope —

Mistake me not — to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my cank'red country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But
Thou dar'st not this, and
fortunes

Thou 'rt tired, then, in a w
Longer to live most weary,
My throat to thee and to thy
Which not to cut would ab
Since I have ever followed
Drawn tuns of blood ou
breast,

And cannot live but to thy
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

Each word thou hast spok
my heart

A root of ancient envy. If
Should from yond cloud spe
And say " 'T is true," I
more

Than thee, all noble Marci
Mine arms about that body
My grained ash an hundred
And scar'd the moon wi
olip

The anvil of my sword, an
As hotly and as nobly with
As ever in ambitious stren
Contend against thy valour
I lov'd the maid I married
Sigh'd truer breath; but t
Thou noble thing! more d
Than when I first my wedd
Bestride my threshold. V
tell thee,

We have a power on foot;
Once more to hew thy targ
Or lose mine arm for 't.
out

Twelve several times, a
since

Dreamt of encounters 'twi
We have been down togeth
Unbuckling helms, fisting
And wak'd half dead wit
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to
Thou art thence banish'd,
From twelve to seventy, an
Into the bowels of ungrate
Like a bold flood o'er-beat
And take our friendly sens
Who now are here, taking
Who am prepar'd against
Though not for Rome itse
Cor.

Auf. Therefore, most a
wilt have

The leading of thine own r
The one half of my co
down —

As best thou art experienc
Thy country's strength an
own ways;

Whether to knock against
Or rudely visit them in par
To fright them, ere destroy
Let me commend the first

7. *yes to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!*
 1. *more a friend than e'er an enemy;*
 2. *Marcus, that was much. Your hand;*
 3. *most welcome!*

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*
The two Servingmen [come forward].]

1. *Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!*

2. *Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have*
thwack'd him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
was me his clothes made a false report of him.

1. *Serv. What an arm he has! He turn'd me*
out with his finger and his thumb, as one
old set up a top.

2. *Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there*
was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of
methought, — I cannot tell how to term

1. *Serv. He had so; looking as it were —*
would I were hang'd, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2. *Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is*
only the rarest man i' the world.

1. *Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier*
than he you wot one.

2. *Serv. Who? My master?*

1. *Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.*

2. *Serv. Worth six on him.*

1. *Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him*
to be the greater soldier.

2. *Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how*
say that. For the defence of a town, our
general is excellent.

1. *Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.*

Re-enter third SERVINGMAN.

2. *Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news, —*
what, you rascals!

1. *and 2. Serv. What, what, what? Let 's*
take.

3. *Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all na-*
mes; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. *and 2. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?*

3. *Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to*
thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv. Why do you say, "thwack our*
general"?

3. *Serv. I do not say, "thwack our gen-*
eral"; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends;*
he was ever too hard for him; I have heard
him say so himself.

1. *Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to*
give the troth on 't. Before Corioli he scotch'd
him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he*
might have boil'd and eaten him too.

1. *Serv. But more of thy news.*

3. *Serv. Why, he is so made on here within,*
as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper
end o' the table; no question ask'd him by
any of the senators, but they stand bald before
him. Our general himself makes a mistress of
him; sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns
up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But
at the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'

the middle and but one half of what he was

yesterday; for the other has half, by the

entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go,

he says, and sow the porter of Rome gates by

the ears. He will mow all down before him,

and leave his passage poll'd.

2. *Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man*
I can imagine.

3. *Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you,*
sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which
friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir,
show themselves, as we term it, his friends
whilst he 's in directitude.

1. *Serv. Directitude! What 's that?*

3. *Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest*
up again, and the man in blood, they will out
of their burrows, like conies after rain, and
reveal all with him.

1. *Serv. But when goes this forward?*

3. *Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you*
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon.
'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to
be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring*
world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust
iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-mak-
ers.

1. *Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds*
peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely,
waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a
very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy,
insensible; a getter of more bastard children
than war 's a destroyer of men.

2. *Serv. 'Tis so; and as wars, in some sort,*
may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be
denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one*
another.

3. *Serv. Reason; because they then less need*
one another. The wars for my money! I hope
to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. — They
are rising, they are rising.

1. *and 2. Serv. In, in, in!* [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE VI. Rome. A public place.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we
fear him;

His remedies are tame. The present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather
had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, be-
hold

Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this
Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most
kind of late.

Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus
Is not much miss'd, but with his friends.

The commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do,

Were he more angry at it. 15

Men. All's well; and might have been much
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and
his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four CITIZENS.

[*Citizens.*] The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

1. Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours! We wish'd

Coriolanus 25

Had lov'd you as we did.

[*Citizens.*] Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-
ing,

Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamenta-
tion,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so. 35

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an ÆDILE.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,

Reports the Volscos with two several powers 40

Are ent'red in the Roman territories,

And with the deepest malice of the war

Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,

Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for 45

Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It can-
not be

The Volscos dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;

And three examples of the like hath been 50

Within my age. But reason with the fellow,

Before you punish him, whe
Lest you shall chance to w
tion

And beat the messenger who
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. T

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in gre
going

All to the Senate-house; so
That turns their countenance

Sic.

Go whip him 'fore the p

raising;

Nothing but his report.

Mess. Ye

The slave's report is seconde
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. W

Mess. It is spoke fro
mouths —

How probable I do not know

Join'd with Aufidius, lead

Rome,

And vows revenge as spacio

The young'st and oldest thi

Sic.

Bru. Rais'd only, that th
wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. T

Men. This is unlikely.

He and Aufidius can no mor
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter [a second] Messenger.

[2.] *Mess.* You are sent fo
A fearful army, led by Caiu

Associated with Aufidius, r

Upon our territories; and h

O'erborne their way, consu

took

What lay before them.

Enter COMIN.

Com. O, you have made

Men. What

Com. You have help to
daughters and

To melt the city leads upon

To see your wives dishonou

Men. What's the news?

Com. Your temples burn
and

Your franchises, whereon y
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray

You have made fair work,

your news?

If Marcius should be join'd

Com.

He is their god. He leads t

Made by some other deity t

That shapes man better; as

gainst us brats, with no less confidence
than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
you and your apron-men; you that stood so
much

upon the voice of occupation and
the breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
our Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
before you find it other. All the regions
do smilingly revolt; and who resists
is mock'd for valiant ignorance,
and perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him?

Our enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
the noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the
people

deserve such pity of him as the wolf
does of the shepherds. For his best friends, if
they

should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd
him even

as those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
and therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true.
If he were putting to my house the brand

that should consume it, I have not the face
to say, "Beseech you, cease." You have made
fair hands,

you and your crafts! You have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
a trembling upon Rome, such as was never
so incapable of help.

[*Both Tri.* Say not we brought it. 120
Men. How! Was 't we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts

and cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points 125
As if he were his officer. Desperation
is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of CITIZENS.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;

And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip. As many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down, 135
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;

If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

[*Citizens.*] Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity. 140

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us. That we did, we did
for the best; and though we willingly con-
sented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will. 145

Com. You're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-
may'd. 150

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, mas-
ters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the
wrong when we banish'd him. 155

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol. Would half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let 's go.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. *A camp, at a small distance from
Rome.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS with his LIEUTENANT.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are dark'ned in this action, sir, 5
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proud-
lier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his na-
ture 10

In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir, —
I mean for your particular, — you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Have borne the action of yourself, or else 15
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20

To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things
fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian
state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard
mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lies. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll
carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his.
The senators and patricians love him too;
The tribunes are no soldiers, and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even. Whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these, —
As he hath spices of them all — not all, —
For I dare so far free him, — made him fear'd;
So, hated; and so, banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths
do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V

[SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*]

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRU-
TUS, with others.*

Men. No, I'll not go. You hear what he
hath said

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men.

Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together.
He would not answer to; for
He was a kind of nothing, till
Till he had forg'd himself a
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have
A pair of tribunes that h
Rome

To make coals cheap! A nol

Com. I minded him how r
don

When it was less expected;
It was a bare petition of a st
To one whom they had punis

Men.

Could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken
For 's private friends; his a
He could not stay to pick the
Of noisome musty chaff. He
For one poor grain or two, to
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one
I am one of those; his moth
And this brave fellow too, w
You are the musty chaff, and
Above the moon; we must h

Sic. Nay, pray, be patie
your aid

In this so never-needed help.
Upbraid 's with our distre
you

Would be your country's p
tongue,

More than the instant army
Might stop our countryman.

Men. N

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men.

Bru. Only make trial w
do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, an

Return me, as Cominius is r
Unheard; what then?

But as a discontented friend
With his unkindness? Say

Sic.

Must have that thanks from
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll

I think he'll hear me. Yet,
And hum at good Cominius,

He was not taken well; he l
The veins unfill'd, our blood

We pou'd upon the morning,
To give or to forgive; but w

These pipes and these convey
With wine and feeding, we h

Than in our priest-like fas
watch him

Till he be dieted to my requ
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very
ness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
 peed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
 ledge

Com. He'll never hear him. *[Exit.]*

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 led as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
 he gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him; as
 I was very faintly he said, "Rise"; dismiss'd

me
 thus, with his speechless hand. What he would
 do,

he sent in writing after me, what he would not,
 bound with an oath to yield to his conditions;
 that all hope is vain,

unless his noble mother and his wife, —
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

for mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
 hence,

and with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Entrance of the Volscian camp be-
 fore Rome.] The WATCH on guard.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. Watch. Stay! Whence are you?

2. Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 't is well; but,
 by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 to speak with Coriolanus.

1. Watch. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. Watch. You may not pass, you must re-
 turn; our general

will no more hear from thence.

2. Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd
 with fire before

you'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
 if you have heard your general talk of Rome
 and of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, 10
 My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menen-
 ius.

1. Watch. Be it so; go back. The virtue of
 your name
 is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
 Thy general is my lover. I have been
 The book of his good acts, whence men have
 read

His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
 For I have ever magnified my friends,
 Of whom he's chief, with all the size that
 verity

Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
 I have tumbled past the throw; and in his
 praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore,
 fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1. Watch. Faith, sir, if you had told as many
 lies in his behalf as you have uttered words
 in your own, you should not pass here; no,

though it were as virtuous to lie as to live
 chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is
 Menenius, always factionary on the party of
 your general.

2. Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar,
 as you say you have, I am one that, telling true
 under him, must say you cannot pass. There-
 fore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I
 would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. Watch. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1. Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as
 he does. Can you, when you have push'd out
 your gates the very defender of them, and, in a
 violent popular ignorance, given your enemy
 your shield, think to front his revenges with
 the easy groans of old women, the virginal 40
 palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
 intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you
 seem to be? Can you think to blow out the in-
 tended fire your city is ready to flame in, with
 such weak breath as this? No, you are de- 50
 ceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare
 for your execution. You are condemn'd, our
 general has sworn you out of reprieve and par-
 don.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
 he would use me with estimation.

1. Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. Watch. My general cares not for you.
 Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint
 of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your hav-
 ing; back!

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS with AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, my companion, I'll say an errand
 for you. You shall know now that I am in
 estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack
 guardant cannot office me from my son Corio-
 lanus. Guess but by my entertainment with
 him if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging,
 or of some death more long in spectatorship, 70
 and crueller in suffering; behold now presently,
 and swoon for what's to come upon thee. *[To
 Cor.]* The glorious gods sit in hourly synod
 about thy particular prosperity, and love thee
 no worse than thy old father Menenius does! 80
 O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for
 us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was
 hardly moved to come to thee; but being as-
 sured none but myself could move thee, I have
 been blown out of our gates with sighs; and 90
 conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petition-
 ary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy
 wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet
 here, — this, who, like a block, hath denied my
 access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
 affairs

Are servanted to others; though I owe

My revenge properly, my remission lies 50
In Volscian breasts. That we have been famil-
iar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, begone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved
thee, 55

Take this along. I writ it for thy sake,
[Gives a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menen-
ius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st!
Auf. You keep a constant temper. 100

[Exeunt *Coriolanus and Aufidius*.]

1. Watch. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2. Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much
power. You know the way home again.

1. Watch. Do you hear how we are ahent for
keeping your greatness back? 105

2. Watch. What cause do you think I have
to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your
general; for such things as you, I can scarce
think there's any, you're so slight. He that
hath a will to die by himself fears it not from
another. Let your general do his worst. For
you, be that you are, long; and your misery
increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
said to, Away! [Exit.]

1. Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him. 110

2. Watch. The worthy fellow is our general.
He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS [and others].

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-
morrow

Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how
plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to
Rome,

Lov'd me above the measure of a father; 115
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept. To grace him only 120
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe
In the same time 't is made?

*Enter [in mourning habits] V
NIA [leading] young MARC
Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; t
mould

Wherein this trunk was fr
hand

The grandchild to her bloo
tion!

All bond and privilege of na
Let it be virtuous to be ob
What is that curtsy worth
eyes,

Which can make gods forsw
am not

Of stronger earth than otl
bows,

As if Olympus to a molehill
In supplication nod; and my
Hath an aspect of intercessio
Great nature cries, "Den
Volscos

Plough Rome and harrow it
Be such a goaling to obey in
As if a man were author of
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My

Cor. These eyes are not t
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that deliv
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like s

I have forgot my part, and
Even to a full disgrace. Bee
Forgive my tyranny; but do
For that, "Forgive our Ro
Long as my exile, sweet as
Now, by the jealous queen o
I carried from thee, dear; s
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.
And the most noble mother
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my

Of thy deep duty more imp
Than that of common sons.

Vol. C

Whilst, with no softer cushi
I kneel before thee; and ur
Show duty, as mistaken all
Between the child and pare

Cor. [Instantly raising h
Your knees to me? to your
Then let the pebbles on the
Fillip the stars; then let th
Strike the proud cedars 'gai
Murdring impossibility, to
What cannot be, slight worl

Vol. Th

I help to frame thee. Do, y
Cor. The noble sister of I
The moon of Rome, chaste
That 's curded by the frost
And hangs on Dian's temple

Vol. This is a poor epiton

Which by the interpretation of full time
lay show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst
prove

'o shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
and saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-
self,

are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
if you'd ask, remember this before:
the thing I have forsworn to grant may never
be held by you denials. Do not bid me
dismiss my soldiers, or capitate
again with Rome's mechanics; tell me not
wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
to allay my rages and revenges with
colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
for we have nothing else to ask, but that
which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
that, if you fail in our request, the blame
lay hang upon your hardness; therefore hear
us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for
we'll
learn nought from Rome in private. Your re-
quest?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment
lad state of bodies would bewray what life
we have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self

how more unfortunate than all living women
are we come hither; since that thy sight,
which should

take our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
constrains them weep and shake with fear and
sorrow;

taking the mother, wife, and child to see
the son, the husband, and the father tearing
his country's bowels out. And to poor we
thine enmity's most capital. Thou barr'st us
our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
that all but we enjoy; for how can we,
that, how can we for our country pray,
whereunto we are bound, together with thy vic-
tory,

whereunto we are bound? Alack, or we must
lose

the country, our dear nurse, or else thy per-
son,

our comfort in the country. We must find
an evident calamity, though we had
our wish, which side should win; for either
thou

fast, as a foreign recreant, be led
with manacles through our streets, or else
triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
and bear the palm for having bravely shed

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
these wars determine. If I cannot persuade
thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread —
Trust to 't, thou shalt not — on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Young Mar. 'A shall not tread on me.

I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. *[Rising.]*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscies whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies
May say, "This mercy we have show'd"; the
Romans,

"This we receiv'd"; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st,
great son,

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: "The man was
noble,"

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me,
son.

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak
you;

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
boy;

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the
world

More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. — Thou hast never in
thy life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,

Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away.
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down! an end;
This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold's!

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. — Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. — Yet give us our dispatch.

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[He holds her by the hand, silent.]

Cor. O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O! ¹²⁵
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, ¹³⁰
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were;
And, sir, it is no little thing to make ¹³⁵
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my
part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and
pray you,

Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!
[Speaks apart with them.]

Auf. *[Aside.]* I am glad thou hast set thy
mercy and thy honour ¹⁴⁰
At difference in thee. Out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

Cor. *[To Volumnia, Virgilia, etc.]* Ay, by
and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd. ¹⁴⁵
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you. All the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. Rome. A public place.]

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond
corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
with your little finger, there is some hope the [s

ladies of Rome, especially his
vail with him. But I say the
our throats are sentenc'd an
tion.

Sic. Is 't possible that w
alter the condition of a man

Men. There is differency
a butterfly; yet your butt
This Marcius is grown from
he has wings; he's more
thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother

Men. So did he me; and
bers his mother now than
horse. The tartness of his
grapes; when he walks, he
gine, and the ground shrink
ing. He is able to pierce a
eye; talks like a knell, and
tery. He sits in his state, a
Alexander. What he bids
with his bidding. He want
but eternity and a heaven t

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you r

Men. I paint him in th
what mercy his mother sh
There is no more mercy in
milk in a male tiger; that
find: and all this is long of

Sic. The gods be good u

Men. No, in such a case
good unto us. When we b
spected not them; and, he
our necks, they respect not

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess. Sir, if you'd save y
house.

The plebeians have got you
And hale him up and down.
The Roman ladies bring no
They'll give him death by

Enter a second MESSENGER

Sic.

[2.] *Mess.* Good news, go
have prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodg'd
A merrier day did never ye
No, not the expulsion of th
Sic.

Art thou certain this is tr
tain?

[2.] *Mess.* As certain as
fire.

Where have you lurk'd, th
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so
tide,

As the recomforted throug
hark you!

*[Trumpets; ha
all together]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, pe
Tabors and cymbals and th
Make the sun dance. Hark

Men. This is good news ;
will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia⁵⁰
is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
sea and land full. You have pray'd well
to-day.

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they
joy ! [*Sound still, with the shouts.* ⁵⁰

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tid-
ings ; next,
accept my thankfulness.

[*2. Mess.* Sir, we have all
great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

[*2. Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
and help the joy. [*Exeunt.* ⁵⁰

[*SCENE V. The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter two SENATORS with Ladies [Volumnia,
Virgilia, Valeria, etc.], *passing over the stage,*
with other Lords.

[*1. Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of
Rome !

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
and make triumphant fires ! Strew flowers
before them !

About the noise that banish'd Marcius !
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
ay, "Welcome, ladies, welcome !" ⁵⁰

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome ! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE VI. Corioli. A public place.*]

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here ;
deliver them this paper. Having read it,
bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse⁵⁰
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
attempts to appear before the people, hoping
to purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]
Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of Aufidius'
faction.

lost welcome !

1. Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so
as with a man by his own alms empoison'd,⁵⁰
and with his charity slain.

2. Con. Most noble sir,
if you do hold the same intent wherein
you wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
from your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell.⁵⁰
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3. Con. The people will remain uncertain
whilst

Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of
either

takes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits⁵⁰
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth ; who being so height-
en'd,

He watered his new plants with dew of flat-
tery,

Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before⁵⁰
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of.⁵⁰
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him ;
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his design-
ments⁵⁰

In mine own person ; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his, and took some pride
To do myself this wrong ; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if⁵⁰
I had been mercenary.

1. Con. So he did, my lord.
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory, —

Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.⁵⁰

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action. Therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with
great shouts of the People.*]

1. Con. Your native town you enter'd like a
post,⁵⁰
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear
With giving him glory.

3. Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people⁵⁰
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.⁵⁰
Here come the lords.

Enter the LORDS of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1. Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines ; but there to⁵⁰
end

Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, — this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colours; Commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made
peace

With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. "Traitor!" How now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. "Marcius!"

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost
thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen
name,

Coriolanus, in Corioli?

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given
up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say "your city," to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like

A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O
slave!

Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that
ever

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my
grave lords,

Must give this our the lie; and his own no-
tion —

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him,
that

Must bear my beating to his grave — shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces
lads,
Stain all your edges on
hound!

If you have writ your
That, like an eagle in a
Flutter'd your Velocities
Alone I did it. "Boy."

Auf.
Will you be put in mind
Which was your shame
gart,

'Fore your own eyes and
All Consp.

All the people. Tear
presently! — He kill'd m—
— He kill'd my cousin
father!

2. *Lord.* Peace, he! —
The man is noble and has
This orb o' the earth. He
Shall have judicious hear—
And trouble not the peace

Cor.
With six Aufidiuses or so
To use my lawful sword!

Auf.
All Consp. Kill, kill, k—
(Both the C—
kill Cor—
fidius men

Lords. H—

Auf. My noble masters

1. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* Thou hast d—
valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not up—
be quiet;

Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when ye
this rage,

Provok'd by him, you can
ger

Which this man's life did
joice

That he is thus cut off. P

To call me to your Senate,
Myself your loyal servant,

Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear f—
And mourn you for him.

As the most noble come
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His
Takes from Aufidius a gre—
Let's make the best of it.

Auf.
And I am struck with sorrow
Help, three o' the chiefs

one.

Beat thou the drum, that i
Trail your steel pikes. The
Hath widowed and unchild

Which to this hour bewail
Yet he shall have a noble m—
Assist. (*Exeunt, bearing*
olanus. A c

POEMS

VENUS AND ADONIS

THIS poem, the first product of Shakespeare's pen to issue from the press, was by his fellow-townsmen, Richard Field. It seems to have become popular at the middle of the seventeenth century at least twelve editions had appeared. Titus indicates that it was published with Shakespeare's consent, and it is to be presumed printed from the author's manuscript. The first edition is the sole authority for the text.

Of the date of composition the only additional evidence lies in the words "the first heir of my invention." Since, according to the received chronology by this time written several plays, it is necessary to suppose either that he used a sense which excluded drama, or that the poem had at least been sketched some time before the date of publication. This second and more plausible hypothesis does not preclude the possibility of polishing and revision down to the date of entry in the Stationers' Register.

Venus and Adonis belongs to a somewhat large class of Elizabethan poems in which legends were re-told with the luxuriant decoration characteristic of the spirit of the age. Ovid was the most frequent source of these themes, and in the present instance the reluctance of the hero of Hermaphroditus in Book iv; the boar from that of Meleager in Book viii; from the account of Adonis in Book x. A large number of poetical treatments going back to Theocritus as well as to Ovid, are found in the works of sixteenth-century Italian, French, and Spanish poets; and traces of their influence are supposed to be present in the present poem. The essential feature of the reluctance of Adonis, however, is not found in any of the Continental versions, classical or Renaissance. It is present in the treatment of the theme by Greene and Marlowe; and Thomas Lodge, in his ornate re-telling of *Glaucus and Scilla* (1589), had described a situation similar to that of the present poem, by reversing, probably under the influence of Ovid's *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, the parts played by the hero and heroine. Lodge also treated in passing the story of *Venus and Adonis*; the verse-form he employed is that used by Shakespeare. These indications, and the presence of numerous similarities in detail, point to Lodge's poem as the most probable source of Shakespeare's inspiration.

Villæ miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

BARON OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARRON OF TICEFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to my weak shoulders; only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly privileged. To take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour, the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather; after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your able survey, and your Honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always prosper and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM

VENUS AND ADONIS

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
 Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
 Lusting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto
 him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
 'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
 Tain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
 More white and red than doves or roses are;
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy
 life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
 A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
 Here come and sit, where never serpent
 hisses,
 And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimbly she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove.
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be
 thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in
 lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
 frown
 And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,

And kissing speaks, with lustful language
 broken,
 "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never
 open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her
 tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his
 cheeks;
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
 He saith she is immodest, blames her miss:
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and
 bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his
 chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies and breatheth in her face.
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
 flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling
 showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fast'ned in her arms Adonis lies;
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him
 fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale.
 Being red, she loves him best; and being
 white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears
 From his soft bosom never to remove
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks
 all wet;
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless
 debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,

Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way. 99

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink than she for this good
 turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
 "O, pity," can she cry, "flint-hearted boy !"
 'T is but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar ; 100
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd
 shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batt' red shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
 dance, 101

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruld I overswayed,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain ; 110
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
 obeyed,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of
 fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of
 thine, — 115

Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red, —
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
 What seest thou in the ground ? Hold up thy
 head ;

Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies ;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in
 eyes ? 120

"Art thou asham'd to kiss ? Then wink again,
 And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but
 twain ;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight ;
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean 125
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe ; yet mayst thou well be
 tasted.

Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted. 130

Fair flowers that are not gath' red in their
 prime

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

O'erworn, despised, rheuma
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean
 Then mightst thou pause
 not for thee ;
 But having no defects, w

"Thou canst not see one wr
 Mine eyes are grey and b
 turning ;
 My beauty as the spring do
 My flesh is soft and plump
 ing ;
 My smooth moist hand,
 hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissol

"Bid me discourse, I will e
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon t
 Or, like a nymph, with long
 Dance on the sands, and ye
 Love is a spirit all compa
 Not gross to sink, but ligh

"Witness this primrose bar
 These forceless flowers lik
 port me ;
 Two strengthless doves wil
 the sky
 From morn till night, even
 me.

Is love so light, sweet boy
 That thou should think it

"Is thine own heart to t
 fected ?
 Can thy right hand seize lov
 Then woo thyself, be of thy
 Steal thine own freedom and
 Narcissus so himself him
 And died to kiss his shad

"Torches are made to light
 Dainties to taste, fresh bear
 Herbs for their smell, an
 bear ;
 Things growing to thems
 abuse.

Seeds spring from seeds a
 beauty ;
 Thou wast begot ; to get

"Upon the earth's increas
 feed,
 Unless the earth with thy in
 By law of nature thou art b
 That thine may live when
 dead ;
 And so, in spite of death,
 In that thy likeness still is

By this the love-sick queen
 For where they lay the sh
 them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid
 With burning eye did hotly
 Wishing Adonis had his te
 So he were like him and b

and now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
and with a heavy, dark, dialiking eye,
his louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of
love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."¹⁸⁸

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so un-
kind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
'Till sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
shall cool the heat of this descending sun:¹⁹⁰
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears."

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee;¹⁹⁴
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Mine eye darts forth the fire that burneth
me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun."

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Say, more than flint, for stone at rain relent-
eth?¹⁹⁸
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love torment-
eth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died un-
kind."

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me
this?²⁰²
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be
mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,²⁰⁶
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain."

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion,²¹⁰
For men will kiss even by their own direc-
tion."

"This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause.
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her
wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak,²¹⁴
And now her sobs do her intendments break."

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his
hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;

Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:²¹⁸
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be
gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one."

Fondling, she saith, "Since I have hemm'd
thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,²²²
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie."

"Within this limit is relief enough,²²⁶
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and
rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand
bark."²³⁰

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple.
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,²³⁴
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could
not die."

These lovely caves, these round enchanting
pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second strik-
ing?²³⁸
Poor Queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!"

Now which way shall she turn? What shall
she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increas-
ing;
The time is spent, her object will away,²⁴²
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some re-
morse!"
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse."

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,²⁴⁶
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud.
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a
tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes
he."

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,²⁵⁰
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he
wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.²⁵⁴

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send ;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire, 175
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is 180
tried,

And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say" ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking 185
spur ?

For rich caparisons or trappings gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportioned steed, 190
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long, 195
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 200

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wh'er he run or fly they know not 205
whether ;

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath'ed wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
She answers him as if she knew his mind ;
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo 210
her,

She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ; 215
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.

His love, perceiving how he
Grew kinder, and his fury

His testy master goeth about
When, lo, the unback'd breed
Jealous of catching, swiftly do
With her the horse, and left
As they were mad, unto th
them,
Out-stripping crows that
them.

All swoln with chafing, down
Banning his boisterous and un
And now the happy season on
That love-sick Love by pleadi
For lovers say, the heart ha
When it is barr'd the
tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or riv
Burneth more hotly, swelleth
So of concealed sorrow may b
Free vent of words love's fire
But when the heart's a
mute,
The client breaks, as desper

He sees her coming, and begin
Even as a dying coal revives w
And with his bonnet hides his
Looks on the dull earth with d
Taking no notice that she is
For all askeance he holds her

O, what a sight it was, wistly
How she came stealing to the
To note the fighting conflict of
How white and red each other
But now her cheek was pale
It flash'd forth fire, as lig
sky.

Now was she just before him
And like a lowly lover down at
With one fair hand she heaved
Her other tender hand his fair
His tenderer cheek receives
print
As apt as new-fallen snow ta

O, what a war of looks wa
them !
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes
His eyes saw her eyes as the
them ;
Her eyes wooed still, his eye
wooing :
And all this dumb play had
plain
With tears, which, chorus-lik
rain.

Full gently now she takes him
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so whi

This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
If heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"

"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it ;
) give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go ;

My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 360
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so.

I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare." 364

Thus she replies : "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire ;
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;

Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 368

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;

Throwing the base thong from his bending crest, 372

Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight ? 376

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ; 380
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.

O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ; 410

'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished ? 414

Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.

The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young,

Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong. 420

"You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,

And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat ;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate ;

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ; 424

For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What ! canst thou talk ?" quoth she, "hast thou a tongue ?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing : 430

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,

Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible ;

Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move 434

Each part in me that were but sensible :

Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440

And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;

For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four ! 444

Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast ?" 450

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;

Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,

Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds, 444
Gusta and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 445
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown; 446
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 447
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks, 448
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she by her good will
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 449

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky, 450
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 451
But hers, which through the crystal tears
gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even? 452
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me; kill me once again.
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine, 453
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murd'ed this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other,
O, never let their crimson live
And as they last, their verdure
To drive infection from the da
That the star-gazers, having
May say the plague is banish

"Pure lips, sweet seals in n
printed,
What bargains may I make, at
To sell myself I can be well co
So thou wilt buy and pay and u
Which purchase if thou ms
lips
Set thy seal-manual on my w

"A thousand kisses buys my h
And pay them at thy leisure, o
What is ten hundred touches u
Are they not quickly told and c
Say, for non-payment that
double,
Is twenty hundred kisses suc

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if a
me,
Measure my strangeness with r
Before I know myself, seek not
No fisher but the ungrown fry
The mellow plum doth fall,
fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sou

"Look, the world's comforter
His day's hot task hath ended
The owl, night's herald, shrieks
The sheep are gone to fold, bir
And coal-black clouds that
light
Do summon us to part and bi

"Now let me say 'Good-night,'
If you will say so, you shall ha
"Good-night," quoth she, an
"Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tend'
Her arms do lend his neck a
Incorporate then they seem
face;

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd,
drew
The heavenly moisture, that sw
Whose precious taste her thirst
Whereon they surfeit, yet com
He with her plenty press'd,
dearth,
Their lips together glued, fal

Now quick desire hath caug
prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet
Her lips are conquerors, his lips
Paying what ransom the insults
Whose vulture thought doth
so high
That she will draw his lips' ric

and having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil, 555
 and careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embrac-
 ing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much
 handling, 560
 as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chas-
 ing,
 as like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she list-
 eth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tem-
 p'ring, 565
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ven-
 t'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commis-
 sion:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best when most his choice is
 froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis
 pluck'd.
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through and picks them all
 at last. 575

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her
 heart, 580
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste
 in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to
 watch.
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-
 morrow? 585
 Say, shall we? shall we? Wilt thou make the
 match?"
 He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden
 pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing
 rose, 590,
 Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love, 595
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount
 her;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even so poor birds, deceiv'd with painted
 grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds
 missing 605
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be.
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
 She's a Love, she loves, and yet she is not
 lov'd, 610
 "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
 You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet
 boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt
 the boar.
 O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is 615
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth
 still,
 Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth
 fret;
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his
 way,
 And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
 Are better proof than thy spear's point can
 enter; 625
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part, through whom he
 rushes. 630

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
 But having thee at vantage, — wondrous
 dread! — 635
 Would root these beauties as he roots the
 mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
 Come not within his danger by thy will;
 They that thrive well take counsel of their
 friends. 640

When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-
semble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did
tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not
white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no
rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this hate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine
ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being
shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang
the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell,

And sometime where earth-d
To stop the loud pursuers in
And sometime sorteth with
Danger deviseth shifts; w

"For there his smell with
gled,
The hot scent-snuffing hou
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous c
singled
With much ado the cold fau
Then do they spend their
plies,
As if another chase were i

"By this, poor Wat, far off
Stands on his hinder legs wi
To hearken if his foes pursu
Anon their loud alarms he
And now his grief may be
To one sore sick that hear

"Then shalt thou see th
wretch
Turn, and return, indenting
Each envious brier his
scratch,
Each shadow makes him st
stay:
For misery is trodden on b
And, being low, never reli

"Lie quietly, and hear a litt
Nay, do not struggle, for tho
To make thee hate the hunti
Unlike myself thou hear'st n
Applying this to that, and
For love can comment upo

"Where did I leave?" "N
quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the sto
The night is spent." "Why
quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expecte
And now 't is dark, and ge
"In night," quoth she, "a
all.

"But if thou fall, O, then im
The earth, in love with thee,
And all is but to rob thee of
Rich preys make true men t
lips

Make modest Dian clondy:
Lest she should steal a kiss

"Now of this dark night I
son:
Cynthia for shame obscures h
Till forging Nature be conder
For stealing moulds from hea
vine;
Wherein she fram'd thee
despite,
To shame the sun by day an

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
 cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
 mingle beauty with infirmities, 788
 and pure perfection with impure defeature,
 making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 le-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood, 789
 the marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 sorder breeds by heating of the blood;
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
 despair,
 swear Nature's death for framing thee so
 fair.

And not the least of all these maladies 790
 it in one minute's fight brings beauty under;
 with favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
 hereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
 As mountain-snow melts with the midday
 sun. 791

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 ove-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
 hat on the earth would breed a scarcity
 and barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night 792
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 seeming to bury that posterity
 which by the rights of time thou needs must
 have,
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 793
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
 mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 theirs whose desperate hands themselves do
 slay, 794
 the butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul-cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use more gold be-
 gets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall
 again
 sto your idle over-handled theme. 779
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream;
 For, by this black-fac'd Night, Desire's foul
 nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and
 worse. 774

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your
 own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine
 ear.
 And will not let a false sound enter there, 780

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan, 785
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase: O strange excuse, 791
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed 796
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant stains and soon be-
 reaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say; 805
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet em-
 brace, 811
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her
 breast,
 And homeward through the dark laund runs
 apace;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the
 sky, 815
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds con-
 tend; 820
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are, 825
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour caves, as seeming
 troubled, 830
 Make verbal repetition of her moans;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times,
 "Woe, woe!"
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note ⁵³⁵
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
 How love makes young men thrall and old men
 dote;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so. ⁵⁴⁰

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
 short;
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, de-
 light
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
 Their copious stories oftentimes begun ⁵⁴⁵
 End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
 But idle sounds resembling parasites,
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every
 call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? ⁵⁵⁰
 She says, "'T is so:" they answer all,
 "'T is so;"
 And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver
 breast ⁵⁵⁵

The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so glorious behold
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-mor-
 row:

"O thou clear god, and patron of all light, ⁵⁶⁰
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth
 borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son that suck'd an earthly
 mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
 other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove, ⁵⁶⁵
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
 She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn;
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. ⁵⁷⁰

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do
 ache, ⁵⁷⁵
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some
 brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder

Wreath'd up in fatal folds ju-
 The fear whereof doth mak-
 shudder;
 Even so the timorous yelp
 Appalls her senses and her

For now she knows it is no gr-
 But the blunt boar, rough be-
 Because the cry remaineth in
 Where fearfully the dogs exc-
 Finding their enemy to be
 They all strain courtesy w
 first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in
 Through which it enters
 heart;

Who, overcome by doubt and
 With cold-pale weakness nu-
 part.

Like soldiers, when their
 yield,
 They basely fly and dare n

Thus stands she in a tremblin
 Till, cheering up her senses a
 She tells them 't is a causeless
 And childish error that they
 Bids them leave quaking,
 more:—
 And with that word she
 boar,

Whose frothy mouth, belpain
 Like milk and blood being
 gether,

A second fear through all her
 Which madly hurries her
 whither:

This way she runs, and no
 ther,
 But back retires to rate
 ther.

A thousand spleens bear her
 She treads the path that she
 Her more than haste is mate
 Like the proceedings of a dr
 Full of respects, yet nought
 In hand with all things, ne
 ing.

Here kennell'd in a brake she
 And asks the weary catiff fo
 And there another licking of
 'Gainst venom'd sores the or
 ter;

And here she meets anot
 ing,

To whom she speaks, and
 howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-r
 Another flap-mouth'd mou
 grim,
 Against the welkin volleys ou
 Another and another answer |

Clapping their proud tails to the ground be-
low,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they
go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
at apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
hereon with fearful eyes they long have
gazed,
fusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
steful divorce of love,"—thus chides she
Death,—
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean
to stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty
set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead, — O no, it cannot be,
seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it:
yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
at hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's
heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had
spoke,
and, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
they bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him
dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st
such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy
rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
heav'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
the crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
in the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver
rain,
And with his strong course opens them
again.

How her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hallo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth
drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts un-
likely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee
quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for
kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but
jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must con-
fess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"Tis not my fault; the boar provok'd my
tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's
wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and
stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind ¹⁰³⁶
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos come ¹⁰³⁸
again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking
grieves."

Even at this word she hears a merry horn, ¹⁰⁴⁰
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair de-
light; ¹⁰⁴²

Which seen, her eyes, as murd'ed with the
view,

Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with-
drew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward not, she shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smoth'ed up, in shade doth
sit, ¹⁰⁴⁴

Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain; ¹⁰⁴⁶
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes; ¹⁰⁴⁸
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
found.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap
her eyes; ¹⁰⁵⁰

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd

In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd.

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
weed, ¹⁰⁵²

But stole his blood and seem'd with him to
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead. ¹⁰⁵⁴

Her voice is stopt, her joint
Her eyes are mad that thus
now.

Upon his hurt she looks so ste
That her sight dazzling make
three;

And then she reprehends her
That makes more gashes
should be.

His face seems twain, each
doubled;

For oft the eye mistakes,
troubled.

"My tongue cannot express it
And yet," quoth she, "be
dead!

My sighs are blown away, my
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, n
Heavy heart's lead, melt s
fire!

So shall I die by drops of he

"Alas, poor world, what tr
lost!

What face remains alive t
viewing?

Whose tongue is music now?
boast

Of things long since, or anyth
The flowers are sweet, th
and trim;

But true sweet beauty liv'
him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth;
Nor sun nor wind will ever st
Having no fair to lose, you ne
The sun doth scorn you and t
you:

But when Adonis liv'd, sun
Lurk'd like two thieves, t
fair.

"And therefore would he put
Under whose brim the gaudy
The wind would blow it off a
Play with his locks: then wor
And straight, in pity of his
They both would strive wh
his tears.

"To see his face the lion wall
Behind some hedge, because l
him;

To recreate himself when he l
The tiger would be tame and
If he had spoke, the wolf
prey

And never fright the silly li

"When he beheld his shadow
The fishes spread on it their g
When he was by, the birds su
That some would sing, som
bills

Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries. 1104

But this foul, grim, and urchin-mouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
For saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so. 1110

'Tis true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin. 1116

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst." 1120
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale, 1126
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy: 1136
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bad and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak, 1146
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Flack down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures; 1150

It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe, 1156
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1160
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustion matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd 1166
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, check'd red with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is left from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears 1176
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right.
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest, 1186
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies 1190
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

THE first edition of *Lucrece*, the source of all succeeding texts, was printed Harrison by Richard Field, the original publisher of *Venus and Adonis*. If it represents the "graver labour" promised in the dedication of the earlier poem position must have been 1593-94. Eight editions are known to have been issued.

The story of *Lucrece* was so widely familiar, and had been so often the theme of artistic effort, that it is impossible to state accurately and exhaustively the way in which Shakespeare drew his knowledge of it. The versions of Ovid and Livy, either in the translations of Golding and Painter, and that of Chaucer in the *Legend of Good Women*, seem certainly to have been known to him; and for the ornaments and digressions have laid under contribution many of his contemporaries. The apostrophe to Opportunity, of which that to Opportunity is a Shakespearean variation. The description of the fall of Troy derives many details from Virgil's *Æneid*, Books i and ii. The story of *Rosamond* (1592) seems to bear to *Lucrece* somewhat the same relation as *Glaucus and Scilla* does to *Venus and Adonis*. It is written in the seven-lined stanza and in the remorse of *Rosamond* it treats a theme closely parallel in tone to the laments of *Lucrece*.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TRENCHARD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable countenance for the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whose still length'n'd with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had murdered his father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Romans, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtue of Lucretia, among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia's honour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden assault of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dead or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory of fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucretia's beauty, passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained Lucretia at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, ravish'd her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucretia, in this lamentable dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for her husband, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius, Lucretia attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and then she stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyrant, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation they all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Just-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatia bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Truly that name of "chaste" unhappily set
His bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him
lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reck'ning his fortune at such high proud
rate,
That kings might be espoused to more
fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

Happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king,
Or by our ears our hearts oft tainted be;
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timeless speed, if none of those.
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
old!

When at Collatia this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her
fame.

When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver
white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair
field;

Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
shield;

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence
the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
The sovereignty of either being so great
That oft they interchange each other's
seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lost between them both it should be
kill'd,

The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow
tongue, —

The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so, —
In that high task hath done her beauty
wrong,

Which far exceeds his barren skill to show;
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on
evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely
 guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye, ¹⁰⁰
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for
 more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling
 looks, ¹⁰⁰
 Nor read the subtle shining secresies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
 books ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame, ¹⁰⁰
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory. ¹¹⁰
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth ex-
 press,
 And, wordless, so greets Heaven for his suc-
 cess.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there.
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather ¹¹⁵
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness still display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, ¹²⁰
 Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
 fight ;
 And every one to rest themselves betake, ¹²⁵
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
 that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving.
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
 staining. ¹³⁰
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
 And when great treasure is the meed pro-
 posed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death
 supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
 That what they have not, that which they pos-
 sess, ¹³⁵

They scatter and unloose it fit
 And so, by hoping more, they
 Or, gaining more, the profit
 Is but to surfeit, and sneh ;
 That they prove bankrupt
 gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse
 With honour, wealth, and ease
 And in this aim there is such
 That one for all, or all for one
 As life for honour in fell batt
 Honour for wealth ; and of
 cost

The death of all, and all to

So that in vent'ring ill we lose
 The things we are for that we
 And this ambitious foul infirm
 In having much, torments us
 Of that we have : so then we
 The thing we have ; and, a
 Make something nothing but

Such hazard now must doting
 Pawning his honour to obtain
 And for himself himself he n
 Then where is truth, if there
 When shall he think to find a
 When he himself himself c
 To slanderous tongues and
 days ?

Now stole upon the time the
 When heavy sleep had clos'd
 No comfortable star did lend
 No noise but owls' and wol-
 cries ;
 Now serves the season that til
 The silly lambs. Pure thou,
 still,
 While lust and murder w
 kill.

And now this lustful lord lea
 Throwing his mantle rudely
 Is madly toss'd between desi
 The one sweetly flatters, t
 harm ;
 But honest fear, bewitch'd
 charm,
 Doth too too oft betake hir
 Beaten away by brain-sick

His falchion on a flint he soft
 That from the cold stone spar
 Whereat a waxen torch forth
 Which must be lode-star to h
 And to the flame thus speak
 " As from this cold flint I e
 So Lucrece must I force to

Here pale with fear he doth y
 The dangers of his loathsome
 And in his inward mind he d
 What following sorrow may o
 Then looking scornfully, he d

His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excellet thine ;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine ;
For pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-
white weed.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
Foul dishonour to my household's grave !
Impious act, including all foul harms !
Martial man to be soft fancy's slave !
The valour still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
The loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
But my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
Who sells eternity to get a toy ?
Or one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
Or what foud beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down ?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Till he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Set hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
His siege that hath engirt his marriage,
His blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a
deed ?
Till not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
shake,
My eyes forgo their light, my false heart
bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still ex-
ceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
I were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife ;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ; ay, if the fact be known :
Ateful it is ; there is no hate in loving :

I'll beg her love ; but she is not her own :
The worst is but denial and reproving.
My will is strong, past reason's weak remov-
ing.

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds her disputation
T'ween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike
band,

Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth ;

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
My heart shall never countermand mine eye.
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage ;
My part is youth, and beats these from the
stage.

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies ? "

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine.
That eye which looks on her confounds his
wits ;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers, 288
Who, flatt'rd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led, 289
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The looks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforce'd, retires his ward ;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some re-
gard. 290

The threshold grates the door to have him
heard :

Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him
there ;

They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the
place 291

The wind wars with his torch to make him
stay,

And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,

Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies 292
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks.

He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;

As who should say, "This glove to wanton
tricks 293

Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;

Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are
chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
him ;

He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay
him, 294

He takes for accidental things of trial ;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,

Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the
time, 295

Like little frosts that sometime threat the
spring,

To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,

shelves and sands, 296

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he
lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,

Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
sought. 297

So from himself impiety has
That for his prey to pray !
As if the heavens should c

But in the midst of his unfr
Having solicited the eternal
That his foul thoughts might
fair,

And they would stand aspi
Even there he starts : quot
flower :

The powers to whom I pr
How can they then assist

"Then Love and Fortune
guide !

My will is back'd with reool
Thoughts are but dreams t
tried :

The blackest sin is clear'd v
Against love's fire fear's fro

The eye of heaven is out,
Covers the shame that follo

This said, his guilty hand pl
And with his knee the door

The dove sleeps fast that
catch ;

Thus treason works ere trait
Who sees the lurking serpen

But ah, sound sleeping, fo
Lies at the mercy of his m

Into the chamber wickedly
And gazeth on her yet unsta

The curtains being close, ab
Rolling his greedy eyeballs i

By their high treason is his
Which gives the watch-w

soon
To draw the cloud that hid

Look, as the fair and fiery-p
Rushing from forth a cloud,

Even so, the curtain drawn,
To wink, being blinded with

Whether it is that she reflec
That dazzleth them, or els

posed ;
But blind they are, and k

closed.

O, had they in that darkness
Then had they seen the peri

Then Collatine again, by Lu
In his clear bed might have

But they must ope, this ble
And holy-thoughted Lucr

Must sell her joy, her life, l

Her lily hand her rosy cheek
Coz'ning the pillow of a law

Who, therefore angry, seems
Swelling on either side to w

Between whose hills her bes
Where, like a virtuous me

To be admir'd of lewd un

thout the bed her other fair hand was,
the green coverlet; whose perfect white
ow'd like an April daisy on the grass, 400
th pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
r eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
light,
And canopi'd in darkness sweetly lay,
till they might open to adorn the day.

r hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath; 400
noblest wantons! wanton modesty!
owing life's triumph in the map of death,
d death's dim look in life's mortality.
ch in her sleep themselves so beautify,
as if between them twain there were no
strife, 405
but that life liv'd in death, and death in
life.

r breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
re of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
d him by oath they truly honoured: 410
ese worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
from this fair throne to heave the owner out.

hat could he see but mightily he noted?
hat did he note but strongly he desired? 415
hat he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
d in his will his wilful eye he tired.
ith more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled
chin. 420

the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
rph hunger by the conquest satisfied,
o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
a rage of lust by gazing qualified;
ack'd, not suppress'd: for standing by her
side, 425
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

nd they, like straggling slaves for pillage
fighting,
durate vassals fell exploits effecting,
bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430
r children's tears nor mothers' groans re-
specting,
ell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their
liking.

the drumming heart cheers up his burning
eye, 435
his eye commends the leading to his hand;
his hand, as proud of such a dignity,
alking with pride, march'd on to make his
stand
her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did
scale, 440
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, must'ring to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries. 445
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up
eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-
troll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy wak-
ing, 450
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly
sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 't is! but she in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror
true. 455

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there ap-
pears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes.
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their
lights, 461
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast, —
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! —
May feel her heart — poor citizen! — dis-
tress'd, 465
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity.
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still 475
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale. 480
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquered fort. The fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night, 485
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;

I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends ;
But Will is deaf and hears no heedful
friends ;

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
breed ;
But nothing can affection's course control, 500
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade, 505
Which, like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount, he
dies :

So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 510
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must en-
joy thee.

If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
slay, 515

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place
him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace
him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ; 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy ;
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times. 525

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted 530
In a pure compound ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's
sake,
Tender my suit ; bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can
take, 535
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot ;
For marks descri'd in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause ;

While she, the picture of pure
Like a white hind under
claws,

Pleads, in a wilderness where
To the rough beast that
right,
Nor aught obeys but his fi

But when a black-fac'd clo
threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring
From earth's dark womb son
get,

Which blow these pitchy v
biding,
Hind'ring their present fall
So his unhallow'd haste he
And moody Pluto winks w

Yet, foul night-waking cat,
While in his hold-fast foot
panteth.

Her sad behaviour feeds his
A swallowing gulf that even
His ear her prayers adm
granteth

No penetrable entrance to
Tears harden lust, thought
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are s
In the remorseless wrinkles
Her modest eloquence with
Which to her oratory adds
She puts the period often fr
And midst the sentence so
That twice she doth be
speaks.

She conjures him by high al
By knighthood, gentry, and
oath ;

By her untimely tears, her l
By holy human law, and cor
By heaven and earth, and
both,

That to his borrow'd bed
And stoop to honour, not

Quoth she, "Reward not he
With such black payment
tended ;

Mud not the fountain that g
Mar not the thing that cann
End thy ill aim before thy s
He is no woodman that do
To strike a poor unseason

"My husband is thy friend ;
me :

Thyself art mighty ; for th
me :

Myself a weakling ; do not t
Thou look'st not like dece
me.

My sighs, like whirlwinds
heave thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my
groans :

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
set at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
soften it with their continual motion ;
or stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee :
set thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
all the host of heaven I complain me,
you wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name.
you art not what thou seem'st ; and if the
same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a
king ;
For kings like gods should govern every-
thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
hence thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
that dar'st thou not when once thou art a
king ?

be rememb'ed, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for
fear ;
at happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
then they in thee the like offences prove.
but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the
book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn ?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Must thou be glass wherein it shall discern
authority for sin, warrant for blame,
or privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living
land,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command ? By him that gave it
thee,
from a pure heart command thy rebel will ;
as raw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
as it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
by princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may
say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way !

Think but how vile a spectacle it were
to view thy present trespass in another.

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
Their own transgressions partially they
smother :

This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.

O, how are they wrapt in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds advance their
eyes !

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier :
I sue for 'exil'd majesty's repeal ;
Let him return, and flatt'ring thoughts retire :
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting
eyes,

That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he ; "my uncontrolled
tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
abide,

And with the wind in greater fury fret.
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'
haste

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign
king ;

And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave ;

Thou nobly base, they basely dignifi'd ;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride.
The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy
state,"—

"No more," quoth he ; "by heaven, I will not
hear thee.

Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee ;

That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies ;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb
cries ;

Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
troll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen that she wears
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
 Cooling his hot face in the chasteest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain ;
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight ;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devour-
 ing.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
 pace,
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case.
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
 Grace,
 For there it reveals ; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 graced :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of
 cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjec-
 tion
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death and pain perpetual ;
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their
 will.

Even in this thought through the dark night
 he stealeth,
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,

The scar that will, despite of
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd is
 She bears the load of lust h
 And he the burden of a gui

He like a thievish dog creeps
 She like a wearied lamb lies ;
 He scowls and hates himself ;
 She, desperate, with her na-
 tear ;
 He faintly flies, sweating with
 She stays, exclaiming on th
 He runs, and chides his van-
 light.

He thence departs a heavy co
 She there remains a hopeless
 He in his speed looks for the
 She prays she never may beh
 " For day," quoth she, " nig
 open lay,
 And my true eyes have nev
 To cloak offences with a cu

" They think not but that ev
 The same disgrace which the
 hold ;
 And therefore would they stil
 To have their unseen sin rem
 For they their guilt with we
 And grave, like water t
 steel,
 Upon my cheeks what help

Here she exclaims against rep
 And bids her eyes hereafter
 She wakes her heart by beatin
 And bids it leap from thenc
 find

Some purer chest to close so p
 Frantic with grief thus bu
 her spite
 Against the unseen secrecy

" O comfort-killing Night, im
 Dim register and notary of sh
 Black stage for tragedies and
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nu
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark har
 Grim cave of death ! whisp
 With close-tongu'd Treaso
 isher !

" O hateful, vaporous, and fog
 Since thou art guilty of my cu
 Muster thy mists to meet the
 Make war against proportion
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun
 His wonted height, yet ere
 Knit poisonous clouds about

" With rotten damps ravish th
 Let their exhal'd unwholesom
 sick
 The life of purity, the suprem
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-t
 And let thy musty vapours ma

That in their smoky ranks his smoth' red light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's
child,

he silver-shining queen he would disdain;
for twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
through Night's black bosom should not peep
again:

o should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrim-
age:

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
to cross their arms and hang their heads with
mine,

to mask their brows and hide their infamy;
but I alone, alone must sit and pine,
seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O Night, thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
set not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
modestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are
made
May likewise be sepulchr'd in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
Fie, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my
looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them
knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath
crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden
bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful
fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be mast' red by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it.
Their father was too weak, and they too
strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed
sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours.
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'T is thou that execr'st the traitor's treason.
Thou sets the wolf where he the lamb may
get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st at the sea-
son;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by
him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is
thaw'd;

Thou smother'st honesty, thou murd'rest
truth;

Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!

Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud.

Thou raviasher, thou traitor, thou false thief,

Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,

Thy private feasting to a public fast,

Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,

Thy sug'red tongue to bitter wormwood taste;

Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,

Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend

And bring him where his suit may be ob-
tained?

When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
end?

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chained?

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out
for thee;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;

The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;

Advice is sporting while infection breeds.

Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
rages,

Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with
thee,

A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:

They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,

He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid

As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me

When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by
thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,

Guilty of perjury and subornation,

Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,

Guilty of incest, that abomination;

An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,

From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,

Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,

Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,

Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare;

Thou nursest all and murd'rest all that are.

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!

Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportu-
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me
Cancell'd my fortunes, and encha-
To endless date of never-ending
Time's office is to fine the hate of
To eat up errors by opinion bre-
Not spend the dowry of a lawfi

"Time's glory is to calm contend
To unmask falsehood and bring
To stamp the seal of time in ages
To wake the morn and sentinel t
To wrong the wronger till he ren-
To ruinat proud buildings wit
And smear with dust their gli
towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately
To feed oblivion with decay of ti
To blot old books and alter their
To pluck the quills from ancient
To dry the old oak's sap and che-
To spoil antiquities of hammer
And turn the giddy round
wheel;

"To show the beldam daug-
daughter,
To make the child a man, the m
To slay the tiger that doth live b
To tame the unicorn and lion wi
To mock the subtle in themselv
To cheer the ploughman wi
crops,
And waste huge stones with
drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief i
age,
Unless thou couldst return to m
One poor retiring minute in an
Would purchase thee a thous
friends,
Lending him wit that to bad del
O, this dread night, wouldst
come back,
I could prevent this storm
wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to etern
With some mischance cross
flight.

Devise extremes beyond extrem
To make him curse this cursed
Let ghastly shadows his lewd ey
And the dire thought of his co
Shape every bush a hideous sh

"Disturb his hours of rest with r
Afflict him in his bed with bedri
Let there bechance him pitiful
To make him moan, but pity no
Stone him with hard'ned heart
stones;
And let mild women to him l
ness,
Wilder to him than tigers in t

Let him have time to tear his curled hair, 991
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave, 995
 And time to see one that by alms doth live
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short 997
 His time of folly and his time of sport;
 And ever let his unrecalling crime
 Have time to wait the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad, 999
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this
 ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Let himself himself seek every hour to kill!
 Each wretched hands such wretched blood
 Should spill;

For who so base should such an office have 1000
 As slanderous deathman to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him
 hate; 1005

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
 mire,
 And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
 day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
 But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye. 1015

Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
 To trembling clients be you mediators. 1020
 For me, I force not argument a straw,
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy, 1025
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
 The remedy indeed to do me good
 Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this de-
 cree? 1030
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
 For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame.
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked
 foe, 1035
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she
 starteth,

To find some desperate instrument of death:
 But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
 To make more vent for passage of her
 breath; 1040

Which, thronging through her lips, so vanish-
 eth
 As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in
 vain

Some happy mean to end a hapless life. 1045
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
 Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;
 But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife:
 So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me. 1050

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give
 A badge of fame to slander's livery,
 A dying life to living infamy. 1055
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not
 know

The stained taste of violated troth;
 I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth.
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pol-
 lute
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret
 thought, 1065
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not
 bought
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy
 gate.
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 And with my trespass never will dispense, 1070
 Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses. 1075
 My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like
 sluices,
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
 tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sor-
 row, 1080
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended

To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will bor-
row ;

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloist' red
be. 1098

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping ;

To whom she sobbing speaks : " O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window ? Leave
thy peeping ;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping ; 1099

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing
light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by
night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees.

True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
agrees. 1098

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractic'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passion's strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.

Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no
words ; 1106

Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody ;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad souls are slain in merry company ; 1110
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society ;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ; 1115
To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more ;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it
good ;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks
o'erflows ;

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows. 1120

" You mocking birds," quoth she, " your tunes
entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb ;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests. 1125

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
tears.

" Come, Philomel, that sing'st o
Make thy sad grove in my diabe
As the dank earth weeps at thy
So I at each sad strain will strai
And with deep groans the diapa
For burden-wise I'll hum on
While thou on Tereus descant

" And whiles against a thorn th
part

To keep thy sharp woes waking
To imitate thee well, against m
Will fix a sharp knife to affright
Who, if it wink, shall thereon f
These means, as frets upon an
Shall tune our heart-strings t
ment.

" And for, poor bird, thou sin
day,

As shaming any eye should the
Some dark deep desert, seated
That knows not parching he
cold,

Will we find out ; and there we
To creatures stern, sad tunes
kinds ;
Since men prove beasts, let be
minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that
Wildly determining which way
Or one encompass'd with a win
That cannot tread the way out
So with herself is she in mutin
To live or die which of the tw
When life is sham'd, and d
debtor.

" To kill myself," quoth she
were it,

But with my body my poor sor
They that lose half with greater
Than they whose whole is su
fusion.

That mother tries a merciless
Who, having two sweet bal
takes one,

Will slay the other and be n

" My body or my soul, which
When the one pure, the other
Whose love of either to myself
When both were kept for He
time ?

Ay me ! the bark peel'd from
His leaves will wither and h
So must my soul, her bark be

" Her house is sack'd, her quie
Her mansion batter'd by the e
Her sacred temple spotted, sp
Grossly engirt with daring inf
Then let it not be call'd impiet
If in this blemish'd fort I m
Through which I may conv
soul.

Yet die I will not till my Collatine
 ave heard the cause of my untimely death ;
 hat he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 evenge on him that made me stop my
 breath. 1180

y stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 hat wounds my body so dishonoured. 1185
 'is honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
 be one will live, the other being dead ;
 of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-
 born. 1190

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 hat legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 y resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 y whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
 ow Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me : 1195
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgement of my will I make :
 ly soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 ly resolution, husband, do thou take ; 1200
 fine honour be the knife's that makes my
 wound ;
 ly shame be his that did my fame confound ;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of
 me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ; 1205
 ow was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
 ly blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 y life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free
 it.
 int not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be
 it :'

Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer
 thee : 1210
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors
 be."

his plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 nd wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright
 eyes,
 ith untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her
 maid,
 hose swift obedience to her mistress hies ; 1215
 or fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
 flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their
 snow.

ne mistress she doth give demure good-mor-
 row,
 ith soft slow tongue, true mark of mod-
 esty, 1220

nd sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 w why her face wore sorrow's livery ;
 ut durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipse'd so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
 woe : 1225

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moist'ned like a melting eye ;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
 night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand 1235
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling.
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
 Grieving themselves to guess at others'
 smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes or break
 their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, 1240
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
 kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted
 evil 1245
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
 plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep. 1250
 Through crystal walls each little mote will
 peep ;
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
 looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults'
 books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath
 kill'd ; 1255
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
 Poor women's faults, that they are so ful-
 fill'd
 With men's abuses : those proud lords, to
 blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their
 shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong.
 Such danger to resistance did belong, 1265
 That dying fear through all her body spread ;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :

"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion
break ¹¹⁷⁹
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks
are raining?"

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

"But tell me, girl, when went" — and there
she stay'd ¹¹⁷⁵
Till after a deep groan — "Tarquin from
hence?"

"Madam, ere I was up," repli'd the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, ¹¹⁸⁰
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be
told,

The repetition cannot make it less; ¹¹⁸⁵
For more it is than I can well express,
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. —
What should I say? — One of my husband's
men ¹¹⁹¹

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear.
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be
writ." ¹¹⁹⁵

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: ¹²⁰⁰
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to af-
ford — ¹²⁰⁵

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see —
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are
brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, ¹²¹⁰
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality.
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse.
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-
cuse. ¹²¹⁵

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;

When sighs and groans and tear
fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to
From that suspicion which the w
her.
To shun this blot, she woul
letter
With words, till action migh
better.

To see sad sights moves more
told;
For then the eye interpreta to t
The heavy motion that it doth
When every part a part of woe
'T is but a part of sorrow that
Deep sounds make lesser no
fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blo
words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and o
"At Ardea to my lord with m
The post attends, and she deli
Charging the sour-fac'd groom
As lagging fowls before the no
Speed more than speed but c
deems:
Extremity still urgeth such

The homely villain curtsies to
And, blushing on her, with a s
Receives the scroll without or
And forth with bashful innoc
But they whose guilt within t
Imagine every eye beholds t
For Lucrece thought he bl
shame,

When, silly groom! God wot,
Of spirit, life, and bold audac
Such harmless creatures have
To talk in deeds, while others
Promise more speed, but do it
Even so this pattern of the
Pawn'd honest looks, but
gape.

His kindled duty kindled her
That two red fires in both the
She thought he blush'd, as k
lust,
And, blushing with him, wistl
Her earnest eye did make him
The more she saw the blo
plensish,
The more she thought he
blemish.

But long she thinks till he ret
And yet the duteous vassal se
The weary time she cannot ei
For now 't is stale to sigh, to
So woe hath wearied woe, mo
That she her plaints a little
Pausing for means to me
way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy; 1370
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets
bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
A scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear, 1375
Shed for the slaught' red husband by the wife;
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's
strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy
lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer 1380
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would ap-
pear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look
sad. 1385

A great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
A youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well re-
semble,
That one would swear he saw them quake
and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold! 1395
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that aly Ulysses lent
Showed deep regard and smiling govern-
ment. 1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Faking such sober action with his hand,
That it beguill'd attention, charm'd the sight.
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did
fly 1405
Thin winding breath, which pur'l'd up to the
sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1410
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's
ear; 1415
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n
and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they
bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
It seem'd they would debate with angry
swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripp'd in an armed hand; himself, behind, 1425
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd
to field, 1430
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons
wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to ap-
pear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy
fear. 1435

And from the strand of Dardan, where they
fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois'
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is steel'd. 1445
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot
lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's
reign.
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
guis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain.
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed, 1455
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes; 1460
The painter was no god to lend her those,

And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies."

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die."

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?"

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
Had dotting Priam cheek'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:

So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,

So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,

A brow unbent, that seem'd to w
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but
That blushing red no guilty in
Nor ashy pale the fear that fal

But, like a constant and confirm
He entertain'd a show so seemin
And therein so ensconced his see
That jealousy itself could not mi
False creeping craft and perjury
Into so bright a day such black
Or blot with hell-born sin :
forms.

The well-skill'd workman thi
drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose ench
The credulous old Priam after s
Whose words like wildfire bur
glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skie
And little stars shot fro
places,
When their glass fell where
their faces.

This picture she advis'dly peru
And chid the painter for his wo
Saying, some shape in Sinon's w
So fair a form lodg'd not a min
And still on him she gaz'd; and
Such signs of truth in his
spied,
That she concludes the pictur

"It cannot be," quoth she, "guile"
She would have said, "can
look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in
while,
And from her tongue "can lu
not" took:
"It cannot be" she in that sen
And turn'd it thus, "It can
But such a face should
mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here
So sober-sad, so weary, and so
As if with grief or travail he ha
To me came Tarquin armed to
With outward honesty, but yet
With inward vice. As Priar
ish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Tro

"Look, look, how list'ning
eyes,
To see those borrowed tears th
Priam, why art thou old and y
For every tear he falls a Troya
His eye drops fire, no water th
Those round clear pearls of
thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fir
city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
1555

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:

So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter,
1560

That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
1565

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will
not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complain-
ing.
1570

She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remain-
ing.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus-
taining;

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps:
1575

Which all this time hath overlipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
1580

It easesh some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
1585

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent:

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazed in her sad face he stares:
1590
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
raw,

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares.

Both stood, like old acquaintance in a
trance,
1595

Met far from home, wond'ring each other's
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling
stand?"

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
spent?
1600

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow
fire,

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe.

At length address'd to answer his desire,
1605

She modestly prepares to let them know

Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords

With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
1610

Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;

"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the tree-
pass best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amend-
ing.
1615

In mee woes than words are now depend-
ing;

And my laments would be drawn out too
long,
1620

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:

Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed

A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
1625

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;

And what wrong else may be imagined

By foul enforcement might be done to me,

From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,

With shining falchion in my chamber came
1630

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,

And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,

And entertain my love; else lasting shame
1635

On thee and thine this night I will inflict,

If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,"

quoth he,

'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,

I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
thee
1640

And swear I found you where you did fulfil

The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
1645

The lechers in their deed. This act will be

My fame and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;

And then against my heart he set his sword,

Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
1650

I should not live to speak another word;

So should my shame still rest upon record,

And never be forgot in mighty Rome

The adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom.
1655

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,

And far the weaker with so strong a fear.

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;

No rightful plea might plead for justice there.

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
1660

That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;

And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner
dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !
Or at the least this refuge let me find ;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
abuse, ¹⁶⁸⁵
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, ¹⁶⁹⁰
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe,
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so :
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up
again. ¹⁶⁹⁵

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride ¹⁶⁹⁹
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief
draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attend-
eth,

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh : ¹⁶⁷⁵
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power ; no flood by raining alaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee
so ¹⁶⁸¹
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost de-
fend me
From what is past : the help that thou shalt
lend me ¹⁶⁸⁵
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of
mine ; ¹⁶⁹¹
For 't is a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms.
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition ¹⁶⁹⁵
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth
she, ¹⁷⁰⁰
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from
me ?

"What is the quality of mine
Being constrain'd with dreadful
May my pure mind with the
pense,
My low-declined honour to adva
May any terms acquit me from
The poisoned fountain clear
And why not I from this com

With this, they all at once bega
Her body's stain her mind untai
While with a joyless smile she t
The face, that map which d
bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it
"No, no," quoth she, "no d
living,
By my excuse shall claim exe

Here with a sigh, as if her heart
She throws forth Tarquin's name
she says,
But more than "he" her poor
not speak ;
Till after many accents and del
Untimely breathings, sick and sl
She utters this, "He, he, f
he,
That guides this hand to give
me."

Even here she sheathed in her l
A harmful knife, that thence
sheathed.
That blow did bail it from the d
Of that polluted prison where it
Her contrite sighs unto the clou
Her winged sprite, and throug
doth fly
Life's lasting date from cance

Stone-still, astonish'd with this d
Stood Collatine and all his lordh
Till Lucrece' father, that behol
Himself on her self-slaught' red
And from the purple fountain B
The murderous knife, and,
place,

Her blood, in poor revenge, he

And bubbling from her breast, i
In two slow rivers, that the crim
Circles her body in on every side
Who, like a late-sack'd island, v
Bare and unpeopled in this fear
Some of her blood still pur
main'd,
And some look'd black, and
quin stain'd.

About the mourning and congee
Of that black blood a watery rig
Which seems to weep upon the t
And ever since, as pitying Lucr
Corrupted blood some watery to
And blood untainted still doth
Blushing at that which is so p

Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius
cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here de-
prived.

f in the child the father's image lies.
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me de-
rived. 1755

If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of
ours.

' Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and
old, 1760

shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn.
) from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was!

' O Time, cease thou thy course and last no
longer, 1765

If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten Death make conquest of the
stronger

And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and
see 1770

Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his
face, 1775

And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue; 1780
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's
aid,
That no man could distinguish what he
said. 1785

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced
plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: 1790
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for
wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine
she is." 1795

Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say

He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life 1800
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my
wife,

I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter!" and "My wife!" with clam-
ours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece'
life, 1805
Answer'd their cries, "My daughter!" and
"My wife!"

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'
side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 1810
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and utt'ring foolish
things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise; 1815
And arm'd his long-hid wits advis'dly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he,
"arise.

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school. 1820

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds pro-
ceeds; 1825

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her
foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part, 1830
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-
graced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore, 1835
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late com-
plained 1840
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;

And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
 Who, wond'ring at him, did his words allow.
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they
 bow;
 And that deep vow, which Brutus made be-
 fore,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this
 They did conclude to bear dead
 To show her bleeding body tho
 And so to publish Tarquin's fo
 Which being done with speedy
 The Romans plausibly did gi
 To Tarquin's everlasting bar

SONNETS

THE first collective edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was published by Thomas. It is manifest that the copy was surreptitiously obtained, and the volume issued without the author's consent. The Sonnets were not again reprinted till they appeared with new matter in an edition published in 1640. Thorpe's edition is the basis of the present.

The date of composition is a matter of dispute. It is recognized that the period in which they were written must have included several years, but which years is not agreed. External evidence is the reference in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598) to his "among his private friends," a phrase which implies that some were then in private life. This is strengthened by the printing of Sonnets 138 and 144 in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

There is nothing but internal evidence to tell us whether the order in which the Sonnets are arranged in the edition of 1609 is due to the poet. A certain amount of reason in the present arrangement is admitted by all. A large number of the Sonnets 1 to 126 are addressed to a man, those after 126 to a woman. But many in both divisions have no indication of person addressed; and not a few are generalized utterances addressed to no one.

Viewed in the light of the vast contemporary sonnet literature, many of these are well-recognized literary conventions. The pleading with a beautiful youth to make good use of verse to bestow immortality; the analysis of amorous emotion; the vituperation of the adulation of a noble patron; — these and other themes belong to the tradition which were well established before Shakespeare essayed it. But after this is said, a question remains whether, in re-working these ideas with unexampled brilliance, Shakespeare was prompted by mere professional emulation, or by actual personal experience for which the current conventions gave a suitable form of utterance, or by such impulse as lies behind the living utterances of his dramatic creations. It must be admitted that some sonnets are so artificial as to make plausible for them the first explanation, especially those expressing the uncommon situation in which his friend wins his lady while the poet retains his passion for both, and those referring to the indignities of a profession, may have reference to real incidents in his life; but the splendour of the whole is mainly due to the same cause as gave supreme distinction to his dramatic work, the intensity of the imaginative fervor of an essentially poetic mind. From this it will be seen that attempts to decide the question of "sincerity" by historical identification are bound to be futile and misleading, implying as they do a misconception of the nature of the emotion.

As to the personages involved, one party identifies the fair youth with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and finds confirmation in the "Mr. W. H." to whom Thorpe dedicates the Sonnets. But it is possible that the "onlie begetter" was merely the publisher's friend who supplied the manuscript. The Pembroke theory implies the later dating of the majority of the Sonnets (to 1601), and is usually, though not necessarily, held to imply the identification of the youth with the blond Mistress Mary Fitton. Another finds in the young nobleman, the Earl of Southampton; and this view implies that most of the Sonnets belong to the years 1594-96. As to the rival poet or poets alluded to in Sonnets 71, 119, 130, Drayton, Jonson, Barnes, and others have been proposed; but on this point we are likely to have, anything approaching assurance.

SONNETS

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .

MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED .

BY .

OUR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING

ADVENTURER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

1

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial
fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggard-
ing.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and
thee.

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held.
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's
use
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of
mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art
old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold.

3

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some
mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
But if thou live, rememb'rd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives the executor to be.

5

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;

For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite
gone,

Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness everywhere;
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,

Leese but their show; their substance still
lives sweet.

6

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In these thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some
place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.

That use is not forbidden usury

Which happies those that pay the willing loan;

That's for thyself to breed another thee,

Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;

Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,

If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:

Then what could death do, if thou shouldst
depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair

To be death's conquest and make worms
thine heir.

7

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light

Lifts up his burning head, each under eye

Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,

Serving with looks his sacred majesty;

And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,

Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,

Attending on his golden pilgrimage;

But when from highest pitch, with weary car,

Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,

The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are

From his low tract and look another way:

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,

Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

8

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not

gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear,

They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,

Resembling sire and child and happy mother,

Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing;

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming

one,

Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove

none."

9

Is it for fear to wet a widow's
That thou consum'st thyself in
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap
The world will wait thee, like
The world will be thy widow
That thou no form of thee has
When every private widow we
By children's eyes her husb
mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the
Shifts but his place, for still t
it;

But beauty's waste hath in the
And kept unus'd, the user so d

No love toward others in the

That on himself such murder
mits.

10

For shame! deny that thou beg
Who for thyself art so unprovi
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art be
But that thou none lov'st is mo
For thou art so possess'd with
That 'gainst thyself thou stic
spire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to

Which to repair should be thy

O, change thy thought, that I

mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than

Be, as thy presence is, gracious

Or to thyself at least kind-hear

Make thee another self, for k

That beauty still may live in

11

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fa
In one of thine, from that whic
est;

And that fresh blood which y
stow'st

Thou mayst call thine when th
convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, a

Without this, folly, age, and co

If all were minded so, the time

And threescore year would m
away.

Let those whom Nature hath

store,

Harsh, featureless, and rude, b

Look, whom she best endow'd

more;

Which bounteous gift thou sho

cherish.

She carv'd thee for her se

thereby

Thou shouldst print more, no

die.

12

When I do count the clock that

And see the brave day sunk in l

When I behold the violet past p

And sable curls all silver'd o'er

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save hence, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifty! Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art.
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

15

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vant in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paw,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted

Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;

Am eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;

A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;

Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,

And by addition me of thee defeated.

By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,

Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,

Who heaven itself for ornament doth use

And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,

Making a complement of proud compare

With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O let me, true in love, but truly write,

And then believe me, my love is as fair

As any mother's child, though not so bright

As these gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more than like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, though some do see to sell.

My glass shall not reveal that I am old,

So long as youth and true love are of one date;

But when in thee time's furrows I behold,

Then look I death my days should expiate.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee

Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:

How can I then be elder than thou art?

O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary

As I, not for myself, but for thee will;

Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an imperfect actor on the stage

Who with his fear is put besides his part,

Or some fierce thing replete with rage,

Whose strength's abundance v
heart,

So I, for fear of trust, forget to

The perfect ceremony of love's

And in mine own love's strength

O'ercharg'd with burden of
might.

O, let my books be then the elo

And dumb presagers of my spe

Who plead for love and look for

More than that tongue that
express'd.

O, learn to read what silent l

To hear with eyes belongs to

24

Mine eye hath play'd the ps
steel'd

Thy beauty's form in table of

My body is the frame wherein

And perspective it is best paint

For through the painter must

To find where your true image

Which in my bosom's shop is h

That hath his windows glazed

Now see what good turns eye
done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shap
me

Are windows to my breast, wi
sun

Delights to peep, to gaze ther

Yet eyes this cunning want to

They draw but what they see
heart.

25

Let those who are in favour wit
Of public honour and proud titl

Whilst I, whom fortune of such

Unlook'd for joy in that I hono

Great princes' favourites the

spread

But as the marigold at the sun's

And in themselves their pride li

For at a frown they in their glo

The painful warrior famoused f

After a thousand victories once

Is from the book of honour raze

And all the rest forgot for whic

Then happy I, that love and a

Where I may not remove nor

26

Lord of my love, to whom in va

Thy merit hath my duty strongl

To thee I send this written amb

To witness duty, not to show my

Duty so great, which wit so poor

May make seem bare, in wanting
it,

But that I hope some good conce

In thy soul's thought, all naked,

Till whatsoever star that guid

Points on me graciously with fai

id puts apparel on my tattered loving,
show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
I'll then not show my head where thou mayst
prove me.

27

early with toil, I haste me to my bed,
to dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
it then begins a journey in my head,
to work my mind, when body's work 's expired;
or then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
tend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
and keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
looking on darkness which the blind do see;
or that my soul's imaginary sight
resents thy shadow to my sightless view,
as high, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
as black night beauteous and her old face
new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my
mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

28

How can I then return in happy plight,
that am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
nor day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
do in consent shake hands to torture me;
he one by toil, the other to complain
how far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
and dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven;
to flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
when sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st
the even:
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length
seem stronger.

29

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
all alone beweep my outcast state,
and trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,
and look upon myself and curse my fate,
wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
than that I am, like him with friends possess'd,
desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
with what I most enjoy contented least;
yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
haply I think on thee; and then my state,
like to the lark at break of day arising
from sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;
For thy sweet love rememb'ring such wealth
brings
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

31

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving
parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this grow-
ing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
love."

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region-cloud hath mask'd him from me
now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's
sun staineth.

34

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou
break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the dis-
grace.

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love
sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

35

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast
done :

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are ;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense —

Thy adverse party is thy advocate —
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.

Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from
me.

36

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's de-
light.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in their parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :

So then I am not lame, poor, nor
Whilst that this shadow doth
give

That I in thy abundance am suff
And by a part of all thy glory liv
Look, what is best, that best I
This wish I have ; then ten tin

38

How can my Muse want subject
While thou dost breathe, that p
verse

Thine own sweet argument, too
For every vulgar paper to rehear
O, give thyself the thanks, if au
Worthy perusal stand against th
For who's so dumb that cannot v
When thou thyself dost give inv
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten
worth

Than those old nine which rhy
And he that calls on thee, let hir
Eternal numbers to outlive long

If my slight Muse do please the
The pain be mine, but thine
praise.

39

O, how thy worth with manners
When thou art all the better par
What can mine own praise to
bring ?

And what is 't but mine own wher
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of s
That by this separation I may gi
That due to thee which thou des
O absence, what a torment would
Were it not thy sour leisure gave
To entertain the time with thoug
Which time and thoughts so sw

ceive,
And that thou teachest how
twain,
By praising him here who doth

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea,
What hast thou then more than
fore ?

No love, my love, that thou ma
call ;

All mine was thine before thou ha
Then if for my love thou my love
I cannot blame thee for my love :
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself
By wilful taste of what thyself re
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle
Although thou steal thee all my
And yet, love knows, it is a great
To bear love's wrong than hate's !
Lascivious grace, in whom all il
Kill me with spites ; yet we mu

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty
When I am sometime absent from

y beauty and thy years full well befits,
 r still temptation follows where thou art.
 ntle thou art and therefore to be won;
 auteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
 d when a woman woos, what woman's son
 ll sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
 me I but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
 d chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 bo lead thee in their riot even there
 here thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

42

at thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 d yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 at she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 rving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
 ou dost love her, because thou know'st I
 love her:
 nd for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 ff'ring my friend for my sake to approve her.
 I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 nd losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 th find each other, and I lose both twain,
 nd both for my sake lay on me this cross.
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

43

hen most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 or all the day they view things unrespected;
 ut when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 nd darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 hen thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
 ow would thy shadow's form form happy
 show
 o the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 hen to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 ow would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 y looking on thee in the living day,
 hen in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 hrough heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth
 stay!
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do
 show thee me.

44

f the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 rjorous distance should not stop my way;
 or then, despite of space, I would be brought,
 rom limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 o matter then although my foot did stand
 pon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
 or nimble thought can jump both sea and land
 s soon as think the place where he would be.
 ut, ah! thought kills me that I am not
 thought,
 o leap large lengths of miles when thou art
 gone,
 ut that so much of earth and water wrought
 must attend time's leisure with my moan,
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

45

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
 choly;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again and straight grow
 sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would
 bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie, —
 A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes —
 But the defendant doth that plea deny
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To side this title is impaneled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's
 part;
 As thus: mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of
 heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth
 smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart.
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
 move,
 And I am still with them and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

48

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou
 art.

Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whence thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely
pass

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity, —
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert, 10
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
laws,

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

50

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
friend!"

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe, 5
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from
thee.

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide; 10
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

For that same groan doth put this in my
mind;

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence?

Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find, 5
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the
wind;

In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race; 11
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;

Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to
go.

52

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are feasts so solemn
Since, seldom coming, in the lo
Like stones of worth they thin
Or captain jewels in the carcan
So is the time that keeps you as
Or as the wardrobe which the r
To make some special instant s
By new unfolding his imprison

Blessed are you, whose w
scope,

Being had, to triumph, being

53

What is your substance, where
That millions of strange shadow
Since every one hath, every one
And you, but one, can every sh
Describe Adonis, and the count
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of bea
And you in Grecian tires are pe
Speak of the spring and foison
The one doth shadow of your b
The other as your bounty doth
And you in every blessed shape

In all external grace you hav
But you like none, none yo
heart.

54

O, how much more doth beauty
By that sweet ornament which t
The rose looks fair, but fairer v
For that sweet odour which doth
The canker-blooms have full as
As the perfumed tincture of the
Hang on such thorns, and play;
When summer's breath their m
closes:

But, for their virtue only is the
They live unwoo'd and unrespec
Die to themselves. Sweet roses
Of their sweet deaths are s
made:

And so of you,auteous and
When that shall fade, by var
truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded mon
Of princes, shall outlive this po
But you shall shine more brig
tents

Than unswept stone besmear'd
time.

When wasteful war shall statues
And broils root out the work of
Nor Mars his sword nor war's q
burn

The living record of your memor
'Gainst death and all-oblivious e
Shall you pace forth; your praise
room

Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the

So, till the judgement that you
You live in this, and dwell in l

56

weet love, renew thy force; be it not said
 by edge should blunter be than appetite,
 /hich but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 o-morrow sharp'ned in his former might.
 s, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 y hungry eyes even till they wink with ful-
 ness,
 o-morrow see again, and do not kill
 he spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 et this sad interim like the ocean be
 /hich parts the shore, where two contracted
 new
 ome daily to the banks, that, when they see
 sturn of love, more blest may be the view;
 Or call it winter, which being full of care
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.

57

eing your slave, what should I do but tend
 on the hours and times of your desire?
 have no precious time at all to spend,
 or services to do, till you require.
 or dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 /hilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 or think the bitterness of absence sour
 hen you have bid your servant once adieu;
 or dare I question with my jealous thought
 here you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 ut, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 ave, where you are how happy you make
 those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

58

hat god forbid, that made me first your slave,
 should in thought control your times of
 pleasure,
 at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 I, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 he imprison'd absence of your liberty;
 and patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
 check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 be where you list, your charter is so strong
 hat you yourself may privilege your time
 o what you will; to you it doth belong
 ourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

59

f there be nothing new, but that which is
 hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 he second burden of a former child!
 A, that record could with a backward look,
 ven of five hundred courses of the sun,
 how me your image in some antique book,
 once mind at first in character was done!
 hat I might see what the old world could say
 o this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or wh'er better they,
 whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
 shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes be-
 fore,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift con-
 found.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

61

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-
 where,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
 And all my soul and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all words surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

63

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
 worn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd
 his brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful
 morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;

For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife, 10
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-
faced

The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain 5
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay; 10
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot
choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out:
Against the wreckful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie 10
hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

66

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd, 5
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, 10
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be
gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

67

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?

Why should false painting imitate
And steal dead seeing of his living
Why should poor beauty indirect
Roses of shadow, since his rose is
Why should he live, now Nature
Beggard of blood to blush through
For she hath no exchequer now but
And, proud of many, lives upon him
O, him she stores, to show what
had

In days long since, before these

68

Thus is his cheek the map of days
When beauty liv'd and died as fit
Before these bastard signs of fair
Or durst inhabit on a living brow
Before the golden tresses of the
The right of sepulchres, were shorn
To live a second life on second he
Ere beauty's dead fleece made an
In him those holy antique hours
Without all ornament, itself and
Making no summer of another's
Robbing no old to dress his beaut
And him as for a map doth Nat
To show false Art what beauty

69

Those parts of thee that the world
view

Want nothing that the thought
mend;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give
due,

Utt'ring bare truth, even so as for
Thy outward thus with outward
crown'd;

But those same tongues that give
own

In other accents do this praise con-
By seeing farther than the eye has
They look into the beauty of thy
And that, in guess, they measure
Then, churls, their thoughts, all
eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank and
But why thy odour matcheth not
The soil is this, that thou dost cost

70

That thou art blam'd shall not be
For slander's mark was ever yet
The ornament of beauty is suspect
A crow that flies in heaven's sweet
So thou be good, slander doth but
Thy worth the greater, being woo
For canker vice the sweetest buds
And thou present'st a pure unta
Thou hast pass'd by the ambu
days,

Either not assail'd, or victor being
Yet this thy praise cannot be so th

To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd do

Then thou alone kingdoms of be
owe.

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to
 dwell.

Say, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 Of thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

72

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love,
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for true love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing
 worth.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the
 cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds
 sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
 more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere
 long.

74

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee:
 The earth can have but earth, which is his
 due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,

The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my plea-
 sure;
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds
 strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth and where they did pro-
 ceed?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

77

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
 find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

78

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my Muse
 And found such fair assistance in my verse
 As every alien pen hath got my use
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to
 sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing
 And given grace a double majesty.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee :
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
But thou art all my art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth
say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost
pay.

80

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your
fame !
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride :
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this : my love was my decay.

81

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my
pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the
mouths of men.

82

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attain o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,

And therefore art enforce'd to
Some fresher stamp of the time
And do so, love ; yet when the
What strained touches rhetoric
Thou truly fair wert truly s
In true plain words by thy tr
And their gross painting m
Where cheeks need blood
abus'd.

83

I never saw that you did paint
And therefore to your fair no
I found, or thought I found, y
The barren tender of a poet's e
And therefore have I slept in j
That you yourself being extant
How far a modern quill doth e
Speaking of worth, what wo
grow.

This silence for my sin you did
Which shall be most my glory,
For I impair not beauty being
When others would give life ar
There lives more life in one c
Than both your poets can in

84

Who is it that says most ? Whi
Than this rich praise, that you
In whose confine immured is th
Which should example where y
Lean penury within that pen d
That to his subject lends not so
But he that writes of you, if he
That you are you, so dignifies h
Let him but copy what in you i
Not making worse what nature ;
And such a counterpart shall fa
Making his style admired ever
You to your beauteous bleas
Being fond on praise, whic
praises worse.

85

My tongue-tied Muse in manner
While comments of your prais
pil'd,
Reserve their character with go
And precious phrase by all the
I think good thoughts whilst o
words,
And like unlettered clerk still c
To every hymn that able spirit
In polish'd form of well-refin
Hearing you praise'd, I say, " Ti
And to the most of praise :
more ;
But that is in my thought, wh
Though words come hindmost,
before.

Then others for the breath of
Me for my dumb thoughts, spe

86

Was it the proud full sail of his
Bound for the prize of all too pr

did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 ing their tomb the womb wherein they
 grew?

it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 ve a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 neither he, nor his compeers by night
 ng him aid, my verse astonished.
 nor that affable familiar ghost
 ch nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 ictors of my silence cannot boast;
 as not sick of any fear from thence:
 at when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 hen lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

87

swell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 like enough thou know'st thy estimate.
 charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 bonds in thee are all determinate.
 how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 for that riches where is my deserving?
 cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 so my patent back again is swerving.
 self thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
 knowing,
 me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistak-
 ing;
 thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 es home again, on better judgement mak-
 ing.
 has have I had thee, as a dream doth flat-
 ter,
 a sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

88

en thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 d place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 on thy side against myself I'll fight
 d prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-
 sworn.

th mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 en thy part I can set down a story
 faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
 at thou in losing me shall win much glory:
 d I by this will be a gainer too;
 r bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 e injuries that to myself I do,
 ing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 uch is my love, to thee I so belong,
 hat for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

89

y that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 d I will comment upon that offence;
 eak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
 paint thy reasons making no defence.

ou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 'set a form upon desired change,
 'I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 still acquaintance strangle and look strange,
 'absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 by sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
 'at I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
 d haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
 'For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost
 hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
 cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this
 sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might,

And other strains of woe, which now seem
 woe,

Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies'
 force,

Some in their garments, though new-fangled
 ill,

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
 horse;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:

But these particulars are not my measure;
 All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'
 cost,

Of more delight than hawks or horses be;

And having thee, of all men's pride I boast;

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take

All this away and me most wretched make.

92

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine,

And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.

I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend;

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?

Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face

May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles

strange;

But heaven in thy creation did decree

That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings
 be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
 tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

94

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their
 deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the
 shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privi-
 lege;

The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and
 less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated and for true things
 deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy
 state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days
 seen!
 What old December's bareness everywhere!

And yet this time remov'd was
 The teeming autumn, big with
 Bearing the wanton burden of
 Like widowed wombs after their
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd
 But hope of orphans and unfath'
 For summer and his pleasures w
 And, thou away, the very birds
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so
 That leaves look pale, dreading
 near.

98

From you have I been absent in
 When proud-pied April, dress'd
 Hath put a spirit of youth in ev
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and l
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor th
 Of different flowers in odour an
 Could make me any summer's s
 Or from their proud lap pluck t
 grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's w
 Nor praise the deep vermilion i
 They were but sweet, but figur
 Drawn after you, you pattern o
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and
 As with your shadow I with t

99

The forward violet thus did I c
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou
 that smells,
 If not from my love's breath?
 Which on thy soft cheek for coo
 In my love's veins thou hast too
 The lily I condemned for thy h
 And buds of marjoram had stol
 The roses fearfully on thorns di
 One blushing shame, another w
 A third, nor red nor white, had
 And to his robbery had annex'
 But, for his theft, in pride of al
 A vengeful canker eat him up!
 More flowers I noted, yet I n
 But sweet or colour it had stc

100

Where art thou, Muse, that t
 long
 To speak of that which give
 might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some
 Dark'ning thy power to lend
 light?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and str
 In gentle numbers time so idly:
 Sing to the ear that doth thy la
 And gives thy pen both skill an
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's swe
 If Time have any wrinkle grav
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despia
 Give my love fame faster th
 life;
 So thou prevent'st his scyth
 knife.

101

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'st.
 Take answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
 "Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
 But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows
 now.

102

If love is strength'n'd, though more weak in
 seeming;
 Love not less, though less the show appear;
 That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
 Our love was new and then but in the spring;
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
 And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
 night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough
 And sweets grown common lose their dear de-
 light.
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my
 tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

103

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can
 sit
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters
 cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers'
 pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
 turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,

Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
 stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-
 bred;
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer
 dead.

105

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 "Fair, kind, and true" is all my argument,
 "Fair, kind, and true" varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
 affords.
 "Fair, kind, and true," have often liv'd
 alone,

Which three till now never kept seat in one.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
 praise.

107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me sub-
 scribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme.
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
 spent.

108

What's in the brain that ink may character
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love or thy dear merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers
divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weights not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it
dead.

109

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

110

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

111

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;

For what care I who calls me well
So you o'er-green my bad, my good
You are my all the world, and I must
To know my shames and praise
tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive
That my steel'd sense or changes right
In so profound abyss I throw all
Of others' voices, that my adder's
To critic and to flatterer stopped:
Mark how with my neglect I do
You are so strongly in my purpose
That all the world besides me
dead.

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my
And that which governs me to go
Both part his function and is part
Seems seeing, but effectually is
For it no form delivers to the
Of bird, of flower, or shape, or
latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind
Nor his own vision holds what it
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest
The most sweet favour or deform
The mountain or the sea, the day
The crow or dove, it shapes to
feature.

Incapable of more, replete with
My most true mind thus makes
untrue.

114

Or whether doth my mind, being
you,
Drink up the monarch's plague,
Or whether shall I say, mine eye
And that your love taught it this
To make of monsters and things
Such cherubins as your sweet self
Creating every bad a perfect best
As fast as objects to his beams
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in
And my great mind most kingly
Mine eye well knows what will
'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesse
That mine eye loves it and doth

115

Those lines that I before have w
Even those that said I could
dearer;
Yet then my judgement knew no
My most full flame should af
clearer.
But reckoning time, whose mill
Creep in 'twixt vows and cha
kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sh
Divert strong minds to the cou
things;
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyr
Might I not then say, "Now I lo

When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
 crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth
 grow?

116

et me not to the marriage of true minds
 admit impediments. Love is not love
 which alters when it alteration finds,
 or bends with the remover to remove.
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 that looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 it is the star to every wand'ring bark,
 whose worth's unknown, although his height
 be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
 cheeks
 within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 nor bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Excuse me thus: that I have scantied all
 wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 that I have frequent been with unknown
 minds,
 and given to time your own dear-purchase'd
 right;
 that I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 which should transport me farthest from your
 sight.
 Look both my wilfulness and errors down,
 and on just proof surmise accumulate;
 bring me within the level of your frown,
 but shoot not at me in your wakened hate,
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

118

like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge,
 as, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-
 ness,
 Your bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meet-
 ness
 to be diseased ere that there was true need-
 ing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 and brought to medicine a healthful state
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

119

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
 distill'd from limbeck fountains as hell within,
 applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
 till losing when I saw myself to win!

What wretched errors hath my heart com-
 mitted,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
 fitted

In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
 greater.

So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ills thrice more than I have
 spent.

120

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 O, that our night of woe might have remem-
 ber'd

My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tend'red
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
 me.

121

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost which is so deemed
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think
 good?

No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own;
 I may be straight, though they themselves be
 bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
 shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

122

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more.
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

123

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

124

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls;
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numb'ring
hours,

But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
crime.

125

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short than waste or ruin-
ing?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?

No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no
art,

But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! A true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy
control.

126

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's neckle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May Time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of Time!
She may detain, but not still make me
sure;

Her audit, though delay'd, answer
And her quietus is to render the

127

In the old age black was not colour
Or if it were, it bore not beauty
But now is black beauty's success
And beauty slander'd with a ba-
For since each hand hath put
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false
Sweet beauty hath no name, no
But is profan'd, if not lives in d
Therefore my mistress' brows are
Her eyes so suited, and they me
At such who, not born fair, no
Sland'ring creation with a false

Yet so they mourn, becoming
That every tongue says beauty

128

How oft, when thou, my music
Upon that blessed wood whose
With thy sweet fingers, whi-
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear
Do I envy those jacks that nim-
To kiss the tender inward of th
Whilst my poor lips, which shou
reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee
To be so tickled, they would ch
And situation with those danci
O'er whom thy fingers walk wi
Making dead wood more bleat
Since saucy jacks so happy ar
Give them thy fingers, me th

129

The expense of spirit in a waste
Is lust in action; and till action
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, n
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised
Past reason hunted, and no soo
Past reason hated, as a swallow
On purpose laid to make the ta
Mad in pursuit and in possession
Had, having, and in quest to ha
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a
Before, a joy propos'd; behind
All this the world well kn
knows well

To shun the heaven that les
hell.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like
Coral is far more red than her
If snow be white, why then
dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires gr

have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 but no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 and in some perfumes is there more delight
 than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 that music hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
 ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belov'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 as those whose beauties proudly make them
 cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
 thy face hath not the power to make love
 groan:
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 have put on black and loving mourners be,
 looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 nor that full star that ushers in the even
 hath half that glory to the sober west,
 as those two mourning eyes become thy face.
 O, let it then as well besem thy heart
 to mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
 grace,
 and suit thy pity like in every part.
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

133

Behew that heart that makes my heart to
 groan
 for that deep wound it gives my friend and
 me!
 'Tis not enough to torture me alone,
 but slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must
 be?
 He from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 and my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 but then my friend's heart let my poor heart
 bail;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
 thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in
 thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous and he is kind;
 He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and
 me:

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must
 be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy love and love that
 still,
 And then thou lov'st me, for my name is *Will*.

137

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several
 plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's com-
 mon place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

In things right true my heart and eyes have
erred,
And to this false plague are they now trans-
ferred.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

139

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy
tongue,
Use power with power and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning when
thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much dis-
dain,
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians
know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belie'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
heart go wide.

141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-
lighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited

To any sensual feast with thee;
But my five wits nor my five senses
Dissuade one foolish heart from thee
Who leaves unsay'd the like:
Thy proud heart's slave and viceroy
be:

Only my plague thus far I count
That she that makes me sin a saint

142

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtuous
Hate of my sin, grounded on sin
O, but with mine compare thou
And thou shalt find it merits not
Or, if it do, not from those lips
That have profan'd their scarlet
And seal'd false bonds of love's
Robb'd others' beds' revenues
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou
Whom thine eyes woo as I
thee:

Root pity in thy heart, that when
Thy pity may deserve to pierce,
If thou dost seek to have
hide,

By self-example mayst thou
lead

143

Lo! as a careful housewife run
One of her feathered creatures
Sets down her babe and makes
patch

In pursuit of the thing she would
Whilst her neglected child holds
Cries to catch her whose busy care
To follow that which flies before
Not prizing her poor infant's dross
So runn'st thou after that which
thee,

Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee
But if thou catch thy hope, turn
And play the mother's part, keep
So will I pray that thou
Will,

If thou turn back, and my love
lead

144

Two loves I have of comfort and
Which like two spirits do suggest
The better angel is a man right
The worse spirit a woman col-
To win me soon to hell, my
Tempteth my better angel from
And would corrupt my saint to
Wooing his purity with her
And whether that my angel be
Suspect I may, yet not directly
But being both from me, both
I guess one angel in another's
Yet this shall I ne'er know,
Till my bad angel fire my good

145

Those lips that Love's own hand
Breath'd forth the sound that
To me that languish'd for her
But when she saw my woeful

straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Hiding that tongue that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet:
 "I hate," she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away;
 "I hate" from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying "not you."

146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Thrall to these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Lost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 In terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
 men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying
 then.

147

If love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 Like random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee
 bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

148

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 Low can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
 blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
 find.

149

Anst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake?

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

150

O, from what power hast thou this powerful
 might
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the
 day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee this how to make me love thee
 more
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience holds it that I call
 Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and
 fall.

152

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
 ing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
 ness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof. 148
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof !
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, ' It is thy last.'

" For further I could say, ' This man 's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards
grew, 171
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart. 173

" And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me : ' Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid.
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said ; 180
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

" All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not ; with acture they may
be, 183
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.
They sought their shame that so their shame
did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

" Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warmed, 187
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leasures ever charmed.
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy. 193

" Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
sent me,
Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
me 200
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd, 205
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

" The diamond, — why, 't was beautiful and
hard, 211
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend

With objects manifold : each sever
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or
moan.

" Lo, all these trophies of affection
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires th
Nature hath charg'd me that I
not,
But yield them up where I n
render,

That is, to you, my origin and end.
For these, of force, must your obli
Since I their altar, you enpatron n

" O, then, advance of yours tha
hand,
Whose white weighs down the
praise ;
Take all these similes to your own
Hallowed with sighs that burnin
raise ;

What me, your minister, for you
Works under you ; and to your au
Their distract parcels in combined

" Lo, this device was sent me fr
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note
Which late her noble suit in court
Whose rarest havings made t
dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of r
But kept cold distance, and did tl
To spend her living in eternal love

" But, O my sweet, what labour
The thing we have not, mast'ri
strives,
Playing the place which did no fo
Playing patient sports in unconstr
She that her fame so to herself co
The scars of battle scapeth by the
And makes her absence valia
migh.

" O, pardon me, in that my boar
The accident which brought me to
Upon the moment did her force st
And now she would the caged clo
Religious love put out Religion's
Not to be tempted, would she be
And now, to tempt, all liberty pre

" How mighty then you are, O.
The broken bosoms that to me be
Have emptied all their fountains
And mine I pour your ocean all at
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me
Must for your victory us all conge
As compound love to phisic your

" My parts had power to charm :
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in gr
Believ'd her eyes when they to as
All vows and consecrations giving
O most potential love ! vow, bond
In thee hath neither sting, knot, n
For thou art all, and all things els

" 'When thou impresses, what are precepts worth

Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame! 170
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame,

And sweetens, in the suff'ring pangs it bears,
The aloe of all forces, shocks, and fears.

" 'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,

Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine; 175

And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.' 180

" This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace! 185
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue
encloses.

" O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

But with the inundation of the eyes 190
What rocky heart to water will not wear?

What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extirpature
bath.

" For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft, 195
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;

There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference
bore, 200
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

" In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives, 205
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

" That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 210
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim.

Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-
tity. 215

" Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd? 220

Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

" O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that for'd thunder from his heart did fly, 225
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!" 230

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

THE volume entitled "*The Passionate Pilgrim*. By William Shakespeare" is a small publication printed for W. Jaggard in 1599. Of the second edition, no copy is known. A third edition, also ascribed to Shakespeare, appeared in 1612, with unacknowledged from Thomas Heywood. Heywood, claiming to speak for Shakespeare as well as his tested against the theft, and a new title-page was printed without Shakespeare's name the contents were again re-printed, along with Shakespeare's Sonnets and other miscellaneous poems. The whole of the first edition is here reprinted; but, of its twenty poems, or certainly by Shakespeare. Of these, I and II appeared later as Sonnets 138 and 144 in 1609; III, V, and XVI are from *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 96-109, IV. iii. 58-73, 99-118. The authorship of four others is definitely known: VIII, XX (and probably by Richard Barnfield; XI appears as the third sonnet in Bartholomew Griffin's *xix* is by Marlowe, and its last stanza, "Love's Answer," is ascribed by Walton to Of the authorship of the remaining ten nothing is known, the probability of Shakespeare's authorship depending on evidences of style which vary from poem to poem, but with no case strong. Some critics accept IV and VI; fewer, VII, IX, XII, XVIII; while X, XI, and XV are usually rejected. "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music" is merely the title of a part of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

I

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,

I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I, smiling, credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.

But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore says not I that I am old?

O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,

Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair, 15
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.

But whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend, 25
I guess one angel in another's hell.

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument, 30

Persuade my heart to this false per-
Vows for thee broke deserve not per-
A woman I forswore; but I will per-
Thou being a goddess, I forswore n-
My vow was earthly, thou a heaven-
Thy grace being gain'd cures all
me.

My vow was breath, and breath a v-
Then, thou fair sun, that on this
shine,

Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it
If broken, then it is no fault of mine

If by me broke, what fool is not:
To break an oath to win a paradise

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh,
Did court the lad with many a love
Such looks as none could look but
queen.

She told him stories to delight his
She show'd him favours to allure h-
To win his heart, she touch'd his
there, —

Touches so soft still conquer chasti-
But whether unripe years did wan-
Or he refus'd to take her figured p-
The tender nibbler would not touc-
But smile and jest at every gentle-

Then fell she on her back, fair
toward:

He rose and ran away; ah, f-
ward!

V

If love make me forsworn, how shal-
love?

O never faith could hold, if no
vowed:

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
 To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarrance for Adonis made
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim.
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
 He, spying her, bounc'd in whereas he stood.
 "O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.
 Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;

She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

[VIII]

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill.
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
 "Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
 She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
 Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
 For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will;
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave,
 For why I craved nothing of thee still.
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

[XI]

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him.

She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her, 145

And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraç'd me,"

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd me,"

As if the boy should use like loving charms; 150

"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"

And with her lips on his did act the seizure:

And as she fetched breath, away he skips,

And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay, 155

To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:

Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;

Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; 161

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee; 165

O, my love, my love is young!

Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;

A shining glass that fadeth suddenly; 170

A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;

A brittle glass that 's broken presently:

A doubtful good, a glass, a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found, 175

As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,

As broken glass no cement can redress,

So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,

In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. 180

XIV

Good-night, good rest. Ah, neith share!

She bade good-night that kept my re And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd wit

To descant on the doubts of my deca

"Farewell," quoth she, "and c to-morrow."

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd row.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she s

In scorn or friendship, nill I constru

"T may be, she joy'd to jest at my e

"T may be, again to make me wander

"Wander," a word for shadows li

As take the pain but cannot pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to

My heart doth charge the watch; t rise

Doth cite each moving sense from ic

Not daring trust the office of mine

While Philomela sits and sings.

mark,

And wish her lays were tuned lik

For she doth welcome daylight with

And drives away dark dreaming nig

The night so pack'd, I post unto my

Heart hath his hope, and eyes th

sight;

Sorrow chang'd to solace, and s

with sorrow;

For why, she sigh'd and bade m

morrow.

Were I with her, the night woul

soon;

But now are minutes added to the l

To spite me now, each minute seem

Yet not for me, shine sun to succou

Pack night, peep day; good da

now borrow:

Short, night, to-night, and length

morrow.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

[xv]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,

That liked of her master as well as well might be,

Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that

eye could see,

Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with

love did fight, 215

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant

knight:

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite

Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more the pain

That nothing could be used to turn to gain,

For of the two the trusty knight w with disdain:

Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending w the day,

Which by a gift of learning did be

away.

Then, lullaby, the learned man h lady gay;

For now my song is ended.

XVI

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air. 120
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 "Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow; 125
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 130
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love."

[XVII]

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss;
 Love is dying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,
 Causeur of this. 145
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot.
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love, 150
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
 For now I see 155
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me, 160
 Living in thrall;
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall. 170
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
 My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
 With sighs so deep 175
 Procures to weep.

In howling wise, to see my doleful
 plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
 fight! 180

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye;
 Herds stand weeping, 185
 Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully.
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains, 190
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my
 moan. 195
 Poor Corydon
 Must live alone;
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVIII

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst
 strike, 200
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy, partial like.
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, 205
 Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
 A cripple soon can find a halt;—
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set thy person forth to sell. 210

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
 And then too late she will repent
 That thus dissembled her delight;
 And twice desire, ere it be day, 215
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say: 220
 "Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
 Where thy desert may merit praise, 225
 By ringing in thy lady's ear.
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
 And in thy suit be humble true;
 Unless thy lady prove unjust, 230
 Press never thou to choose a new.
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
 Dissembled with an outward show,
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
 The cock that treads them shall not know. 235
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought? 240

Think women seek to strive with men
 To sin, and never for to saint:

Here is no heaven ; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft ! enough ; too much, I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
She will not stick to wring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XIX

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XX

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty.
That to hear it was great pity.
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry ;
"Tereu, tereu !" by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain
None takes pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
[Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.]
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king !"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice :
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

THIS poem, with Shakespeare's name attached, appeared in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*. Besides Chester's own work, the volume contained verses on the Phœnix and the Turtle attributed to Shakespeare, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, and "Ignoto." The ascription to Shakespeare is generally, though not universally, accepted, such scepticism as exists being usually based upon the absence among his acknowledged works of anything with precisely the same characteristics. The poem exhibits the influence of a number of literary conventions, such as the congress of birds, the metaphysical quibbling on unity in duality, Platonic affection, the debate between Love and Reason, and the emblematic signification of the Phœnix and the turtle-dove as typifying Rarity and Constancy, or Beauty and Truth. There is no difficulty in conceiving Shakespeare as joining with a group of his fellows to exercise his ingenuity on such themes. No solid evidence exists either for or against the poem's having an historical or personal reference.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feath'ed king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and Constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen:
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them, it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, "How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, Reason none,
If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, Truth, and Rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd, in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest;

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and Beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

TEXTUAL NOTES

In the following notes are recorded the more important variations of the text from the readings of the edition chosen as a basis in each case.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Text based on Q₁

I. i. 62. feast] fast Q Ff. i. 184. tharborough] Farborough Q. ii. 106. blushing] F₂; blush-in Q F₁. ii. 150. [Dull] Clo. Q.

II. i. 88. unpeopled] Ff; unpeeled Q. i. 115, etc. Kath.] Q; Rosa. Ff. i. 193. [Exit] Exit. Enter Dumaine Q Ff. i. 195. [Katherine] Rosalin Q Ff; i. 219. Kath.] Q; La. Ma. Ff. i. 221, 222, 224. Kath.] La. Q Ff. i. 254. Ros.] Ff; Lad. Q. i. 255. Mar.] Ff; Lad. 2. Q. i. 256. Kath.] Lad. 3. Q; Lad. 2. Ff. i. 257. Ros.] Lad. Q; La. 1. Ff. i. 258. Mar.] Lad. Q; Lad. 2. Ff.

III. i. 1. Song] Ff; om. Q. i. 1-67. For Arm., Moth, and Cost., in speech tags, Ff read Brag., Boy, and Clow.

IV. i. 1, etc. Prin.] Quee. Q; Qu. Ff. ii. 67, 80, 85, 89, 93, 107, 135. Hol.] Nath. Q Ff. ii. 75, 106, 152. Nath.] Holo. Q Ff. ii. 80. ingenious] ingenous Q. ii. 95. Fauste . . . pecus omne] Facile . . . pecas omnia Q. ii. 99, 100. Venetia, etc.] venchie, vencha, que non te rinde, que non te perreche Q F₁. ii. 123, 154. Hol.] Pedan. Q Ff. ii. 125-132. Given to Nath. Q Ff. ii. 140 Sir Nathaniel] Ped. Sir Holofernes Q; Per. Sir Holofernes Ff. iii. 176. to me . . . by you] by mee . . . to you Q Ff. iii. 299-304. These lines, substantially repeated at 320, 350-352, are supposed to be a survival of the earlier form of the play.

V. i. 27. insanie] infamie Q Ff. i. 30. bone] bene Q Ff. i. 31. Bone . . . Priscian] Bome boon for boon prescian Q Ff. i. 56. third] last Q Ff. i. 125. [Nathaniel] Holofernes Q Ff. ii. 28. cure . . . care] care . . . cure Q Ff. ii. 67. pedant-like] perttaunt-like Q. ii. 407. affection] affection Q Ff. ii. 517. least] Ff; best Q. ii. 548. [Moth retires] Exit Boy Q Ff. ii. 773. strange] straying Q Ff. ii. 826. ever] Ff; herrite Q. ii. 834. A wife?] This begins Katherine's speech in Q Ff. ii. 905, 906. Transposed in Q Ff. ii. 926. foul] full Q. ii. 940-1. You . . . this way] Ff; om. Q.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Text based on F₁

I. i. 55. meaner] meane F₁; poor meane F₂ & 4. ii. 1. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse] Antipholis Erotes Ff.

II. i. 1. ADRIANA] Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus Ff. i. 64. home] om. Ff. i. 107. alone, alone] F₂; alone, a lone F₁. i. 110, 111. and tho' . . . yet] yet the . . . and Ff. i. 112. Wear] where F₁. ii. 99. tiring] trying Ff. ii. 188. offer'd] free'd Ff. ii. 197. not I] I not Ff.

III. ii. 1. LUCIANA] F₂; Juliana F₁. ii. 4. ruinous] ruinate Ff. ii. 21 but] not Ff. ii. 49. bed] F₂; bud F₂. them] thee Ff.

IV. i. 17 her] their Ff. ii. 61. 'a] I Ff. iii. 24. bob] sob Ff. iv. 1. the OFFICER] a Jailer Ff. iv. 45. to prophesy] the prophesie Ff. iv. 149. again] again. Runne all out Ff.

V. 195. Æge] Mar. Fat. F₁. i. 356-361. Inserted after 345 in Ff. i. 402. ne'er] are Ff.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Text based on F₁

I. i. 65. leave] love Ff.

II. iii. 41, 42, 44, 57. tied] tide Ff. iv. 196. Is . . . praise] It is mine, or Valentine's praise F₁. v. 2. Milan] Padua Ff.

III. i. 326. [kiss'd] om. Ff.

V. ii. 7. [Julia. Aside] Pro. Ff. ii. 13 [Julia. Aside] Thu. Ff.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Text based on Q₁ (Fisher's)

I. i. 10. New-bent] Now bent Q. i. 136. low] lone Q. i. 187. Yours would] Your words Q. i. 216. sweet] sweld Q. i. 219. stranger companies] strange companions Q.

II. i. 101. cheer] heere Q. i. 100. thin] chinne Q. i. 247. Re-enter . . .] Enter Puck (after 247) Q. ii. 77. kill-courtesy] this kill-courtesy Q.

III. i. 85. Odorous, odorous] Odours, odorous Qq; Odours, odours Ff. ii. 48. knee-deep] the deep Q. ii. 57. dread] dead Q. ii. 80. so] om. Q. ii. 215. rend] rent Q. ii. 250. prayers] praise Q. ii. 257. [but] om. Q; Sir, Ff. ii. 279. doubt] of doubt Q.

V. i. 127. Enter . . .] Tawyer Ff. i. 193. up in thee] Ff; now againe Q. i. 209. moon used] morall downe Ff. i. 279. gleams] beames Q. i. 330. moans] means Q. i. 379. behowls] beholds Q.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Text based on Q₁ (Roberts's) and Q₁ (Heyes's)

- I. i. 89. cream] Q₂; dreame Q₁. ii. 36. who you] Q₂; who Q₁. ii. 83. Scottish] Q₂; other Ff. iii. 65-6. Is . . . would] Q₂; Are you resolv'd, How much he would have Q₁.
- II. i. 35. page] rage Q₂. ii. 23. well] Q₂; ill Q₁. ii. 28. incarnation] Q₂; incarnall Q₁. ii. 33. commandment] Q₂; command Q₁. ii. 39. confusions] Q₂; conclusions Q₁. ii. 85. in the end] Q₂; at the length Q₁. vi. 51. Gentle] Q₁; gentle Q₂. vii. 69. tombs] timber Q₂.
- III. ii. 106. plainness] paleness Q₂. iii. 1. Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO] Enter the Jew, and Salerio Q₂ (Salarino, Q₁; Solanio F₁). iv. 21. misery] Q₁; cruelty Q₂. iv. 49. [Padua] Mantua Q₂. iv. 53. traject] Transect Q₂. iv. 63. accoutred] Q₂; apparreld Q₁. v. 75. far'st] Q₁; charst Q₂. v. 82-3. mean it, then In] Q₁; mean it, it In Q₂.
- IV. i. 281. instantly] Q₂; presently Q₁. i. 326. tak'st] Q₂; cutst Q₁. i. 434. depends . . . on] Q₂; then this depends upon Q₁.
- V. i. 114. welfare] Q₂; health Q₁.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Text based on F₁

- Ind. i. 88. A Player] Sincklo F₁.
- I. ii. 18. masters] mistris F₁. ii. 267. feat] seeke F₁.
- II. i. 3. gawds] good F₁.
- III. i. 48-51 to Luc., 52-3 to Bianca, 54-8 to Hort., F₁. i. 81. change] F₂; charge F₁. odd] old F₁. ii. 30. [old news] om. Ff. ii. 130. to her love] sir, Love F₁.
- IV. iii. 63. [Hab.] Fel. F₁.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Text based on F₁. Passages in brackets from Q₁

- I. i. 45. George] Thomas F. iii. 54. well] Q₁; will F. iii. 104-5. Page . . . Ford] Ford . . . Page F.
- II. i. 63. Hundredth Psalm] hundred Psalms F. i. 226. Brook] Q₁; Broome F (and so throughout). i. 228. Mynheers] An-heires F.
- III. v. 5-6. and . . . offal] Q₁; like a . . . offal, and to be thrown in the Thames F. v. 90. [By the Lord] Q₁; Yes F.
- IV. ii. 122. ging] F₂; gin F₁. ii. 194. hag] Q₁; rag F₁. iv. 43. [Disguis'd . . .] Malone, adapted from Q₁; om. F. iv. 83. Quickly] quickly F.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Text based on Q

- I. i. 1. Enter LEONATO] Enter Leonato . . . In-nogen his wife Q Ff. Pedro] Peter Q.

II. i. 1. Enter LEONATO] Enter Leonato wife Q Ff. iii. 39. Music [within] J and Jacks Wilson Ff.

III. ii. 28. can] cannot Q. iii. 84. at statutes Q.

IV. ii. 1. Dog.] Keeper Q. ii. 2, 5. Cowley Q. ii. 4. Dog.] Andrew Q. etc. Dog.] Kemp. Q. ii. 53. etc. V. Q. ii. 69. etc. Dog.] Const. Q. ii. 7. . . coxcomb!] Cowley. Let then hands of Coxcombe Q.

V. iv. 98. [Bene.] Leon. Q.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Text based on F₁

- I. ii. 4. I were] were F. ii. 55. perceiveth F. ii. 88. Cal.] Ros. F.
- II. iv. 1. weary] merry F. iv. 44. they would F. vii. 73. wearer's] . . . coxcomb!] Cowley.
- III. ii. 163. pulpiter] Jupiter F.
- IV. i. 19. my] by F.
- V. iii. 31-4. F places after 22. Taken from an early 17th century h[and] her] his F.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Text based on F₁

- I. ii. 40-1. company And sight] sigh pany F. iii. 105. curl by] coole 144. damn'd] dam'd F. v. 17. Violenta F.
- II. ii. 33. made of.] made, if F. v. become F.
- III. i. 75. wise men, folly-fallen] folly false F. iv. 77. tang] F₂;
- V. i. 207. pavin] F₂; panyn F₁.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Text based on F₁

- Prol. 19. spar] stirre F.
- I. i. 37. a storm] a-scorne F. ii. 9. F. ii. 260. money] an eye Q. iii. 5. Retyres Q F. iii. 228. bid] Q; on host] Q; mould F.
- II. i. 15. unsalted] Q; whinid'st bare] Q; hard F. ii. 70. soil'd] F. ii. 104. eld] elders Q; old brach] brooch F. iii. 86. shent] as F. iii. 109. composure] Q; couns iii. 115. flexure] Q; flight F. iii. . . . warm] Continued to Ajax Q F
- III. i. 172 [Par.] Q; om. F. ii. 28. Q; reputed F. ii. 25. tun'd] Q; 210. whose] which Q F. iii. 43. why turn'd Q F. iii. 137. fasting ing F. iii. 162. rear] neere F. iii. goe Q F. iii. 225. air] ayrie ayre
- IV. ii. 10. joys] Q; eyes F. ii. 13.

Q; hidionally F. ii. 76. *Re-enter*] *Enter Pandarus* and F. iii. 9. own] Q; om. F. iv. 4. violenteth] Q; no lesse F. iv. 9. dross] Q; crosse F. iv. 26. strain'd] Q; strange F. iv. 124. zeal] seale Q F. to thee] Q; towards F. iv. 148. *Des*] *Dio* F. v. 96. knight] knight; they call him Troylus F.

V. ii. 10-11. sing . . . cliff] Q; finde . . . life F. ii. 43. all hell's] Q; hell F. ii. 81. Nay . . . me] *To Dio*. Q F. ii. 82. doth take] Q; rakes F. ii. 103. you] Q; me F. iii. 21. give . . . use] count give much to as F. iii. 27. brave] deere Q F. iii. 114. broker] brother F. iii. 113-115. om. Q. Cf. x. 32-34. vii. 6. aims] arme F. viii. 20. bait] Q; bed F.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Text based on F₁

I. ii. 56. Thus] This F. iii. 118. [Diana no] om. F.

II. i. 64. fee] see F. i. 147. fits] shifts F. i. 176. nay] ne F. i. 195. heaven] helpe F. iii. 68. *After father F inserts* [She addresses her to a Lord. iii. 309. detested] detected F. v. 29. End] And F. v. 94. Ber.] om. F.

III. i. 9. 1. Lord] French E F. i. 17. 2. Lord] Fren. G F. ii. 9. sold.] F₃; hold F_{1,2}. ii. 20. E'en] In F. ii. 47. etc. 1. Lord] French E F. ii. 49, etc. 2. Lord] French G F. ii. 65. 1. Lord] 1 G F. vi. 1, etc. 1. Lord] Cap. E F. vi. 3, etc. 2. Lord] Cap. G F. vi. 40. ore] ours F.

IV. i. 1. 1. Lord] 1. Lord E F. i. 10, etc. 1. Lord] Lord E F. ii. 38. *Hopelessly corrupt*. iii. 1, etc. 2. Lord] Cap. G F. iii. 2, etc. 1. Lord] Cap. E F. iii. 158. All's one to him] *Continued to Par.* F. iii. 222. lordship] Lord F. v. 19. [salad] om. F.

V. ii. 25. similes] smiles F. iii. 27. 1. Lord] Gent. F. iii. 158. DIANA] *Diana and Parolles* F. iii. 216. infinite cunning] insuite comming F.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Text based on F₁

I. i. 9. *Hopelessly corrupt*. ii. 120. F marks a new scene here. ii. 138. morality] mortality F. iii. 20. steeds] weeds F. iii. 21. nineteen] fourteen F. Cf. I. ii. 172. iii. 42-3. sight . . . it] fight . . . in F. iv. 52. in hope] and hope F.

II. i. 39. vice] ice F. i. 255. day] bay F. ii. 25. God save] 'Save F. iii. 11. flames] flaws F. iii. 40. law] love F. iv. 9. sear'd] fear'd F. iv. 123. this] thy F.

III. ii. 41. Free] F₂; om. F₁. ii. 193. say't] say F. ii. 237. and] and as F.

IV. i. 76. tilth] tithe F. ii. 47. If] *Clo.* If F. ii. 103. This] *Duke.* This F. ii. 104. [Duke] *Pro.* F. ii. 218. here] om. F. iii. 93. the

under] yond F. iv. 6. redeliver] re-liver F. iv. 29. bears] bears of F. v. 8. Valentinus] Valencius F.

V. i. 428. confiscation] F₂; confiscation F₁.

PERICLES

Text based on Q₁

I. 21. fere] Peere Q. ii. 3. Be my] By me Q. ii. 25. ostent] stint Q. ii. 30. am] once Q. ii. 41. blast] sparke Q. iii. 28. ears it] seas Q. iv. 13-14. do . . . do] to . . . to Q. iv. 74. him's] himnes Q. iv. 77-8. fear? The] leave our Q₁; fears, the Q₂.

II. i. 86. holidays] all day Q. i. 140. father's gift] Father gave Q. i. 171. equal] a goal Q. ii. 14. interpret] entertains Q. iv. 55. thus] us Q. iv. 56. us] om. Q.

III. 46. fortune's mood] fortune mov'd Q. i. 53. custom] easterne Q. i. 53-4 for . . . straight] *After meet in 55.* Q. i. 61. the ooze] oare Q. i. 63. And aye] The ayre Q. ii. 48. ne'er decay] never Q. iii. 7. wanderingly] wondrously Q. iv. 6. eaning] F₂; learning Q.

IV. 10. her . . . heart] hie . . . art Q. 17. ripe . . . rite] right . . . sight Q. i. 5. inflaming, etc.] in flaming, thy love bosome Q. i. 20. like] Q₁; om. Q₂. i. 27. Near . . . margent] ere . . . marre it Q. ii. 1. Enter, etc.] *Enter the three Bawdes* Q. ii. 80. like] om. Q. iii. 12. fact] face Q. iii. 27. prime] prince Q. iii. 28. sources] courses Q.

V. 13. lost] left Q. i. 1 [Tyr.] 1. Q. i. 7. [Tyr.] 2. Q. i. 11. [Tyr. Sail.] Hell. Q. i. 70. bounty] beantie Q. i. 72. feat] fate Q. i. 247. life] like Q. iii. 89. preserv'd] preferd Q.

CYMBELINE

Text based on F₁

I. i. 29. gain] ioyne F. i. 70. F. begins Sc. ii. here. i. 116. cere] seare F. iv. 50. [not] om. F. iv. 80. [but] om. F. iv. 146. afraid] a Friend F. vi. 108. lie] by F. vi. 109. illustrious] illustrious F.

II. i. 51. [Goes, etc.] *Exit.* F. iv. 37. [Phi.] *Post.* F. v. 16. German one] Iarmen on F. v. 27. may be nam'd] F₂; name F₁.

III. i. 19. ribbed and paled] ribb'd and pal'd F. i. 20. rocks] Oakes F. ii. 80. nor there] not heere F. iii. 2. Stoop] Sleeps F. iii. 23. bribe] babe F. iv. 81. afore't] a-foot F. v. 56. thou, that stands] thou that stand't F. vi. 28. F. begins Sc. vii. here. vi. 71. I'd] I do F.

IV. i. 19. her] thy F. ii. 57. him] them F. ii. 112. cease] cause F.

V. iii. 42. stoop'd] stopt F. v. 262. lock] rock F. v. 334. mere] reere F.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Text based on *F*₁

- I. ii. 70. no] *F*₂; om. *F*₁. ii. 337. forscaling] for scaling *F*.
 II. i. 90. fedary] federarie *F*. ii. 148. beseech] beseech' *F*.
 III. ii. 172. [dark] *F*₂; om. *F*₁.
 IV. iii. 10. [with heigh!] *F*₂; om. *F*₁. iv. 769. or touse] at toaze *F*.
 V. i. 80. Begin, "And] And begin *F*. iii. 18. Lonely] Louely *F*.

THE TEMPEST

Text based on *F*₁

- I. i. 71. furze] firrs *F*. ii. 141. set] nor set *F*. ii. 351. [*Pros.*] Mira. *F*.
 II. i. 36. Antonio] Ant. *F* (as speech-tag).
 IV. i. 13. gift] guest *F*. i. 123. wise] Some copies of *F*₁ are said to read wife. i. 128. winding] windring *F*.

KING JOHN

Text based on *F*₁

- I. i. 50. Bast.] Philip *F*. But usually *F* calls Philip Bastard.
 II. i. *F* begins I. ii. here. i. 149. Philip] Lewis *F*. i. 215. Confronts your] Comfort yours *F*. i. 325. Cit.] Hubert *F* (and throughout this scene except 368). i. 335. run] rome *F*. i. 368. Cit.] Fra. *F*. i. 424. niece] neere *F*.
 III. i. *F* begins II. i. here. i. 75. *F* begins III. i. here. i. 259. chafed] cased *F*. i. 271. most] not *F*. iii. 26. time] tune *F*. iii. 39. ear] race *F*. iv. 44. not] *F*₄; om. *F*₁.
 IV. ii. 42. when] then *F*. ii. 117. care] *F* doubtful; perhaps eare. iii. 71. head] hand *F*. iii. 155. cincture] center *F*.
 V. i. *F* begins IV. i. here. ii. 36. grapple] cripple *F*. ii. 133. unhair'd] un-heard *F*. vi. 12. eyeless] endless *F*. vii. mind] winde *F*.

RICHARD II

Text based on *Q*₁ (for IV. i. 154-318 on *F*₁)

- I. iii. 193. far] *F*₄; fare *Q*. iv. 20. cousin, cousin] *Ff*; coosens coosin *Q*. iv. 23. [Bagot ... Greene] *Q*₅; om. *Q*₁. iv. 53. [Bushy, what news?] *Ff*; om. *Q*. iv. 65. All.] om. *Q*.
 II. i. 102. incaged] *F*₁; intraged *Q*. i. 280. Substantially from Holinshed; om. *Q*₁ *Ff*.
 III. ii. 134. offence] *Ff*; om. *Q*. iii. 13. with you] *Ff*; om. *Q*. iv. 11. joy] grief *Q*. iv. 57. We] om. *Q*.
 IV. i. 154-318. om. *Q*₁ 2.

V. i. 84. North.] *Ff*. King *Q*. iii. *Ff*; still *Q*. vi. 43. the] *Q*₂ *Ff*; o

1 HENRY IV

Text based on *Q*₁

- I. i. 76-7. In faith, It is] Continued: *Ff*. ii. 177. thou] the *Q*. ii. 181. Peto] Harvey, Rosail *Q*₁ *Ff*. iii. *Ff*; bare *Q*. iii. 201. Hot.] om. (*Ff*; om. *Q*.
 II. i. 7. The] *Ff*; om. *Q*. ii. 118. fragment of *Q*₁. The rest omit. iv. dent] present *Q*; president *Ff*. iv. *Q*₂ *F*₁ sonnes *Q*₁. iv. 192. Prince] *Q*. iv. 193, 195, 199. Gads.] *Ff*; 434. tristful] trustfull *Q*₁ *Ff*. iv. *Ff*; so *Q*.
 III. iii. 68. tithe] tight *Q*.
 IV. i. 127. yet] *Ff*; it *Q*.
 V. i. 1. Enter ... Sir] Enter ... Westmerland, Sir *Q*₁ *Ff*. i. 2. bulky *Q*. i. 25. do] *Ff*; om. *Q*. ii. *Q*₅; under one *Q*₁. iv. 77 [and ex the Prince killeth Percie *Q* *Ff*.

2 HENRY IV

Text based on *Q*₁. Passages in bracket.

- Ind. 85. hold] hole *Q*.
 I. i. 161. Tra.] Um/r. *Q*. ii. 55. W] dolph?] After through it in 53, hath ... age] *Ff*; have ... an a 137. [Fal.] *Ff*; Old. *Q*. ii. 163. *Ff*; alender *Q*. iii. 37. Needed] iii. 79. To] om. *Q*.
 II. i. 182. [Basingstoke] *Ff*; Billi ii. 1. POINS] Poynes, Sir John Russ *Q*. ii. 17. viz.] *Ff*; with *Q*. ii. 1. er's] borrowed *Q*. iv. 1, 11. 2. Francis *Q*. iv. 14. Dispatch] Dr *Q*. iv. 16, 23. 2. Draw.] *Ff*; Fru 20. word] word. Enter Will *Q*.
 III. i. 27. sea-boy] *Ff*; season *Q*. BEV] Surry, and Sir John Blunt Fal. Prick him] *Ff*; Iohn prickes 160. [Fal.] Shal. *Q*.
 IV. i. 34. rage] rage *Q*. i. 94-5. corrupt. ii. 24. Employ] *Ff*; Im 69. [Hast.] *Ff*; Prince *Q*. iii. 45. Rome, there cosin *Q*. iv. 32. me meeting *Q*. iv. 104. write ... le wet ... termes *Q*. v. 13. alter'd (Devonshire). v. 161. worst of] then *Q*. v. 205. [my] thy *Q*.
 V. i. 1. Enter, etc.] Enter Sinckle or foure Officers *Q*. iv. 4, etc. Sinckle *Q*. iv. 8, etc. Dot.] *Ff*; v. 16. [Shal.] *Ff*; Pist. *Q*. Epi. 35 ... Queen] After infinitely in 17,

HENRY V

Text based on F₁

- ro. Enter [CHORUS] Enter Prologue F.
 ii. i. 1. BEDFORD] *Bedford, Clarence F.*
 i. i. 110, 111. Qq; om. F. ii. 139. mark the]
 make thee F. ii. 148. [Henry] Qq; Thomas
 F. iii. 17. 'a babbled' a Table F. iii. 26.
 [and . . . stone] Qq; om. F. iii. 44. hell-fire]
 Q₁; Hell F. iv. 107. pining] Qq; priuy F.
 II. i. F begins Act II here. Pro. 4. [Hampton]
 Dover F. i. 32. Straining] Straying F. iii.
 32. heady] F₂; heady F₂; heady F. iii.
 35. Defile] Desire F. v. 1. the DUKE OF
 BOURBON] *Bourbon Q*; om. F. v. 10, 32.
Bour.] Brit. F. v. 46. knights] Kings F. vii.
 13. pasterns] F₂; postures F.
 V. i. 96. Thomas] John F. i. 308. reckoning,
 if] reck'ning of F. ii. 47. drooping] F₂;
 dropping F. iii. 13, 14. After 11 in F. iii.
 44. live . . . see] see . . . live F. iii. 48. Qq;
 om. F. vii. 1. F begins Act IV here.
 7. ii. 12. England] F₂; Ireland F. ii. 275.
 d'une] d'une nostre Seigneur F.

1 HENRY VI

Text based on F₁

- i. 49. moist] F₂; moistned F. i. 50. marish]
 nourish F. i. 92, etc. Dauphin] Dolphin F.
 i. 131, etc. Fastolfe] Falstaffe F. i. 176.
 steal] send F. iv. 33. vile] pil'd F.
 I. iv. 1, etc. Plan.] Yorke F. iv. 76. faction]
 fashion F.
 II. i. 52. [Som.] om. F. i. 53. [War.] Som. F.
 i. 54. Som.] om. F.
 V. i. 180. wist] wish F. iii. 17, etc. [Lucy] 2.
 Mes. F. iv. 16. legions] Regions F.

2 HENRY VI

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 47-8. Are . . . you] Continued to Glou. F.
 i. 91. Simcox] Symon F. i. 181. his] it F.
 ii. 45-6. was son To . . . son] was to . . .
 Sonnes Sonne F.
 II. i. 140. suspect] suspense F. ii. 26. [Meg]
 Nell F. ii. 79, 100, 120. [Margaret] Elianor
 F. ii. 116. witch] watch F. ii. 146. [Re-enter,
 etc.] *Bed put forth F*; *Warwicke draws the
 curtaines and shoves Duke Humphrey in his
 bed Qq.* ii. 306. to] no F.
 V. i. 48. Qq; om. Ff. i. 70. [Lieu. . . Pole!]
 Qq; om. Ff. i. 117. Gelidus] Pine gelidus
 F. vii. 75. But] Kent F.
 7. i. 109. these] thee F. i. 201. household]
 Qq; housed F.

3 HENRY VI

Text based on F₁

- i. 268. coast] cost F. ii. 48, etc. a MESSEN-

GER] *Gabriel F.* iv. 50. buckle] Qq; buckle
 F.

- II. i. 113. Qq; om. F. i. 131. an idle] Qq; a
 lazy F. ii. 89. Since] F₂; Cla. Since F. ii.
 133. Rich.] Qq; War. F. v. 55. [dragging,
 etc.] at one doore: and a Father that hath
 kill'd his Sonne at another doore F. v. 119.
 E'en] Men F. vi. 8. Qq; om. Ff.
 III. i. 1, etc. two KEEPERS] Qq; Sinklo and
 Humfrey F. i. 24. thee, sour Adversity] the
 sower adversaries F. ii. 18, etc. [L. Grey]
 Wid. F.
 V. ii. 44. clamour] Qq; cannon F. iv. 27.
 ragged] raged F.

RICHARD III

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 75. to her for his] Qq; for her F. ii. 79.
 For] Qq; of F. ii. 202. [Glou.] Qq; om. F.
 ii. 203 Qq; om. F. ii. 226. [Glou. . . corse].
 Qq; om. F. iii. 114. Q₁; om. F. iii. 342, 350,
 358. 1. Murd.] Vil. F. iv. 129. 'Zounds] Qq;
 Come F. iv. 187. [it is . . . thing] Qq; om.
 F. iv. 148. ['Zounds] Qq; om. F. iv. 148-
 150. 'tis] 1. 'Tis F. iv. 151, 156, 162, 164. [1.
 Murd.] 2. Qq Ff. iv. 154, 159, 163. [2.
 Murd.] 1. Qq Ff. iv. 165, 170, 172, 174. [2.
 Murd.] Qq; 1. Ff. iv. 167. [1. Murd.] Qq;
 2. Ff. iv. 194-5. [to . . . sins] Qq; for any
 goodness F. iv. 243. Qq; om. Ff. iv. 264-5.
 After 273 in F. iv. 270-2. Before 274 in F.
 II. i. 1. HASTINGS] *Hastings, Catesby F.* i. 7.
 Hastings and Rivers] Dorset and Rivers F;
 Rivers and Hastings Qq. i. 56. unwittingly]
 Qq; unwillingly F. ii. 84-5 [and . . . weep]
 Qq; om. F. ii. 142, 154. Ludlow] Qq; Lon-
 don F. ii. 145. Qq; om. F. iv. 1, 2. North-
 ampton . . . Stratford] Qq; Stony Stratford,
 And at Northampton F.
 III. i. 97. dread] Q₁; deare F. iii. 1. Qq; om.
 F. iv. 10. [Who . . . lord] Qq; om. F. iv. 32,
 33. Qq; My Lord of Ely F. iv. 57. likeli-
 hood] Qq; livelyhood F. iv. 60. Qq; om. F.
 v. 50. I] Qq; Buck. I F. v. 52. Glou.] Q₄;
 continued to Buck. F. v. 69. But] Qq; Which
 F. v. 108. notice] Qq; order F. vii. 43. Qq;
 om. F. vii. 158. my right] Q₂; the ripe F;
 my ripe Q₁. vii. 220. Qq; om. F.
 IV. ii. 84, 85. Qq; om. F. ii. 101-121. [perhaps,
 . . . tut] Qq; Buck. May it please you to
 resolve me in my suit. Rich. F. iii. 31. at]
 Qq; and F. iv. 10. unblown] Qq; unblowed
 F. iv. 39. Qq; om. F. iv. 41. Harry] Richard
 Qq; Husband F. iv. 52, 53. Transposed in F;
 om. Qq. iv. 100, 101, Qq; transposed in F. iv.
 102, 104. one] Qq; she F. iv. 103. one] she
 F. iv. 128. intestate] Qq; intestine F. iv.
 323. loan] Lone F. iv. 324. Of ten] Often F.
 iv. 376. Qq; after 373 in F. thyself missest]
 Qq; is self misus'd F. iv. 377. God . . .

God's] Qq; Heaven . . . Heavens F. iv. 396.
o'erpast] Qq; repast F. iv. 443 [Ratcliff]
Catesby F.

- V. iii. 58-9. Catesby! *Cate.*] Ratcliffe. *Rat. F.*;
Catesby! *Rat. Qq.* iii. 82. loving] Q₁; noble
F. iii. 104. thoughts] Qq; noise F. iii. 125.
deadly] Q₁; om. F. iii. 196. Q₁; F omits
second perjury. iii. 208. ['Zounds!] Qq; om.
F. iii. 212-14. [O . . . lord] Qq; om. F. iii.
255. sweat] Q₁; swear F. iii. 293. out all]
Q₁; om. F. iii. 319. ventures] adventures F.
iii. 338. Fight] Q₁; Right F. bold] Q₁;
boldly F. v. 11. if . . . now] Qq; if you
please we may F.

HENRY VIII

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 42. All] *Buc.* All F. i. 47. as] F₄; *Nor.*
As F₁. i. 167. rinning] wrenching F. i. 219.
chancellor] counsellour F. i. 221. [Nicholas]
from *Holinshed*; Michael F. ii. 104. confession's]
from *Holinshed*; commissions F.
II. i. 53. [William] from *Holinshed*; Walter
F. i. 86. mark] make F. ii. 63. [*Norfolk*]
. . . King] and the King draws the Curtaine
and sits F. iii. 61. of you] of you, to you F.
III. ii. 171. fill'd] fill'd F. ii. 343. Chattels]
Castles F.
V. iii. 85, 87. [*Cham.*] *Cham.* F. iii. 125. bare]
base F. iii. 133. this] his F.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

*Text based on Q₁. Readings from Q₁ are derived from
the collation published in the Shakespeare-Jahrbuch,
XLI, 211-16*

- I. i. 35-6. In coffins . . . And now] Q₂; In
coffins from the field, and at this day/To
the Monument of that Andronicus / Done
sacrifice of expiation/And slaine the Noblest
prisoner of the Gothes /And now Q₁. i. 122.
your] Q₁; you Q₂. i. 131. never . . . barbarous]
Q₁; ever . . . barbarous? Q₂. i. 102.
the] Q₂; this Q₁. i. 214. friends] Q₁; friend
Q₂. i. 219. you] Q₂; yee Q₁. i. 224. your]
Q₂; our Q₁. i. 304. there none else] F₂;
none Qq. i. 316. Phœbe] F₂; Thebe Qq. i.
398. Ff; om. Qq. i. 477. I do] Q₂; do I Q₁.
i. 495. Flourish . . . ACT II . . . Enter AARON]
Exeunt, sound trumpets, Manet Moore Qq; Exeunt,
Actus Secunda. Flourish. Enter Aaron
alone F₁.
II. i. 110. than] this Qq. ii. 1. morn] Moore Q₂.
iii. 20. yelping] Ff; yellowing Q₂. iii. 72.
swarth] Ff; swartie Q₂. iii. 85. note] notice
Q₂. iii. 88. have I] F₂; I have Q₂. iii. 147.
woman's] Q₁; woman Q₂. iii. 222. embred
here] Q₂; bereaud in blood Q₁. iv. 9. case]

cause Q₂. iv. 21. have] half Q₂.
them Q₁. iv. 30. three] theyr Q₂.
III. i. 17. urns] ruines Q₂. i. 125.
in Q₂. i. 146. with his] F₁; wit
210. would] Q₂; wouldst Q₁.
blow] F₂; doth flow Q₁; do flo
things] Ff; Armes Q₂. i. 242. I
Q₂. ii. This scene is omitted in
based on F₁. ii. 38. mash'd] mes
IV. i. 10. [*Marc.*] om. Qq Ff. i. 10.
our Q₁; you Q₂. i. 109. bad] Q₂.
i. 117. my] Q₁; thy Q₂. ii. 152.
Muliteus Q₂. iv. 5. [as know]
iv. 98. feed] Q₂; seeds Q₂; Foo
V. i. 1. [*colours*] *Souldiers* Qq Ff.
Q₂; dame Q₁. i. 53. Get] *Aron*.
i. 96. that] Q₂; which Q₁. i. 107.
Q₂; that letter Q₁. ii. 18. it acts
accord Q₂. ii. 52. murderers] m
ii. 71. fits] Q₂; humors Q₁. ii.
Q₂; shalt Q₁. ii. 187. abide] Q₂.
ii. 142. know . . . suppose] Q₂.
supposed Q₁. ii. 157. Rape] Q₂.
Q₁. iii. 73. Lest] *Roman Lord*. I
Let Ff. iii. 93-97. Lending . . .
Q₂; And force you to commiser
Romes young Capitaine let him t
While I stand by and weepe t
speake. / *Lucius*. Then gratio
be it knowne to you, / That Ch
damn'd Demetrius, Q₁. iii. 125.
course Q₂. iii. 130. now] Q₂; i
iii. 132. cast us down] Q₂; hur
Q₁. iii. 141, 146. [*All*] *Marcus*.
matter] Q₂; storie Q₁. iii. 165-1
bid thee bare his prettie tales
And talke of them when he w
gone. / *Marcus*. How manie th
hath these poore lips, / Whe
living warnd them selves on thi
sweets boy give them their lates
him farewell commit him to th
iii. 171. him . . . him] them . . .
195. ravenous] Q₁; hainous Q₂.
weeds] Q₂; weede Q₁. iii. 20
being dead let birds on her take

ROMEO AND JULIET

Text based on Q₁

- I. i. 27. cruel] Q₄; civil Q₂. i. 7
Q₄; washing Q₂. i. 159. sun] s
i. 183. create] Q₁; created Q₂. i.
a lovers Q₁; loving Q₂. i. 20.
Qq Ff. i. 217. unharm'd] Q₁.
Q₂. ii. 18. An she agree] An
Q₂. ii. 29. female] Q₁; fennel
on] Q₄; one Q₂. iii. 66, 67. I
houre Q₂. iv. 7, 8. Q₁ om. Q₂.
Q₁; dum Q₂; dun Q₂. iv. 42.
reverence] Q₁; Or save your r

- iv. 66. maid] Q₁; man Q₂. iv. 103. face] Q₁; side Q₂. iv. 113. sail] Q₁; sute Q₂. v. 19. walk a bout] have about Q₁; walke about Q₂. v. 96. fine] sin Q₂.
- II. i. 6. *Mer.*] Q₁; *om.* Q₂. i. 13. trim] Q₁; true Q₂. i. 38. *et cetera*] Q₁; or Q₂. ii. 31. pacing] Q₁; puffing Q₂. ii. 41. nor . . . part] Q₁; *om.* Q₂. ii. 42. O . . . name] *After* face in 41, Q₂. ii. 101. more cunning] Q₁; coying Q₂. ii. 152. suit] Q₄; strife Q₂. ii. 164. [Romeo's name] Q₁; *om.* Q₂. ii. 168. dear] Q₄; Neece Q₂. ii. 188. *After* rest, Q₂ inserts iii. 1-4. iii. 4. fiery] Q₁; burning Q₂. iv. 4. Ah] Q₁; Why Q₂. iv. 30. fantasticoes] Q₁; phantacies Q₂. v. 16. marry,] many Q₄ Ff.
- III. i. 94. o' both your] on your Q₁; a both Q₂. i. 127. Alive] Q₁; He gan Q₂. i. 171. agile] Q₁; aged Q₂. i. 193. hate's] Q₁; hearts Q₂. ii. 6-8. wink . . . Lovers' wineke, and Romeo Leape to these armes, untalkt of and unseene, Lovers Q₂. ii. 76. Dove . . . lamb] Ravenous dovefeathered Raven, wolvishravening lamb Q₂. iii. 40-44. *In* Q₂ the order is 41, 43, 40, (41), 42. iii. 143. misbehav'd] Q₁; mishaved Q₂. iii. 144. pout'at upon] Q₅; puts up Q₂. v. 102. [Tybalt] F₂; *om.* Q₂. v. 127. air] Q₄; earth Q₂. v. 182. train'd] Q₁; liand Q₂; allied Q₂.
- IV. i. 81. shut] Q₁; hide Q₂. i. 85. shroud] Q₄; grave F₁; *om.* Q₂. i. 100. paly] Q₄; many Q₂. i. 110. bier] beere, Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave Q₂. iii. 58. Romeo . . . thee] Q₁; Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drink, I drinke to thee Q₂. v. 82. fond] F₂; some Q₂. v. 100. *I. Mus.*] *Fid.* Q₂. v. 102. *Enter* PETER] Q₄; *Enter Will Kemp* Q₂. v. 107. of woe] Q₄; *om.* Q₂. v. 109. *I. Mus.*] *Minstrels* Q₂. v. 129. Q₁; *om.* Q₂. v. 135, 138. Pretty] Q₁; Prates Q₂.
- V. i. 15. fares my] Q₁; doth my Lady Q₂. i. 24. defy] Q₁; denie Q₂. iii. 3. yew] Ew Q₁; young Q₂. iii. 22. *Enter . . . BALTHASAR*] Q₁; *Enter . . . Peter* Q₂. iii. 68. conjurations] Q₁; commiration Q₂. iii. 107. *After* night, Q₂ inserts, Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme, / Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in. / O true Appothecarie! / Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die. iii. 137. yew] yong Q₂. iii. 209. more early] Q₁; now earling Q₂.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Text based on F₁

- I. ii. 3. etc. Antonius'] Antonio's F. ii. 72. laughen] laughter F. ii. 155. walle] walkes F.
- II. i. 40. ides] first F. ii. 23. did] do F. ii. 40. are] heare F.

- III. i. 39. law] lane F. ii. 11. *Brutus . . . pulpit*] *Before* line 1 in F. ii. 203. [*All.*] *om.* F. ii. 225. wit] F₂; writ F₁.
- IV. i. 37. abjects, orts] Obiects, Arts F. ii. 50. [Lucius] Lucilius F. ii. 52. [Lucilius] Let Lucius F. iii. 1. [*Enter*] *Manet* F (*with no division of scene*).
- V. iii. 104. Thassos] Tharsus F.

HAMLET

Text based on F₁. Passages in brackets from Q₂

- I. i. 65. jump] Q₂; just F. i. 94. design'd] F₂; designe F₁. i. 150. morn] Q₂; day F. ii. 150. etc. God] Q₂; Heaven F. ii. 198. waste] vast Q₁; wast Q₂ F. ii. 204. distill'd] Q₂; beestil'd F. ii. 248. tenable] Q₂; treble F. iii. 8. forward] Q₂; froward F. iii. 16. will] Q₂; feare F. iii. 21. sanity] safty Q₂; sanctity F. iii. 26. particular act and place] Q₂; peculiar Sect and force F. iii. 34. you in] Q₂; within F. iii. 74. Are . . . in that] Are of a . . . cheff in that F; Or of a . . . chiefe in that Q₂. iii. 109. Running] Roaming F; wrong Q₂. iii. 114. almost . . . holy] Q₂; all the F. iii. 117. Lends] Q₂; Gives F. iii. 128. that dye] Q₂; the eye F. iii. 130. bawds] bonds Q₄ Ff. iv. 37. often dout] of a doubt Q₂. v. 29. Haste] Q₂; Hast, hast F. I] *om.* F. v. 33. roots] Q₂; rote F. v. 71. bark'd] Q₂; bak'd F. v. 114. *Ham.*] Q₂; *Mar. F.* v. 115. *Mar.*] Q₂; *Hor. F.* v. 133. whirling] whurling Q₂; hurling F. v. 162. earth] Q₂; ground F. v. 167. our] F; your Q₂.
- II. i. 111. heed] Q₂; speed F. i. 114. By heaven] Q₂; It seemes F. ii. 10. dream] Q₂; deeme F. ii. 45. and] Q₂; one F. ii. 308. heavily] Q₂; heavenly F. ii. 312. firmament] Q₂; *om.* F. ii. 338. tickle] tickled F. ii. 438. pious] Q₂; pons F. ii. 442. valanc'd] Q₂; valiant F. ii. 479. total] Q₂; to take F. ii. 525, 526. mobled] Q₂; inobled F. ii. 579. own] Q₂; whole F. ii. 580. wann'd] Q₂; warm'd F. ii. 604. ['Swounds] Q₂; Why F. ii. 612. a dear father] Q₄; the Deere F.
- III. i. 71. proud] Q₂; poore F. i. 76. fardels] Q₂; these fardels F. i. 86. pith] F; pitch Q₂. i. 87. awry] Q₂; away F. i. 97. I] F; you Q₂. i. 99. Their . . . lost] Q₂; then . . . left F. i. 136. nowhere] Q₂; no way F. i. 148. paintings] Q₂; pratings F. i. 149. face] Q₂; pace F. ii. 35. nor man] Q₂; or Norman F. ii. 80. heedful] Q₂; needfull F. ii. 151. *Enter PROLOGUE*] *after* follow, Q₂; *after* 158, F. this fellow] Q₂; these fellows F. ii. 171, etc. *P. Queen*] *Bap. F.* ii. 262. your] Q₂; *om.* F. ii. 351. surely . . . upon] Q₂; freely . . . of F. iii. 81. flush] Q₂; fresh F. iv. 12. a wicked] Q; an idle F. iv. 65. brother] Q₂; breath F. iv. 169. either

- [master] either Q₂; Maister Q₄. iv. 182. bloat] blowt Q₂; blunt F.
- IV. i. 40. [so, haply slander] om. Qq Ff. ii. 19. as . . . nuts] Q₁; like an ape F; like an apple Q₂. iii. 47. is] Q₂; at F. v. 1-20. So Q₂; F has no Gent. in the scene, and 2-3, 4-13 are given to *Hor.*, the rest to *Queen*. v. 146. pelican] Q₂; Politician F. vii. 27. Whose worth] Q₂; Who was F. vii. 85. can] Q₂; ran F. vii. 143. that, but dip] Q₂; I but dipt F.
- V. i. 80. claw'd] Q₂; caught F. i. 87. now o'er-reaches] Q₂; o're Offices F. i. 88. would] Q₂; could F. i. 211. grinning] Q₂; leering F. i. 255. rites] F; crants Q₂. i. 288-9. [All. Gentlemen, — *Hor.*] Q₂; *Gen.* F. i. 297. [Swounds] Q₂; Come F. i. 307. [Queen.] Q₂; Kin. F. ii. 9. deep] Q₂; deare F. ii. 58. defeat] Q₂; debate F. ii. 91. lordship] Q₂; friendship F. ii. 132. do 't] Q₂; too 't Q₂. ii. 174. laid on] Q₂; one F. ii. 175. nine] Q₂; mine F. ii. 192. turn] Q₂; tongue F. ii. 196. has . . . many] Q₂; had . . . mine F. ii. 255. brother] Q₂; Mother F. ii. 299. Here . . . napkin] Q₂; Heere 's a napkin F. ii. 300. silence] Q₂; silence. O. o, o, o F.

OTHELLO

Text based on F₁

- L. i. 1. Tush!] Qq; om. F. i. 4. 'Sblood] Q₁; om. F. (and so frequently with oaths). i. 25. toged] Q₁; tongued F. i. 72. changes] Qq; chances F. i. 100. bravery] Qq; knaverie F. i. 183. night] Q₁; might F. iii. 139. travel's] Qq; travellours F. iii. 145. Do grow . . . These] Q₂; Grew . . . These things F. iii. 155. intently] Qq; instinctively F. iii. 159. sighs] Qq; kisses F. iii. 225 a] Qq; a more F. iii. 240-1. If . . . father's] Qq; Why at her Fathers? F. iii. 242. Des. Nor . . . not] Qq; Des. Nor would I F. iii. 258. which] Qq; why F. iii. 300. worldly matters] Qq; worldly matter F. iii. 330. balance] Qq; braine F.
- II. i. 25-6. in. A Veronese] in: A Veronesa Qq; in: A Verenneasa F. i. 65. ingener] Ingeniuer F. i. 105. list] Q₁; leave F. i. 230. again] Q₁; a game F. i. 267. mutualities] Qq; mutabilities F. i. 312. I trash] I trace F. i. 315. rank] Qq; right F. iii. 66. etc. God] Q₁; Heaven F. iii. 149 [Cry . . . help!] Qq; om. F. iii. 161. hold] Qq; om. F. iii. 322. denotement] Q₂; denotement F. iii. 391. the while] a while F.
- III. i. 22. mine] me, mine F; my Qq. i. 27. general's wife] Qq; General F. iii. 67. their] her Qq Ff. iii. 106. By . . . me] Alas, thou echoes't me F. iii. 138-9. a . . . But some] Qq; that . . . Wherein F. iii. 147. oft] Qq; of F. iii. 148. yet] Q₂; om. F.
- iii. 180. once] Qq; om. F. iii. 254. Q; quantities F. iii. 386. Her] iii. 395. supervisor] Q₁; supervin 188. sweet] Qq; neither F.
- IV. i. 21. infected] Qq; infection unsuiting] Q₁; resulting F; unfr 99. refrain] Qq; restrains F. i. strue] conster Qq; conserve i. power] Qq; doure F. i. 184. be becomes F. ii. 64. Ay, there] I iii. 41. sighing] Q₂; singing F.
- V. i. 1. bulk] Qq; Barke F. i. 35. For F. ii. 13 the rose] Qq; thy 15. it on] Qq; thee on F. ii. 234 etc.] *Before* Are in 234, Qq; om. Indian] Qq; Iudean F. ii. 351. Qq; Medicinable F

KING LEAR

Text based on F₁. Passages in brackets

- I. i. 70. Speak] Qq; om. F. i. 76. Qq; professes F. i. 112. my miseries F₁; mistress Qq. i. 22 will F. i. 284. shame them] Qq; F. i. 292. not] Qq; om. F. i. 30 sit F. ii. 21. top] tooth' Q₁; ii. 24. subscrib'd] Qq; Prescrib'd 6. Edgar—and] Qq; om. F. i. Lear. Why my Boy F. iv. 125. Ladie oth'e Qq; the Lady F.
- II. i. 78. spurs] Qq; spirits F. i. him] Qq; said he? F. i. 122. prize F. ii. 83. Bring] Qq; B 84. Renegé] F₂; Revenge F₁; i. ii. 128. That 't] That F; that T 150. Contemned't] temnest Q King] Qq; King his master a 158. Come, my good] Q₁; Come F. iv. 103. her] Qq; tends F. i. her pride] Qq; blister F.
- III. iv. 53. foord] foord Qq; sword word justly] words justly Q; w F. iv. 121. till the] Qq; at dearer] Qq; deere F. vi. 23. just Qq. vi. 27. bourn] broome Qq. Hym F.
- IV. ii. 57. to threat] thereat Q₁; ii. 79. justicers] Q₁; Justices F. iii. 13. Ay, sir] I say Qq. iii. strene Qq. iii. 33. moistened] her Qq. iv. 1. DOCTOR.] Qq; (iv. 6. sentry] Centery F; centu 11. Doct.] Qq; *Gen.* F. iv. 1 Qq; desires F. iv. 26. importu tun'd F. vi. 41. thee well] F; He falls Qq. vi. 71. enridged] Q F. vi. 83. coining] Qq; crying one] Qq; a F. vi. 256. English] Qq. vii. 1. etc. DOCTOR] Qq; F. vii. 21. *Gent.*] F; *Doct.* Q

Doct.] *Gent.* Q₁; *Kent.* Q₂; *om.* F. vii. 24. not] Q_q; *om.* F. vii. 32. warring] Q_q; iarring F.

V. iii. 93. prove] Q_q; make F. iii. 128. the] my privilege, The F. iii. 213. him] me Q_q. iii. 322. *Edg.*] F; *Duke* Q_q.

MACBETH

Text based on F₁

I. i. 10. [2. *Witch*] *All* F. ii. 14. quarrel] quarry F. ii. 26. break] *om.* F. iii. 97. hail] tale F. v. 48. it] F₂; hit F₁. vi. 4. martlet] Barlet F. vi. 5. masonry] masonry F. vi. 9. most] must F. vii. 6. shoal] schoole F.

II. i. 55. strides] sides F. i. 57. way they] they may F. ii. 37. sleeve] sleeve F.

III. ii. 13. scotch'd] scorch'd F. vi. 24. son] Sonnes F.

IV. i. 59. germens] Germaine F. i. 97. Rebellion's head] Rebellious dead F. i. 112. *A shew . . .*] *A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand* F. iii. 15. deserve] discerne F. iii. 107. accurs'd] accurst F₂; accurst F₁. iii. 235. tune] time F.

V. iii. 55. senna] F₄; Cyme F₁.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Text based on F₁

I. i. 1. others] Mercer F. i. 21. gum, which oozes] gowns, which uses F. i. 25. chafes] chases F. i. 40. man] men F. i. 87. slip] sit F. i. 241. my angry will] no angry wit F. i. 256-7. there! Aches] their Aches F. ii. 29. ever] verie F. ii. 120. [*Tucket within*] *Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with, etc. (as at 137)* F. ii. 128. *Enter CUPID*] *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies* F. ii. 131. The ear] there F. ii. 132. and smell] all F. ii. 137 [*Lady*] *Lord* F.

II. i. 35. in compt] in. Come F. ii. 1, etc. [*Flav.*] *Steward* F. ii. 38. date-broke] debt, broken F. ii. 194. [*Flaminius*] *Flavius* F.

III. iii. 20. I] *Ed.*; it F. iv. 113. [*Ventidius*] *Vlorra* F. v. 22. behave] behooove F. v. 49. fellow] fellow F. v. 63 I . . . he has] Why . . . ha's F. vi. 36. harshly. O] harshly o' F. vi. 89. foes] fees F. vi. 90. lag] legges F.

IV. i. 21. let] yet F. iii. 12. rother's] Brothers F. iii. 116. bars] Barne F. iii. 185. doth] do F. iii. 223. moss'd] moyst F. iii. 383. son and sire] Sunne and fire F. iii. 398. Moe] *Apem.* Moe F. iii. 499. mild] wilde F. iii. 437. villainy] Villaine F.

V. i. 150. sense] since F. i. 223. sour] fourre F. iii. 4. rear'd] reade F. iv. 55. Descend] Defend F. iv. 62. render'd] remedied F.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Text based on F₁

I. i. 50. whose] F₂; who F₁. ii. 5. charge] change F. ii. 39. fertile] foretell F. ii. 64. Alexas] *Alexas.* F. ii. 186. leave] love F. iv. 3. our] one F. iv. 44. dear'd] fear'd F. iv. 46. lackeying] lacking F. iv. 56. wassails] Vassailes F.

II. i. 41. warr'd] wan'd F. ii. 53. not] *om.* F. v. 12. finn'd] fine F. vii. 118. bear] beate F.

III. v. 14. world, thou hast] would thou hadst F. v. 10. the one] *om.* F. vi. 61. obstruct] abstract F. vi. 88. make them] makes his F. vii. 36. Muleters] Muliters F. x. 10. ribaldred] ribandred F. xii. 81, etc. Thyrens] Thidias F. xiii. 74. this: in deputa- tion] this in desputation F. xiii. 165. discandying] discandering F.

IV. iii. 1. [*two*] *a Company of* F. iv. 3. mine] thine F. v. 1, 3, 6. [*Sold.*] *Eros* F. ix. 1. SENTRY] *Centurie* F. x. 7. [*Go we up*] *om.* F. xii. 4. augurers] Auguries F. xii. 9. [*Alarm, etc.*] *At end of xi.* F. xii. 21. spaniel'd] pannelled F. xv. 73. e'en] in F.

V. i. 28, 31. [*Agr.*] *Dol.* F. i. 36. lance] launch F. i. 59. live] leave F. ii. 81. O.] o F. ii. 87. autumn 't] Anthony it F. ii. 104. smites] suites F. ii. 317. vile] wilde F. ii. 321. awry] away F.

CORIOLANUS

Text based on F₁

I. i. 35. [2. *Cit.*] *All* F. i. 58. 2. *Cit.*] F. *Most modern editors change to 1. Cit. here and throughout the rest of the scene.* i. 95. stale] scale F. i. 119. crowned] crown'd F. iii. 46. contemning. Tell] Contenning, tell F. iv. 57. [*Cato's*] *From Plutarch. Calues* F. vi. 59. Antiaties] Antients F. vi. 76. of me?] of me: F. ix. 46. coverture] overtire F. x. 22. embargements] embarquements F.

II. i. 61. can't] can F. i. 71. bisson] beesome F. i. 79. faucet] forset F. i. 181. etc. Caius Marcins] Martius Caius. i. 182. Coriolanus] Martius Caius Coriolanus F. i. 267. the] their F. i. 271. touch] teach F. ii. 85. one on's] F₂; on ones F₁. iii. 21. auburn] F₄; Abram F₁. iii. 122. woolless toge] Woluiah tongue F₁; Woolviah gowne F₂. iii. 123. do] F₄; does F₁. iii. 163. CITIZENS] *the Plebeians* F. iii. 251-52. [*And . . . censor.*] *Globe* *Ed. after Plutarch.* *And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor, F.*

III. i. 91. good] God! F. i. 92. reckless] wreacklese F. i. 129. motive] native F. i. 131. bisson multitude] Bosome-multiplied F. i. 143. Where one] Whereon F. i. 181. CITIZENS] *Plebeians* F. i. 184, etc. [*Citizens*]

- All F.* i. 237. [*Com.*] *F*₂; *Corio F.* i. 238. [*Cor.*] *Mene F.* i. 240. [*Men.*] *om. F.* ii. 21. thwarrings] things *F.* ii. 32. herd] heart *F.* ii. 113. choir'd] quier'd *F.* iii. 36. Throng] Through *F.* iii. 130. not] but *F.* IV. i. 4. extremity] *F*₂; extreamities *F*₁. iv. 23. hate] have *F.* v. 237. spritely, waking] sprightly walking *F.* vi. 4. hurry, here do] hurry. Here do we *F.* vii. 28. yield] yeelda *F.* vii. 49. virtues] Vertue *F.* vii. 55. falter] fouler *F.*
- V. i. 16. wreck'd fair] wrack'd for *F.* ii. 17. magnified] verified *F.* ii. 80. our] *F*₄; your *F*₁. iii. 48. prate] pray *F.* iii. 63. holp] hope *F.* vi. 116. Flutter'd] *F*₂; Flatter'd *F*₁ 2.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Text based on *Q*₁

181. spright] sprite *Q*. 185. Souring] So wring *Q*. 366. Show'd] Showed *Q*. 498. died] dy'de *Q*. 546. glued] glewed. 749. thaw'd] thawed *Q*. 873. twine] twin'd *Q*. 1031. as] *Q*₃; are *Q*₁ 2. 1054. was] had *Q*. 1080. died] di'de *Q*.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Text based on *Q*₁

4. Collatia] Colatium *Q*. 8. Haply . . . unhappily] Hap'ly . . . unhap'ly *Q*. 23. decay'd] *Q*₅; decayed *Q*₁. 64. Argu'd] Argued *Q*. 361. espi'd] espied *Q*. 398. canopi'd] canopied *Q*. 425. slack'd] slakt *Q*. 538. descri'd] discried *Q*. 782. musty] *Q*₁; mystie *Q*₃. 917. stay'd] staid *Q*. 1167, 1169. peel'd] pild *Q*. 1444. steel'd] steld *Q*. 1544. begild] beguild *Q*. 1808. ow'd] owed *Q*.

SONNETS

Text based on *Q*₁

12. 4. all] or *Q*. 19. 5. fleets] fleet
7. hue . . . hues] hew . . . Hews
fight] worth *Q*. 26. 12; 27. 10; 35.
43. 11; 45. 12; 46. 3, 8, 13, 14;
6; 128. 11, 14. thy] their *Q*. 34.
losse *Q*. 41. 8. she] he *Q*. 47. 10
Q. 47. 11. not] nor *Q*. 51. 10.
perfects *Q*. 54. 14. etc. fade] van
13. Or] As *Q*. 57. 13. will] Will
of] or *Q*. 69. 3. due] end *Q*. 69
solys *Q*. 76. 7. tell] fel *Q*. 102.
Q. 106. 12. skill] still *Q*. 113.
lack *Q*. 113. 14. [eye] *om. Q*. 1
former] Informer *Q*. 127. 9. brow
132. 2. torments] torment *Q*. 14
Pass. Pil. sight *Q*. 146. 2. [Thra
sinfull earth *Q*.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Text based on *Q*₁

51. gan] gaue *Q*. 118. Came] Ca
immur'd] enur'd *Q*. 260. nun] Su

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

Based on edition of 1599 (= *Q* in 2)

94. thereof] Ed. 1612; whereof
fell she] Griffin; she fell *Q*. 17
once *Q*. 207. moon] honre *Q*.
throne *Q*. 287. back] blacke *Q*.
love *Q*. 295. moan] woe *Q*. 3
partial like] Early MS.; fancy
might) *Q*. 343. Here . . . they] I
There . . . by *Q*. 344. Begin
doth] Early MS.; When time with
Q. 349. Wring my ear] round
are *Q*.

ORDER OF PLAYS IN THE FIRST FOLIO

A CATALOGUE

OF THE SEVERALL COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

COMEDIES

<i>The Tempest</i>	Folio 1
<i>The two Gentlemen of Verona</i>	20
<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i>	38
<i>Measure for Measure</i>	61
<i>The Comedy of Errours</i>	85
<i>Much ado about Nothing</i>	101
<i>Loves Labour lost</i>	122
<i>Midsummer Nights Dreame</i>	145
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	163
<i>As you Like it</i>	185
<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>	208
<i>All is well, that Ends well</i>	230
<i>Twelfth-Night, or what you will</i>	255
<i>The Winters Tale</i>	304

HISTORIES

<i>The Life and Death of King John</i>	Fol. 1
<i>The Life & death of Richard the second</i>	23

<i>The First part of King Henry the fourth</i>	46
<i>The Second part of K. Henry the fourth</i>	74
<i>The Life of King Henry the Fifth</i>	69
<i>The First part of King Henry the Sixt.</i>	96
<i>The Second part of King Hen. the Sixt.</i>	120
<i>The Third part of King Henry the Sixt.</i>	147
<i>The Life & Death of Richard the Third.</i>	173
<i>The Life of King Henry the Eight</i>	105

TRAGEDIES

<i>The Tragedy of Coriolanus</i>	Fol. 1
<i>Titus Andronicus</i>	31
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	53
<i>Timon of Athens</i>	80
<i>The Life and death of Julius Cæsar</i>	109
<i>The Tragedy of Macbeth</i>	131
<i>The Tragedy of Hamlet</i>	152
<i>King Lear</i>	283
<i>Othello, the Moore of Venice</i>	310
<i>Anthony and Cleopater</i>	346
<i>Cymbeline King of Britaine</i>	369

NOTE. — *The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida*, though not catalogued, is printed immediately before *Coriolanus*. *Pericles* and the *Poems* were not included in the First Folio.

GLOSSARY

- A, on; in.
 A, he.
 Abate, humble; diminish; blunt; deprecate; deduct; curtail.
 Abatement, diminution; depreciation.
 Abhor, refuse; horrify.
 Abide, meet in combat.
 Abjects, outcasts.
 Able, *vb.*, warrant.
 Abode, *vb.*, forebode.
 Abodements, forebodings.
 About, intent on. Go about, prepare to do.
 Abridgement, entertainment.
 Abrouch, (to set) going.
 Abrook, endure.
 Abruption, breaking off.
 Absey-book, A B C book, primer.
 Absolute, positive; faultless.
 Abuse, disfigure; dishonor; corrupt; deceive.
 Abuser, corrupter.
 Aby, pay for.
 Accept, *sb.*, acceptance.
 Accepted, welcome, T. and C. III. iii. 30.
 Acite, cite.
 Accomplish, obtain; equip.
 Accountant, liable.
 Accuse, *sb.*, accusation.
 Acknown, acquainted.
 Acnontum, acnont.
 Acture, performance.
 Adamant, lodestone.
 Addiction, inclination.
 Addition, title.
 Address, direct; prepare.
 Adhere, suit.
 Admiral, ship carrying the commander.
 Admiration, wonder.
 Admire, wonder.
 Admit, choose.
 Admittance, fashion. Of great a., admitted to the best society.
 Adoptious, given in adoption, not by right.
 Adulterate, adulterous, unchaste.
 Adviance, raise.
 Advrtise, inform; counsel; attend.
 Advrtisement, information; advice.
 Advce, deliberation.
 Advise, instruct; consider, deliberate.
 Advocation, pleading.
 Edile, a high official in Rome; in Cor. III. i. 173, etc., a police-officer.
 ery, the brood of an eagle; brood (of child actors), Ham. II. ii. 354.
 ffect, *vb.*, love, like; aim at; resemble, imitate.
 ffect the letter, practise alliteration.
 ffected, disposed; in love.
 ffectedly, lovingly, fancifully.
 ffection, inclination; love; affection.
 Affectioned, full of affection.
 Affects, inclination.
 Affeer'd, sanctioned.
 Affiance, confidence.
 Affined, related; bound.
 Affinity, connections.
 Affray, frighten.
 Affront, encounter.
 Affy, trust; betroth.
 After-eye, look after.
 Against, just before, in expectation of, to meet.
 Agas'd, looking with amazement.
 Aglet-baby, small figure on the point of a lace.
 Agnize, acknowledge.
 Agood, heartily.
 A-hold, close to the wind.
 Aidance, assistance.
 Aidant, helpful.
 Aim, guess. Cry aim, encourage.
 Air-drawn, imaginary.
 Alder-lefeast, dearest of all.
 Ale, ale-house, T. Gent. II. v. 61.
 Allay, *sb.*, alleviation.
 Allayment, alleviation.
 All-building, on which everything is built.
 Allegiant, loyal.
 All-hallond, All Saints'.
 All-hallown, about All Saints' Day, late in the year.
 All-hid, hide-and-seek.
 Alligant, elegant (?), eloquent (?), M. Wives, II. ii. 69.
 Allottery, portion.
 Allow, license; approve; acknowledge; cause to be acknowledged.
 Allowance, permission, acknowledgedment.
 All-thing, every way.
 Alms-drink, the left-over liquor given to the poor.
 Along, at one's length.
 Alter, exchange.
 Amaze, confound.
 Amazement, utter bewilderment.
 Amerce, fine.
 Ames-ace, two aces, the lowest throw at dice.
 Amort, dejected.
 Amurath, name of Turkish sultans.
 An, if (usually printed "and" in old editions)
 Anatomy, skeleton; body.
 Anchor, anchorite, hermit.
 Anchorage, the anchor with its tackle.
 Ancient, *sb.*, standard; ensign, standard-bearer.
 Ancientry, old people; dignity of age.
 Andrew, name of a ship.
 Angel, gold coin worth ten shillings, stamped with the figure of the Archangel Michael.
 Angle, fishing-tackle.
 Annexions, additions.
 Annothanize, anatomise, explain.
 Annoy, pain, hurt.
 Annoyance, injury.
 Anon, immediately; sometimes.
 Answer, *sb.*, account; retaliation.
 Answer, *vb.*, to profit by.
 Anthrophaginian, man-eater.
 Antie, *adj.*, fantastic; *sb.*, buffoon; grotesque representation; *vb.*, to make a buffoon of.
 Antre, cavern.
 Appaid, paid.
 Appalled, weakened; made pale.
 Appeach, impeach.
 Appeal, *vb.*, impeach; *sb.*, impeachment.
 Appellant, impeacher.
 Apperil, peril.
 Apple-john, a kind of winter apple, long kept.
 Appliance, remedy.
 Apply, put in practice; devote.
 Appoint, equip.
 Apprehension, sarcasm.
 Apprehensive, imaginative, capable of perception.
 Approbation, proof; probation.
 Approof, proof; approval.
 Appropriation, peculiar excellence.
 Approve, try; commend; justify.
 Apricoek, apricot.
 Aragon-man, mechanic.
 Arabian bird, the phoenix.
 Araise, to raise up.
 Arch, *sb.* and *adj.*, chief.
 Argal, Argo, corruptions of Lat. *ergo*, therefore.
 Argentine, silvery.
 Argosy, a large merchantman.
 Argument, theme.
 Arm-gaunt, war-worn (?), gaunt with bearing armor (?), A. and C. I. v. 48.
 Armigero, for Lat. *armiger*, one entitled to bear arms.
 Armipotent, powerful in arms.
 Aroint thee, begone.
 Arrivance, people arriving.
 Arrive, reach, obtain.
 Arthur's show, an exhibition by a society of London archers who took the names of the Knights of the Round Table, 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 300.
 Article (Of great), comprising many items, separate qualities, Ham. V. ii. 122.
 Articulate, specify; draw up articles.
 Artificial, artistically produced.
 Artist, scholar.
 Arta-man, scholar.
 Asinego, Span. *amico*, a little ass.
 Asperson, sprinkling.
 Aspic, asp.
 Aspire, ascend.
 Assemblance, general appearance.
 Assigns, appendages.

- Associate, *vb.*, accompany; *sb.*, companion.
 Asubjugate, degrade.
 Assured, affianced.
 At, for. At friend, friendly. At help, helping.
 Atomy, atom; anatomy, 2 Hen. IV, V. iv. 43.
 Atone, reconcile; agree.
 Attach, seize; arrest.
 Attainder, stain.
 Attaint, stain, disgrace; conviction.
 Attainture, disgrace.
 Attacked, blamed.
 Attent, attentive.
 Attribute, reputation.
 Audible, quick of hearing.
 Augures, augur or augury, Macb. III. iv. 124.
 Auld, old.
 Aunt, an old woman; a loose woman, W. T. IV. iii. 11.
 Avised, informed.
 Avoid, leave; get rid of.
 Awesless, fearless; inspiring no fear.
 Awful, filled with awe.
 Baby, doll (?), Macb. III. iv. 108.
 Baccare, go back.
 Backword man, a single-stick player.
 Back-trick, a caper backwards in dancing.
 Baffle, disgrace.
 Baked-meats, pastry.
 Balk logic, dispute, T. of S. I. i. 34.
 Balked, pled up.
 Ballow, cudgel.
 Ban, curse.
 Ban-dogs, fierce dogs kept chained.
 Bandy, strike to and fro; contend.
 Bane, poison; destruction.
 Bank, to land on or sail along the banks of, K. John, V. ii. 104.
 Banquet, desert.
 Barbed, armed (of a horse).
 Bare, *rb.*, shave.
 Barful, full of hindrances.
 Barn, child.
 Barnacle, a shell-fish supposed to grow on trees and turn into a goose.
 Bartholomew boar-pig. Roast pig was an attraction at Bartholomew Fair, held annually in London on Aug. 24th.
 Base, a rustic game.
 Base court, lower court.
 Bases, a kind of skirt worn by knights on horseback.
 Basilisco-like, given to repetition, like Basilisco, a foolish knight in *Soliman and Perseda*.
 Basilisk, a fabulous serpent that killed by its look; a large cannon.
Basta (Ital.), enough.
 Bastard, a sweet Spanish wine.
 Bat, a heavy stick.
 Bate, *sb.*, quarrel.
 Bate, *vb.*, fluster; weaken, remit.
 Bate-breeding, causing quarrels.
 Bateless, not to be blunted.
 Bat-fowling, catching birds with sticks.
 Batlet, a flat stick for beating linen in washing.
 Batten, to feed.
 Battle, division of an army (in order of battle).
 Bauble, a trifle; a fool's staff.
 Bavin, brushwood.
 Bawcock, dear fellow.
 Beadman, one hired to pray for another.
 Bear. Bear a brain, have sense. Bear hard, dislike, bear a grudge. Bear in hand, deceive.
 Bear-ard, bear-herd, a keeper of bears.
 Bearing-cloth, the mantle in which a child was carried to be christened.
 Beaver, the visor of a helmet; a helmet.
 Becomed, fitting.
 Bedlam, *sb.*, a madhouse; a madman; *adj.*, mad.
 Bed-swever, adulteress.
 Beg us, apply for the guardianship of us as idiots, L. L. V. ii. 490.
 Being, *sb.*, habit of life; residence; *adv.*, when, since.
 Be-lee'd, forced to lee of the wind.
 Belied, alandered; full of lies.
 Bemad, madden.
 Bemoiled, bedraggled.
 Bend, *sb.*, look, glance; *vb.*, direct, incline.
 Bent, tension; inclination; look.
 Ben remis, welcome.
 Berattle, cry down.
 Bergomask, a rustic dance after the manner of Bergamo, in N. Italy.
 Bermoothes, Bermudas.
 Beeseming, appearance, Cym. V. v. 409.
 Beahrew, curse (used playfully).
 Besort, *rb.*, suit; *sb.*, convenience.
 Bespeak, address.
 Bested, situated.
 Bestraught, distracted.
 Beteem, grant, allow.
 Bewray, reveal.
 Besonian, base fellow.
 Bias, awry; puffed out, swelled (as a bowl is on the bias side) (?), T. and C. I. iii. 15.
 Biddy, a chicken-call.
 Bide, endure.
 Biding, abode.
 Bigamy, marrying a widow, Rich. III, III. vii. 189.
 Biggen, nightcap.
 Bilbo, a Spanish blade (from Bilbao).
 Bilboes, a kind of fetters used at sea.
 Bill, a halberd.
 Bill, note; notice, proclamation.
 Bird-bolt, a blunt-headed arrow.
 Birding, fowling.
 Birth-child, a child adopted because of its being born within a certain domain.
 Blason, dim-sighted.
 Bite the thumb, a gesture of contempt.
 Bitumed, smeared with bitumen.
 Black, dark-complexioned, as opposed to fair.
 Black-cornered, hiding things in dark corners (?), T. of A. V. i. 47.
 Black Monday, Easter Monday, named from a storm from which the English forces in France suffered on that day, 1360.
 Blacks, suit of mourning.
 Blank, *sb.*, the white mark in the centre of a target; *vb.*, pale.
 Blanks, charters sealed but in.
 Blase, publish.
 Blanch, *rb.*, to start, fix constant; *sb.*, inconstant.
 Blistered, puffed, Hen. VII.
 Blood-boilerd, cloaked with blow, to deposit eggs of the blow, a coarse beauty.
 Blue, used of the dark colour of the eyes, A. Y. L. III. i.
 Blue-cap, a Scot.
 Blurled, sneered.
 Board, accost, woo.
 Bob, *vb.*, to beat; cheat; ting jest.
 Bodkin, a dagger.
 Bodykina, a disguised countryman, by the sacrament.
 Boggle, swerve, hesitate.
 Boggler, an inconstant person.
 Bolina, bowline.
 Bollen, swollen.
 Bolt, sift, refine.
 Bolting-butch, box for sift.
 Bombard, a leathern vessel.
 Bombast, *sb.*, padding of cloth; *adj.*, fustian.
 Bona-roba, a light woman.
 Bonnet, to take off the courtesy.
 Bonny, pretty, handsome.
 Boot, booty; profit.
 Boots, a method of torture.
 Bore, over-reach.
 Bosky, shrubby.
 Botch, patch.
 Bots, worms in horses.
 Bottled, swollen, Rich. 242.
 Bottom, *sb.*, a ball of the wind.
 Bottom, a valley.
 Bound, to make to lee, V. ii. 140.
 Bound, hindered, stopp IV. iii. 221.
 Bourn, boundary; stream.
 Bow, *sb.*, yoke.
 Bow-hand, left hand.
 Boy, *sb.*, act the part, (referring to the actors by boys), A. and Brabbe, broll.
 Brace, armor for the defence.
 Brach, a female hound.
 Braid, *adj.*, deceitful; 1.
 Brain, *rb.*, understand, 147.
 Brainish, headstrong.
 Brain-pas, skull.
 Brain-sick, mad.
 Brave, *adj.*, fine, spleen make fine, to swagger.
 Bravery, finery; bravado.
 Brawl, a French dance, i. 9.
 Brawn, muscle (esp. of boar).
 Breach of the sea, surf.
 Breat, singing voice.
 Breath, gentle exercise.
 Breathe, to take exercise.
 Breathed, exercised, in

- Breed-bate, one who stirs up strife.
 Breeze, gadfly.
 Brib'd buck, stolen buck (?), buck given away in bribery (?), *M. Wives*, V. v. 27.
 Bride, bridegroom, *R. and J.* III. v. 146.
 Brief, a letter; a short summary.
 Briefly, lately.
 Bring out, disconcert, *L. L. L. V. ii.* 172.
 Broach, transfix; to tap, shed.
 Brock, badger.
 Brogue, a rude shoe (usually of untanned hide).
 Broke, act as a go-between.
 Broken (music), arranged for different instruments, concerted.
 Brooch, *sb.* and *vb.*, ornament.
 Brooded, having a brood to watch (?), (perhaps a corruption for "broad-eyed,"?) *K. John*, III. iii. 52.
 Brownist, Independent (of the sect founded by Robert Brown about 1581).
 Bubbles, pimples.
 Buck, *sb.*, linen to be washed; *vb.*, to wash.
 Buck-basket, a laundry-basket.
 Bucket, a pole or yoke (?), 2 *Hen.* IV, III. ii. 282.
 Buckle, to bow; to join in close combat.
 Buckler, protect.
 Bucklersbury, a street in London, chiefly inhabited by druggists.
 Bug, bugbear.
 Bugle, a black glass bead.
 Bulk, body; projecting part of a building.
 Bully, a fine fellow; a swaggerer.
 Bully-rook, a swaggering cheat.
 Bum-bully, a warrant officer.
 Bung, pickpocket.
 Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet.
 Burn (sack), to boil to mitigate its strength.
 Bush, a vintner's sign.
 Busky, shrubby.
 Buas, kiss.
 Buttery, provision room.
 Button, bud. In his buttons, in his power to succeed (?), *M. Wives*, III. ii. 71.
 Butt-shaft, a blunt arrow, used for shooting at a target.
 By-drinkings, drinkings between meals.
 By-room, adjoining room.
- Sacodemon*, devil.
 Saddle, worsted tape.
 Jade, cash.
 Jaded, falling.
 Jadoous, Mercury's rod.
 Jage, prison.
 Jain-coloured, red, the color of Cain's hair.
 Jake. Our cake is dough, our plans are spoiled, *T. of S. I. i.* 110.
 Jalliver, a kind of light musket.
 Jallet, a drab.
 Jalm, Quickly's corruption of "qualm," 2 *Hen. IV.* II. iv. 40.
 Jambyes' vein, ranting (in allusion to *Freston's Cambyes*).
 Jamlet, a garment of camel cloth.
- Can, to be able, to be skilful in.
 Can = gan, began or did, *Per.* III. Pro. 36.
 Canakin, little can.
 Canary, a lively dance.
 Candle-mine, store of tallow.
 Candle-waster, one who sits up late (to study or, less probably, to revel).
 Canker, the wild-rose; a worm that eats blossoms.
 Canstick, candlestick.
 Cantle, piece, slice.
 Canton, song.
 Canvass, to shake and toss (as in a sheet).
 Canzonet, a little song.
 Capable, capacious; susceptible; able, qualified.
 Capitulate, to make an agreement, combine.
 Capocchia, fem. of Ital. *capocchio*, simple, fooliah.
 Capriccio, caprice.
 Capitious, capacious, *All's Well*, I. iii. 208.
 Captivate, take captive.
 Carack, a large merchant vessel.
 Caraways, confections made with caraway seeds.
 Carbonado, *sb.*, meat alashed across for broiling; *vb.*, to cut across.
 Carcanet, necklace.
 Card, *sb.*, chart. Cooling card, a term from some game, applied to anything that checks one's enthusiasm.
 Card, *vb.*, to mix.
 Cardinally, a mistake for "carnally," *M. for M.* II. i. 81.
Cardus Benedictus, blessed thistle, a medicinal herb.
 Career (To pass a), to run a short gallop at full speed.
 Carl, rustic.
 Carlot, rustic.
 Carnal, eating flesh, *Rich.* III, IV. iv. 56.
 Carpet consideration, reasons of courtiership rather than services in war.
 Carpets, table or floor coverings.
 Carpet-mongers, carpet knights.
 Carriage, tenor, *Ham.* I. i. 94.
 Carry coals, endure insult.
 Carry out my side, play my game successfully.
 Carve, to make courteous or inviting gesture, *M. Wives*, I. iii. 49.
 Case, *sb.*, skin; set.
 Case, *vb.*, mask; surround; fly.
 Cast, *vb.*, dismiss; inspect (water).
 Cast, *adj.*, discarded.
 Cataian, Chinese.
 Cater-cousins, good friends.
 Catlings, cat-gut for fiddle-strings.
 Cautel, deceit.
 Cautelous, deceitful.
 Cease, de cease.
 Censure, *sb.*, opinion, judgement; *vb.*, to judge.
 Cerecloth, coverments, waxed linen used for a shroud.
 Cerna, concerns.
 Cess (Out of all), excessively.
 Chaces, a term in tennis.
 Chafe, *sb.*, anger.
- Chamber, a small cannon. In *Rich.* III, III. i. 1, chamber is a translation of *camera regis*, i. e., London.
 Chamberer, a man accomplished in the arts of peace, as opposed to a soldier.
 Changeable, varying in color.
 Channel, *sb.*, gutter; *vb.*, to furrow.
 Chanson, song.
 Chape, metal point of a scabbard.
 Chapeless, without a chape.
 Chapless, without a jaw.
 Chaps, jaws; clefts in the skin.
 Character, *sb.*, handwriting; *vb.*, write.
 Character, writing.
 Chare, a bit of work, job.
 Charge, load, weight; expense.
 Chargeful, expensive.
 Charge-house, schoolhouse.
 Charneco, a kind of wine.
 Chaudron, entrails.
 Che, I (dialect).
 Cheepen, to offer to buy.
 Cheater, escheator, an officer of the Exchequer.
 Chequin, an Italian gold coin.
 Cherry-pit, the game of pitching cherry-stones into a small hole.
 Cheveril, a soft, easily stretched leather.
 Chewet, a chough, daw; a kind of mince-meat.
 Childing, fruitful.
 Chill, I will (dialect).
 Chirurgeonly, surgeon-like.
 Chopine, a high-soled shoe or clog.
 Chough, jackdaw.
 Christom, for *chrisom*, christening robe. A chrisom child was a child in its first month, still wearing the white cloth put on at baptism; so, an innocent child.
 Chud, I would (dialect).
 Chuff, a wealthy churl.
 Cinque-pace, a stately dance.
 Clipher, decipher.
 Circummur'd, walled round.
 Circumstance, detail; formal phrases.
 Cital, recital.
 Cite, incite.
 Citizen, *adj.*, town-bred.
 Cittern, guitar.
 Civil, grave. Civil doctor, a doctor of civil law.
 Clack-dish, a beggar's dish with a movable cover with which a noise was made.
 Clamour, to silence, *W. T.* IV. iv. 250.
 Clap, pledge by clapping hands.
 Clap! the clout, hit the bull's eye.
 Clapper-claw, thrash.
 Clearness, freedom from suspicion.
 Clepe, to call.
 Cliff, clef, the key in music.
 Climate, *sb.*, region (of the earth or sky).
 Climate, *vb.*, reside.
 Climates, regions or dwellers in a region (?), *Ham.* I. i. 125.
 Cling, shrivel.
 Clingant, glittering.
 Clip, embrace, enclose.
 Cloistress, a nun.
 Close, *adj.*, secret.

- Gloss, *vb.*, enclose; join; come to an agreement.
 Closure, enclosure; conclusion.
 Clothier's yard, cloth-yard shaft, the old English arrow.
 Clout, the bull's eye.
 Cloy, to stroke with the claw.
 Coast, advance gingly; attack, 3 Hen. VI, I. i. 268.
 Cobloaf, a misshapen loaf.
 Cock, cockboat, Lear, IV. vi. 19.
 Cock, corruption of "God."
 Cockney, a city-bred person.
 Cockshut time, twilight.
 Codding, lustful.
 Codling, an unripe apple.
 Coffin, the crust of a pie.
 Cog, cheat.
 Cognisance, badge.
 Colgn, corner-stone.
 Ooll, turmoil, entanglement.
 Collect, infer.
 Collection, inference.
 Collied, blackened.
 Coloquintida, colocynth.
 Colour, excuse, pretence.
 Colourable, specious.
 Colt, befool.
 Combine, contracted.
 Come off, pay. Come tardy off, done without alacrity.
 Comfortable, consoling.
 Coming-in, income.
 Coming-on, *adj.*, complaisant; *sb.*, future; attack.
 Commend, recommendation; greeting.
 Comment, power of observation.
 Commodity, convenience; profit; parcel.
 Commoner, prostitute.
 Comonty, a blunder for "comedy," T. of 8. Ind. ii. 140.
 Compact, made up of.
 Companion, fellow (in bad sense).
 Comparative, *adj.*, quick at comparisons; *sb.*, a dealer in comparisons (?), or, perhaps, one who regards himself as an equal, 1 Hen. IV, III. ii. 67.
 Compassed, round, arched.
 Compassionate, moving pity.
 Compeer, equal.
 Competitor, partner.
 Complement, outward form; accomplishment.
 Complexion, temperament; external appearance.
 Complices, accomplices.
 Comply, use ceremony.
 Compose, come to an agreement.
 Compost, manure.
 Composture, manure.
 Composure, composition; combination.
 Compt, reckoning; the judgement-day, Oth. V. ii. 273.
 Comptible, sensitive.
 Con, learn by heart. Con thanks, be thankful.
 Conceit, *sb.*, imagination, thought; fanciful idea; *vb.*, judge.
 Conceited, possessed with an idea; fanciful.
 Conceitless, stupid.
 Conception, apt to conceive.
 Concern, to import.
- Concernancy, import.
 Concerning, affair.
 Conclusion, experiment. Conclusions passed the careers, things took their course.
 Condition, rank; character; quality.
 Condole, lament for.
 Confidence, blunder for "conference," M. Wives, I. iv. 172.
 Confirners, borderers.
 Confirmitly, blunder for "infirmitly," 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 64.
 Confound, waste, destroy.
 Congest, heap together.
 Congied, taken leave.
 Congreeding, agreeing.
 Congreet, greet.
 Conscience, consciousness, thought.
 Conscienceable, conscientious.
 Conserve, preserve.
 Consider, pay.
 Considered, fit for deliberation.
 Consist, insist.
 Consort, company.
 Conspectuity, sight.
 Constancy, consistency.
 Constant, logical.
 Constringed, compressed.
 Contagious, pernicious.
 Contemptible, contemptuous.
 Contemptuous, contemptible.
 Content, *adj.*, restrained.
 Continent, *sb.*, that which contains; an abstract.
 Contraction, marriage-contract.
 Contrive, plot; spend.
 Contriver, schemer.
 Convent, *vb.*, summon; be convenient.
 Conversation, intercourse; behavior.
 Convertite, convert.
 Convey, carry or carry on secretly; steal; pass off, Hen. V, I. ii. 74.
 Conveyance, trickery.
 Convicted, defeated.
 Convince, overcome, convict.
 Convive, feast together.
 Cony-catch, cheat.
 Copatain, high-crowned.
 Cope, *sb.*, the heavens.
 Cope, *vb.*, to encounter, requite.
 Copemate, companion.
 Copped, peaked.
 Copulative, one desiring to be married.
 Copy, theme; lease, tenure.
 Coram, corruption of "quorum," from the Latin commission naming Justices.
 Coranto, a quick dance.
 Corinthian, a fast fellow.
 Cornuto, cuckold.
 Corporal, corporeal.
 Correspondent, obedient.
 Corrosive or corsive, a painful biting remedy.
 Corslet, cuirass.
 Costard, an apple; the head.
 Cote, to overtake and pass.
 Cot-quean, a man who meddles with women's affairs.
 Countenance, authority, favor.
 Counter, in the wrong direction.
 Counter-gate, gate of a prison called the Counter.
 Counterpoint, counterpane, coverlet.
 Countervail, outweigh.
- Course, the attack of a bear-baiting; a point of pass, Temp. I. i. 53.
 Court-cupboard, an open Court holy-water, sattery.
 Court-hand, legal penmanship.
 Courtship, elegant manner.
 Cousin, any relative not mediate family.
 Covert, covert.
 Cover, lay the table.
 Cowish, cowardly.
 Cowl-staff, a pole on which is borne between two; Cox my passion! Cox "God's passion!"
 Coy, *vb.*, to disdain; to.
 Coystroll, a base groom.
 Cosen, cheat.
 Costler, cobbler.
 Crack, *sb.*, a small boy.
 Crack, *vb.*, to boast.
 Crack-bemp, a fellow de hangd.
 Crank, *sb.*, winding; *vb.*
 Cranta, garlands (Q. re "rites" in Ham. V. i.
 Creacive, growing.
 Crasnet, a fire-basket, a bescon.
 Crisp, curled, wavy.
 Crispin's Day, October.
 Cross, a coin stamped with.
 Crosse-row, the alphabet.
 Crudy, raw.
 Cruel, in Lear, II. iv. crewd, worsted.
 Crusado, a Portuguese.
 Crush (a cup), drink.
 Cry, a pack; a troop; Cry aim. See Aim.
 Cry on, about, Ham. V. i.
 Cubiculo, chamber.
 Cullion, a lout.
 Culverin, a kind of cannon.
 Curiosity, fastidiousness.
 Curious, elegant; acru orate.
 Currance, current.
 Cursonary, currocy, ha.
 Curtail, with a docked.
 Curtle-axe, cutlass.
 Custalorum = Custos Keeper of the Rolls.
 Oustard-coffin, the crus.
 Customer, prostitute.
 Cut, a common name used contemptuously.
 Cuttle, swaggerer.
 Cypress, crape.
- Daff, put off.
 Dainty (To make), to fastidious.
 Dan, lord, master.
 Danger, power.
 Danaker, Dane.
 Dareful, defiant.
 Darling, *adv.*, in the.
 Darnaign, set in order.
 Dash, mark of disgrace.
 Daubery, imposture.
 Day-bed, sofa.
 Day-woman, dairy-woman.
 Deal on Heutenantry, Dear, coming home to intense, grievous.

death-practised, whose death is planned.
 death-tokens, spots indicating the approaching death of a plague-stricken person.
 discern, blunder for "concern," *M. Ado.* III. v. 4.
 deck, pack of cards.
 deem, *sb.*, opinion.
 deep-fet, deep-fetched.
 deer, animals.
 deface, *vb.*, destroy, disfigure, disguise; *sb.*, destruction.
 defacement, disfigurement.
 defence, swordplay.
 defend, forbid.
 deformed, apt to deform.
 defunction, death.
 defunctive, funereal.
 defuse, render uncouth.
 elated, offered, conveyed.
 elation, information, accusation.
 elicit, ingenious.
elicula surgere, *Lat. diluculo surgere*, to rise at dawn (is most healthy).
 alighted, capable of delight.
 emerita, deserts.
 emise, hand over.
 emure, to look soberly.
 enay, *vb.*, deny; *sb.*, denial.
 enier, a very small coin.
 enounce, declare.
 enunciation, formal declaration.
 apart, to part.
 expend, to lean; to expend.
 expose, to take or make a deposition.
 epravation, detraction.
 eprave, detract.
 eprive, take away.
 eputation, office of deputy.
 eracinate, uproot.
 eru, secret.
 erogate, *vb.*, debase oneself; *part.*, corrupt.
 escant, variations upon an air.
 deserved, deserving, *Cor. III. i. 292*.
 esign, designate, point out.
 esignment, enterprise.
 esplied, despicable.
 etect, reveal.
 sterminate, bring to an end.
 stermination, limit.
 stermine, to end.
 stent, blunder for "protest," *M. Wives*, I. iv. 160.
 steating, undressing.
 wrote, consecrate.
 xterity, celerity.
 mblo (*Span.*), devil.
 ch, do it (?), *T. of A. I. ii. 73*.
 fference, a mark of distinction in heraldry.
 fference, suspicion.
 fused, irregular, wild, uncouth.
 gress, transgress.
 s-you-den, give you good-even.
 kfo, refrain of a song.
 minutives, very small coins.
 rection, skill in command.
 rectitude, a word coined or corrupted by a servant, *Cor. IV. v. 222*.
 rective, able to be directed.
 rectly, clearly, *Oth. II. i. 221*.
 sable, disparage.
 amimate, discourage.
 appointed, unprepared.

Dimaster, adverse influence of heaven's bodies.
 Disaster, disfigure.
 Disabench, drive from a seat.
 Disacandy, melt.
 Disace, undress, unmask.
 Discharge, perform.
 Disclaim in, disown.
 Disclose, hatch.
 Discontenting, displeased.
 Discourse, reasoning. Discourse of reason, reasoning power.
 Discover, recognise; reveal.
 Discoverer, scout.
 Disdained, disdainful.
 Disease, trouble.
 Disedge, satiate.
 Disfurnish, deprive of means.
 Disgracious, not finding favor.
 Disahabit, dialogue.
 Dishonest, unchaste.
 Dishonoured, dishonorable.
 Dislike, disapprove; displease.
 Dislimn, blot out.
 Dismay, be dismayed.
 Disme, tenth.
 Disanured, unnatural.
 Disorbed, thrown from its sphere.
 Dispark, destroy the enclosures of.
 Disatched, bereaved.
 Dispiteous, pitiless.
 Disponge, discharge.
 Dispose, *sb.*, disposal; disposition; *vb.*, make terms.
 Disposer (*My* —), one who disposes of (me).
 Disproperty, take away.
 Dispurse, disburse.
 Disputable, argumentative.
 Dispute, discuss.
 Disquantity, reduce.
 Disseat, unseat.
 Disassembly, blunder for "assembly," *M. Ado.* IV. ii. 1.
 Distain, defile.
 Distance, hostility.
 Distaste, to be, make, or find distasteful.
 Distemper, disturb (in mind or body).
 Distilled, melted.
 Distinctly, separately.
 Distract, divide, vary.
 Distractions, divisions.
 Distrain, seize.
 Distressful, got by distressing labor.
 Divavouch, contradict.
 Dive-dapper, a small water-fowl.
 Dividable, separated.
 Divident, different.
 Division, variation, modulation.
 Divulged (*Well* —), of (good) repute.
 Do him dead, kill him. Do me right, a challenge to fight or drink. Do withal, help it.
 Document, instruction.
 Dogged, malicious.
 Doit, half a farthing.
 Dole, sorrow.
 Doom, decide, judge.
 Dotant, dotard.
 Double-fatal, fatal in two ways (of the yew, the leaves of which are poisonous, and the wood used for bows).
 Doubt, fear.
 Dout, put out.
 Dowlas, coarse linen.

Dowle, a particle of down.
 Down-gyved, hanging round the ankles like gyves or fetters.
 Down-roping, hanging in strings.
 Down-sleeves, hanging sleeves.
 Doxy, a mistress.
 Drabbing, following loose women.
 Draff, refuse.
 Draught, privy.
 Draw, withdraw; track; empty.
 Drawer, waiter in a tavern.
 Dream, prepare.
 Dribbling, poorly shot.
 Drollery, a puppet-show; a comic painting.
 Drovier, drover.
 Drum. John Drum's entertainment, a beating.
 Drumble, to be sluggish.
 Dry, thirsty; stupid, insipid.
 Dry-beat, thrash.
 Dry-foot (*To draw* —), to hunt game by the mere scent of the foot.
 Dudgeon, handle of a dagger.
 Due, endure.
 Duello, the duelling code.
 Dumb, to silence.
 Dump, a melancholy tune.
 Dun. In *R. and J. I. iv. 41*, there are references to two proverbial phrases: *Dun's the mouse*, which is unexplained; and *Dun* (a horse) is in the mire, the name of an old game, and a phrase meaning that things are at a standstill.
 Dup, do up, open.
 Durance, imprisonment.
 Each (*At* —), joined to each other.
 Eager, sour; biting.
 Ean, yeon, bring forth young.
 Eanling, a new-born lamb.
 Ear, to plough.
 Earth, *vb.*, bury.
 Easy, alight.
 Echoe, eke (to rime with speech), *Per. III. Pro. 13*.
 Ecstasy, being beside oneself.
 Effect, manifestation, accomplishment of a purpose.
 Effectually, in effect, *Sonn. 113. 4*.
 Effigies, likeness.
 Effuse, *sb.*, effusion; *vb.*, to shed.
 Eftest, quickest.
 Eftaons, at once.
 Egal, equal.
 Egally, equally.
 Eggs for money? (*Will you take*) *Will you be imposed on?*
 Egma, blunder for "enigma," *L. L. L. III. i. 73*.
 Eisel, vinegar.
 Elbow, *vb.*, stand close to, haunt.
 Element, the sky.
 Elf, *vb.*, to entangle.
 Elf-locks, hair matted together, supposedly by fairies.
 Elviah-marked, marked by elves or fairies.
 Emballing, being invested with the ball (and sceptre) at coronation.
 Embargement, placing under embargo, hindrance.
 Embayed, land-locked.
 Embosa, to drive to extremity.
 Embossed, foaming at the mouth; swollen.

- Embounded, enclosed.
Embowelled, emptied.
Embrace, embrace.
Embrued, steeped in blood.
Emmew, to coop up, keep from flying abroad.
Empale, encircle.
Empery, empire.
Empiricist, empirical.
Emulate, *adj.*, envious, given to rivalry.
Enact, action.
Enacture, action.
Encave, to hide.
Enchantingly, as if by charms.
Encompassment, circumvention.
Encounter, encounterer, L. L. L. V. ii. 82.
Encumbered, folded.
End, to harvest, Cor. V. vi. 37.
End. Still an end, continually.
Endeared, bound.
Enfeoff, to hand over as a fief, surrender.
Enforce, urge, press hard.
Enfranchised, freed.
Engage, pledge; give as a hostage.
Engine, contrivance (of war, torture, etc.).
Englut, swallow up.
Engrafted, firmly fixed.
Engross, to fatten; take wholesale.
Engrossment, accumulation.
Enlard, fatten.
Enlarge, set at liberty.
Enlargement, liberty.
Enormous, monstrous, Lear, II. ii. 76.
Enpatron, be the patron saint of.
Enseamed, filthy.
Ensear, dry up.
Entertain, take into one's service.
Entertainment, service.
Entitled, having a title or claim.
Entreat, *vb.*, treat; negotiate; *sb.*, entreaty.
Entreatment, invitation.
Envious, malicious.
Envy, malice, spite.
Enwheel, surround.
Ephesian, jolly companion.
Epileptic, distorted with grinning, like the face of one in a fit, Lear, II. ii. 87.
Epithet, phrase.
Epitheton, epithet.
Equal, *adj.*, just; *vb.*, match.
Ercles, Hercules.
Erection, blunder for "direction," M. Wives, III. v. 41.
Eringo, sea-holly, the root of which was supposed to be a provocative.
Erring, roaming.
Error, mistaken identity.
Escape, freak, error, transgression.
Escapen, escape.
Escot, pay for.
Esperance, hope.
Espial, spy.
Estate, *sb.*, rank; *vb.*, bestow.
Estimate, estimation, estimate.
Estimable, valuable; admiring.
Estimation, supposition.
Estridge, ostridge.
Eternal, sometimes regarded as = infernal, Oth. IV. ii. 120.
Eterne, eternal.
Eternise, immortalize.
- Even, *vb.*, smooth over in his memory, Lear, IV. vii. 80; keep pace with.
Even Christian, fellow Christian.
Even-pleached, smoothly interwoven.
Ever among, perhaps a corruption of ever anon, continually.
Evil, disease, especially the King's evil, i. e. scrofula. In M. for M. II. ii. 172, apparently a privy.
Evitate, avoid.
Examine, question, doubt.
Exceed, to be preëminent, surpassing.
Except, *vb.*, to object, make a reservation. Except before excepted, a legal phrase used in contracts.
Excitement, encouragement, impulse.
Exclaim, *sb.*, outcry.
Excrement, hair.
Executor, executioner.
Exempt, *vb.*, remove; *adj.*, remote.
Exequies, funeral rites.
Exhalation, meteor.
Exhale, draw out (used of a sword by Pistol).
Exhaust, draw forth.
Exhibition, allowance. In M. Ado, IV. ii. 5, used blunderingly.
Exigent, *sb.*, exigence, decisive moment; end.
Exion, blunder for "action," 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 32.
Exorciser, exorcist, necromancer.
Exorcism, conjuration for raising spirits.
Expect, await.
Expectance, wondering.
Expectancy, hope.
Expedience, haste; expedition.
Expedient, quick.
Expense, spending; loss.
Expiate, terminate; terminated.
Exploit, fighting.
Expostulate, discuss.
Expostulation, discussion.
Exposure, exposure.
Express, *adj.*, expressive; exactly fitting its purpose; *vb.*, reveal.
Expressive, open, demonstrative.
Expressly, distinctly.
Expressure, expression; impression.
Expulse, expel.
Ex-sufficate, puffed out, empty.
Extant, present.
Extend, increase, magnify; seize upon; show, use.
Extent, seizure; attack; friendly conduct; display.
Extenuate, lessen, mitigate, deprecate.
Exterminate, destroy.
Extern, outward.
Extinct, extincted, extinguished.
Extincture, extinction.
Extirp, root out.
Extracting, absorbing, distracting.
Extrahgt, derived.
Extravagancy, aimless wandering.
Extravagant, wandering.
Eyas, a nestling.
Eyas-musket, a young male sparrowhawk.
Eye, *sb.*, tinge of color; presence; *vb.*, to appear.
Eyne, eyes.
- Face, *vb.*, bully, brow
face it with a card
from primero, = to
Pacifierous, facinorous
Fact, crime.
Factious, taking sides
Factions, taking sides.
Factor, agent, deputy.
Faculty, power, talent.
Fadge, agree, fit, work.
Fading, burden of a song.
Fail, failure.
Fain, glad; obliged.
Faining, longing; at
N. D. I. i. 31.
Fair, *sb.*, beauty; a beauty, to make beautiful.
Fairing, present bought
Faithed, believed.
Faithless, unbelieving
Falter, evil-doer.
Fall, *sb.*, cadence; *vb.*
away; let fall; brought forth; to
Fall away (or from) revolt.
Fallow, yellowish brown
Falls, *vb.*, to be untidy.
False fire, a flash in the
Falsing, deceptive.
Fame, make famous.
Familiar, *sb.*, attendant.
Famoused, made famous.
Fancy, love. Fanci
nights in 2 Hen. I
means little songs.
Fang, seize.
Fangled, given to fang
Fantastic, imaginary
Fantastical, imaginary
fantastic.
Fantastico, a fantast
Fantasy, love.
Fap, drunk.
Far, farther, W. I
Speak far, praise
Farced, stuffed, bored
Fardel, burden.
Far-fet, far-fetched.
Farrow, pig of a lit
Farthingale, hoop-pe
Fartuous, blunder
M. Wives, II. ii. 10
Fashions (Fr. *farce*)
case in horses.
Fastened, confirmed.
Fat, vat.
Fatigate, fatigued.
Faucet-seller, one who
or taps.
Fault, loss of accent;
Favour, aspect; feat
Fay, faith.
Fear, *sb.*, object
frighten; fear for
Fearful, afraid; terrible
Feat, *adj.*, neat, handsome
make admirable ("")
Feature, shape, gene
Fear'd, frayed, 1 Hen
Fedary, confederate.
Fee, value.
Feeder, servant; post
Feeding, pasture.
Fee-farm, tenure uncertain.

- grief, a peculiar sorrow.
 -simple, absolute ownership.
 -titate, make happy.
 -lea, sections of the rim of a wheel.
 low, *sb.* and *vb.*, equal.
 lowly, sympathetic.
 -e, spouse.
 -inate, hasty.
 -, fetched.
 -ch, device, stratagem.
 -tle, prepare.
 -e. In few, in short.
 o (*Span.*), a fig.
 -lded, in the battlefield.
 -teenth, tax of one fifteenth of a man's property.
 -, to make an insulting gesture.
 -e *fig.*
 -bits, cloths hung round a ship to hide the fighting men.
 -o, an insulting gesture made by thrusting the thumb through between the first two fingers.
 -ure, idea, imagination.
 -s, *sb.*, list; *vb.*, to polish; *adlie*; *sep* pace with.
 -l, shaft.
 -l-horse, shaft horse.
 -th, used of persons as a term of contempt, esp. of prostitutes.
 -d, detect; provide.
 -s, *sb.* and *vb.*, end; to fix as the sum to be paid; to refine.
 -ness, infinite.
 -ago, apparently for "virago."
 -e-drake, fiery dragon.
 -e-new, fresh from the mint, brand new.
 -k, beat.
 -somy, physiognomy.
 -, division of a poem.
 -chew, a pole-cat; used contemptuously of a wanton woman.
 -ment, equipment, duty.
 -ting, distorted as by a fit.
 -e for one, a reference to a method of gambling on travelers' risks, by which the traveler on his safe return received five pounds for every one he put up before leaving.
 -es, inflammation of the parotid glands of horses.
 -ure, stability.
 -p-dragon, a small body, such as rain, set on fire and floating on liquor, to be swallowed flaming.
 -p-jack, pancake.
 -sk, powder-born.
 -slong, on the flat side, not the *fig.*
 -smits, fiery.
 -w, *sb.*, gust of wind; sudden disturbance of mind; misfortune; tade of ice, 2 Hen. IV. IV. iv. 5; *vb.*, to rend, crack.
 -er, sneer.
 -et, a debtors' prison in London.
 -st, *vb.*, to float; to pass rapidly.
 -eting, inconstant, unstable.
 -sment, encouragement from a rat encounter.
 -wed, with large, hanging chaps.
 -ure, bending.
 -ght, a long, light-feathered arrow.
 -shy, swift.
 -t-gill, a light woman.
- Float, wave, Temp. I. ii. 234.
 Flourish, *vb.*, color; *sb.*, ornament.
 Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lis.
 Flush, in full vigor.
 Flushing, redness (?) or filling full (?), Ham. I. ii. 155.
 Fluxive, flowing.
 Fly, to let a hawk fly after prey.
 Fob, cheat, delude. Fob off, put off.
 Foll, *sb.*, something placed under a jewel to increase its lustre; defeat; *vb.*, to mar.
 Foin, thrust in fencing.
 Folsom, abundance.
 Folly, wantonness.
 Folly-fallen, grown foolish.
 Fond, *adj.*, foolish, trivial; *vb.*, dote.
 Fool, a term of endearment.
 Fool-begged, stupid, "so foolish that the guardianship of it might well be begged" (*Nares*), C. of E. II. i. 41.
 Foot, *vb.*, strike with the foot.
 Foot-cloth, housings of a horse.
 Footed, landed.
 Foot land-rakers, vagrants, tramps.
 Pop, to dupe.
 Foppery, folly; trickery.
 Foppish, foolish.
 For why, because.
 Forage, *sb.* and *vb.*, prey.
 Forbid, accursed, Mach. I. iii. 21.
 Forbiddenly, illicitly.
 Force, *vb.*, reinforce; violate; urge; regard; stuff. Of force = of necessity; of weight. Force perforce = in spite of opposition.
 Fordo, destroy; exhaust.
 Forehand, *sb.*, advantage; leader; *adj.*, anticipated. Forehand shaft = "an arrow for shooting point-blank."
 Forehorse, the first horse in a team; in All's Well, II. i. 30, = one acting as a squire of ladies.
 Foretell, deprive of value by anticipating.
 Foreward, vanguard.
 Forend, forbid.
 Forgetive, inventive.
 Fork, the forked tongue of a snake; barbed arrow-head; horned head-dress (?), Lear, IV. vi. 121.
 Forked, barbed; horned, like a cuckold.
 Forlorn, lost, Cym. V. v. 405.
 Formal, rational; ordinary.
 Former, foremost, J. Cms. V. i. 80.
 Forslow, delay.
 Forspeak, speak against.
 Forspent, exhausted.
 Forted, fortified.
 Forthcoming, in custody.
 Forthright, a straight path.
 Fortune, *vb.*, happen; regulate one's fortune.
 Foul, plain-looking, ugly.
 Found (Well-), of acknowledged excellence (?) or well-furnished (?), All's Well, II. i. 105.
 Foutra, an expression of contempt.
 Fox, a broadsword.
 Foxship, cunning.
 Fracted, broken.
 Fracton, discord.
 Frame, *sb.*, form; devising; order; *vb.*, manage; resort.
 Frampold, quarrelsome.
- Franchise, *sb.*, liberty; *vb.*, free.
 Frank, sty.
 Franklin, freeholder.
 Fraught, *sb.*, load, cargo; *vb.*, to load; laden, charged.
 Fraughtage, cargo.
 Fray, frighten.
 Free, innocent, sound; voluntary; generous, noble; free from care, happy.
 Freeness, generosity.
 French crown, baldness produced by venereal disease.
 Frequent, intimate, addicted.
 Fresh, a spring of fresh water.
 Fret, *vb.*, eat away; decorate.
 Frets, pieces of wire on guitars, etc., on which the finger presses the strings.
 Frizzly, old clothes shop.
 From, opposed to, departing from.
 Frontlet, a band worn on the forehead; used figuratively = scowl, Lear, I. iv. 208.
 Fruitful, bounteous, copious.
 Frush, bruise, smash.
 Frutify, blunder for "certify" or "notify," M. of V. II. ii. 142.
 Fubbed off, put off.
 Fullam, a kind of false dice.
 Fulsome, lustful.
 Fumiter, the plant fumitory.
 Fust, to grow mouldy.
 Fustilarian, a term of abuse.
- Gaberdine, a loose outer garment.
 Gad, a steel point. Upon the gad, upon the spur of the moment.
 Gage, *sb.* and *vb.*, pledge.
 Gain-giving, misgiving.
 Gait, way; proceeding.
 Galled, full of gall.
 Gallian, Gaulish, French.
 Galliard, a lively dance.
 Gallias, a large galley.
 Gallimaufry, a jumble, hotch-potch.
 Gallow, frighten.
 Gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot-soldiers from Ireland and the Hebrides.
 Gallows, rascal.
 Gamester, a merry fellow; one who plays a game; a prostitute.
 Gan, *pref.* of gin, to begin.
 Garboll, tumult.
 Gaskins, loose breeches.
 Gasted, frightened.
 Gastness, terror.
 Gawd, bauble, trifling ornament.
 Gaze, object of attention.
 Gear, affair, business.
 Geck, dupe.
 Geminy, a pair.
 Gender, *sb.*, race, kind; *vb.*, breed.
 General, the common people.
 Generation, offspring.
 Generosity, nobility.
 Generous, of noble birth.
 Genius, the spirit (good or evil) supposed to govern men's conduct.
 Gennet, a Spanish horse.
 Gentility, good birth.
 Gentle, *adj.*, well-born; *vb.*, to ennoble; *sb.*, a well-born person.
 Gentry, inherited rank; courtesy.
 George, the figure of St. George worn by Knights of the Garter.

- German, akin; a near relation.
 Germens, germa, seeds.
 Gess, halting place, or time spent at a halting place, in a royal journey.
 Gess, exploit.
 Ghosted, haunted.
 Gi', give.
 Gib, an old tom-cat.
 Gibbet, to hang.
 Gig, a top.
 Giglot, wanton.
 Gild, to make red; to make drunk.
 Gill, in T. of S. IV. i. 40, a pun on gill, a measure, and Gill, Gillian.
 Gillyvors, gillyflowers.
 Gimmel, double, or made of double rings.
 Gimmors, device.
 Ging, gang.
 Gird, taunt, jest.
 Girdle. To turn the girdle, to change one's humor (?): to challenge to a wrestling bout (?), M. Ado, V. i. 143.
 Gise, a corruption of Jesus.
 Give, to show as armorial bearings; to call, ascribe, represent.
 Give out, resign; report, represent.
 Glance, hint.
 Glar'd, stared.
 Gleeke, scoff.
 Glib, to gild.
 Glose, comment; flatter; talk idly.
 Glut, swallow.
 Gnarling, snarling.
 Gobbet, a piece.
 God, *rb.* deity, idolize.
 God-den, Good-den, good even.
 Gogs-wounds, corruption of "God's wounds," T. of S. III. ii. 162.
 Good, of substantial means, M. of V. i. iii. 12.
 Good cheap, cheap.
 Good deed, indeed.
 Good life, with good life, dutifully (?), Temp. III. iii. 86. A song of good life, a moral song.
 Good lord or master, a patron.
 Good lady, patroness.
 Good-nights, serenades.
 Good time. In good time, happily, luckily.
 Good-years, supposed to be a venereal disease, from Fr. *goujère*. What the good-year, a petty curse.
 Gorballed, with a large paunch.
 Gorge, throat, stomach.
 Gorget, throat armor.
 Gospels, obedient to the teaching of the Gospels.
 Gossip, *sb.*, a sponsor in baptism; an old woman who frequents christenings and lyings-in; a female acquaintance (esp. in vocative); *vb.*, to stand sponsor for.
 Gourd, a kind of false dice.
 Gout, a drop.
 Government, self-control.
 Graceful, favorable, virtuous.
 Gracious, finding favor; holy, virtuous; attractive.
 Graft, graft.
 Graft, the tree from which a graft is cut.
 Grain. In grain, fast in color; orig., dyed with dye from a seed-like insect.
 Grained, ingrained; close-grained.
- Gramercy, great thanks.
 Grange, a farm-house.
 Grate on, annoy.
 Gratify, reward.
 Gratuity, corruption of "gratuity," Tw. N. II. iii. 27.
 Gratulate, *vb.*, to congratulate; *adj.*, gratifying.
 Grave, to bury; to engrave.
 Greek, a merry fellow.
 Greenly, foolishly, like an inexperienced person.
 Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken.
 Gripe, griffin.
 Grize, step.
 Groat, a coin worth fourpence.
 Gross, palpable, obvious.
 Ground, tune used as a basis for variations.
 Groundlings, spectators standing on the ground immediately round the stage, the cheapest part of the Elizabethan theatre.
 Grow, accrue.
 Grow to, in M. of V. II. ii. 18, usually explained as = to have a strong taste, like burnt milk that has stuck to the pan in boiling; but perhaps merely = have a tendency.
 Guard, *vb.*, to trim; *sb.*, ornament.
 Guardage, guard, protection.
 Guardant, guard.
 Guiled, treacherous.
 Guinea hen, prostitute.
 Gules, heraldic term for red.
 Gulf, whirlpool; gullet.
 Gull, an unfledged nestling; a dupe; a trick.
 Gun-stones, cannon-balls of stone.
 Gust, *vb.*, taste, perceive; *sb.*, taste, relish.
 Gyve, *sb.* and *vb.*, fetter.
- Habit, behavior.
 Habitudo, bodily form and bearing.
 Hack, to become common (?), or disreputable (?), M. Wives, II. i. 52.
 Haggard, *sb.*, a wild untrained hawk; *adj.*, wanton.
 Haggled, hacked.
 Hag-seed, child of a hag.
 Hal (Ital.), you have it! a hit! a term in fencing.
 Hair, grain, texture, character.
 Halcyon, kingfisher. In Lear, II. ii. 84, the reference is to the practice of hanging up the dead body of a kingfisher to show the direction of the wind.
 Half-caps, slight salutations.
 Half-cheek, profile.
 Half-faced, showing the face in profile; (sun) with face half hidden.
 Half-kirtle, either the jacket or the skirt of a kirtle.
 Halfpence, small fragments, M. Ado, II. iii. 147.
 Half-sword. At half-sword, in close conflict.
 Halldom, holiness.
 Hall. A hall! clear a space!
 Hallowmas, All Saints' Day.
 Hand. At or in any hand, at any rate. Out of hand, at once.
 Hands, applause. Of all hands, at all events. A tall fellow of his hands, a stout fellow.
- Handfast, betrothal; c.
 Handaw, in Ham. II interpreted as a corruption of "handaw," a heron.
 Handy-dandy, a child which one has to get hand on object is hid.
 Hangars, the straps attache to the girdle.
 Hangman, executioner. IV. iv. 60, perhaps = Happily, haply, perhaps.
 Happy, accomplished.
 Hardiment, hardiness.
 Hardness, hardship.
 Harlot, a base or low either sex.
 Harlotry, harlot, silly.
 Harp, to touch, strike (note), Macb. IV. i. 7.
 Harry, use roughly.
 Harry ten shillings pieces, really coined not Henry IV.
 Hatch, a half door.
 Hatched, engraved, ad.
 Hatchment, escutcheon.
 Hateful, malignant.
 Haught, haughty.
 Haunch, rear, latter part.
 Have, understand. Have (imperative) after, used idiomatic sense of Let us begin etc.
 Having, possessions.
 Havour, behavior.
 Havoc, *vb.*, to destroy give the signal for.
 Hawking, hawk-like.
 Hay, a round dance.
 Hazard, a room in the casino.
 Head-stall, part of a bed.
 Health, safety, well-being.
 Heap, body, Per. I. i.
 Hearted, seated in the heat, to run a certain heat.
 Heave, deep sigh.
 Heaviness, sorrow; d.
 Heaving, deep sigh.
 Hebenon, an unknown name the juice of the hebenon, or of some herb, or of some beast, or of some stone.
 Hectic, fever.
 Hedge, skulk, sverve.
 Hedge-pig, hedgehog.
 Hefta, heaving, reeling.
 Hell, the lowest damn IV. ii. 40.
 Helm, to steer.
 Helpless, affording no help, body, Per. I. i.
 Hence, henceforth.
 Hent, *vb.*, take, pass.
 Hent, a case of being seized.
 Herb-grace, herb of grace.
 Hereby, That's here falls out.
 Hermit, one bound to other.
 Heet, command.
 Hey-day, sportive pastime.
 Hide fox and all game like hide-and-seek.
 Hiems, Winter.
 High, used in comparative.

High and low, two kinds of false dice.

High-battled, commanding proud battalions.

High-blown, inflated.

High-lone, erect without assistance.

High-repented, repented to the height, deeply.

High-sighted, supercilious.

High-stomached, haughty.

Hight, is called.

Hild, held, Lucr. 1257.

Hilding, menial.

Hind, a farm servant, a menial.

Hint, opportunity, cause, occasion (not necessarily given consciously).

Hip. On the hip, at disadvantage.

Hipped, with a dislocated hip.

Hitory, to record.

It, to agree.

Itiberto, to this point.

Isar, to make white (as with leprosy); to become mouldy.

Isobby-horse, a figure in the morriance; a silly or loose person.

Isob, nob, have or have not.

Isodge-pudding, a pudding of unknown ingredients.

Isolse, hoist, heave up.

Isold, endure; refrain; prove true.

Isold in, to keep counsel.

Isolding, burden of a song.

Isoldame, halidom, holiness.

Isolland, Dutch linen.

Iselp, helped.

Isome, *adv.*, to the utmost, to the quick.

Isonest, chaste.

Isonesty, chastity; decency; generosity.

Isoney-seed, blunder for "homicide," 2 Hen. IV. II. i. 57.

Isoney-suckle, blunder for "homicidal," 2 Hen. IV. II. i. 56.

Isood, to cover the eyes, as was done with a falcon before it was let fly at game.

Isoodman, the one blinded in blind-man's-buff.

Isoodman-blind, blindman's-buff.

Isoodwink, blindfold; conceal.

Isops, expect.

Isorn, *sb.*, the symbol of a cuckold; *vb.*, to cuckold.

Isorn-mad, stark mad, used frequently of the jealous anger of a cuckold.

Isorologe, a clock.

Isos, breeches, or breeches and stockings in one.

Isost, to lodge.

Isot-house, a bagnio, a brothel.

Isot, to hamstring.

Isot, a small vessel.

Isugger-mugger, secrecy.

Isull, to float, drift with the waves.

Isunorous, damp; capricious, whimsical, affected.

Isunour, characteristic mood; whim; affection.

Isunphrey hour. Unexplained.

Isungerly, hungrily, sparsely.

Isunt, the game hunted.

Isunt's-up, morning music.

Isurricano, a water-spout.

Isurtle, to clash violently.

Isusband, housekeeper.

Husbandry, economy.

Hush, silent.

Hyen, hyena.

Hyperion, the sun-god.

I, the common spelling of "Ay" in the old editions, often used in quibbles, R. and J. III. II. 45.

Ice-brook's temper, the temper of steel produced by plunging it red-hot into ice-cold water.

Ice-land dog, a white, long-haired, sharp-eared lap-dog.

Idle, useless, barren; trifling, frivolous; crazy.

I'eld, yield, grant.

I' fecks, in faith.

Ignomy, ignominy.

Ignorant, producing ignorance or unconsciousness, Temp. V. i. 67.

I'nd, yield, grant.

I'll-erected, built to an evil end.

I'll-inhabited, inappropriately lodged.

I'llness, wickedness, Macb. I. v. 21.

I'll-nurtured, ill-bred, rude.

I'll-ta'en, misconceived.

Ilume, illumine.

Illustrate, illustrious.

Ilustrous, lustreless.

I'll-wresting, twisting to a bad sense.

Imaginary, imaginative.

Imagined, belonging to the imagination.

Imbar. It is doubtful whether this means to bar out, exclude, or to bar in, secure, Hen. V. i. II. 94.

Immanity, ferocity.

Immask, disguise.

Immediacy, close position, direct relation.

Immoment, of no moment.

Immure, walls, fortifications.

Imp, *sb.*, off-spring, youngling; *vb.*, to graft, to mend the feathers of a hawk.

Impair, inferior, T. and C. IV. v. 103.

Impale, to encircle.

Impart, offer, afford.

Impartment, communication.

Impasted, made into a paste.

Impeach, *sb.*, impeachment; *vb.*, expose to reproach.

Impeachment, hindrance, Hen. V. III. vi. 151.

Imperceivable, dull, undiscerning.

Imperious, imperial.

Impetuous, a coined word, perhaps = to pocket, Tw. N. II. iii. 27.

Impleached, interwoven.

Implores, solicitors.

Impone, to bet.

Importance, import; importunity; matter, question.

Importancy, importance.

Important, importunate.

Importless, insignificant.

Importune, importunate, Lear, IV. iv. 26.

Impose, *sb.* and *vb.*, command.

Imposition, command; penalty.

Impostume, abscess.

Impress, a device with a motto.

Impress, force into military service.

Impugn, oppose.

Imputation, reputation; inference.

In, on; into; *vb.*, to get in, harvest,

All's Well, I. iii. 48.

Incapable, unable to receive.

Incardinate, blunder for "super-nate," Tw. N. V. i. 185.

Incardine, to stain red.

Incardinal, blunder for "incarnate," M. of V. II. ii. 29.

Incence, inform, Hen. VIII. V. i. 43.

Inch-meal, an inch at a time, gradually.

Incidency, liability.

Incision, blood-letting.

Inclining, *adj.*, favorably disposed; *sb.*, party.

Inclip, embrace.

Include, conclude, T. Gent. V. iv. 160.

Inclusive, latent, potential.

Income, cost of acquiring, Lucr. 334.

Incontinent, immediate.

Incoony, apparently = fine, dainty, L. L. L. III. i. 136.

Incorporeal, immaterial.

Incorped, made one body.

Incorrect, unsubdued, contumacious.

Incredulous, incredible, Tw. N. III. iv. 88.

Ind, or Inde, India.

Indent, to bargain, make a contract.

Index, table of contents, and so introduction, beginning.

Indifference, moderate size; impartiality.

Indifferent, *adj.*, impartial; ordinary; *adv.*, tolerably.

Indigest, *sb.*, formless mass; *adj.*, formless.

Indign, unworthy.

Indirect, unfair, unjust.

Indirection, wrongful means; round-about method.

Indistinguishable, of no recognizable kind, mongrel.

Indite, blunder for "invite," 2 Hen. IV. II. i. 30.

Individable, not violating unity of place.

Indubitate, undoubted.

Induction, beginning; in T. of 8., an introductory play forming a setting for the main play; in 2 Hen. IV., a prologue.

Indue, endow, fit; affect sympathetically with, Oth. III. iv. 146.

Indurance, imprisonment (?), delay (?), suffering (?), Hen. VIII. V. i. 121.

Inequality, improbability, M. for M. V. i. 65.

Inexcreable, not to be sufficiently excreted.

Infamelize, disgrace.

Infection, blunder for "affection," M. of V. II. ii. 133.

Infer, allege; prove.

Infest, vex.

Inform, take shape. Inform with nobleness, make noble.

Informal, inane.

Information, informer.

Infusion, essential quality.

Ingenious, highly sensitive; intellectual.

Ingeniously, ingeniously.

Inhabit, clothe oneself in, Macb. III. iv. 106.

Inhabitable, uninhabitable.

German
German
German

scale or part
"leat-"
1223

in-
with-
light.

civil-

ined, refined.
Inly, *adj.*, inward; *adv.*, inwardly, intimately.
Innocent, *sb.*, fool, idiot, simpleton.
Inquisitive, seeking.
Inseane, causing insanity.
Insanie, madness.
Insculp, carve.
Insculpture, carved inscription.
Inseparate, indivisible.
Insew'd, joined as by sinews.
Insinuate, ingratiate oneself.
Insinuation, ingratiating; meddling.
Insisture, constancy.
Instance, motive; proof, token; maxim; example.
Insult, exult.
Insuppressive, insuppressible.
Intellect, signature (?), L. L. L. IV. II. 137.
Intelligent, bearing intelligence.
Intend, tend; direct; mean; pretend.
Intendment, aim; intention.
Intenible, incapable of retaining.
Intention, aim; intensity, concentration, W. T. I. II. 138.
Intensively, attentively.
Interest'd, interested.
Intermission, delay, interruption.
Intermissive, interrupted.
Interrogatory, question asked on oath.
Intertissued, interwoven.
Intervallum, interval.
Intil, into.
Into, unto, to.
Intranchant, not to be cut.
Intrinsac, intricately knotted.
Intrinsicate, intricate.
Inured, entombed (Q₂ reads "interred").
Invasive, invading.
Invectively, abusively.
Invincible, inviolable, 2 Hen. IV, III. II. 337.
Invised, invisible (?), Compl. 212.
Inward, *adj.*, secret; confidential; *sb.*, inside; intimate.
Inwardness, intimacy.
Irregular, lawless.
Issued, descended, Temp. I. II. 59.
It, its.
Iterance, repetition.
Iwis or I wis, certainly.

Jack, the small bowl aimed at in the game of bowls; the key of a virgin; a knave, rogue; the automatic figure which struck the bell in old clocks; a drinking vessel (used punningly), T. of S. IV. I. 51.

Jack-a-lent, a puppet, thrown at in Lent.

Jack-an-apes, a monkey.

Jackmauce, a saucy fellow.

Jade, to play a jade's tricks with, run away with, Tw. N. II. v. 179; to treat contemptuously; to drive hard.

Jar, *sb.* and *vb.*, tick (of the clock). Jaunce, *sb.*, gadding about; *vb.*, to prance.

Jay, a loose woman.

Jennet, a Spanish horse.

Jerkin, jacket.

Jesses, straps on a falcon's legs.

Jest, take part in a play, Rich. II. I. III. 96.

Jet, to strut; to encroach.

Jig, *sb.*, a merry ballad, or the dance accompanying it; *vb.*, to sing or write a jig; to walk affectedly.

Joinder, joining.

Joined-stool, joint-stool, folding stool.

Jointress, dowager, or, perhaps, female partner, consort, Ham. I. II. 9. Joint-ring, a split ring used as a love-token.

Jordan, chamber-pot.

Journal, *adj.*, daily.

Journey-bated, tired with traveling.

Jowl, *vb.*, to dash.

Joy, *vb.*, to make happy; be happy, enjoy.

Judicious, judicial.

Jump, *sb.*, chance; *vb.*, riak; agree; *adv.*, exactly.

Junkets, sweetmeats, dainties.

Justicer, justice, judge.

Jutty, *sb.*, projection; *vb.*, project.

Juvenal, a youth.

Kam, crooked.

Kecksies, dry hollow stems of hemlock, etc.

Keech, a round lump of tallow.

Keel, skim (?), or cool (?).

Keep, *sb.*, custody; *vb.*, dwell; restrain; guard; remain with, Rich. III. V. III. 29.

Keeping, maintenance.

Kelsar, emperor.

Ken, *vb.*, know; decry; *sb.*, view, sight.

Kennel, sink, gutter.

Kern, a light-armed foot-soldier from Ireland or the Scottish Highlands.

Kersey, coarse woollen cloth.

Kettle, kettle-drum.

Key, tuning-key, Temp. I. II. 83.

Kibe, chilblain.

Kickahawa, trifles.

Kicky-wicky, darling, mistress.

Kild-fox, young fox.

Kill! an ancient English battle-cry.

Killien, kill.

Kind, *sb.*, nature; *adj.*, natural.

Kindle, to incite; to bring forth.

Kindless, unnatural.

Kindly, natural, seasonable.

Kingdomed, like a kingdom (?).

Kirtle, a jacket with skirt attached.

Kissing-comfits, sweetmeats for perfuming the breath.

Kitchen, to entertain in the kitchen.

Knap, nibble; rap, strike sharply.

Knave, a lad; a servant.

Knoll, to ring, toll.

Knot, garden-plot.

Knotty-pated, blockheaded.

Know, *sb.*, knowledge.

Knowing, experience; kno-

Label, the alip attached bearing the seal.

Labrus, lips.

Lace, to adorn.

Laced mutton, often used tute, but in T. Gent. I. parately for a fine lady.

Lade, drain.

Lag, *sb.*, the crowd, the low *adv.*, late. Lag of, later

Lag-end, latter end.

Lakin, Ladykin, little La-

gin.

Lame, to make to appear surpass, Cym. V. v. 163

Lampas, a swelling of the horse.

Land, lawn (?), Temp. IV

Land-damn, said to be a for the public denunci-

derers or adulterers, I. 143.

Land-rakers, vagabonds.

Languish, lingering disease.

Lank, to grow thin.

Lantern, in R. and J. V. i times interpreted as a

of windows by which a be lighted.

Lap, to wrap.

Lapse, *sb.*, error; *vb.*, to away.

Laped, *pp.*, caught, Tw. 36; having been dilated

III. iv. 107.

Lard, to enrich, fatten; (Large, broad, unrestrai-

tious.

Larou, robber.

Latch, to catch; to strike. 54; in M. N. D. III.

Laps, to smear.

Late, recent; lately appointed, &c.

Lated, belated.

Latten, a mixed metal, copper and calamine.

Laund, lawn; clear space.

Laviah, unrestrained, Hoe

Lavolt, Lavolta, a whirling dance by two persons.

Law of writ and the liberty following the words

and improvising, Ham.

Lay, stake, wager.

Lay, to waylay, beset.

Lay by, stand.

Lay for, strive to win.

Lay up, fold and put away.

Lazar, leper.

Lead apes in hall, the pro-

cupation of old maids in world.

Leading, command; game.

Leaguer, camp.

Leash, a group of three (ing usually leashed in the

Leading, lying.

Leather-coats, golden rum of apple.

Leave, *vb.*, to cease; to *sb.*, licence.

Leech, physician.

Leer, complexion.

- mass, to lose.
 set, a manor court; the date of such a court.
 sg, an obeisance.
 ages, alleges.
 sgerity, nimbleness.
 siger, ambassador.
 sure, use of my time, M. for M. III. ii. 261.
 sman, lover, paramour.
 sodings, external appurtenances, Lear, III. iv. 113.
 smth, delay.
 stent, spare, scanty, like fare in Lent.
 st, sb., hindrance; vb., hinder; detain; forbear.
 st-alone, hindering.
 stbe, oblivion; in J. Cms. III. i. 206, usually interpreted as death, but by Capell explained as the blood of a stricken deer.
 svel, sb., range, aim; adj., straight; equal; vb., to aim; to guess; to be equal.
 swd, base.
 swdster, lascivious fellow.
 table, subject; ft.
 tbbard, leopard.
 tberal, licentious, free-spoken. Of liberal conceit, rich in fanciful ornament.
 tberly, licence. Liberties of sin, wicked libertines, C. of E. I. ii. 102.
 tle, lodge.
 tle, defer. As lief, as soon.
 teger, ambassador.
 tleutenantry (On —), (by) proxy tle. O' life, on my life.
 tfter, a thief.
 tght, pp., lighted, fallen.
 tghtly, readily; usually.
 tght o' love, the name of a well-known tune.
 tke, to compare, resemble; to please. Like well, to be in good condition of body, thrive.
 tkealthood, indication.
 tking, bodily condition.
 tmbek, alembic, still.
 tmb-meal, limb by limb.
 tmbro, the borders of hell. Limbo Patrum, the place where the souls of the Old Testament saints remained till Christ descended into hell.
 tme, sb., birdlime; vb., to put lime into sack; to smear with birdlime; to catch with birdlime; to cement as with lime.
 tmit, sb., fixed time. Strength of limit, the limited amount of strength acquired by a woman before she goes out after child-bearing; vb., to appoint.
 tme, sb., caprice, fit of temper, M. Wives, IV. ii. 22; T. and C. II. iii. 139.
 tme, vb., to draw or paint; to strengthen.
 tmeal, due by right of birth.
 tme-grove, grove of lime-trees.
 tnk, a torch.
 tneey-wooley, mixed stuff, jargon.
 tustock, stick to hold the gunner's watch.
 Lip, vb., to kiss.
 Lipebury pinfold. Unexplained. Lear, II. ii. 9.
 Liqueur, to smear with tallow to keep out water.
 List, sb., desire; limit, boundary; vb., desire; please.
 Lither, flexible, yielding.
 Little (in —), in miniature. In a little, briefly.
 Livelihood, animation.
 Lively, living; life-like.
 Liver, considered the seat of the passions.
 Liver-vein, the style of men in love.
 Livery, sb., delivering of an inheritance to the heir; vb., to dress.
 Living, property, income.
 Loach, a small fish.
 Lob, sb., lout; vb., to droop.
 Lockram, a kind of cheap linen.
 Lode-star, pole-star.
 Lodge, beat down.
 Loggata, small logs used in a game in which they are thrown at a mark.
 Long, to belong.
 Long of, on account of.
 Longly, longingly.
 Loof, luff, bring close to the wind.
 Look, look for, search out.
 Loom, rascal; clown.
 Loop, loop-hole.
 Looped, full of openings.
 Loose, discharge (of an arrow).
 Loosely, wantonly.
 Lop, fagots cut from a tree.
 Lord's sake (For the —), the supposition of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by.
 Lord's tokens, plague-spots on the body.
 Lose, to forget; to cease to be lost.
 Loss, desertion, W. T. II. iii. 192.
 Lots, the tickets in a lottery.
 Lots to blanks, more than likely.
 Lottery, prize in a lottery.
 Lout, vb., mock.
 Love-day, a day for settling quarrels.
 Love-in-idleness, the pansy, heart-ease.
 Lover, mistress; friend.
 Loves (Of all —), for love's sake, by all means.
 Love-springs, shoots or buds of love.
 Lower chair, easy-chair.
 Lown, a base fellow.
 Lozal, a worthless fellow.
 Lubber, blunder for "libbard," i. e. leopard, 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 30.
 Luce, pike.
 Lud's town, London.
 Lumpish, dull.
 Lunas, fits of madness, W. T. II. ii. 30.
 Lurch, to lurk; to win easily a complete victory.
 Lure, something used to attract a falcon, a call, or decoy.
 Lush, juicy.
 Lust-breathed, animated by lust.
 Lusthood, bodily vigor.
 Luxurious, lustful.
 Luxury, lust.
 Lym, a bloodhound.
 Maculate, stained, impure.
 Maculation, stain.
 Made-up, complete.
 Maggot-pie, magpie. of super-Magnifico, a grandee of Venice. v. 43.
 Mald Marian, Robin Hood's st. heart; later, a character in the morris-dance.
 Mail, sb., wallet, L. L. L. III. i. 74; vb., to wrap (as with a cloth round a hawk's wings), 2 Hen. VI, II. iv. 31.
 Main, mainland; chief power; stake in gambling.
 Main-course, main-sail.
 Maintenance, power of defence.
 Major, first proposition of a syllogism (punning on "Mayor," probably).
 Make, vb., to fasten, bar; make the fortune of; do; move, go; to behave (see Nice, Dainty, etc.).
 Make, sb., mate, husband or wife.
 Makeless, mateless, widowed.
 Malapert, saucy.
 Male, father, 3 Hen. VI, V. vi. 15.
 Malkin, a coarse wench.
 Mallard, a wild drake.
 Mallecho (Span. *malhecho*), mischief.
 Malmsey, a sweet wine.
 Malt-horse, a brewer's horse.
 Malt-worm, a beer tippler.
 Mammaring, hesitating.
 Mammet, a doll.
 Mammoth, tear in pieces.
 Man, vb., to tame (a hawk); to furnish with a man, or a servant.
 Manage, sb., training; government; direction; course in the lists; vb., train; wield.
 Mandragora, mandrake, a soporific.
 Mandrake, the plant *Atropa mandragora*, the root of which was thought to resemble the figure of a man, and which was supposed, when pulled up, to utter shrieks which drove the hearer mad.
 Man-entered, entered into manhood.
 Mankind, adj., masculine.
 Manner (With the —), in the fact.
 Man-queller, manslayer.
 Mantle, sb., scum on the surface of stagnant water; vb., to form such a scum.
 Manure, to till.
 Mappery, study of maps (used contemptuously as being bookish, theoretical).
 Marches, border-country.
 Marchpane, a kind of sweet cake, with almonds, etc.
 Mare, nightmare. To ride the wild mare, to play at see-saw.
 Margent, margin, border, edge. The margin of books was often used for comment, c. Ham. V. ii. 162.
 Mariah, marah. (Old edd. read "nourish.") 1 Hen. VI, i. i. 50.
 Mark, thirteen shillings and fourpence.
 Mark, race. God bless the mark, a common phrase used to avert evil omen or as a slight apology.
 Market. He ended the market, L. L. L. III. i. 111, an allusion to the saying, "Three women and a goose make a market."
 Marmoset, a kind of monkey.
 Marry, by (the Virgin) Mary.

German.
German.
Germ.

1225

the winter's provision.
Martyr, maltreat, disfigure.
Mary-buds, marigold buds.
Master of fence, one who has taken the master's degree in fencing.
Masterly, *adj.*, of great proficiency.
Mastic, stopped with mastic gum, used for filling decayed teeth.
Match, appointment; compact.
Mate, *sb.*, fellow; *vb.*, marry; match; confound.
Material, full of matter, A. Y. L. III. iii. 32.
Matin, morning.
Maugre, in spite of.
Maund, basket.
Maw, stomach.
Mazard, head.
Meacock, spiritless, effeminate.
Measled, mingled.
Mean, *sb.*, means; in music, the intermediate part between treble and tenor; *vb.*, to enjoy moderately.
Measles, lepers, scurry fellows.
Measurable, appropriate.
Measure, a stately dance, or the music for it.
Medicinal, medicinal.
Medicine, *sb.*, a physician, All's Well, II. i. 75; *vb.*, to heal, restore.
Meed, merit.
Meet, *adj.*, even, quits; *vb.*, meet with, check.
Meetly, proper, fitting.
Meiny, retinue.
Mell, meddle, have to do.
Memorize, make memorable.
Memory, memorial.
Mends, remedy (?), T. and C. I. i. 68.
Mercantile (Ital.), merchant.
Merchant, fellow; merchantman.
Mercy. By mercy, by your leave (?), T. of A. III. v. 55.
Mere, absolute, entire.
Merod, sole, entire.
Merely, absolutely, entirely.
Merit, reward.
Mermaid, in Tw. N. II. iii. 29, the Fool's form of "Myrmidons," the followers of Achilles.
Mervallous, a nonsense-word of Pistol's.
Meshed, mashed.
Mess, a party of four. Lower messes, inferior classes.
Metaphysical, supernatural.
Mete, measure. Mete at, judge in aiming.
Mete-yard, measuring yard.
Metheglin, a drink made from honey and other ingredients.
Mew, shut up.
Micher, truant.
Miching, sneaking, skulking.
Mickle, great.

l. 310.
father
(l. 11),

above.
ally in-
staff's
ann of
is to
nas for

Middle-earth, the terrestrial world.
Milch, giving milk; figuratively, shedding tears.
Mill-sixpences, coins, first minted in the coining-mill in 1561.
Mince, to affect; to walk, talk, or act affectingly.
Mind, to intend, be disposed; to remember; to remind.
Mineral, a mine.
Mingle, *sb.*, mixture, union.
Minkin, little.
Minim, originally, the shortest note in music; a very short period.
Minimus, a very small thing.
Minion, darling; a spoiled favorite, a saucy person.
Minstrel, function of a minstrel, who narrated entertaining tales.
Minute-jacks, time-servers.
Mirable, admirable.
Miscreate, illegitimate.
Miser, wretch.
Misprize, undervalue; mistake.
Misprision, mistake, undervaluing.
Misprout, viciously proud.
Mise, *sb.*, misconduct, error; feeling the want of; *vb.*, dispense with.
Misingly, regretfully.
Missive, messenger.
Mistaken, misjudged, Hen. VIII. I. i. 195.
Mistemper, ill-tempered, wrathful. In R. and J. I. i. 94, sometimes interpreted = tempered to an evil purpose.
Mistreadings, sins.
Mistress, the jack or small ball at which aim is taken in bowling.
Mistrustful, begetting suspicion.
Mistake, *sb.*, offence; *vb.*, deceive; revile.
Mobled, with the head muffled.
Model, mould; copy. In Rich. II. V. i. 11, perhaps = plot.
Modern, trite, ordinary.
Modest, moderate.
Modesty, moderation; decency.
Module, image, form.
Moe, more.
Moiety, portion.
Moldwarp, mole.
Molestation, turmoil.
Mome, blockhead.
Momentary, momentary.
Monarcho, a mad Italian of the time of Elizabeth, who thought himself sovereign of the world.
Monster, *vb.*, to make monstrous.
Monstruous, extraordinary nature.
Moustant, an upright thrust in fencing.
Month's mind, strong desire.
Monumental, memorial.
Mood, anger; grief; expression.
Moon-calf, abortion.
Moonish, inconstant.
Moon's men, highwaymen.
Mop, grimace.
Mope, to drowse, be dazed.
Moral, *sb.*, hidden meaning, *adj.*, moralizing *vb.*, to moralize.
More and less, great and small.
Morisco, morris-dancer.
Morris-pike, Moorish pike.
Mort, the notes on the horn blown at the death of the deer.
Mortal, deadly; excessive.

Mortified, insensible; as
Mortise, *sb.*, the hole cut of wood to receive the ing projection on another join with a mortise.
Moss in the china, a disease.
Motto, motto, sentence.
Mother, the disease *Ague*.
Motion, *sb.*, proposal.
Motive, agent, instrument.
Motive, *vb.*, to tempt to move; impulse, sensation, perception; a puppet; *vb.*, to prop.
Motive, agent, instrument.
Motley, a fool's parti-col.
Mought, might.
Mould, earth. Men of men.
Moulten, having cast its moult, lifted.
Mouse, *sb.*, a term of *vb.*, to hunt, as a cat does.
Mouse-bear, a petticoat.
Mouthed, gaping.
Mow, grimace.
Moy, a coin (?), a measure.
Muletter, muletter.
Mulled, dulled, insipid.
Multipotent, very powerful.
Mum. To play at mumps.
Mummer, masquerader.
Mummy, a medicine.
Muniments, war-supplies.
Murdering-piece, a kind sometimes loaded with grape-shot.
Mure, wall.
Murk, darkness.
Murrion, infected with a disease among cattle.
Muscadell, a sweet wine.
Muse, to wonder; to muse, the hole in a hare which a hare is accused to scramble.
Mutine, *sb.*, mutineer; rebel.
Mutiner, mutineer, rebel.
Mutton, slang for courtiers.
Mynheers, gentlemen, l. 228.
Mystery, trade, professional skill.
Naphin, handkerchief.
Native, at home, domestic.
Natural, *sb.*, idiot.
Naught, lost. Be naught, take you.
Naughty, wicked.
Nave, navel.
Nayward, tendency to.
Nayword, watchword: Ne, nor.
Neaf, fist.
Near, near.
Near-legged, knock-kneed, bill (of a bird).
Needful, important; be needful, having no need.
Needily, necessarily.
Neeld, needle.
Neeze, sneeze.
Neglection, neglect.

Neighbourhood, friendly terms.

Nephew, cousin; grandchild.

Nerve, sinew.

Nether-stocks, stockings.

Next, nearest.

Nice, fine; scrupulous; trifling; precarious; precise; prudish. To make nice, to be scrupulous.

Nicholas. St. Nicholas' clerks, highwaymen.

Nick, *sb.*, a notch made on a tally-stick, hence, out of all nick = out of all reckoning; *vb.*, to cut the hair in notches like a fool's; to mark with folly. In the nick, at the right moment.

Niece, grand-daughter.

Nighted, dark.

Night-rule, revelry.

NIB, will not.

Nine-fold. Unexplained. "Nine foals" and "nine familiars" have been suggested; Lear, III. iv. 126. Nine men's morris, a game somewhat resembling draughts, often played on the turf by rustics.

Nit, the egg of a louse.

Noble, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence.

Noblesse, nobility.

Nod. "To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called Noddy. The word also signifies a silly fellow. Cressid means to call Pandarus a noddy, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a fool." (Binger.) T. and C. I. ii. 211.

Noddy, a fool.

Noise, a band of musicians.

Nole, noddie, head.

Nomage, minority.

Noncome, blunder for "non-plus," M. Ado, III. v. 67.

Nook-shotten, full of nooks, running out into capes, etc., or shot into a corner, remote, Hen. V, III. v. 14.

Noe-herbs, sweet-smelling flowers.

Not, not only.

Note, observation; stigma; list, writing; distinction; remark.

Notedly, precisely.

Nothing-gift, gift of no value.

Not-pated, with the hair close cropped.

Nomale, nurse.

Norum, a game at dice, properly "no-ven quinqué."

Noynce, injury.

Nuncio, messenger.

Nuncle, uncle, the usual address of a fool to his master.

Nurture, cultivation.

Nut-hook, catchpole.

O of, on.

Oathable, capable of taking an oath.

Ob., abbreviation for obolus, half-penny.

Obliged, bound by contract.

Oblivious, causing forgetfulness.

Obsequious, concerned with funeral ceremonies.

Observance, observation; ceremony; homage.

Observant, obsequious follower.

Observation, ceremony, M. N. D. IV. i. 109.

Observe, to show respectful attention to.

Obstacle, blunder for "obstinate," 1 Hen. VI, V. iv. 17.

Obstruct, obstacle, A. and C. III. vi. 61. (Ff. read "abstract.")

Occulted, hidden.

Occupation, trade.

Occupy, engage (in Shakespeare's time with the additional sense of) in licentious activities.

Occurrents, happenings.

Odd, at odds, T. and C. IV. v. 265.

Odd-even, time between midnight and one in the morning (?), Oth. I. i. 124.

Odda, discord; advantage allowed.

Odorous, blunder for "odious," M. Ado, III. v. 18.

'Oda, corruption of "God's" in various oaths.

Odillades, amorous glances.

O'erblow, blow away, disperse.

O'ercount, outnumber; overreach(?), A. and C. II. vi. 27.

O'ercrow, triumph over, overcome.

O'ergreen, cover with green.

O'ergrown, covered with hair; superannuated.

O'erlook, bewitch.

O'erpated, having too difficult a part assigned.

O'erpost, get quickly over.

O'errought, overlook; cheated.

O'ersaid, smeared with something glutinous.

O'erteamed, exhausted by child-bearing.

O'erwatched, worn out with watching.

O'erwrested, over-strained.

Of, on; by; from; during; in.

Off, beside the mark.

Offer, to attack; to try.

Office, *vb.*, to perform domestic or other service; to hinder officially.

Offices, apartments used for domestic service.

Officious, ready to help.

Old, plentiful, great, or merely as a vague intensive, Temp. I. ii. 369; Macb. II. iii. 2.

'Old, wold.

Omen, event preceded by portents.

On, of.

Once, sometime; once for all.

Oneyer, perhaps one with suffix -yer, as in lawyer, 1 Hen. IV, II. i. 84.

Open, to give tongue (as a bound on finding the trail).

Opener, revealer.

Operant, active.

Opinion, reputation; arrogance, conceit.

Opinioned, blunder for "pinioned," M. Ado, IV. ii. 69.

Opposite, *sb.*, adversary; *adj.*, adverse.

Oppress, suppress.

Oppugnancy, opposition.

Or, before.

Orb, orbit; circle; the earth.

Order. Take order, adopt measures.

Ordinance, rank; ordinance.

Ordinant, controlling.

Ordinary, a dinner where each man pays the same, a *table d'hôte*.

Orgilious, haughty.

Original, origin, source.

Orphan, without parents, of supernatural origin, M. Wives, V. v. 43.

Ort, leaving, scrap.

Ostent, external show.

Ostentation, show, spectacle.

Othergates, in another way.

Ottomite, Ottoman, Turk.

Onches, ornaments, jewels.

Ought, owed, 1 Hen. IV, III. iii. 152.

Oupheas, elves.

Ousel, blackbird.

Out, at a loss; at odds; in rage; in the field; at an end; quite, fully; on the wrong scent; out of.

Outbrave, to excel in beauty or in bravery.

Outlook, to face down.

Outpeer, surpass.

Outrage, outbreak of rage.

Outapeak, indicate as excessive.

Outvied, beaten by a higher card.

Outward, uninitiated, All's Well, III. i. 11.

Overgone, overpowered.

Overhold, over-estimate.

Over-red,adden.

Over-scutched, over-whipped (?), worn with too much service (?), 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 340.

Over-swear, swear again.

Overture, disclosure.

Owe, own.

Oxlip, a kind of cowslip.

Oyes! Hear ye! the usual beginning of an announcement by the public crier.

Pace, to train (a horse).

Pack, *vb.*, to conspire; *sb.*, a group of conspirators.

Paddock, toad.

Page, follow like a page.

Pain, penalty.

Painted cloth, cloth painted with scenes, figures, moral sentences, etc., and used as hangings for rooms.

Pajock, peacock.

Palabras (Span.), words.

Palate, *vb.*, to taste, to taste of.

Pale, paleness; enclosure.

Palladoes, pallades, stakes used for defence.

Pall, to wrap up.

Pallament, robe.

Panderly, like panders or procurers.

Pantaloon, an old fool, a stock character from Italian comedy.

Pantler, servant in charge of the pantry.

Paper, to set down in the paper or list (?), Hen. VIII, I. i. 80.

Paragon, *vb.*, to serve as pattern for; to compare.

Parcel, *sb.*, a part; a party; *vb.*, to particularize; in A. and C. V. ii. 163, apparently, to increase, make up into larger bulk; *adv.*, partly, as in "parcel-gilt."

Pard, leopard.

Pardon, excuse.

Perfect, blunder for "present" or "perform," L. L. L. v. ii. 503.

Parish-top, a large top used for exercise by the peasants in cold weather.

- 'Paritor, apparitor or summoner of the Bishop's Court.
- Parle, *vb.*, parley, conference; *vb.*, to speak.
- Parlous, corruption of "perilous," often used merely as intensive.
- Parnaceti, corruption of "spermatoceti."
- Part, *vb.*, to leave, depart; *sb.*, party.
- Partake, take sides; impart.
- Partaker, partner.
- Parted, gifted, T. and C. III. III. 96.
- Partial slander, reproach of partiality.
- Partialise, to make partial.
- Participate, participating.
- Particular, *sb.*, private concern.
- Particularly, with a single person, T. of A. I. 1. 46.
- Partisan, a kind of halberd.
- Partlet, the name of the hen in Reynard the Fox.
- Party, part.
- Party-verdict, a share in the verdict.
- Pash, *sb.*, head; *vb.*, smash.
- Pass, *vb.*, pass belief; die; pass sentence; regard; disregard; perform; give; *sb.*, reputation; trick; passage. Pass upon, impose upon.
- Pass of fate, sally of wit. Pass of practice, secret thrust.
- Passable, sufficient to procure admission; that may be passed through.
- Passado, a forward motion in fencing.
- Passage, coming and going; travel; occurrence; passing away; death; course; action; carrying off a dead body. Passages of grossness, gross impositions.
- Passant, walking.
- Passing, exceeding; exceedingly.
- Passion, *sb.*, any strong emotional disturbance; suffering, grief; disease; *vb.*, to feel; to grieve; to express feeling, especially grief.
- Passionate, *adj.*, sorrowful; expressing strong emotion; *vb.*, to express strong emotion.
- Passy measures pavin, corruption of "passamezzo pavin," a slow and stately dance. If it means anything in Tw. N. V. I. 207, it probably implies that the surgeon is a solemn fool.
- Past-proportion, excess.
- Pastry, room in which the pastry is made.
- Patch, fool.
- Patched, parti-colored, like a fool's dress.
- Patchery, trickery.
- Path, go (T), J. Crea. II. 1. 83.
- Pathetical, used in a purposely affected way, with only a vague intensive force, L. L. L. IV. 1. 150.
- Patient, *vb.*, to compose oneself.
- Patine, plate of metal.
- Patronage, *vb.*, to patronize, protect.
- Pattern, masterpiece; example; imitation.
- Pauca, for (Lat.) *pauca verba*, few words.
- Pauca pallabris, (Span.) *pocas palabras*, few words.
- Paunch, *vb.*, to rip up the belly.
- Paved, laid with stones.
- Pawn, pledge.
- Pax, a small tablet with a sacred design on it offered to the laity to be kissed during mass. In Hen. V. III. vi. 42, it is probably a mistake for "pyx," the casket in which the consecrated wafer was kept, as we read in Holinshed, "a souldier tooke a pix out of a church."
- Pay, best, punish, requite.
- Peace-parted, having died in peace, not by violent means.
- Peach, impeach, accuse.
- Peak, grow emaciated; sneak, mope.
- Peat, darling.
- Peck, pitch.
- Pedant, schoolmaster.
- Pedascule, pedant.
- Peeled, shaven, tonsured.
- Peer, to appear, to let appear.
- Peevish, childish, trifling, ally; fretful.
- Peg-a-Ramsey, name of an old song.
- Peise, to balance; to weigh down; to retard.
- Pelt, to clamor, about abuse.
- Pelting, paltry.
- Penitent, doing penance.
- Pensioner, a member of the sovereign's body-guard of Gentlemen Pensioners.
- Pent-house, a lean-to.
- Penurious, necessitous.
- Perch, a measure of length.
- Perdu, a soldier sent on a forlorn hope.
- Perdurable, lasting.
- Perdy (Fr. *par dieu*), by God, truly.
- Peregrinate, foreign.
- Peremptry, bold; determined.
- Perfect, *adj.*, well-informed; fully prepared; *vb.*, to instruct fully.
- Perforce, by violence; of necessity.
- Force perforce, of necessity.
- Periapt, amulet.
- Period, end.
- Perishen, to perish.
- Perjure, *sb.*, perjurer; *vb.*, to cause to commit perjury, corrupt.
- Perpend, consider.
- Perplex, bewilder, confound.
- Persever, persevere.
- Persistive, persistent.
- Personage, external appearance.
- Personate, represent.
- Perspective, a glass which produced optical illusions.
- Perspectively, as through a perspective.
- Persuade, to try to persuade. Persuade of, to have a good opinion of.
- Pert, lively, saucy.
- Pervert, avert, turn aside.
- Pester, infect.
- Petar, a kind of bomb.
- Pew-fellow, companion, partner.
- Phantasmie, a fantastic.
- Phantasma, a vision.
- Phexar, a word coined by the host in M. Wives, I. III. 10.
- Phexse, to trouble, annoy, torment.
- Phillip, a name for a sparrow.
- Phillip and Jacob, May 1st.
- Phillippan, used at the battle of Philippi.
- Phraseless, indescribable.
- Physical, wholesome.
- Pis mater, membrane of brain, and so the brain.
- Pick, pitch.
- Picked, refined, affected.
- Pickers, thieves, i. e., swag.
- Picking, insignificant.
- Pick-thank, a toady.
- Pickt-hatch, a disreputable of London.
- Piece, cask of wine.
- Pight, pitched.
- Pig-nuts, earth-nuts.
- Pilcher, scabbard.
- Piled, a quibble on pilled (from the French) pilled = a quality of ve M. I. II. 25.
- Pill, to plunder.
- Pillcock, a term of endearment.
- Pin, the centre of the tar.
- Pin and web, cataract (of Pin-buttock, a thin butto).
- Pinched, destroyed (?).
- (?), T. Gent. IV. iv. 16.
- Pinfold, a pound.
- Pink eyne, small, half-sh.
- Pinked, decorated with.
- Pioned, channelled (?).
- probably, overgrown peony or marsh-marig IV. I. 64.
- Pioneer, pioneer.
- Pip, a spot on cards.
- Pipe-wine, wine from a cask, with pun on pipe.
- instrument, M. Wives.
- Pitch, the height to which soar.
- Pittikins, diminutive used in the oath, 'Ods God's pity.
- Place, dwelling-place; falcon; precedence.
- Placket, some part of or a woman's dress, not determined; a woman.
- Plain, explain; complain.
- Plain-dealer, simpleton.
- Plain-dealing, honesty.
- Plain-song, simple melody.
- Planchd, made of planks.
- Plant, sole of the foot.
- Plantage, vegetation.
- Plantain, a herb used for.
- Plantation, colonization.
- Plash, pool.
- Plate, *sb.*, coin; *vb.*, to plate-armor.
- Platform, scheme.
- Plausibly, by acclamation.
- Plausible, plausible, please.
- Play, play for.
- Pleached, interwoven.
- Pleaseman, flatterer.
- Plant, yielding occasion.
- Plighted, folded, involve.
- Plume up, prank up, grai.
- Pluriy, plethora, excess.
- Point, a tagged lace. T. actly. At point. At a pletely, fully prepared point, in perfection.
- or Point-devises, precise.
- Point, Point of war, set a trumpet. In Gen. I points = commands (a trumpet).

pointing-stock, laughing-stock.
 Poise, weight.
 Poke, pouch.
 Poling-stick, instrument for ironing the plaits of ruff.
 Polack, a Pole.
 Pole, standard; sometimes interpreted as pole-star, A. and C. IV. xv. 65.
 Pole-clipt, in which the poles are clipt or twined about by the vines.
 Polley, cunning, stratagem.
 Politic, dealing with statecraft, Tw. N. II. v. 174.
 Polled, cleared, bared.
 Pollution, blunder for "allusion," L. L. L. IV. ii. 46.
 Pomander, a perfume-ball.
 Pomewater, a kind of apple.
 Pomgranet, (probably) pomegranate.
 Poop, overwhelm, like a heavy sea breaking over the poop of a vessel.
 Poor John, hake salted and dried.
 Poperin, a kind of pear.
 Popinjay, parrot.
 Popular, vulgar.
 Popularity, vulgarity.
 Populous, numerous.
 Porentine, porcupine.
 Pottinger, a bowl; a bowl-shaped cup.
 Port, bearing; gate.
 Portable, tolerable.
 Portage, port-holes; harbor-dues.
 Portance, conduct.
 Portly, of good deportment, handsome.
 Possess, inform; give possession of.
 Possession, madness.
 Pisset, curdle, thicken.
 Possible, blunder for "positively," M. Wives, I. i. 244.
 Post off, put off carelessly.
 Poster, swift traveler.
 Poy, motto.
 Pot. To the pot, to destruction.
 Potable, drinkable.
 Potch, thrust.
 Pother, ado, turmoil.
 Potting, drinking.
 Pottle, a drinking vessel holding two quarts.
 Poulter, poulterer.
 Pouncet-box, a perfume-box with a perforated lid.
 Powder, to salt.
 Powdering-tub, salting-tub; used especially of the hot bath for the cure of venereal disease.
 Practice, artifice, device; conspiracy, treachery.
 Practisant, fellow-conspirator.
 Practice, to use stratagems; to conspire, plot.
 Praise, appraise, Tw. N. I. v. 268.
 Pray in aid, to call in to help.
 Precedent, *adj.*, former; *sb.*, original draft; preange, indication.
 Precept, warrant, summons.
 Precept, consisting of precepts.
 Precursor, forerunner.
 Predict, prediction.
 Refer, present; advance; recommend.
 Regnancy, ready wit.
 Regnant, clever; ready, quick; clear, obvious.

Premised, sent before their time.
 Prenominate, forename.
 Prezis, precise (?), demure (?), M. for M. III. i. 94, 97.
 Preposterous, blunder for "prosperous," W. T. V. ii. 159.
 Prescript, *sb.*, order; *adj.*, prescriptive.
 Presence, person; room of state.
 Present, *sb.*, present time, occasion, discussion, possession; *vb.*, represent.
 Presentation, semblance, pretence.
 Presently, immediately.
 Presentment, representation; presentation.
 Press, *sb.*, commission to enrol soldiers by compulsion; *vb.*, to force into military service.
 Press-money, money given to impressed soldiers.
 Pressure, impression.
 Preet, ready.
 Prester John, a fabulous eastern king.
 Presuppose, impose.
 Pretence, intention.
 Pretend, intend, mean; allege.
 Prevail, avail.
 Prevailment, power.
 Prevent, anticipate.
 Prick, *sb.*, point on a dial; centre of a target; a skewer, prickle; *vb.*, to mark (by means of a puncture); to stick.
 Pricket, a buck of the second year.
 Prick-song, music sung from notes, written harmony.
 Pride, sexual desire, Lucr. 438.
 Prig, thief.
 Prime, *sb.*, spring; *adj.*, chief; lustful.
 Primers, a game at cards.
 Primy, early, in the spring.
 Prince, *vb.*, to play the prince.
 Principality, an angel of a high order.
 Principals, the main timbers of a building.
 Princox, a pert youth.
 Print, in print, accurately, exactly.
 Priser, prizefighter.
 Private, *sb.*, privacy; personal communication.
 Prize, *sb.*, contest for a prize; privilege; estimate; *vb.*, repute, estimate.
 Priser, appraiser, T. and C. II. ii. 56.
 Probal, probable.
 Probation, proof, test.
 Process, summons; manner of happening, story.
 Procreant, for producing offspring.
 Procurator, substitute, proxy.
 Procure, act as procurer; cause to come.
 Prodigiously, by monstrous births.
 Proditor, traitor.
 Proface, much good may it do you.
 Professed, full of professions, Lear, I. i. 275.
 Progeny, descent, ancestry.
 Progress, royal journey.
 Project, act forth.
 Projection, plan.
 Prolixious, wearisome.
 Prolong, defer.
 Prompture, instigation.

Proof, *sb.*, armor proved impenetrable; impenetrability; experience, a matter proved by experience; *adj.*, impenetrable.
 Propagate, to increase.
 Propagation, increase.
 Propend, incline.
 Propension, inclination.
 Proper, one's own, peculiar; fine, handsome.
 Proper-false, handsome and false.
 Property, *sb.*, a thing, chattel; individuality; *vb.*, to use, make a tool of; to endow with qualities.
 Proportion, estimated number; portion.
 Propose, *vb.*, converse, imagine, contemplate; *sb.*, conversation.
 Proposer, one who proposes or administers an oath.
 Propriety, individuality, identity.
 Propugnation, defence.
 Prorogue, defer; prolong; weaken by postponing action.
 Protest, proclaim.
 Protractive, long drawn out.
 Provand, provender.
 Provincial, belonging to an ecclesiastical province. P. roses, rosettes.
 Provision, foresight.
 Provoke, call forth; impel; instigate.
 Prune, to arrange the plumage.
 Puck, an elf, goblin.
 Pudder, turmoil.
 Pudency, modesty.
 Pugging, thieving.
 Puleyn, unskilful, like a novice.
 Puke, to vomit.
 Puke-stocking, a dark-colored stocking (?), 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 78.
 Pulpiter, preacher (Fl. reads "Jupiter"), A. Y. L. III. ii. 163.
 Palsidge, blunder for "palse," 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 25.
 Pun, to pound, smash.
 Punk, a strumpet.
 Punto, a thrust (in fencing). Punto reverso (Ital. *punta reversa*), a back-handed stroke.
 Purchase, *sb.*, gain, acquisition; booty; *vb.*, to acquire; to get by unfair means.
 Purl, curl.
 Purple, the purple orchis (*orchis mascula*).
 Push, pahaw! piah! Used as *sb.* in M. Ado, V. i. 38.
 Push-pin, a children's game.
 Put, with infinitive, to make, as in "put to know," etc. Put on, to instigate. Put on or upon, impart; impose on. Put over, refer. Put in, intercede; make a claim.
 Putter-out, investor, speculator.
 Puttock, a kite.
 Puzzel, a drab.
 Pyramis, pyramid.
 Quail, *vb.*, to overpower; to faint, slacken; *sb.*, a loose woman.
 Quaint, ingenious, clever; fine, dainty.
 Qualification, appeasing.
 Qualify, moderate, weaken.
 Quality, profession, especially that of acting.

- retention, reserve; capacity; means of preserving impressions, Sonn. 122. 9.
 retentive, restraining.
 retire, retreat, repair.
 return, to inform.
 reverberate.
 reverberate, reverberating, echoing.
 reverse, a back-handed stroke in fencing.
 revolt, *sb.*, rebel; *vb.*, to be faithless; to retire (?), 2 Hen. VI, IV. ii. 133.
 re-word, to repeat in the same words; to echo.
 rheum, catarrh, cold; humid discharge from the eyes, mouth, or nose.
 rheumatic, rasping (?), 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 62; lunatic (?), Hen. V, II. iii. 40.
 rheumy, causing rheum.
 Rialto, the Venetian Exchange.
 rib, to enclose.
 riddred, lewd.
 rid, to destroy.
 righish, wanton.
 rigol, circle.
 rim, midriff, entrails.
 ripe, *vb.*, to ripen; *adj.*, ready, prepared; urgent; due; intoxicated.
 ripely, urgently.
 ripeness, preparedness.
 riva, shore.
 rival, *sb.*, partner; *vb.*, to compete.
 rivalry, equal partnership.
 rive, to split, burst.
 rived, wrinkled.
 rivo, a Bacchanalian exclamation.
 road, harbor; incursion; journey; a prostitute.
 robustious, rough, sturdy.
 rock, to tremble, Lucr. 262.
 roguish, vagrant, roaming.
 roguish, vagrant.
 roasting, blistering.
 ornaige, turmoil.
 ornaish, Roman.
 ordure, circle.
 ornyon, a mangy creature.
 ood, the cross, crucifix.
 oofed, under one roof.
 ook, or perch.
 ooky, misty, gloomy (?), or frequented by rooks (?), Macb. III. ii. 51.
 opary, roguery.
 opee, All's Well, IV. ii. 38, unexplained.
 ope-tricks, knavery.
 oping, dripping, hanging down like ropes.
 oted, learned, committed to memory.
 other, a horned beast.
 rand, *adj.*, plain-spoken, direct; *sb.*, circle; dance in a circle; *vb.*, to grow round; to surround; to whisper.
 rancel, a dance in a circle.
 randly, directly, without ceremony.
 randure, circle.
 rase, a large draught, carouse.
 rat, rabble, mob; brawl.
 raw, lines, verse.
 real, a gold coin worth ten shillings.
 Roynish, scurvy, mangy.
 Rub, *sb.*, impediment (in bowling); *vb.*, to hinder. Rub on, to proceed in spite of obstacles.
 Rubied, red as a ruby.
 Rubious, red as a ruby.
 Ruddock, the robin redbreast.
 Rudeby, a rude fellow.
 Ruffie, *vb.*, to stir, to be boisterous; *sb.*, bustle.
 Rug-headed, shaggy-haired.
 Ruinate, to bring to ruin.
 Rule, behavior, line of conduct.
 Rumour, confused noise.
 Rump-fed, fed on offal (?), fat-rumped (?), pampered (?), Macb. I. iii. 6.
 Runagate, vagabond, runaway, deserter.
 Running banquet, hasty refreshment.
 Rush aside, brush aside.
 Saba, the Queen of Sheba.
 Sables, fur used for trimming robes.
 Sack, a general name for wines of the type of cherry.
 Sackbut, a kind of trombone.
 Sacred, consecrated (of royal persons).
 Sacrificial, devout.
 Sacring-bell, the little bell rung during mass.
 Sad, serious.
 Safe, *vb.*, to conduct safely; to render safe.
 Safety, custody.
 Sagittary, a centaur; a building in Venice.
 Said, Well said, well done.
 Sain, said.
 Sale-work, work not done to order.
 Sallet, a close-fitting helmet; a salad; something to give a relish, something indecent, Ham. II. ii. 462.
 Salt, *sb.*, tears, Lear, IV. vi. 199; *adj.*, bitter; lecherous.
 Saltiers, satyrs.
 Samingo, San Domingo, a saint invoked by topera.
 Sanctimonious, holy.
 Sanctimony, holiness; a holy thing.
 Sanctuarize, to give sanctuary to, protect.
 Sand-blind, dim-sighted.
 Sanded, sandy in color.
 Sans, without.
 Sarum, Salisbury.
 Satire, satirist.
 Saucy, wanton.
 Savage, uncultivated, Hen. V, III. v. 7.
 Savagery, wild growth.
 Saw, a maxim, saying.
 Sawn, sown.
 Say, *sb.*, a kind of silk; assay, flavor; *vb.*, to assay.
 'Sblood, God's blood.
 Scaffoldage, the beams, etc., of the stage.
 Scald, scurvy.
 Scale, to weigh.
 Scall, corruption of "scald," M. Wives, III. i. 123.
 Scamble, to scramble, fight.
 Scamels, a doubtful word in Temp. II. ii. 176; see-mews (?), limpets (?).
 Scan, to examine, consider.
 Scandal, to slander.
 Scandaled, scandalous.
 Scant, *adj.*, sparing; *adv.*, scarcely; *vb.*, to limit, give sparingly.
 Scantling, a small portion.
 Scantily, grudgingly, ungenerously.
 Scape, *sb.*, irregularity, escapade; *vb.*, to escape.
 Scarf, wrap as with a scarf; adorn with flags.
 Scathful, damaging.
 Sconce, a round fortification; protection for the head; the head.
 Soorn, To take or think scorn, to disdain.
 Soornful, inviting scorn.
 Scot and lot, taxes.
 Scotch, cut, gash.
 Scour, to run, hurry.
 Scrimmer, fencer.
 Scrip, a writing list; a small bag.
 Scrippage, a word formed from scrip as bag from baggage, A. Y. L. III. ii. 171.
 Scrowl, write in the air (?), T. And. II. iv. 5.
 Scroyles, scurvy fellows.
 Scrubbed, scrubby, stunted.
 'Scuse, excuse.
 Scut, tail.
 'Sdeath, God's death.
 Seals, confirmation by action, Ham. III. ii. 417.
 Sealed, stamped with the official seal.
 Seam, grease, lard.
 Search, *sb.*, a body of searchers; *vb.*, to probe.
 Season, *vb.*, to temper, qualify; to ripen; to keep fresh (as by salting); to please with seasoning or flavor; *sb.*, seasoning, salt.
 Seconda, an inferior kind of flour.
 Sect, faction; class; scion; sex.
 Secure, *adj.*, careless, confident; *vb.*, to make careless.
 Securely, carelessly.
 Security, carelessness.
 Seedness, sowing.
 Seel, to close up (the eyes of a falcon).
 Seeming, *sb.*, fair appearance; hypocritical appearance; *adv.*, becomingly.
 Seen, skilled.
 Segregation, dispersion.
 Seized of, possessed of.
 Seld, seldom.
 Seldom when, rarely.
 Self, belonging to oneself; same.
 Self-abuse, self-deception.
 Self-admission, self-approval.
 Self-affected, self-loving.
 Self-assumption, conceit.
 Self-bounty, innate kindness.
 Self-breath, one's own words.
 Self-covered, having assumed an (evil) appearance of one's own accord.
 Self-figured, devised by oneself.
 Sembiable, *adj.*, similar; *sb.*, resemblance.
 Sembliative, like.
 Senory, seniority.
 Bennet, a set of notes on the trumpet.
 Se'nnight, a week.
 Senoya, Siennese, people of Sienna.

- Sense, sensual passion; perception; senses. To the sense, to the quick. Senses, common sense, prudence. *Ham. V, II. iii. 51.*
- Sensible, perceiving, feeling; acute in feeling; perceptible.
- Separable, of separation, separating.
- Septentrion, the north.
- Sequent, a follower.
- Sequester, *sb.*, separation, seclusion.
- Sequestration, separation.
- Bare, *adj.*, dry, withered; *sb.*, part of the mechanism of a gun-lock. *See* Tickle.
- Sergeant, a sheriff's officer.
- Serpigo, a skin-eruption.
- Servant, lover.
- Servanted, subjected.
- Seems, an exclamation exhorting to speed.
- Set, to estimate; to set out; plant; stake.
- Setebos, a Patagonian deity.
- Setter, one who makes arrangements.
- Several, *adj.*, privately owned; particular.
- Severals, individuals; particulars.
- Sewer, a kind of chief waiter.
- 'Shoot, God's foot.
- Shadow, *sb.*, a shady place; *vb.*, to shelter.
- Shag, shaggy.
- Shales, shells.
- Shard-borne, borne through the air on shards or wing-cases.
- Sharded, having shards.
- Shards, fragments of pottery; the horny wing-cases of beetles.
- Shark up, pick up indiscriminately.
- Shaeled, shelled.
- Shearman, one who shears woollen cloth.
- Sheaved, made of straw.
- Shene, *adj.*, shining; *sb.*, brightness.
- Sheep-biter, a vicious dog; an ill-natured fellow.
- Sheep-biting, malicious.
- Sheepcote, a shepherd's cottage.
- Sheer, pure.
- Shent, scolded, reproached.
- Sheriff's post, the post at the door of a sheriff's house, on which proclamations were fixed.
- Sherris, wine of Xeres in Spain.
- Shield, to forbid.
- Ship-tire, a kind of head-dress.
- Shive, alike.
- Shock, to meet force with force.
- Shog, to jog.
- Shoon, shoes.
- Shore, to set on land.
- Short, to shorten; to come short of, *Cym. I. vi. 200.*
- Shot, reckoning, charge.
- Shot-free, without having to pay.
- Shotten, having cast its spawn.
- Shough, a kind of rough-haired dog.
- Shoulder, to push in roughly, to supplant.
- Shoulder-shotten, with dislocated shoulder.
- Shove-groat, a kind of shovel-board.
- Shovel-board, a shilling used at the game of shovel-board.
- Show, painted figure, *Lucr. 1507.*
- Shrew, to beahrew, curse.
- Shrewd, wicked, mischievous.
- Shrewdly, wickedly, keenly. Used as a general intensive.
- Shrieve, sheriff.
- Shrift, confession or absolution or both.
- Shrill-gorged, shrill-throated.
- Shrive, to confess and absolve.
- Shriver, confessor.
- Shroud, to hide, shelter.
- Shrow, shrew.
- Shut up, *Macb. II. i. 16.*, concluded (?), enclosed (?), summed up (?).
- Side, wide, hanging.
- Siege, seat; rank; stool.
- Sight, the opening for the eyes in a helmet.
- Sightless, invisible; unsightly.
- Sign, *vb.*, to mark, denote; to be-token; *sb.*, ensign.
- Significant, sign; letter, *L. L. I. III. i. 131.*
- Siguary, principality; lordship, domain; aristocracy.
- Silly, harmless, inoffensive; simple, plain; weak.
- Simple, an ingredient in a medicine; a medicinal herb.
- Simpleness, folly.
- Simplicity, folly.
- Simular, *adj.*, counterfeited; *sb.*, simulator.
- Since, when.
- Sinew, *vb.*, to unite as by sinews; *sb.*, nerve.
- Single, weak; sincere.
- Single-soled, poor, mean.
- Singly, by a single person, *Cor. II. ii. 91.*
- Singularity, peculiarity; rarity.
- Singule, to separate.
- Sink, to cause to fall.
- Sinking-ripe, ready to sink.
- Sir, gentleman; lord; title given to a priest or to any one who had taken a bachelor's degree at the university.
- Sir-reverence, an apologetic phrase corrupted from "Save (your) reverence."
- Sith, since.
- Sithence, since.
- Sizes, allowances, *Lear, II. iv. 178.*
- Skains-mates, knavish companions.
- Skill, reason. It skills not, it matters not.
- Skilles, ignorant.
- Skillet, a pot.
- Skimble-skamble, nonsensical.
- Skipper, youngster.
- Skirr, to scour, run quickly.
- Slak, glutinous.
- Slack, to neglect; to flag.
- Slander, disgrace.
- Slanderous, disgraceful.
- Slave, *vb.*, to treat as a slave.
- Sleave, floss silk.
- Sledged, using sledges.
- Sleeve-band, wrist-band.
- Sleeveless, useless.
- Sleided, untwisted.
- 'Slid, God's lid.
- 'Slight, God's light.
- Slight, to throw carelessly. Slighted off, dismissed contemptuously, *J. Cses. IV. iii. 5.*
- Slip, counterfeit coin; a leash.
- Slipper, slippery.
- Sliver, to cut or break off a bit.
- Slottory, wet and dirty, sloppy.
- Slops, loose trousers.
- Shubber, to soil; to perform lewdly.
- Stingardine, to make lacy.
- Stuttery, stutthiness.
- Smatch, smack, thud.
- Smatter, chatter.
- Smilet, little smile.
- Smoke, to detect, *All's W. vi. 111.*
- Smooth, to flatter.
- Smother, thick suffocating smoke.
- Smug, neat, spruce.
- Smutch, to smudge.
- Smuck-up, a shirker who drinks fair.
- Sneap, *sb.*, reprimand; *vb.*, pinch, check.
- Sneep up! Go and hang you.
- Snupe, a silly fellow, simpleton.
- Snuif, offence-taking. To snuff, to take offence.
- Soil, solution, *Bonn. 69. 14.*
- Solled, high-fed with greed, *Lear, IV. v. 124.*
- Sollure, stain.
- Solace, to amuse; to be happy.
- Solick, move, prompt.
- Solliciting, incitement; court.
- Solidare, a small coin.
- Sometime, sometimes.
- Sometimes, formerly.
- Sonance, sound.
- Sonties. By God's senties, oath of uncertain origin; a smooty (?), sound (?).
- Sooth, truth; flattery.
- Soones, Rich. II, III. iii. 13.
- Soothe, to humor; to flatter.
- Soother, flatterer.
- Sop o' the moonshine, as plain as an allusion to a called "eggs in moonshine."
- Sophy, the Shah of Persia.
- Sore, a buck of the fourth y.
- Sorel, a buck of the third y.
- Sorrow-wreathen, folded in.
- Sorry, sad, dismal, sorrowful.
- Sort, *sb.*, rank; set, company.
- Sort, *vb.*, to choose, seek; to fit.
- Sot, fall out, happen; to disassociate.
- Sortance, suitability.
- Sot, a fool.
- Soul-fearing, soul-terrifying.
- Souse, to swoop down on.
- Soused, pickled.
- Sowl, to lug, seize by the ear.
- Span-counter, a boy's game, the aim is to throw one's within a span of one's eye.
- Spaniel, to follow like a span.
- Spar, to bar.
- Specialty, particular rights.
- I. iii. 78; detailed article.
- Speciously, blunder for "as."
- M. Wives, III. iv. 113.
- Speculation, faculty of vision.
- Sped, done for, having a settled.
- Speed, *sb.*, success, fortune.
- power; *vb.*, to succeed.

- Spoken, to speak.
Spend their mouths, to bark.
Sphery, star-like.
Spicery, spices.
Spill, to destroy.
Spilth, spilling.
Spital, a hospital.
Splay, to castrate.
Spleen, impetuosity; hate; humor, caprice; fit of passion, laughter, etc.; fury; haste, rapid motion.
Spleeny, hot-tempered, headstrong.
Splintive, impetuous.
Splinter, to mend with splints.
Spot, to stain, pollute.
Sprag, quick, active.
Sprightly, full of spirit.
Spring, a beginning; a young shoot.
Springs, a snare.
Springhalt, a lameness in horses.
Sprinted, haunted.
Spritely, ghostly; lively.
Spurs, the lateral shoots of the roots of a tree.
Spy, observation (?), Macb. III. i. 130.
Squander, to scatter.
Squandering, random.
Square, *adj.*, just; *sb.*, squadron; the embroidered bosom of a smock; *vb.*, to quarrel. Square of sense, sensibility.
Squarer, quarreller.
Squash, an unripe peascod.
Squiny, to look askint.
Squire, square, rule.
Stabliishment, government, kingdom.
Stage, to exhibit as in a theatre.
Stagger, to cause to stagger; to hesitate.
Staggers, a disease of horses; dizziness, perplexity.
Stain, *sb.*, tincture; something that throws others into the shade; *vb.*, to eclipse.
Stale, *sb.*, bait, decoy; stalking-horse; prostitute; a laughing-stock, dupe; urine of horses; *vb.*, to make cheap or common.
Stall, to enclose; to install.
Stamp, to mark as current and valid.
Stanch, to satiate.
Stanchless, insatiate.
Stand upon, to concern; to pride oneself on; to insist on.
Standing, duration; attitude, station.
Standing-bed, a bed raised on posts so that a truckle-bed could be wheeled under it.
Standing-bowl, a bowl with a foot.
Standing-tuck, a rapier standing on end.
Haniel, kestrel, a kind of falcon.
Star, pole-star; fortune; sphere, rank.
Star-blasting, evil influence of the stars.
Stare, to stand on end.
Starling-hole, place of refuge, subterfuge.
Start-up, upstart.
Stare, to be numb, paralyze; to kill with cold.
Star, rank, fortune; person or group of persons of rank; bearing, pose; a canopied chair.
Station, attitude, pose.
Statist, a statesman, politician.
Statues, blunder for "statutes," M. Ado. III. iii. 85.
Statute, bond.
Statute-caps, woollen caps worn by citizens according to an Act of Parliament of 1571.
Stead, to benefit, help. Stead up, supply.
Stealth, going secretly; unseen movement; clandestine practice.
Steepest, steep.
Stelled, fixed.
Sternage, To sternage of, behind.
Stickler-like, like a stickler, who separated combatants when they had fought enough.
Stiff, hard, unpleasant, A. and C. I. ii. 104.
Stigmatic, *sb.*, one marked with a natural deformity.
Stigmatical, marked with a natural deformity.
Still, constant, constantly. Still an end, ever and anon.
Stillatory, a still, alembic.
Still-peering, that seems to be motionless (?). A doubtful word. All's Well, III. ii. 113.
Still-stand, a halt.
Still-vexed, constantly disturbed.
Stilly, gently.
Sting, sexual impulse.
Stint, to stop.
Stitchery, needlework.
Stithy, *sb.*, smithy; *vb.*, to forge.
Stoccado, Stoccata, a thrust in fencing.
Stock, *sb.*, a thrust in fencing; a stocking; *vb.*, to set in the stocks.
Stock-fish, dried cod, which is beaten before boiling.
Stockish, dull, insensible.
Stock-punished, punished by being set in the stocks.
Stomach, *sb.*, appetite, inclination; courage; anger; pride; *vb.*, to be angry at; resent.
Stone, to harden.
Stone-bow, a cross-bow for shooting stones or bullets.
Stoop, to swoop down on prey.
Story, to give an account of.
Stoup, a drinking-vessel.
Stout, overbearing, proud, stubborn.
Stoutness, stubbornness.
Stover, fodder.
Straight, immediately, Ham. V. i. 4.
Straight-pight, straight-built.
Strain, *sb.*, stock, lineage; tendency, disposition; *vb.*, to force, constrain; to exert (oneself). Make no strain, make no difficulty or doubt, T. and C. I. iii. 326. To strain courtesy, to decline to go first.
Strait, strict, stringent; niggardly.
Straited, at a loss.
Stray, alien, foreign; reserved, coy; unacquainted; unaccustomed, new, original. To make it strange, to treat as unusual or shocking.
Strangely, wonderfully; like a stranger.
Strangeness, reserve.
Strangered, estranged.
Strappado, a method of torture by which a man was drawn up by his arms strapped behind him, and then let fall with a jerk.
Stratagem, a dreadful deed; a calamity.
Strawy, like straw.
Stray, *sb.*, aberration; stragglers, 2 Hen. IV. IV. ii. 120; *vb.*, to lead astray.
Strewments, things strewed.
Stricture, strictness.
Stride, to overstep.
Strike, to lower sail; to blast, exert malign influence upon; to tap.
Striker, thief, highwayman.
Strong, determined.
Strossers, a kind of tight trousers.
Stroy, to destroy.
Stuck, a thrust in fencing.
Stuff, to make full, complete.
Sty, to pen up as in a sty.
Subject, people, subjects.
Subscribe, to vouch for; to yield; to admit.
Subscription, obedience.
Subtractor, detractor.
Subtle, smooth and deceptive.
Subtlety, illusion.
Succeeding, consequence, result.
Success, succession; issue, event.
Succesantly, one after the other (?), T. And. IV. iv. 113.
Successive, hereditary.
Sudden, impetuous, violent, hasty.
Suddenly, at once.
Suffer, to be killed; to permit to continue.
Sufferance, pain; loss; forbearance; death by execution.
Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient," M. Ado. III. v. 66.
Suggest, to tempt, incite.
Suggestion, temptation; underhand practice, Hen. VIII. IV. ii. 35.
Sult, *sb.*, attendance on a feudal superior; *vb.*, to dress; to accord; to arrange. Out of suits with, out of the service of.
Sullen, dismal.
Sullens, sulkiness.
Sumless, inestimable.
Summer-seeming, of a transitory heat.
Sumpter, a pack-horse.
Superfluous, having more than enough.
Superfluous, superfluity.
Superpraise, to overpraise.
Superscript, superscription or direction of a letter.
Superserviceable, officious.
Supervise, sight, inspection.
Supervisor, spectator.
Suppliance, what fills up, pastime.
Supplyant, *adj.*, auxiliary.
Supplyment, continuance of supply.
Supposal, notion, opinion.
Suppose, supposition.
Supposed, blunder for "deposed," M. for M. II. i. 162.
Sur-addition, surname.
Surname, assurance.
Surocean, *sb.*, cessation; *vb.*, to stop.
Surety, confidence of safety.
Surprise, to seize.
Sur-reined, over-ridden.

- Survey, to perceive, Macb. I. ii. 31.
 Suspect, suspicion. In M. Ado. IV. ii. 76, a blunder for "respect."
 Swabber, one who cleans the decks of a ship.
 Swag-bellied, having a large hanging belly.
 Swart, or Swarth, black, dark-complexioned.
 Swarth, swath.
 Swasher, swaggerer.
 Swashing, swaggering; smashing.
 Swath, a bandage for a new-born child; that which is cut by one sweep of a scythe.
 Sway, *sb.*, regular motion; that which controls; *vb.*, to incline; to move; to strain, T. of S. III. ii. 66.
 Swear, to swear by.
 Sweet and twenty, a term of endearment.
 Sweet mouth, sweet tooth.
 Sweeting, a kind of apple; a term of endearment.
 Swings-buckler, a swaggerer.
 Swissers, body-guard of Swiss.
 Swoopstake, wholesale, indiscriminately.
 Sword-and-buckler, *adj.*, using the weapons of the vulgar.
 Swords, gladiator.
 Sworn brother, brother-in-arms, one sworn to share another's fortune.
 Sworn out, renounced.
 Swound, to swoon.
 'Swounds, God's wounds.
 Sympathize, to be of the same disposition; to express fitly; to correspond with.
 Sympathy, equality.
- Table, *sb.*, the tablet on which something is written or painted; a notebook; the palm of the hand; *vb.*, to set down in writing. Tables, backgammon.
 Table-book, memorandum-book.
 Tabor, a small drum.
 Taborer, a player on the tabor.
 Tabourine, a drum.
 Tackled stair, a rope-ladder.
 Taffeta, silk.
 Tag, the rabble.
 Taint, discredit.
 Tainture, defilement.
 Take, to charm, captivate; to blast, bewitch, infect; to leap; to take refuge in; to understand. Take air, to become known. Take head, to take liberty. Take in, to subdue. Take me with you, let me understand you. Take off, to remove, kill. Take on, to grieve, rage; pretend. Take order, to adopt measures. Take out, to ask to dance; to copy. Take peace or truce, to make peace. Take scorn, to disdain. Take up, to trip; to settle; to obtain on credit; to levy; to rebuke; to encounter.
 Talents, "lockets consisting of hair platted and set in gold."
 Tall, stout, bold, fine.
 Tallow-catch, vessel filled with tallow.
 Tamed piece, a vessel of wine that has gone stale, T. and C. IV. i. 62.
- Tang, *sb.*, a shrill sound; *vb.*, to ring out.
 Tanning, one tanned by the sun.
 Tardy, to delay.
 Targe, a small shield.
 Tarre, to set on to fight.
 Tarriance, waiting.
 Tartar, Tartarus.
 Task, to occupy; to challenge; to tax. At task, blamed, Lear, I. iv. 366.
 Tasking, challenging.
 Tassel-gentle, tiercel-gentle, the male goshawk.
 Taste, *sb.*, test, specimen; *vb.*, to test. In some degree.
 Tawdry-lace, a cheap kind of decoration worn by rustics.
 Tawny coats, the livery of ecclesiastical retainers.
 Tax, *sb.*, reproach; *vb.*, to reproach, satirize, accuse.
 Taxation, demand; satire.
 Teen, grief.
 Teeth. From his teeth, insincerely, not from the heart.
 Tell, to count.
 Temper, *sb.*, temperance; *vb.*, to mix; to mould, bring to a desired state by warmth, moisture, friction, etc.
 Temperality, blunder for "temper," 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 25.
 Temperance, temperance, moderation; chastity.
 Temperate, chaste.
 Temporary, taking to do with worldly things.
 Tenable, held, retained secretly.
 Tend, to attend; to tend to.
 Tendence, attendance; persons in attendance.
 Tender, *sb.* and *vb.*, regard; *adj.*, dear.
 Tender-hearted, gentle, tenderly disposed.
 Tent, *sb.*, a probe; *vb.*, to probe; to cure; to lodge.
 Tiercel, the male hawk.
 Termagant, an imaginary god of the Mohammedans, who was represented in the miracle-plays as a ranting character.
 Terminations, terms, words.
 Termless, beyond words to describe.
 Terrene, terrestrial.
 Tertian, a fever returning every third day.
 Tester, a sixpence.
 Testern, to give a sixpence.
 Testimonied, attested.
 Testril, a sixpence.
 Tetchy, touchy, peevish.
 Tetters, a skin disease, scurf.
 Than, then.
 Thane, an ancient Scottish title, nearly equivalent to earl.
 Tharborough, thirdborough, constable.
 That, often used instead of repeating another conjunction, such as "if," Macb. I. vii. 4.
 Theoric, theory.
 Thereafter, according.
 Thews, muscles; bodily vigor.
 Thick, quick, 2 Hen. IV. II. iii. 24.
 Thick-pleached, closely interwoven.
- Thick-skin, a stupid fellow.
 Thievery, stolen goods.
 Think, to brood, indulge thoughts. Think scorn, to think 't thee? Seems it to u Thirdborough, constable.
 This, thus, V. and A. 306.
 Thought, sorrow, anxiety, be care.
 Thoughten, having a thought, belief.
 Thought-executing, acting as thought.
 Thought-sick, sick with sor anxiety.
 Thraconical, boastful.
 Three-farthings, K. John, I. "An allusion to the three-silver pieces of Queen Elizabeth which were very thin, and profile of the sovereigns were at the back of her head."
 Three-man beetle, an implem driving-piles, worked by thr Three-pile, the richest kind of Three-piled, superfine.
 Threne, a dirge.
 Thrifty, saved by economy.
 Throe, to put in agony; to forth in agony.
 Through, thoroughly. To get or to be through with, to utmost, to complete a neg Throughly, thoroughly.
 Throw, cast of dice, or of At this throw, at this tu haps with quibble.
 Thrum, the tufted end of th Thrummed, made of or adorn thrums or tufts.
 Thunder-stone, thunderbolt
 Thwart, perverse.
 'Tice, to entice.
 Tickle, unstable, precarious set off (of a trigger). Tick sore, easily provoked to k
 Tickle-brain, a kind of strom
 Ticklish, wanton, easily exc
 Tick-tack, a sort of backg used in a wanton sense in 3 I. ii. 196.
 Tide, *sb.*, time; *vb.*, to betid of times, course of time.
 Tight, sound; able, adroit.
 Tightly, smartly.
 Tike, a dog, cur.
 Tilly-vally, or Tilly-fally, an tion of contempt
 Tilth, husbandry, tillage; c land.
 Timber, to build of wood.
 Time, the times.
 Timeless, untimely, unmeas
 Timely, early; welcome
 Timely-parted ghost, a bo dead (?), or dead from causes (?), 2 Hen. VI. III
 Tinct, color; tincture.
 Tincture, color, stain.
 Tire, *sb.*, a head-dress; attir attire; to feed ravenously
 Tire-valiant, a fanciful bea
 Tiring-house, a dressing-ro
 Tirrils, (apparently) panics
 Tisick, phthisic, a cough.
 Tithe-pig, a pig given to th a church-rate.

- Tithing**, a division of a county.
Tittle, a trifle.
To, compared with ; in addition to.
To-, as prefix, has an intensive force, as in *To-bless*, *Per. IV. vi. 23*.
Toasts-and-butter, effeminate fellows.
Tod, *sb.*, twenty-eight pounds of wool ; *vb.*, to yield a tod.
Tofore, before.
Toga, toga.
Toged, wearing a toga.
Tokened, plague-spotted.
Toll, to pay or collect toll ; to pay a tax for the liberty of selling, *All's Well, V. iii. 149*.
Tomboy, a strumpet.
Tongue, *vb.*, to speak ; to speak of, *expose* ; *sb.*, vote.
Top, to surpass ; to prune.
Topless, without a superior.
Torch, torch-bearer.
Tortive, twisted.
Touch, *sb.*, touchstone, proof ; feat ; feeling, affection ; trait, smack ; fulfilment of a promise ; skill ; *vb.*, to test.
Touse, to pull, tear, draw.
Toward, willing, tractable ; at hand, in preparation.
Towards, willing, docile.
Tower, to soar (as a hawk).
Toy, *sb.*, trifle, fancy ; *vb.*, to dally.
Trace, to follow ; to pace.
Tract, course ; track, trace.
Trade, traffic, resort ; general course ; business.
Traded, expert, practised.
Trade-fallen, out of employment.
Tradesment, calumny.
Train, *sb.*, artifice, bait ; *vb.*, to entice.
Traject, ferry (?), *M. of V. III. iv. 53*.
Trammel, to tie up as in a net, and so prevent from following.
Transfix, to remove.
Translate, to transform.
Transport, to remove from this world.
Trash, to check the pace of a dog ; to lop, crop.
Traverse, *vb.*, to march ; to parry ; to cross ; *adv.*, across.
Tray-trip, a game with dice.
Treach, traitor.
Treatise, discourse ; tale.
Treble-dated, living as long as three generations of men.
Trench, to cut, furrow ; to change the course by digging a channel.
Trencher-friend, parasite.
Trencher-knight, a serving-man (?), a parasite (?), *L. L. L. V. ii. 464*.
Trey, a three at cards or dice.
Tribunal, platform. **Tribunal plebe**, thunder for "*tribunus plebis*," *T. And. IV. iii. 92*.
Trick, *sb.*, peculiarity, trait ; habit ; knack ; toy ; *vb.*, to deck out, dress up ; (heraldic) to draw.
Tricking, decoration.
Tricky, lively, sportive ; quaint.
Trifle, to make of no importance.
Trigon, a triangle. When Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn met in one of the fiery signs, Aries, Leo, or Sagittarius, they were said to form a fiery trigon.
- Trill**, to trickle.
Triple, third.
Triple-turned, thrice faithless.
Triplex, triple time in music.
Triumph, sad.
Triumph, trump card (?), *A. and C. IV. iv. 20*.
Triumvir, triumvirate, group of three.
Troll-my-dames, *Fr. trou madame*, a kind of bagatelle.
Troop, to march, walk, fly, in company.
Tropically, figuratively.
Trot, an old woman ; a bawd.
Troth, truth ; faith.
Trow, to think, believe ; to know ; to wonder (in the phrase "I trow").
Trojan or **Troian**, used loosely sometimes as a term of contempt, sometimes = a good fellow.
Truckle-bed, a low bed that can be pushed under a standing-bed.
True, honest.
True-penny, honest fellow.
Truncheon, to cudgel.
Truncheon, one armed with a club.
Trundle-tail, a dog with a long (or curling ?) tail.
Trunk sleeve, a large wide sleeve.
Try, a test To bring to try, to bring a ship close to the wind.
Tub-fast, the fasting prescribed along with the sweating-tub as a cure for venereal disease.
Tuck, a rapier.
Tucket, a set of notes on a trumpet.
Tuition, protection.
Tun-dish, a funnel.
Turk, the Sultan. **Turk Gregory**, Pope Gregory VII. Turn Turk, to change completely for the worse.
Turlygod, a mad beggar.
Turn, to change ; to return ; to modulate, *A. Y. L. II. v. 3*.
Turnbull Street, Turnmill Street in London, a resort of prostitutes.
Twelve-score, two hundred and forty yards.
Twiggen, cased in twigs or wicker-work.
Twilled, reedy (?), *Temp. IV. i. 64*.
Twink, twinkling.
Twire, to twinkle, shine.
Type, sign, badge, mark.
Tyrannically, violently.
Tyrannous, cruel, pitiless.
- Umber**, a brown pigment.
Umbered, browned.
Umbrage, shadow.
Unaccommodated, naked, unsupplied with conveniences.
Unadvised, unintentional ; rash.
Unaneled, without extreme unction.
Unapproved, unconfirmed.
Unattainted, unprejudiced.
Unavoided, inevitable.
Unbarbed, bare (unshorn, — Dyce).
Unbated, unblunted.
Unbolted, unsifted, coarse.
Unbonneted, without a cap, *Lear, III. i. 14* ; without taking off the cap (?), *Oth. I. ii. 23*.
Unbookish, unskilled.
Unbraided, with the dress loose, ungirt.
- Unbraided**, untarnished.
Unbreathed, unpractised.
Uncape, to let loose the dogs.
Uncase, to undress.
Uncharge, to acquit of blame.
Uncharged, unaccused.
Unchary, incautiously.
Unchecked, not contradicted.
Unchilied, deprived of children.
Unclew, to undo.
Uncooled, like a piece of metal unstamped, and so not liable to pass current from hand to hand.
Uncomprehensive, incomprehensible.
Unconfirmed, inexperienced.
Uncouth, unknown, strange ; wild.
Uncrossed, with the account not marked out as paid.
Undeuded, without having achieved any deed of arms.
Under generation, men beneath the sun.
Underbear, to endure ; to trim.
Undercrest, wear as a crest.
Undergo, to endure, sustain ; to undertake.
Under-asker, under-waiter.
Undertake, to assume ; to have to do with, engage with ; to attempt, venture.
Undertaker, one who undertakes the business of others, or assumes responsibility for them ; a meddler.
Undervalue, to hold inferior to.
Underwrite, to submit to.
Underwrought, undermined.
Undistinguished, incalculable.
Uneared, unploughed.
Uneath, hardly.
Unexperient, inexperienced.
Unexpressive, inexpressible.
Unfair, *vb.*, to deprive of fairness.
Unfolding star, the morning star which shows the time for unfolding the sheop.
Unfurnish, to deprive.
Unfurnished, unprovided with a companion, *M. of V. III. ii. 126*.
Unfurnished, sexually impotent.
Ungird, to relax.
Ungored, uninjured.
Ungracious, wanting grace, wicked.
Unhaired, beardless.
Unhandsome, unbecoming ; ungenerous.
Unhappily, evilly.
Unhappiness, mischief.
Unhappy, wicked ; unlucky.
Unhatched, undisclosed ; unhacked.
Unheart, to discourage.
Unhoused, without having received the sacrament.
Unimproved, undisciplined.
Union, a fine pearl.
Unjust, dishonest, false.
Unkind, unnatural ; childless.
Unlived, deprived of life.
Unmanned, not tamed by man (of a hawk).
Unnerved, weak.
Unowned, having no owner.
Unparagoned, matchless.
Unpared, having no stones, cast-trated.
Unpay, to undo by payment.
Unpinked, not pierced with eyelet holes.

- Unspitied, unmerciful.
 Unplausible, disapproving.
 Unpoliced, without policy or acuteness, stupid.
 Unpossessing, without possibility of inheritance.
 Unpregnant, unready to deal with.
 Unprevailing, unavailing.
 Unprizable, inestimable; valueless.
 Unprized, unvalued or priceless (perhaps intentionally ambiguous), *Lear*, I. i. 262.
 Unprofited, profitless.
 Unproper, not exclusively one's own.
 Unproportioned, inappropriate.
 Unprovide, to make unprepared.
 Unqualified, deprived of his faculties.
 Unquestionable, averse to discussion.
 Unraked, not made up for the night.
 Unready, undressed.
 Unrecalling, beyond recall.
 Unreclaimed, untamed.
 Unreconcilable, incompatible.
 Unrecurring, incurable.
 Unrespected, unnoticed.
 Unrespective, unthinking; containing things for which no one cares.
 Unreverend or Unreverent, irreverent.
 Unrolled, struck off the roll (of rogues).
 Unrough, beardless.
 Unscanned, unconsidered, headlong.
 Unseam, to rip open.
 Unseminared, deprived of virility.
 Unshape, to derange, confound.
 Unsmited, untried.
 Unsmiled, without force.
 Unslating, unresisting (?), *M.* for *M.* IV. ii. 92. Perhaps corrupt.
 Unsorted, unsuitable.
 Unsuared, unsuitable.
 Unstanchd, insatiate; that cannot contain water.
 Unstate, to degrade; to undo.
 Untempering, unpersuasive.
 Untent, to bring out of a tent.
 Untented, too deep to be probed, incurable.
 Untraded, unhackneyed.
 Untried, unexamined.
 Untrimmed, disarrayed.
 Untrussing, unfastening the points of one's dress.
 Untucked, dishevelled.
 Unvalued, unimportant; invaluable.
 Unwares, unintentionally.
 Unwarily, unexpectedly.
 Unwit, to deprive of understanding.
 Unworthy, unjustified, *Rich.* III. i. 88.
 Unyoke, to cease work.
 Unyoked, unrestrained.
 Up, up in arms; shut up. Up and down, exactly.
 Up-cast, a final shot at bowls.
 Upshoot, the decisive shot.
 Upwiping, a wild German dance.
 Upstaring, standing on end.
 Upwarm, to raise in swarms.
 Up-till, up to.
 Urchin, a hedge-hog; an elf.
 Urchin-shows, visions of elves.
 Urchin-smouted, with a snout like a hedgehog.
 Urn, grave.
- Usance, interest.
 Use, *sb.*, interest; present possession; profit; usage; *vb.*, to make a practice of. Use oneself, to behave.
 Uttering, usurious.
 Utis, fun.
 Utter, to tell.
 Utterance, extremity. At utterance, at any cost.
 Vagrom, blunder for "vagrant," *M. Ado.* III. iii. 28.
 Vail, *vb.*, to lower; to bow; *sb.*, setting.
 Vails, perquisites.
 Vain, deceitful, *C.* of *E.* III. ii. 27. For vain, in vain, idly.
 Valanced, fringed (with a beard).
 Validity, strength; value.
 Valued, giving the values.
 Vantage, opportunity; profit; superiority. Of vantage, from a favorable position. To the vantage, to boot.
 Vanbrace, armor for the fore-arm.
 Vars, rustic pronunciation of "very."
 Varlet, servant; knave.
 Variety, mob.
 Vary, variation.
 Vassalage, subjects.
 Vast, *sb.*, a great and desolate expanse.
 Vastidity, immensity.
 Vastly, desolately.
 Vaults, vaults.
 Vaut, van, beginning.
 Vaut-couriers, precursors.
 Vaward, van-guard; fore-part.
 Veal, in *L. L. L. V.* ii. 247, presumably meant for a Dutchman's pronunciation of "well."
 Vegetives, vegetables.
 Velure, velvet.
 Velvet-guards, trimmings of velvet, and so the women wearing them.
 Veney, or Venné, a bout, a hit (in fencing).
 Vengeance, mischief; a curse; used as an intensive adverb in *Cor.* II. ii. 6.
 Vent, *sb.*, a discharge. Full of vent, *Cor.* IV. v. 238, variously explained as = full of rumor, effervescent, or full of courage.
 Ventages, holes.
 Ventricle, a division of the brain.
 Verbal, verbose (?), *Cym.* II. iii. 111.
 Verbal, universal.
 Via a way! forward!
 Vice, *sb.*, the buffoon in the Moralities; *vb.*, to screw.
 Vicious, wrong, or (perhaps) erring on the side of suspicion, *Oth.* III. iii. 145.
 Vie, to stake (at cards); to compete in.
 Viewless, invisible.
 Vigilant, blunder for "vigilant," *M. Ado.* III. iii. 100.
 Villain, bondman; rogue.
 Villago (*Ital.* *vigliacco*), a base rascal.
 Vindicative, vindictive.
 Viol-de-gamboys, a kind of base-viol.
 Violent, *vb.*, to rage.
 Virgin, *vb.*, to play the virgin.
- Virginalling, playing with the as upon the virginals (a piano).
 Virtue, valor; essence.
 Virtuous, efficacious, beneficent.
 Visit, to afflict (with the plague attack).
 Visitings, fits, attacks.
 Vismaments, blunder for "mementos," considerations, *M.* I. i. 39.
 Vizard, mask.
 Voice, vote.
 Void, to quit; to omit.
 Voiding-lobby, water-room.
 Volable, quick-witted.
 Volquessen, the Vexin, in *Fr.*
 Vulgar, *adj.*, common, or popular, public; *sb.*, the vulgar; the common people.
 Vulgarly, publicly.
- Waft, to beckon; to turn; very over the sea.
 Waftage, passage by water.
 Wafture, waving.
 Wag, to move; to go.
 Wage, to bet; to undertake; to pay; to be equal to.
 Waggon, chariot.
 Wake, to reveal at night.
 Wall-eyed, white-eyed, glaring.
 Wanion, Unexplained. With ion, with a vengeance.
 Watton, *adj.*, undisciplined; riant; loose, light, lustful; effeminate person; *sb.*, to Wantonness, sportiveness. Infestation.
 Wappen'd, over-worn, stale.
 Ward, custody; guard (in a bolt; prison-cell; guard).
 Warden, a kind of pear for a Warder, a truncheon.
 Warn, to summon.
 Warp, to change; to distort.
 Warranted, requiring a warrant, guarantee.
 Warrener, gamekeeper.
 Waste, seduction, *M. Wives*, 226.
 Wat, familiar name for a hare.
 Watch, *sb.*, wakefulness; a marked to measure time; interval; *vb.*, to remain awake in order to tax (falcon).
 Watch-case, sentry-box.
 Water-gall, a secondary rain.
 Waterish, abounding in water.
 Water-rug, a rough-coated water.
 Waters, For all waters, up thing.
 Water-work, water-color pair.
 Wax, A man of wax, a modelled man.
 Waxen, *vb.*, grow; *adj.*, as wax (?), easily effaced (?), I. ii. 233.
 Way, way of thinking.
 Weasmen, statesmen.
 Wealth, welfare, benefit.
 Wear, *sb.*, fashion; *vb.*, to fashion; to weary; to conformally to fit; to wear out.
 Weather, the windward side, vantage.

- Weather-fend*, to shelter from the weather.
Web and pin, cataract (of the eye).
Week. In by the week, enanared.
Weet, to know.
Weigh out, to outweigh.
Veird, belonging to fate, fatal.
Velkin, *adj.*, heavenly, sky-blue.
Vell-a-near, alas!
Vell-breathed, well-exercised, in good training.
Vell-desired, much sought after.
Vell-found, accomplished.
Vell-graced, popular, favorite.
Vell-liking, in good condition.
Vell said! well done!
Vell seen, skilled, expert.
Velsh hook, a bill with a curved blade.
Vestward ho! a cry of the Thames boatmen.
Vexand, windpipe.
What is he for a fool? What kind of a fool is he?
Wheel, to go round; to wander.
Wheson, Whitsun.
Whelk, a pimple.
Whelked, twisted (?), covered with knobs (?), Lear, IV. vi. 71.
Then! an exclamation of impatience.
Whemas, when; since.
Then? can you tell? a proverbial phrase expressing contempt.
Whether, whether.
Where, adv., whereas; *sb.*, place.
Wheresa, where.
Wherein, in what costume.
Whiffer, one who goes in front of a procession.
Whille, till.
Whille-ere, not long ago, erewhile.
Whiles, while; till.
Whipping-cheer, a whipping for dinner.
Whipster, a small boy (?), Oth. V. ii. 244.
Whirring, hurrying, snatching.
Whiet, hushed.
White, the bull's eye.
White-livered, cowardly.
Whitely, pale.
Whiting-time, bleaching-time.
Whitaker, a bleacher.
Whoo-bub, hubbub, outcry.
Whoreson, bastard; used as a general term of contempt, sometimes affectionately.
Wido, far from the mark; astray.
Widow, sb., to endow with a widow's right; to become a widow to.
Widowhood, rights as a widow.
Wight, person.
Wild, adj., rash; *sb.*, weald.
Wilderness, wild growth.
Wild-mare, see-saw.
Willful-blame, deliberately culpable.
Will, pleasure; sexual desire.
Wimpled, muffled.
Winchester goose, a certain venereal sore. The stews in Southwark were in the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.
Wind, to scent; to turn, twist; to insinuate.
Wind-galls, swellings near the fetlocks of a horse.
Windlasses, indirect methods.
Window-bars, open embroidery worn over the bosom.
Windowed, placed in a window; full of holes.
Windy, windward.
Wing-led, led in divisions, Cym. II. iv. 24.
Winter-ground, to protect from frost.
Wipe, a brand.
Wish, to desire; to recommend.
Wisp. A wisp of straw was the badge of a scold, 3 Hen. VI. II. ii. 144.
Wist, knew.
Wistly, wistfully, longingly.
Wit, mind, intellectual powers; sense; wisdom, cleverness.
Witch, wizard.
With, by. Not with himself, beside himself.
Without-door, external.
Wittol, a complaisant cuckold.
Witty, wise, cunning, ingenious.
Woe, adj., sorry.
Woman, vb., to make one show emotion like a woman. Womaned, accompanied by a woman.
Woman-queller, one who kills women.
Woman-tired, henpecked.
Womb, vb., to enclose.
Womby, hollow.
Wondered, able to perform wonders.
Wonder-wounded, struck with wonder.
Wood, mad.
Woodbine, convolvulus.
Woodman, forester; hunter.
Woollen. In the woollen, between blankets.
Woolward, wearing wool next the skin.
Woo't, wilt thou.
Word, sb., watchword; motto; command; *vb.*, to represent; to say; to ply with words. At a word, as good as my word, M. Wives, I. iii. 15.
Work, a fortification.
Working, mental or emotional activity; action.
World. A woman of the w., a married woman. To go to the w., to be married. A w. to see, a wonder to see.
Worm, a serpent; a creature.
Worship, honor.
Wort, a kind of vegetable; unfermented beer.
Worth, wealth; full scope (?), Cor. III. iii. 26.
Worthy, vb., to dignify.
Wot, know.
Woundless, invulnerable.
Wrack, the spelling of "wreck" in the old editions.
Wrangler, opponent.
Wrath, angry.
Wreak, revenge.
Wreakful, revengeful.
Wrest, a tuning-key.
Wretch, used sometimes as a term of endearment.
Wretched, hateful.
Wring, to writhes.
Writ, scripture; document. Law of writ, sticking to the text.
Write, to subscribe, use the title of; describe oneself, to claim.
Writhled, wrinkled.
Wroth, wrath.
Wry, to go astray.
Yare, ready, brisk, active.
Yarely, actively.
Yaw, to move unsteadily.
Yclad, clad.
Yclaped, or Ycliped, called.
Yead, abbreviation of "Edward."
Yearn, to grieve.
Yedward, Edward.
Yellowness, jealousy.
Yellows, jaundice.
Yeoman, bailiff's assistant.
Yerk, to jerk, to strike or kick smartly.
Yest, foam.
Yesty, frothy.
Yield, to reward.
Young, early; recent.
Youngly, early in life.
Yunker, a stripling; a novice.
Y-ravish, to ravish.
Y-slake, to quiet, put to rest.
Zany, a buffoon who imitated the clown.

The Riverside Press

*Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*

